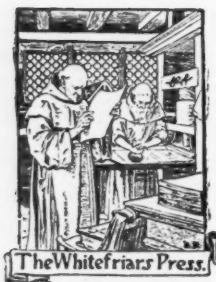




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Al. Exhoy.

PROGRESS.

[“Giving evidence recently before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, Miss C. E. Collet, of the Home Office, said the commercial laundry was killing the small hand laundry.”—*Evening News*.]

The little crafts! How soon they die!
In cottage doors no shuttle clicks;
The hand-loom has been ousted by
A large concern with lots more sticks.

The throb of pistons beats around;
Great chimneys rise on Thames's
banks;

The same phenomena are found
In Sheffield (Yorks) and Oldham
(Lanes).

No longer now the housewife makes
Her rare preserves, for what's the
good?

The factory round the corner fakes
Raspberry jam with chips of wood.

'Tis so with what we eat and wear,
Our bread, the boots wherein we plash;
'Tis so with what I deemed most fair,
Most virginal of all—the Wash.

'Tis this that chiefly, when I chant,
Fulfills my breast with sighs of ruth,
To think that engines can supplant
The Amazons I loved in youth.

That not with tender care, as erst
By spinster females fancy-free,
These button-holes of mine get burst
Before the shift comes back to me;

That mere machines, and not a maid
With fingers fatuously plied,
The collars and the cuffs have frayed
That still excoriate my hide;

That steam reduces to such states
What once was marred by human skill;
That socks are sundered from their mates
By means of an electric mill;

That not by Cupid's coy advance
(Some crone conniving at the fraud),
But simply by mechanic chance,
I get this handkerchief marked
“Maud.”

This is, indeed, a striking change;
I sometimes wonder if the world
Gets better as the skies grow strange
With coils of smoke about them
curled.

If the old days were not the best
Ere printed formulas conveyed
Sorrow about that silken vest
For all eternity mislaid;

Ere yet the unwieldy motor-van
Came clattering round the kerbstone's
brink,
Its driver dreaming some new plan
To make my mauve pyjamas shrink.
Evor.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

THERE are warm days in London when even a window-box fails to charm, and one longs for the more open spaces of the country. Besides, one wants to see how the other flowers are getting on. It is on these days that we travel to our Castle of Stopes; as the crow flies, fifteen miles away. Indeed, that is the way we get to it, for it is a castle in the air. And when we are come to it Celia is always in a pink sun-bonnet gathering roses lovingly, and I, not very far off, am speaking strongly to somebody or other about something I want done. By-and-by I shall go into the library and work . . . with an occasional glance through the open window at Celia.

To think that a month ago we were quite happy with a few pink geraniums!

Sunday, a month ago, was hot. "Let's take train somewhere," said Celia, "and have lunch under a hedge." "I know a lovely place for hedges," I said.

"I know a lovely tin of potted grouse," said Celia, and she went off to cut some sandwiches. By twelve o'clock we were getting out of the train.

The first thing we came to was a golf course, and Celia had to drag me past it. Then we came to a wood, and I had to drag her through it. Another mile along a lane, and then we both stopped together.

"Oh!" we said.

It was a cottage, the cottage of a dream. And by a cottage I mean, not four plain rooms and a kitchen, but one surprising room opening into another; rooms all on different levels and of different shapes, with delightful places to bump your head on; open fireplaces; a large square hall, oak-beamed, where your guests can hang about after breakfast, while deciding whether to play golf or sit in the garden. Yet all so cunningly disposed that from outside it looks only a cottage or, at most, two cottages persuaded into one.

And, of course, we only saw it from outside. The little drive, determined to get there as soon as possible, pushed its way straight through an old barn, and arrived at the door simultaneously with the flagged lavender walk for the humble who came on foot. The rhododendrons were ablaze beneath the south windows; a little orchard was running wild on the west; there was a hint at the back of a clean-cut lawn. Also, you remember, there was a golf course, less than two miles away.

"Oh," said Celia with a deep sigh, "but we must live here."

An Irish terrier ran out to inspect

us. I bent down and patted it. "With a dog," I added.

"Isn't it all lovely? I wonder who it belongs to, and if—"

"If he'd like to give it to us."

"Perhaps he would if he saw us and admired us very much," said Celia hopefully.

"I don't think Mr. Barlow is that sort of man," I said. "An excellent fellow, but not one to take these sudden fancies."

"Mr. Barlow? How do you know his name?"

"I have these surprising intuitions," I said modestly. "The way the chimneys stand up—"

"I know," cried Celia. "The dog's collar."

"Right, Watson. And the name of the house is Stopes."

She repeated it to herself with a frown.

"What a disappointing name," she said. "Just Stopes."

"Stopes," I said. "Stopes, Stopes. If you keep on saying it, a certain old-world charm seems to gather round it. Stopes."

"Stopes," said Celia. "It is rather jolly."

We said it ten more times each, and it seemed the only possible name for it. Stopes—of course.

"Well?" I asked.

"We must write to Mr. Barlow," said Celia decisively. "Dear Mr. Barlow, er—Dear Mr. Barlow—we—Yes, it will be rather difficult. What do we want to say exactly?"

"Dear Mr. Barlow,—May we have your house?"

"Yes," smiled Celia, "but I'm afraid we can hardly ask for it. But we might rent it when—he doesn't want it any more."

"Dear Mr. Barlow," I amended, "have you any idea when you're going to die?" No, that wouldn't do either. And there's another thing—we don't know his initials, or even if he's a 'Mr.' Perhaps he's a knight or a—

a duke. Think how offended Duke Barlow would be if we put 'Barlow, Esq.' on the envelope."

"We could telegraph. 'Barlow. After you with Stopes.'"

"Perhaps there's a young Barlow, a Barlowette or two with expectations. It may have been in the family for years."

"Then we— Oh, let's have lunch." She sat down and began to undo the sandwiches. "Dear o' Stopes," she said with her mouth full.

We lunched outside Stopes. Surely if Earl Barlow had seen us he would have asked us in. But no doubt his dining-room looked the other way;

towards the east and north, as I pointed out to Celia, thus being pleasantly cool at lunch-time.

"Ha, Barlow," I said dramatically, "a time will come when *we* shall be lunching in there, and *you*—bah!" And I tossed a potted-grouse sandwich to his dog.

However, that didn't get us any nearer.

"Will you *promise*," said Celia, "that we shall have lunch in there one day?"

"I promise," I said readily. That gave me about sixty years to do something in.

"I'm like—who was it who saw something of another man's and wouldn't be happy till he got it?"

"The baby in the soap advertisement."

"No, no, some king in history."

"I believe you are thinking of *Анар*, but you aren't a bit like him, really. Besides, we're not coveting Stopes. All we want to know is, does Barlow ever let it in the summer?"

"That's it," said Celia eagerly.

"And, if so," I went on, "will he lend us the money to pay the rent with?"

"Er—yes," said Celia. "That's it."

So for a month we have lived in our Castle of Stopes. I see Celia there in her pink sun-bonnet, gathering the flowers lovingly, bringing an armful of them into the hall, disturbing me sometimes in the library with "Aren't they beauties? No, I only just looked in—good luck to you." And she sees me ordering a man about importantly, or waving my hand to her as I ride through the old barn on my road to the golf-course.

But this morning she had an idea.

"Suppose," she said timidly, "you wrote about Stopes, and Mr. Barlow happened to see it, and knew how much we wanted it, and—"

"Well?"

"Then," said Celia firmly, "if he were a gentleman he would give it to us."

Very well. Now we shall see if Mr. Barlow is a gentleman. A. A. M.

Correspondence.

"Equal Rights" writes:—

"Dear Sir,—Why are descriptive names confined to boxers, such as Bombardier Wells and Gunboat Smith? Why not Rifleman Redmond, Airman Churchill, Solicitor George, Golfer Asquith, Bushman Wilding, Trundler Hitch, Dude Alexander, Bandsman Beecham, Hunger-Striker Pankhurst? Or, to take Editors—"

[The rest of this communication is omitted owing to considerations of space.—Ed.]



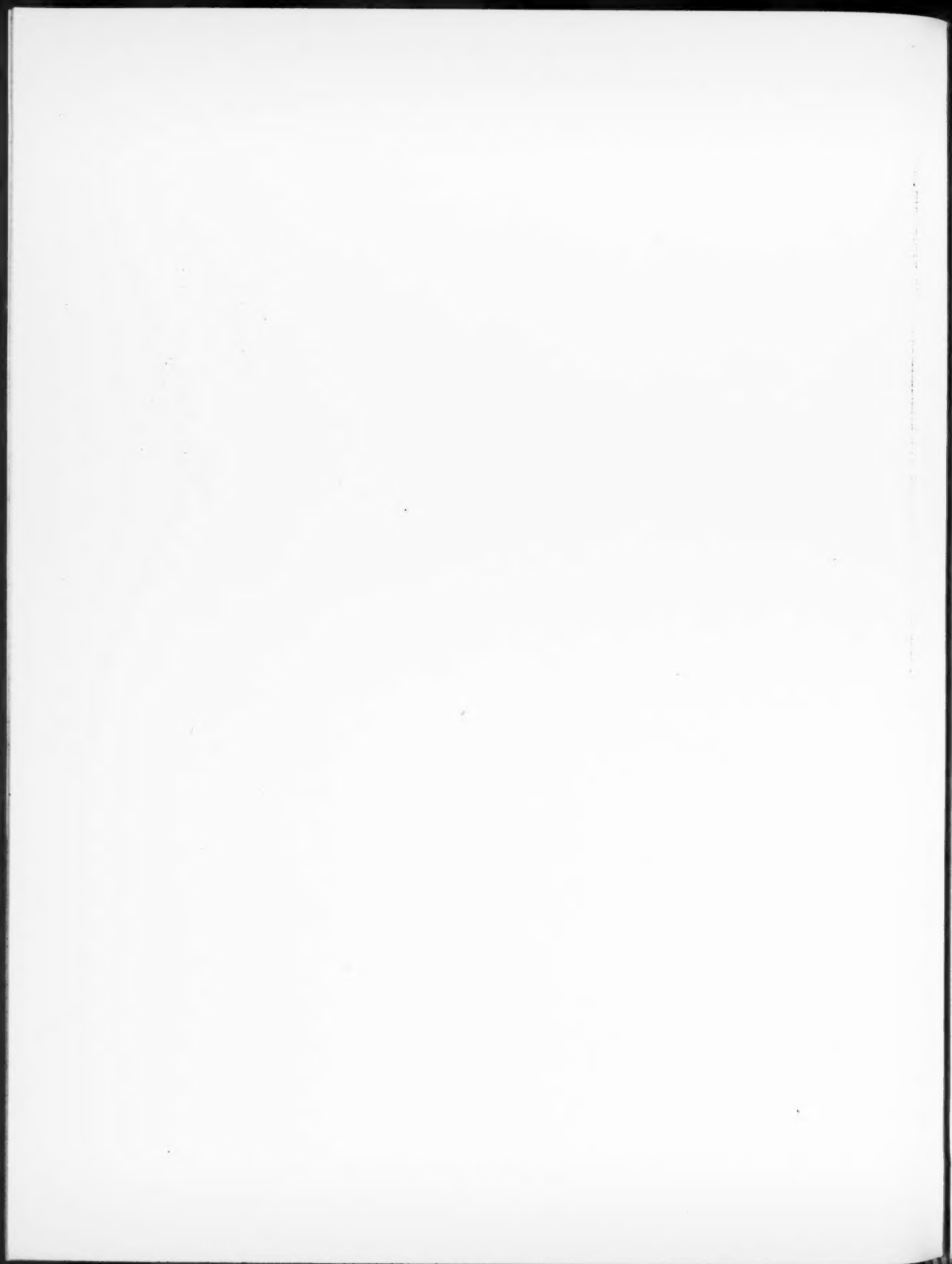
WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME.

GREECE. "ISN'T IT TIME WE STARTED FIGHTING AGAIN?"

TURKEY. "YES, I DARESAY. HOW SOON COULD YOU BEGIN?"

GREECE. "OH, IN A FEW WEEKS."

TURKEY. "NO GOOD FOR ME. SHAN'T BE READY TILL THE AUTUMN."





"WE'RE GIVING OUR PASTOR A NEW DRAWING-ROOM CARPET ON THE OCCASION OF HIS JUBILEE. SHOW ME SOMETHING THAT LOOKS NICE BUT ISN'T TOO EXPENSIVE."

"HERE IS THE VERY THING, MADAME—REAL KIDDERMINSTER."

EGYPT IN VENICE.

"LA LÉGENDE DE JOSEPH."

THOSE who know the kind of attractions that the Russian ballet offers in so many of its themes could have easily guessed, without previous enlightenment, what episode in the life of JOSEPH had been selected for illustration last week at Drury Lane. But they could never have guessed that Herr TIESSEN, author of a shilling guide to the intentions of the composer, would attach a transcendental significance to the conduct of *Potiphar's Wife*. "Through the unknown divine," he informs us, "which is still new and mysterious to her, an imperious desire awakens in her to fathom, to possess this world"—the world, that is to say, which *Joseph's* imagination creates in the course of an exhibition dance. If this is so, I can only say that her behaviour is strangely misleading.

The scene opens at a party given by *Potiphar* in Venice. Venice, of course, was not *Potiphar's* home address; and I marvel a little at the change of venue when I think how much more harmony

could have been got out of an Egyptian setting. But then I remind myself that the Russian ballet is nothing if not *bizarre*. The long banquetting-table recalls the canvases of VERONESE, but with discordant notes of the Orient and elsewhere. *Potiphar* himself, seated on a dais, has the air of an Assyrian bull. By his side *Mme. Potiphar* wears breeches ending above the knee, with white stockings and high clogs.

For the entertainment of the guests there was a dance of nuptial unveiling and a bout between half-a-dozen Turkish boxers. But it was a decadent and *blazé* company, and something more piquant was needed for their titillation. This was supplied in the shape of an original dance by the fifteen-year-old *Joseph*, whom my guide describes as "graceful, wild and pungent." He was introduced in a recumbent posture, and asleep, on a covered stretcher, and at first I had the clever idea that he was the customary corpse that appeared at Egyptian feasts to remind the company of their liability to die. But when he woke up and began to dance I saw at once that I was wrong.

I now know all about the interpretation of *Joseph's* dance; but I defy anyone to say at sight and without a showman's assistance what precisely he was after. In the Third Figure (according to my guide-book) "there is in his leaps a feeling of heaviness, as if he were bound to earth, and he stumbles once or twice as one who has missed his goal;" but how was I to guess that this signified that his "searching after God" was still ineffectual? or that when in the Fourth Figure he "leaps with light feet" this meant that "*Joseph* has found God"? I don't blame the boy for not knowing the rule that forbids one art to trespass on the domain of another; but there is no excuse for Herr STRAUSS, who must have been well aware that, for the conveyance of any but the most obvious emotions, mute dancing can never be a satisfactory substitute for articulate poetry.

However, *Potiphar's* guests seemed better instructed than I was, for they threw off their apathy and took quite an intelligent interest in *Joseph's pas seul*. Indeed, one young man (the episode escaped me at the dress rehearsal, but I

have it in the guide-book)—one young man, "sobbing, buries his head in his hands, upsetting thereby a dish of fruit." As for *Potiphar*, it failed to stir the sombre depths of his abysmal boredom, but his wife, whose ennui had hitherto been of the most profound, began to sit up and take notice, and at the end of the dance she sent for *Joseph* and supplemented his rather exiguous costume with a gross necklace of jewels, letting her hand linger awhile on his bare neck. Already, it will be seen, she was intrigued with the "unknown divine."

Joseph, on the contrary, received her attentions without *empressement*.

In the next scene—after a rather woolly and unintelligible interlude—we see *Joseph* retiring to his couch in an alcove behind the place where the banqueting-table had been. You will judge how urgent was the lady's keenness to probe the mysteries of his divine nature when I tell you that she could not wait till the morning to pursue her enquiries, but must needs visit him in his chamber at dead of night, and wearing the one garment of the hour. At first, still half dreaming, he mistakes her for an angel (he had already seen one in his sleep), but subsequently, growing suspicious, he repels her with a dignified disdain. For I must tell you that, whatever the guide-book may allege about the loftiness of her designs, the music gave her away. It reverted, in fact, to the motive of those passages which had already accompanied and illustrated the nuptial dance, the dance (as Herr *TIESSEN* calls it) of "burning Love-longing."

At this juncture, *Potiphar* and his minions break upon the scene. His wife, after denouncing *Joseph*, is distracted between passion of hatred and passion of love, and there is some play (reminding one of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*) with the purple cloak which *Joseph* had discarded. Presently she eludes her dilemma by fainting.

Meanwhile it has been the work of a moment to order up a brazier, a pair of pincers, a poker, a headsman and an axe. The instruments of torture waste no time in getting red-hot; and we anticipate the worst. *Joseph*, however, who has ignored these preparations and maintained an attitude of superbly indifferent aloofness, suddenly

becomes luminous under great pressure of limelight; and most of the cast, including a ballet of female dervishes, are abashed to the ground.

Now appears, on the open-work entresol at the back of the stage, an archangel. The guide-book is in error where it says that he glides downwards on a shaft of light radiating from a star. As a matter of fact he walks down the main staircase to the ground floor. Approaching *Joseph* he takes him by the hand and "leads him

a spiritual significance in what is mere vulgar animalism.

I ought, by the way, to have said that, in a spasm of chagrin, she chokes herself with the pearl necklace which lent the only touch of superfluity to her night attire, and was carried out—but not up the main staircase. Thus ends this sordid tragedy that so well illustrates that quality in Herr *STRAUSS* to which my guide refers when he speaks of his realization of a "poignant longing for divine cheerfulness." O. S.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A NICE LITTLE DAWG?"

"NO, THANKS VERY MUCH. HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WOULD BITE."

"E WON'T BITE YER IF YOU BUY 'IM, GUV'NER."

heavenwards" by the same flight of steps; and we are to understand that, in the opinion of Herr *STRAUSS*, the boy's subsequent career, as recorded in the Hebraic Scriptures, may be treated as negligible.

I should like, in excuse of my own flippancy, to assume the same detachment, and to regard this ballet-theme as having practically no relation whatever to Biblical history, but being just one of many themes out of Oriental lore, mostly secular, that lend themselves to the drama of disappointed passion. My only serious protest is against the hypocrisy which pretends, with regard to *Potiphar's Wife*, to see

ENIGMA.

My love to me is cold,
And no more seeks my gaze;
I wonder why!
The smile of welcome that I
loved of old
No longer lights her eye.

One little week ago
I asked no surer guide than
Cupid's chart;
I said, "Your eyes reveal the
depths below,
And I can read your heart."

She let her shy gaze fall,
And smiling asked, "Is then
my face a screech,
My brow an open love-letter,
where all
The world my thoughts
may read?"

Said I, "The world, I'll
vow,
Is blind! Myself alone may
see the signs,
And know the message writ-
ten on your brow:
I read between the lines."

My dear to me is cold;
Gone somewhere is the love-
light from her eye;
And, when our ways meet,
stately she doth hold
Her course. I wonder why.

"Curiously, the Australian Minister of Defence in the last Parliament bore the same name as the Prime Minister in that which has just been dissolved."

Westminster Gazette.

A similar curious coincidence happened in England, the War Minister in the last Parliament bearing the same name as the present Lord Chancellor.

"MEN FOR THE ANTARCTIC.

105 CANADIAN DOGS TO GO WITH

SIR E. SHACKLETON."

Daily Express.

A gay lot, these Canadians.

A SCANDALMONCRIAN ROMANCE.

(By Francis Scribble.)

[The following article, specially written for us by the Author of "Ten Frail Beauties of the Restoration," "Tales Told by a Royal Washerwoman," etc., is another important contribution to the literature of the Royal Dirty-Linen Bag.]

A DAY or two ago a short notice in the papers told of the death of Mrs. Maria Tubbs at Cannes; but few, if any, of those who read that brief announcement will have recognised in it the close of one of the most amazing careers of the nineteenth century. Yet little surprise need be expressed at this general ignorance, for who would think to find under that somewhat commonplace name the ravishingly beautiful Maria Cotherstone, who, forty years ago, was swept by Fate into the track of the late King of Scandalmongria, and well-nigh caused that singularly unstable bark to founder? It is with the kindly object of rescuing her romance from oblivion that this brief chronicle is written.

In 1873 the Scandalmongrian Minister in London was requested to find an English lady to take charge of the two children of his Royal master, and, after searching enquiries, he was successful, and Miss Maria Cotherstone turned her back on England never more to return. She was just twenty-two, fresh and blooming, possessed of the gayest of spirits, delightful manners and the highest accomplishments. Quietly she assumed control of the Royal school-room, and by her charm no less than by her firmness she quickly won the respect and love of her charges. Well had it been for her memory if her influence had never spread beyond the walls of her school-room; this article had then been unwritten. But alas for human nature! One day His Majesty's eyes fell upon the person of his children's governess, and then began one of the most sordid intrigues it has ever been my pleasure to recall. [A large statement, as readers of our author's *Gleanings from a Royal Dustbin* will readily acknowledge. However, the succeeding three-quarter of a column of details, here omitted, prove that there is at least some foundation for the remark.]

... And so their romance ended, and His Majesty returned to the bosom of his family and became once more the righteous upholder of the sanctity of the marriage tie. At first his easy-going Court smiled somewhat at the claim; but, when one or two highly-placed officials presumed to follow in the footsteps of their Sovereign, and

**THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.**

Mistress. "THAT'S A NICELY-MADE DRESS YOU HAVE ON, JANE. IT'S LIKE THE NEW PARLOURMAID'S, ISN'T IT?"

Jane (a close student of the fashion catalogues). "OH NO, MA'AM, THIS IS QUITE A DIFFERENT CREATION."

were in consequence banished irrevocably from his presence, Scandalmongrian Society realised with a pained surprise that what is venial in a monarch may, in a subject, be a damnable offence.

And what of Maria, the charming, fascinating, much injured Maria? For several years she is lost, and then we hear of her marriage at Rome to "John Tubbs, Esq., of London," and once again she vanishes, only to turn up many years later at Cannes. She is a widow now, and a model of all the virtues. Who so staid and respectable

as Madam? Who so charitable to the poor? Few, it is to be feared, will have recognised in that handsome old lady, so regular in her attendance at the services of the English Church, the beautiful Maria Cotherstone whose name was once on the lips of everybody from one end of Europe to the other. It nearly happened, indeed, that she went down to her grave with all her scandalous, feverish past forgotten, leaving behind her only the fragrant memory of her later life. But I have saved her. It is a queer story, quite interesting enough to recall.

CHARIVARIA.

It is not only misfortune that makes strange bedfellows. Both Earl BEAUCHAMP and Sir JOSEPH BEECHEM appear in the recent Honours List.

By-the-by, it is denied that Sir JOSEPH BEECHEM was in any way responsible for the Government's "Pills for Earthquakes," by which it was hoped to avert the Irish crisis.

A New York cable announces that the Duke of MANCHESTER is interesting himself in a cinematograph proposition of a philanthropic nature, and that the company will be known as the "Church and School Social Service Corporation for the Advancement of Moral and Religious Education and Social Uplift Work through the medium of the Higher Art of the Moving Picture." It will of course be possible for the man in a hurry to call it, *tout court*, the "C.&S.S.C.F.T.A.O.M. & R.E. & S.U. W.T.T.M.O.T.H.A.O.T.M.P."

The penny off the income tax came just in time. It enabled several Liberal plutocrats to buy a rose on Alexandra Day.

The balance sheet of the German Company which has been running a Zeppelin airship passenger service has just been issued, and shows a loss of £10,000 on the year's working. This is not surprising. The difficulty which all aircraft experience is to keep their balance.

At the launch of the liner *Bismarck* last week, the bottle of wine which was thrown by the Countess HANNAH VON BISMARCK missed the vessel, whereupon the KAISER hauled back the bottle, and with his proverbial good luck hit the target.

Five shots were fired last week at Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD. At first it was thought that this was done to stop the author of *Cæsus* from writing more plays, but, when it transpired that the assailant was a man who objected to the "Rothschild Cheap Milk Supply," public sympathy veered round in favour of the Baron.

MESSRS. SELFRIDGE AND CO. were last week defrauded by a well-dressed man, who obtained two dressing-bags with silver fittings by means of a trick without paying for them. This is really abominable. It is bad enough when merely commercial firms are victimised; to best a philanthropic institution in this way is peculiarly base.

"MEXICAN REBEL SPLIT."

Morning Post.

Now perhaps the other civilised Powers will intervene. We have heard of many inhumanities marking the war in Mexico, but this treatment of a rebel is surely the limit.

It is not often, we imagine, that the British Navy is used to enforce a change of diet. H.M.S. *Torch* has just been ordered on a punitive expedition to Malekula Island, where certain of the natives have been eating some of their compatriots.

An American woman, according to *The Express*, has a serious complaint about the London policeman. She declares that she walked all the way from Queen's Hall to Piccadilly Circus with three buttons of her blouse undone at the back, and "not a single policeman" offered to do it up for her. No doubt the Force was reluctant to interfere with what might turn out to be the latest fashion. A Boy Scout who offered, the other day, to sew up a split skirt got his ears soundly boxed.

Meanwhile the glad tidings reach us that women's skirts and bodices are to fasten in front instead of at the back. Husbands all over the world who have on occasions been pressed into their wives' service as maids, only to learn that they were clumsy boobies, would like to have the name of the arbiter of fashion who is responsible for this innovation, as there is some thought of erecting a statue to him.

Some distinguished German professors have been discussing the question of the best place in which to keep a baby in summer. It is characteristic, however, of these unpractical persons that not one of them suggests the obvious ice-safe.

"One of the first things the rich should learn," says Dean INGE, "is that money is not put to the best use when it is merely spent on enjoyment." It is hoped that this pronouncement may lead wealthy people to patronise our concert-halls more than they do.

"£1,600," a newspaper tells us, "were found hidden in the cork leg of HARRY C. WISE while he was undergoing treatment in a hospital at Denver." And now, we suspect, HARRY's friends will always be pulling his leg.

"Have you seen *Pelleas and Mélisande*?"

"No. Is it as funny as *Potash and Perlmutter*?"

THE COLLECTORS.

My dinner partner was a self-made man and not ashamed of it.

"Do you take an interest in china, ma'am?" he asked me.

I felt that if I said "Yes" I should have to buy some. So I said "No," but he didn't wait to hear what I said.

"I think I may say," he continued, "that I have the finest collection of old Dresden china in London."

He went into the figures, explaining the cost price and the difficulty of storage.

"Oh," said I, "if you find it a nuisance, I've a parlour-maid I could recommend to you; just the girl to help you to get rid of it."

At this point I think he had some idea of having the finest collection of parlourmaids in Middlesex, but he made it small dogs instead. Was I interested in these? No, but I supposed I'd have to be if he insisted.

"I don't think I should be far wrong," he began, but I hustled him through to the end of his sentence.

"Finest collection in—?" I asked.

"England," he said.

He went over their points, and in an expansive moment I marvelled. This was imprudent, as it caused him to search his mind for some further spectacular triumph wherewith to amaze and delight.

"That," he said, looking up the table, "is my wife."

"Marvellous," said I.

He took this in the best part. "You refer to her diamonds?" he said.

"Did I?" said I.

"The finest collection in Great Britain," he declared, and spread himself over the subject.

Later, in a mood of concession, he inquired as to my specialities. I had none, at least none that I could think of. Determined to extract something noteworthy, he questioned me on every possibility. Was I not married? That was so, I agreed, but then so many women are.

"You have sons, ma'am?" he persisted, with that implacable optimism to which, among other things, he no doubt owed his success in the world.

I thought of Baby. "Ah yes, of course," I said. "The finest collection in Europe."

"In Norway," she says, "we do not eat one-third the quantity that the English eat; our meals are simpler and shorter. I believe that this is the cause of the enormous amount of indigestion that is suffered by the English."

Daily News and Leader.

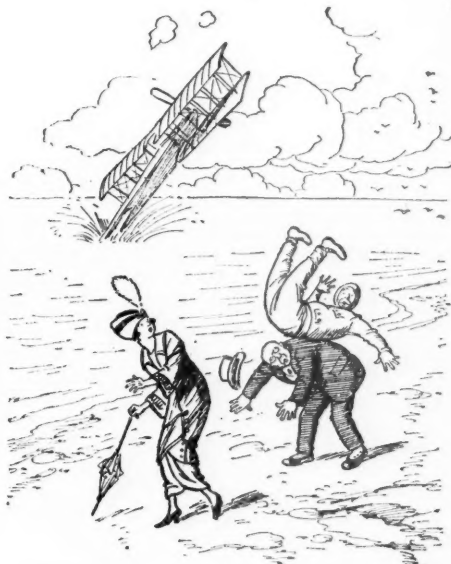
So our doctor, who attributed our indigestion to lobster mayonnaise, was wrong again.

KINDNESS TO SUBJECTS.

[One of our illustrated papers recently published a picture of the King of SPAIN in a motor-car which had broken down. The car was being pushed along by some helpful people, and the comment on the picture was, "It is these thoughtful little acts that make royalty so popular nowadays." Lest it should be thought that the other potentates of Europe take less trouble to make themselves beloved by their subjects, we hasten to give a few instances which have come to our notice.]

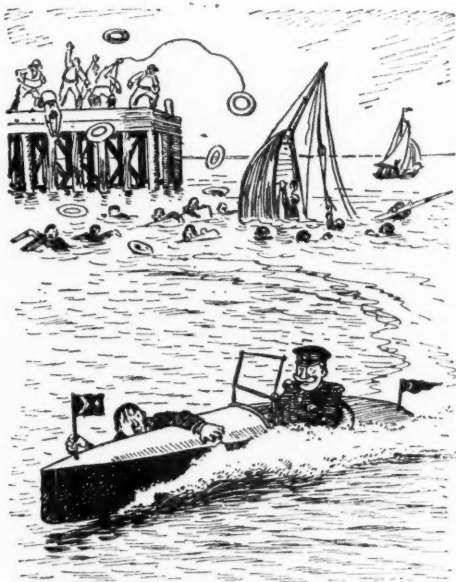


LAST WEEK THE KING OF CADONIA HAD HIS HAT BLOWN OFF IN THE BLUMENGARTEN (THE BEAUTIFUL PARK NEAR THE ROYAL PALACE). THIS KINDLY ACT SHOULD DEEPEN THE AFFECTION IN WHICH THE MONARCH IS HELD BY HIS PEOPLE.



A FEW DAYS AGO THE CROWN PRINCE OF SCHLOSSRATTENHEIM HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH HIS AEROPLANE, WHICH OVERTURNED NEAR SCHUTZMEER. FORTUNATELY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FELL ON A RETIRED WUERST-HAENDLER WHO WAS WALKING ON THE BEACH.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S DEVOTION TO HIS BELOVED SUBJECTS IS WELL KNOWN, AND THIS TACTFUL DEED WAS ONLY ANOTHER INSTANCE OF IT.



YESTERDAY PRINCE JOHN OF PUMPENHOSEN INADVERTENTLY COLLIDED WITH A PLEASURE-YACHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR OF KREBS WHILE TRYING A NEW MOTOR BOAT. ALL THE PASSENGERS WERE SAVED AND THE PRINCE SHOWED NO SIGNS OF FEAR.

THIS SHOULD ENHANCE HIS GREAT POPULARITY, IF SUCH A THING WERE POSSIBLE.



KING STEPHAN III. OF SERVILIA, WHILE PLAYING ON THE LINKS AT NIBLIKSK LAST WEEK, INITIATED ONE OF HIS EQUERRIES INTO THE HUMOUR OF THE GAME. BY THIS THOUGHTFUL ACT HIS MAJESTY ADDS TO THE DESERVED LOVE AND REVERENCE IN WHICH HE IS HELD BY THE SERVILIANS OF ALL CLASSES.



Alan (to his mother, who is busy with a heavy house-cleaning). "PLEASE, MOTHER, READ ME A STORY."

THE WALKERS.

THERE were eight pretty walkers who went up a hill;
They were Jessamine, Joseph and Japhet and Jill,
And Allie and Sally and Tumbledown Bill,
And Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They were all in good training and all of them keen,
And their chief wore a coat and a waistcoat of green;
He was always a proud man and kept himself clean,
Did Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They intended to lunch when they got to the top
On a sandwich apiece and a biscuit and chop.
The provisions were carefully bought in a shop
By Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They were jesters of merit—the sort who can poke
Funny tales in your ribs till you splutter and choke;
But the best of the lot at a jibe or a joke
Was Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

It was ten of the clock when the walking began,
And they started with Tumbledown Bill in the van;
And the rear was brought up by that excellent man,
By Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They went off at a pace I am bound to deplore,
For they did twenty yards in a minute or more
And a yard or two over, a capital score
For Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They had all that pedestrians fairly can ask:
Smooth roads, sunny weather and beer in a cask,
And a friend who could teach them to stick to their task,
Viz.: Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

Yet I somehow suppose that they hadn't the knack,
For in spite of it all they have never come back,
And I own that the future looks dimly black
For Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

Now the walkers who seem to be stuck on the hill,
They are Jessamine, Joseph and Japhet and Jill,
And Allie and Sally and Tumbledown Bill,
And Farnaby Fullerton Rigby. R. C. L.

King Peter of Servia.

(From *The Daily Mirror*.)

"The proclamation, however, as given in a later message, reads thus:—To My Beloved People: As I shall be prevented by illness from exercising my royal power for some time, I order, by Article 69 of the Constitution, that so long as my cure lasts the Crown Prince Alexander shall govern in my name. On this occasion I recommend my dear fatherland to the care of the Almighty.
(Signed) PETER."

"On this occasion" is perhaps a little invidious.

Two consecutive books in *The Western Daily Press* list of publications received:—

"RING STRATEGY AND TACTICS.
CHARLES DICKENS IN CHANCERY."

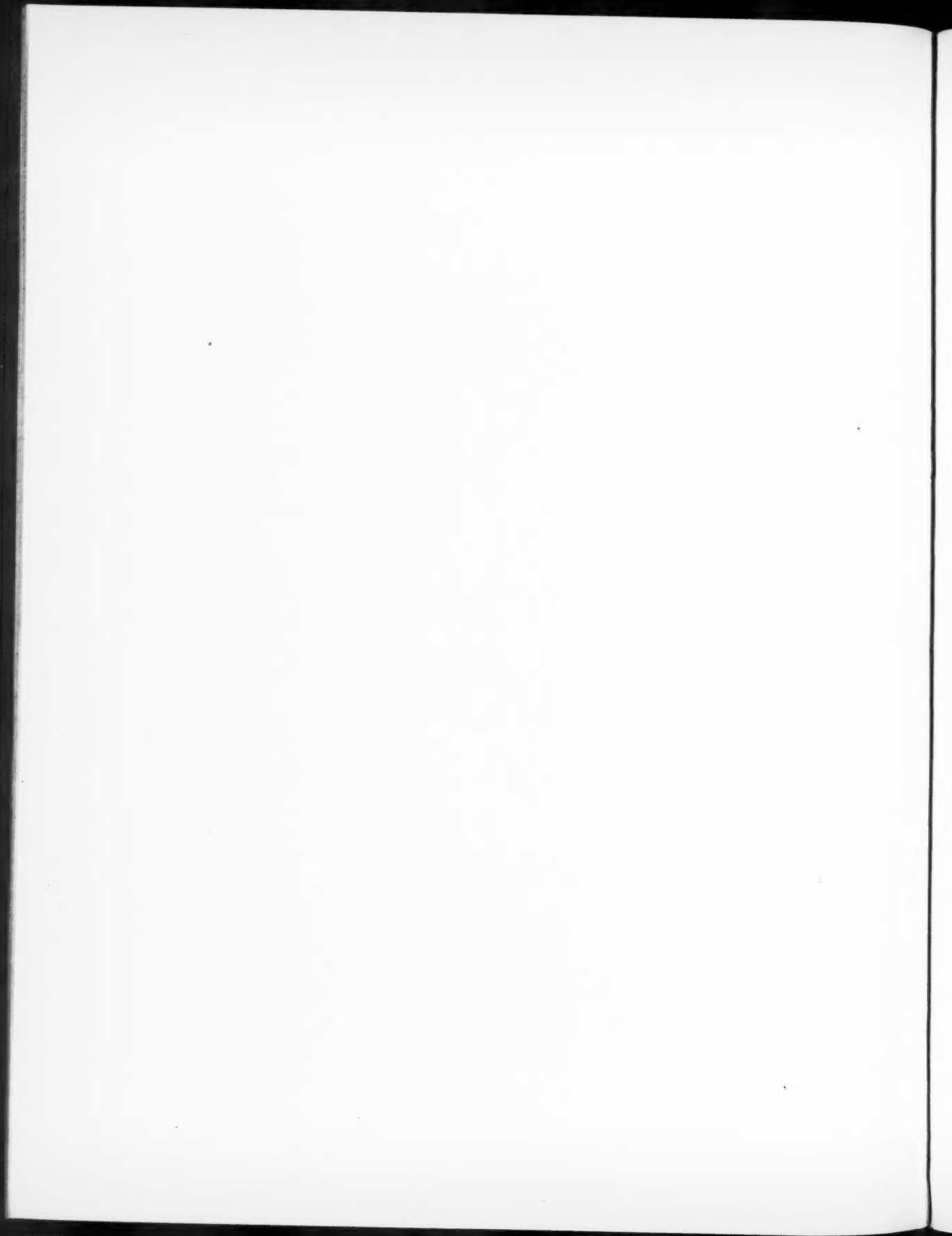
The boxing boom continues.



THE EMERGENCY EXIT.

SCENE—A Tight Place.

CHILD HERBERT (to "Wicked Baron"). "MY LORD, I HAVE EVER REGARDED YOU AS A PESTILENT VILLAIN—NAY WORSE, AN HEREDITARY IMBECILE. I THEREFORE RELY ON YOUR BENEFICENT WISDOM TO FIND ME A WAY OUT OF THIS SINISTER WOOD."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 22.
—Great muster of forces on both sides. Not wholly explained by second reading of Budget Bill standing as first Order. A section of Ministerialists, purists in finance, took exception to proposed procedure. HOLT, spokesman at mouth of new Cave, put down amendment challenging CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER's proposals. Here was chance for watchful Opposition. If some thirty Ministerialists would go with them into Lobby it would not quite suffice to turn out Ministry; but it would be better than a Snap Division, with its personal inconvenience of preliminary hiding in bath-rooms and underground cellars.

CASSEL, adding to Parliamentary reputation studiously attained, raised subject on point of order. Underlying suggestion was that Budget Bill should be withdrawn and reintroduced under amended form of procedure. SPEAKER, whilst admitting irregularity, stopped short of approving extreme course. Pointed out that the matter might be put right by moving fresh resolutions.

This disappointing. Worse to follow. The INFANT SAMUEL, making fresh appearance in new part of understudy of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, conceded point of procedure made by Radical Cave. Promised objection should be fully met. HOLT, amid ironical cheers from Opposition, said in these circumstances would not move amendment. Incident reminded WALTER LONG of story of the Colonel and the opossum up a tree.

"Don't shoot!" said the opossum; "I'll come down."

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had come down. No need for Colonel HOLT to discharge his gun.

Thus threatened crisis blew over. Members, cheered by promise of reduction by one half of proposed increase in Income Tax, got away early to attend various functions in honour of King's birthday.

Business done.—Second reading of Budget Bill moved.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—London season in full fling. May be said to reach dizziest height in this birthday week. Social engagements numerous and clashing. To-day House of Lords magnet of attraction of surpassing force. The thing for *grandes dames* to do is to go down to the House and be present at opening of fresh tourney round Home Rule Bill. Accordingly, the peeresses, alive to their responsibility as leaders of high thinking and simple living, flock down



Wicket-keeper (Mr. CASSEL). "How 's that?"

Umpire (Mr. SPEAKER). "Out!"

Batsman (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE). "Rotten antiquated rule!"

["I did not expect . . . that hon. members would go rummaging in the dustbins of ancient precedent to find obstacles to place in the way of these proposals."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on his Budget.]

to Westminster, filling side-galleries with grace, beauty, and some finely feathered hats.

Seats on floor also crowded. Patriotic peers arriving late, finding no room on the benches where the Union Jack is kept flying, cross over. Temporarily seat themselves among the comparatively scanty flock of discredited Ministerialists. Bishops muster in exceptional number. Their rochets form wedge of spotless white thrust in centre of black-coated laity seated below Gangway on right of Woolsack. Space before Throne thronged with

Privy Councillors availing themselves of the privilege their rank confers to come thus closely into contact with what is still an hereditary chamber.

In centre of first row CARSON uplifts his tall figure and surveys a scene he has done much to make possible.

Perhaps in matter of dramatic interest the play did not quite come up to its superb setting. Principal parts taken by CREWE and LANSDOWNE. Neither accustomed to move House to spasms of enthusiasm. LEADER OF HOUSE, introducing what is officially known as Government of Ireland Amending Bill, made it clear in such sentences as were fully audible that scheme does not go a step beyond overture towards settlement proffered by PREMIER last March.

LANSDOWNE expressed profound disappointment at this lack of enterprise. "Rather a shabby and undignified proceeding on the part of a strong Government," he said, "to come down with proposal they know to be wholly inadequate, and to hint that we ought to assist them in converting it into a practical and workable measure."

Actual condition of things could not with equal brevity be more clearly stated. Bill presented to Lords as sort of lay figure, which they may, in accordance with taste and conviction, suitably clothe. No assurance forthcoming that style and fit will be approved when submitted to House of Commons, final arbiters.

Meanwhile Bill read a first time, and ordered to be printed.



"Bill presented to Lords as a sort of lay-figure, which they may, in accordance with taste and conviction, suitably clothe."

Business done.—The Commons still harping on the Budget. TIM HEALY enlivened proceedings by vigorous personal attack on "the most reckless and incapable CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that ever sat on the Treasury Bench." LLOYD GEORGE'S retort courteous looked forward to with interest.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—When, shortly after half-past five, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER rose to take part in debate on new development of Budget Bill, House nearly empty. Interests at stake enormous. Situation enlivened for Opposition by quandary of Government. But afternoon is hot, and from the silver Thames cool air blows over Terrace. Accordingly thither Members repair, leaving House to solitude and CHIOZZA MONEY.

Benches rapidly filled when news went round that CHANCELLOR was on his legs. Soon there was crowded audience. Sound of cheering and counter-cheering, applause and derisive, frequently broke forth. CHANCELLOR in fine fighting form. Malcontents in his own camp are reconciled. Hereditary foe in front. Went for him accordingly. WALTER LONG seated immediately opposite conveniently served as suitable target for whirling lance. Effectively quoted from speeches made by him at other times, insisting upon relief of the rates so heavily burdened as to make it impossible to carry out social reforms of imperative necessity.

"After these lavish professions of anxiety to help local authorities, I did not," said the CHANCELLOR, "expect the right hon. gentleman and his friends would go rummaging in the dustbins of ancient precedent, to find obstacles to place in the way of proposals of reform."

Carried away by his own eloquence, the CHANCELLOR, whilst sarcastically complimentary to WALTER LONG, went so far as to call him "The Father of Form IV." The putative parent blushed. There were cries of "Order!" and "Withdraw!" SPEAKER did not interpose, and CHANCELLOR hurried on to another point of his argument.

Quite a long time since our old friend Form IV., at one time a familiar impulse to party vituperation, was mentioned in debate. This unexpected disclosure of its paternity made quite a stir.

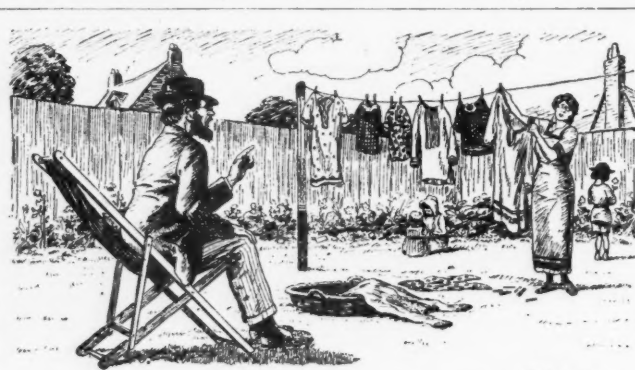
SON AUSTEN followed CHANCELLOR

in brisk speech that led to one or two interludes of angry interruption across the Table. When he made an end of speaking, debate relapsed into former condition of languor. Talk dully kept up till half-past eleven.

Business done.—Further debate on Budget.

Thursday.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER admittedly allured by what he describes as "attractive features" of proposal to raise fresh revenue. It is simply the levying of a special tax on all persons using titles.

Idea not absolutely new. Principle established in case of citizens displaying crest or coat-of-arms. What is novel is suggested method of taxation. Differing from the dog-tax, levied at a common rate, it is proposed that our old nobility shall, in this fresh recognition of their lofty estate, be dealt with on a



GARDEN CITY WASHING-DAY.

OUR SENSITIVE ARTIST INSISTS ON A HARMONIOUS COLOUR-SCHEME.

sliding scale. A duke will have his pre-eminence recognised by an exceptionally high rate of taxation. Marquises, earls and a' that will be mulct on a descending scale, till the lowly knight is reached. He will be compensated for comparative obscurity in the glittering throng by being let off for a nominal sum.

CHANCELLOR fears it is too late to adopt proposal this year, a way of putting it which seems to suggest that we may hear more of it in next year's Budget.

Business done.—HAYES FISHER'S Amendment to Budget Bill negatived by 303 votes to 265. Reduction of Ministerial majority to 38 hailed with boisterous burst of cheers and counter-cheers.

The LORD MAYOR (on hearing a certain PEEL): "Turn again (in your grave), WHITTINGTON."

New song for old Cantabs. :—

"O. B., what can the maté be?"

RUS IN URBE.

No, this is not the Russian ballet. It is the English Folk Dance Society, and their performances at the Royal Horticultural Hall at Westminster the other day showed that the Russian ballet is not to have things all its own way. I am not going to moralise upon the salacious quality of some of the themes of our exotic visitors, but certainly it would be difficult to find a stronger contrast to their ruling passion than is presented by the purity and simplicity of these country dances.

"Selling's Round," danced to an air that lulled *Titania* to sleep all through the winter at the Savoy, was the most popular, with its ring of a dozen dancers, hands joined, running together into the centre of their circle, as if to honour some imaginary deity—possibly Mr. CECIL SHARP, director of the Society, who has collected and revived the airs to which they dance.

Then there were the Morris-dances, "Shepherd's Hey" (with nothing about a "nonny-nunny" in it), and "Haste to the Wedding." There might perhaps be a greater propriety in the latter if it were confined to men; but at least it raised no apprehension that anybody was going to "repent at leisure." In the "Flamborough Sword" dance, the men

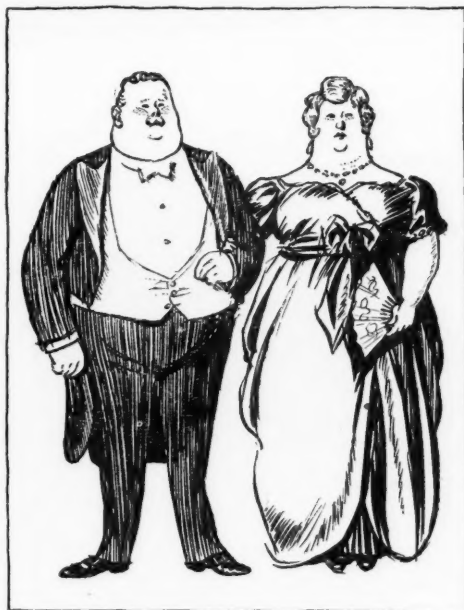
(with no Amazon assistance) raced through the figure and out again, eight of them, armed with bloodless wooden swords—a finely ordered riot.

"Lady's Pleasure," a Morris-jig for two men, lays hold of you at the first bar, and again with a fresh grip and a tighter as the music slows up for the dancers to do their "capers"—all to the music of Mr. CECIL SHARP at the piano and Miss AVRIL at the fiddle.

The object of The English Folk Dance Society is to teach rather than to perform in public. Hence the rarity of their displays, and the better reason why we should seize, when they come, our chances of assisting at these delightful exhibitions of an art whose revival has done so much to restore to the countryside the unpretentious joys that gave its name to Merrie England.

"It was the time when Henry III. was battling with Simon de Montfort and his Barons."—*Straits Times*.

But not at Lord's, which has only just celebrated its centenary.



ARE YOU LIKE
THIS?
THEN ONE MONTH'S
TREATMENT WITH JONES'
ANTITUM
WILL MAKE YOU
LIKE THIS

ARE YOU LIKE
THIS?
THEN THREE LARGE
BOTTLES OF SMITH'S
GARGOL
WILL MAKE YOU
LIKE THIS



GREAT ECONOMY EFFECTED BY CO-OPERATION IN ADVERTISEMENT.

THE MILITANTS' TARIFF.

Etna Lodge, W.

Mrs. Bangham Smasher, having entered into partnership with the Misses Burnham Blazer, as General Agents of Destruction, begs to inform the public that the firm will be prepared to execute commissions of all kinds, at the shortest notice, on the very moderate terms given below:—

	£	s.	d.
For breaking windows, per window . . .	0	7	6
For howling, kicking, or biting during service in church, per howl, kick, or bite . . .	0	10	6
For sitting on doorsteps of obnoxious persons, per hour, if fine . . .	0	15	0
For sitting on doorsteps of obnoxious persons, per hour, if wet . . .	1	1	0
For damaging golf greens, per green . . .	1	11	6
For throwing shoes at magistrates in court, according to size and weight of shoe, from . . .	2	2	0
For beating officials connected with gaols . . .	3	3	0
For slashing and hacking valuable pictures, from . . .	7	7	0
For bombs not intended to explode . . .	8	8	0
For burning down a house, according to value and social position of owner, from . . .	10	0	0
For insulting exalted Personages, per insult . . .	10	10	0
For burning down a modern red-brick church . . .	15	15	0
For burning down a specially valuable and interesting ancient one (eleventh and twelfth centuries extra) . . .	21	0	0
For bombs warranted to destroy an ordinary church . . .	30	0	0
For bombs suited to wreck really superior buildings, such as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's . . .	50	0	0

For disturbing public meetings and the general harassing and annoyance of all peaceable and decent people . . . No charge.

Bangham Smasher, Burnham Blazer & Co. beg to assure their patrons that all the choppers, hammers, bombs, stones, etc., employed in their business are of the very best quality, and only refined paraffin and wax matches will be used in burning down any building.

Being in a position to offer such exceptional advantages they trust to receive a large measure of support in their elevating and enlightening work.

If none of the above is found suitable to the needs of intending clients, a further list of assorted outrages will be supplied on application.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

My happiness is in another's keeping,

My heart delivered to a maiden's care,
And she can cast it down or set it leaping

(The latter process is extremely rare);
Ah, would that love indeed had made me blind,
That I might put her image out of mind!

Yet if I looked at her with eyes unseeing

Her voice and laughter would not pass unheard;
I should not be a reasonable being,

I still should tremble at her lightest word;
How could I then gain freedom from the spell
Unless I turned completely deaf as well?

So, blind and deaf, I might perhaps recover

A partial peace of mind, but all in vain,
For memories pursue the luckless lover,

And only death can ease him of his pain.
Thus, having proved that I were better dead,
I think I'll go and talk to her instead.

BALM FOR THE BRAINGLESS.

"If one man has more brains than another, which enable him to outstrip his fellows, is not that good fortune? What had he got to do with it? If your brain is a bad one, it is not your responsibility. If your brain is a good one it is not your merit. Some men have greater physical, mental, moral strength than others that enables them to win in the race. That is their good fortune and they ought to be grateful for it; and the one way they can best show their gratitude is by helping those who are less fortunate than themselves. Men endowed with any, or most, or all of these fortunate conditions ought not to be stingy in helping others who have not been so fortunate as themselves."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE at Denmark Hill, June 20.]

As a result of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S vivid and convincing pronouncement on the responsibilities of the fortunate, we have been deluged with appeals from all sorts and conditions of unlucky correspondents. We select the following from among the most deserving cases in the hope that our opulent readers may avail themselves of the chances thus offered of redressing the partiality of fortune.

THE CRY OF THE CRACKSMAN.

The Sanctuary, Crookhaven.

SIR,—Endowed by nature with an imperfect moral sense and a complete inability to discriminate between *meum* and *tuum*, I was irresistibly impelled at an early age to adopt the precarious profession of housebreaker. I have just served a sentence of three years, and was on the point of resuming my career when I read Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S epoch-making speech at Denmark Hill, in which he clearly defines the duty of the State to redress the inequalities of moral as well as material endowment by which so large a proportion of the community is penalised. I am the master of a fine literary style and admirably suited to discharge any secretarial duties, but it is only right that I should clearly explain at the outset that it is no use offering me any post unless it is so well salaried that I should never feel it was worth while to explore or appropriate the contents of my employer's safe.

Respectfully yours,

RAPHAEL BUNNY.

THE LUCK OF THE LAW.

*Railway Carriage Bungalow,
Shoreham, Sussex.*

SIR,—It is precisely thirty years since I was called to the Bar, and several of my contemporaries have already been elevated to the Bench, while Sir JOHN SIMON, who is considerably my junior, is in the receipt of a salary probably double that drawn by an ordinary Judge. My earnings for the last ten years have exempted me

from income-tax, but this is but a poor consolation when I consider that were it not for the caprice of fortune I should probably be returning £400 or £500 a year to the Exchequer in super-tax. But not only have I been badly treated in regard to mental equipment; I have been further handicapped by hereditary conscientious objection to pay any bills. An annuity of £500 a year, or only one-tenth of the salary of a Judge, is the minimum that my self-respect will allow me to accept in payment of the State's long-standing debt to

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM WEIR.

THE CRUELTY OF COMPETITION.

SIR,—I confidently appeal for your support in the application for a grant which I am forwarding to the PRIME MINISTER. My son, aged 14, has failed to win an entrance scholarship at Winchester and Charterhouse, not from any fault of his own, but simply owing to the unfair competition of other candidates more liberally endowed with brains. At a modest estimate I calculate that the extra drain on my resources for the next eight years in consequence of this undeserved hardship will amount to at least £600, which I can ill afford owing to unfortunate speculations in Patagonian ruby mines—another example of that bad luck which, in the noble words of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it is the privilege of the prosperous to remedy.

I am, Sir, yours expectantly,

(Rev.) J. STONOR BROOKE.

VIS INERTIE.

Lotus Lodge, Limpsfield.

SIR,—A victim since birth to congenital lassitude, which has rendered all labour, whether manual or mental, distasteful, nay, intolerable to me, I find myself at the age of 41 so out of touch with the spirit of strenuous effort which has invaded every corner of our national life that I am anxious to confer on the State or, failing that, some meritorious millionaire the privilege of providing for my modest needs. A snug sinecure with a commodious residence and a good car—cheap American motors are of course barred—represent the indispensable minimum.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EVERLEIGH SLACK.

Some day, says the President of the Aero Club, we shall be able to go into a shop and buy a pair of wings. But we can do that already; the only difficulty is to fly with them.

"Gentleman, middle aged, would be glad of a few correspondents (40 to 60)."

T. P.'s Weekly.
Too many.

THE SILENT CHARMER.

[Speaking of flowers a contemporary recently remarked:—"These careless-looking creatures filling the air with delight, robbing tired brains of tiredness, are a delicate texture of coloured effort that has prevailed out of a thousand chances, aided in all that effort by man. Without man they would be but weeds—a profusion of Nature's quantity."]

My dearest Thomas, I would not

Deny the fact that you are clever;
You've taught Dame Nature what is what

At horticultural endeavour
(She has not got that useful thing,
The shilling book of gardening).

She has her merits, but, of course,

Her wild attempts won't stand comparing

With such a floral *tour de force*

As that geranium you are wearing;

Yon chosen emblem of your skill

Must surely make her wilder still.

But give me Nature; when we meet

She does not prattle of her posies,

Dull facts of what begonias eat,

The dietetic fads of roses,

And how she strove with spade and spud,

Or nipped the green fly on the bud.

'Tis she that really soothes the brain,

Spreading her weeds in bright profusion,

And never troubling to explain

How much they owe to her collusion,

While, Thomas, your achievements seem
To be your one and only theme.

Mr. J. C. PARKE, writing in *The Strand Magazine* on the best way to beat WILDING, says:—

"Personally, after close observation and from playing against him, I would suggest a determined attack on the champion's forehead from the base-line."

That ought to learn him.

"His Majesty has been pleased to confer the dignity of an Earldom of the United Kingdom upon Field-Marshal the Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, P.G.C., B.O.M.G.C., S.I.G.C.M., G.G.C.I.E."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

The old orders change, yielding place to new.

From a magazine cover:—

"This magazine has been the turning point in many a man's career. Spend twopence and half-an-hour on it. . . . Price Threepence." We would rather pay the threepence.

"In our report of the wedding of Mr. Lee Kwee Law to Miss Chan Siew Cheen we inadvertently left out the following, who also sent presents:—"—*Straits Echo*.

And then they inadvertently left them out again.

THE CURE FOR CRICKET.

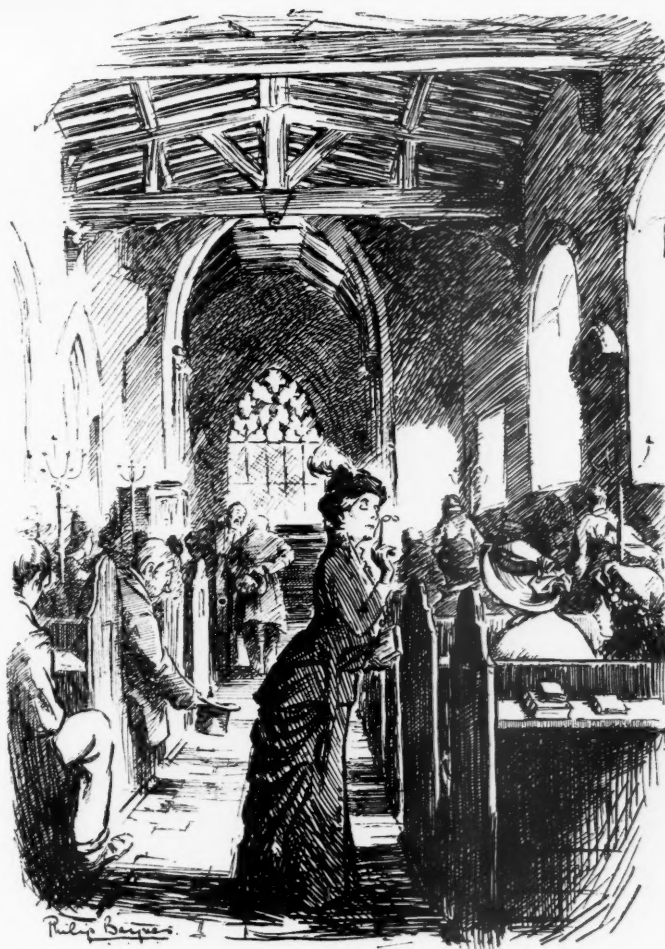
THERE is no longer any doubt that golf is threatening the supremacy of our national game. Judged by the only true standard—the amount of space allotted to it in the daily press—it is manifest that the encroachments of this insidious pastime have now reached a point where the cricket reformer must bestir himself before it is too late. We are convinced that so far we have been taking much too narrow a view. The time has come to look for light and leading outside the confines of our own Book of Rules. There are other games besides cricket. Let us call them to our councils.

In the first place a valuable hint may surely be found in the development of Rugby football. It is common knowledge what immense results have followed the introduction, some twenty years ago, of the Four Three-quarter System. No spectator (and we cannot exist without the spectator) would ever dream now of returning to the old formation. Very well. The same principle can be easily adapted to our requirements in the form of the Three Batsmen System. The pitch would become an equilateral triangle, and we should suggest that the bowler have the option of bowling (from his own corner) at either of the two outlying batsmen (at theirs). Lots of interesting developments would follow, as, for instance, the institution of a sort of silly-point-short-mid-on in the centre of the triangle. (Should he be allowed to wear gloves?)

Golf has also a lesson to teach us. We are all familiar with the huge strides that have been made by the introduction of the rubber-cored ball. We don't want to plagiarize, although a rubber-cored cricket ball is a nice idea. Why not aim at the opposite extreme and try a ball "reinforced" with concrete? The tingling of the batsman's fingers which might result could be neutralised by the use of a rubber-faced bat. This reform would, we believe, have one happy consequence. People wouldn't be so keen to play with their legs.

As to lawn tennis—another dangerous rival—we hear a good deal in these days about "foot-faults." That seems to show the trend of modern thought. If we are to be in the swim we shall have to reconsider our no-ball rule. Why not make it a no-ball every time unless the bowler has both feet in the air at the moment when the ball leaves his hand? One might put up a little hurdle—nothing obtrusive—only a matter of a few inches high.

We believe that something might



"ARE YOU MRS. PILKINGTON-HAYCOCK?"

"No."

"WELL, I AM, AND THIS IS HER PEW."

even be done by borrowing from hockey the principle of the semi-circle, outside of which a goal may not be shot. The whole pitch might be enclosed in a circular crease—which would look uncommonly well in Press photographs. (We cannot exist without the Press.) No fielder inside the magic circle would be allowed to stop the ball with his feet.

Finally there is the case of billiards, not a game that is very closely allied to cricket, but one from which much may be learned. How has billiards brightened itself? By adopting the great principle of "barring" certain strokes. Here we have got on to something really valuable. We propose to go one better, and draw up a schedule of the different conditions of barring under which matches may be played. It will only remain for secretaries, when fixtures are made, to arrange the terms

by negotiation. In time to come, should we be able to carry our point, we shall all be familiar with such announcements as the following:—

Notts. v. Surrey. (Cut-barred.)
Gentlemen v. Players. (L.b.w.-barred.)
England v. Australia. (Googly-and-yorker-barred.)

We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject, but we have made a start. We must look about us. Something may be learned, we firmly believe, even from skittles and ping-pong. Our national game cannot afford to exclude special features. It should have the best of everything.

Professional Candour.

"The sermon over, a collection was taken, and hardly a person present did not contribute. Mgr. Benson's sermon went to the hardest heart there. Even the journalists contributed."

The Universe.

THE HERE, THERE AND LONDON LETTER.

With apologies to "The Westminster Gazette."

THE HOME OF THE SOUTH SAXONS.

Sussex, the county for which Mr. C. B. FRY (who hurt his leg in the Lord's centenary match) used to play before he moved to Hampshire, is an attractive division of the country to the south of London with a long sea border. Mr. KIPLING has praised it in some memorable verses, and among frequent visitors to its principal town, Brighton, is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The word Sussex is a contraction of South Saxon. All will wish the old Oxonian a speedy recovery from his strain.

A MONETARY PROVERB.

The origin of the old saying, "Penny wise, pound foolish," which has come into vogue again in connection with the revised income tax—for who can deny that the saving of the penny is wise?—is lost in obscurity; but there is no doubt that it is very ancient. Many nations have the same proverb in different terms as applied to their own currency. In France the coins to which the saying best applies would be the sou and the louis; in America, the cent and the dollar; and so forth.

CORDIALITY BEFORE PARTY.

The circumstance of Mr. LULU HARCOURT'S unveiling a memorial to Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN at the Albert Dock Hospital is not without precedent. On more than one occasion party differences have been similarly forgotten. Thus several golf players contributed to *The Daily Telegraph* shilling fund in honour of the great W. G. GRACE some few years ago. Such sinking of private shibboleths is a very excellent thing and goes far to show how thoroughly sound and healthy English public life really is *au fond*.

THE NAMES OF COLLEGES.

Exeter College, Oxford, which has just celebrated its six hundredth anniversary, is not the only college which bears the same name as that of a city. Pembroke is another. Keble is, of course, named after the hymn-writer and divine; and Balliol, where C. S. C. played the wag so divertingly, after Balliol. *A propos* of Oxford, it is a question whether that extremely amusing book, *Verdant Green*, is still much read by freshers.

THE AUTHOR OF *THE LITTLE MINISTER*.

Sir JAMES BARRIE, who is said to

have written a revue for production this autumn at a West-End Theatre, must not be confounded with the French sculptor, BARYE, in spite of the similarity of name. BARYE is famous chiefly for his bronzes of lions, and fortunately, in making his studies of these dangerous animals, he escaped the fate which so often befalls the trainer of wild beasts whose animals suddenly turn upon him.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE ALIEN.

ONCE upon a time a poet was sitting at his desk in his cottage near the woods, trying to write.

It was a hot summer day and great fat white clouds were sailing across the sky. He knew that he ought to be out, but still he sat on, pen in hand, trying to write.

Suddenly, among all the other sounds of busy urgent life that were filling the warm sweet air, he heard the new and unaccustomed song of a bird. At least not new and not unaccustomed, but new and unaccustomed there, in this sylvan retreat. The notes poured out, now shrill, now mellow, now bubbling like musical water, but always rich with the joy of life, the fulness of happiness. Where had he heard it before? What bird could it be?

Suddenly the poet's housekeeper hurried in. "Oh, Sir," she exclaimed, "isn't it a pity? Someone's canary has got free, and it's singing out here something beautiful."

"Of course," said the poet—"a canary;" and he hastened out to see it. But before he could get there the bird had flown to a clump of elms a little way off, from which proceeded sweeter and more tumultuously exultant song than they had ever known.

The poet walked to the elms with his field-glasses, and after a while he discerned among the million leaves the little yellow bird, with its throat trembling with rapture.

But the poet and his housekeeper were not the only creatures who had heard the strange melody.

"I say," said one sparrow to another, "did you hear that?"

"What?" inquired the other sparrow, who was busy collecting food for a very greedy family.

"Why, listen," said the first sparrow.

"Bless my soul," said the second. "I never heard that before."

"That's a strange bird," said the first sparrow; "I've seen it. It's all yellow."

"All yellow?" said the other. "What awful cheek!"

"Yes, isn't it?" replied the first

sparrow. "Can you understand what it says?"

"Not a note," said the second. "Another of those foreigners, I suppose. We shan't have a tree to call our own soon."

"That's so," said the first. "There's no end to them. Nightingales are bad enough, grumbling all night, and swallows, although there's not so many of them this year as usual; but when it comes to yellow birds—well."

"Hullo," said a passing tit, "what's the trouble now?"

"Listen," said the sparrows.

The tit was all attention for a minute while the gay triumphant song went on.

"Well," he said, "that's a rum go. That's new, that is. Novel, I call it. What is it?"

"It's a yellow foreigner," said the sparrows.

"What's to be done with it?" the tit asked.

"There's only one thing for self-respecting British birds to do," said the first sparrow. "Stop it. Teach it a lesson."

"Absolutely," said the tit. "I'll go and find some others."

"Yes, so will we," said the sparrows; and off they all flew, full of righteous purpose.

Meanwhile the canary sang on and on, and the poet at the foot of the tree listened with delight.

Suddenly, however, he was conscious of a new sound—a noisy chirping and harsh squeaking which seemed to fill the air, and a great cloud of small angry birds assailed the tree. For a while the uproar was immense, and the song ceased; and then, out of the heart of the tumult, pursued almost to the ground where the poet stood, fell the body of a little yellow bird, pecked to death by a thousand avenging furies.

Seeing the poet they made off in a pack, still shrilling and squawking, but conscious of the highest rectitude.

The poet picked up the poor mutilated body. It was still warm and it twitched a little, but never could its life and music return.

While he stood thoughtfully there an old woman, holding an open cage and followed by half-a-dozen children, hobbled along the path.

"My canary got away," she said. "Have you seen it? It flew in this direction."

"I'm afraid I have seen it," said the poet, and he opened his hand.

"My little pet!" said the old woman. "It sang so beautifully, and it used to feed from my fingers. My little pet."

The poet returned to his work. "In tooth and claw," he muttered to himself, "In tooth and claw."



HOW TO UTILISE THE ART OF "SUGGESTION."

THE DOCTOR, SIX DOWN AT THE TURN, "SUGGESTS" TO HIS OPPONENT THAT THEY ARE PLAYING CROQUET, AND WINS BY TWO AND ONE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Tents of a Night (SMITH, ELDER) is a quite ordinary story, about entirely commonplace persons, which has however an original twist in it. I never met a story that conveyed so vividly the nastiness of a summer holiday that isn't nice. The holiday was in Brittany, just the common round, Cherbourg, Coutances, Mont St. Michel, and the rest of it; and the holiday-makers were Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn, their niece Anne, and a rather pleasant flapper named Barbara whom they had taken in charge. Anne is the heroine and central character of the holiday; and certainly whatever discomforts it contained she seems to have done her successful best to add to. "This is a beastly place!" was her written comment upon St. Michel; and it was typical of her attitude throughout. Of course the real trouble with Anne was something deeper than drains or crowded hotels or the smell of too many omelettes: she was in love. Apparently she was more or less in love with two men, Dragotin Voinovich (whose name was a constant worry to Anne's aunt, and I am bound to say that I share her feelings about it) and Jimmy Fordyce, a pleasant young Englishman who pulls the girls out of quicksands and makes himself generally agreeable. In the end, however—but on second thoughts the end, emotionally speaking, of Anne is just what I shall not tell you, as it is precisely the thing that redeems the book from being commonplace. This you will enjoy; and also those remarkably real descriptions of

various plage-hotels in August, the noise, the crowds, the long hot meals, the sunshine and constant wind, the sand on the staircase, and the general atmosphere of wet bathing-gowns—all these are a luxurious delight to read about in a comfortable English room. Miss MARY FINDLATER evidently knows them.

Dippers who have given a new meaning to the classical motto, *Respice finem*, are so common amongst novel readers that PATRICIA WENTWORTH will only have herself to thank if many who are unfamiliar with her work fail to do justice to a book nine-tenths of which is thoroughly interesting and excellently well-written. As a boy, the hero of *Simon Heriot* (MELROSE) is misunderstood, and although Mr. Martin, his step-father, is a somewhat stagey specimen of the heavy and vulgar papa, the child's emotions (as, for instance, when he pretends that the storm of his parent's wrath is the ordeal of the Inquisition or some far-away battle of paladins in which he is contending) are finely conceived, and many of the later passages in Simon's life—his unhappy love affair with Maud Courtney, his relations with his grandmother and with William Forster, the school-master—are quite engrossing and give occasion for memorable sketches of character. It is when the natural end of the story is reached, and Simon has come into his own and has just been wedded to his proper affinity, that the structure seems to me to fall with a crash. I might perhaps, though not without reluctance, have pardoned an impertinent railway accident which leaves the young man apparently

crippled for life, but the last chapters, in which he finds spiritual comfort and (after the doctors have given up hope) complete anatomical readjustment through the ministrations of faith healing, alienated me entirely. From the outset the obvious scheme of the novel is to bring the hero back happily to the home and, if you will, the rustic church of his ancestors; and, though the science of Christian healing may do all that its adherents claim for it, it has about as much to do with the case of *Simon Heriot* as the dancing dervishes or the rites of Voodoo.

DEMETRA VAKA has melted my literary heart. By way of homage to her I eat the dust and recant all the hard and bitter things I said and thought in my youth concerning Ancient Greece; especially I apologise, on behalf of myself and my pedagogues, for ever regarding its language as a dead one. *A Child of the Orient* (LANE) has taught me better, though the last object the author appears to have in view is to educate. This "Greek girl brought up in a Turkish household" writes to amuse, entertain and charm, and her success is abundant.

Whether it is attributable to the romantic particulars of the Turkish household or to the ingenuous personality of the Greek girl, I hesitate to say, since both are so captivating; but this I know, that, considered as descriptive sketches or personal episodes, each of the twenty-two chapters is a separate delight. For the ready writer material is not wanting in the Near East; a fine theme is provided in the national ambition of the Greek, who cannot forget his glorious past and be content with his less conspicuous present. As for the love interest, who should supply this better than the Turk? In these days of cosmopolitanism

there are bound to be romantic complications in the lives of a polygamous people situate in a monogamous continent. By way of postscript the authoress travels abroad and deals with alien matters; her impression, I gather, is that if her ancestors of classical times could see our world of to-day and express an opinion upon it the best of their praise would be reserved for the fact of the British Empire, and the worst of their abuse be spent upon what is known as American humour. I am so constituted that I cannot but be prejudiced in favour of a writer gifted with so profound a judgment.

The creatrix of *Pam* must look to her laurels. Slovenliness is the aptest word to apply to the workmanship of *Maria* (HUTCHINSON), the latest heroine of the Baroness VON HUTTEN. *Maria* has the air of having been contracted for, while that fastidious overseer who lurks at the elbow of every honest craftsman, condemning this or that phrase, readjusting the other faulty piece of construction, has frankly abandoned the contractor. *Maria* was the daughter of an artist cadger (name of *Drello*), friend of the great and seller of their autograph letters, whereby he was astute enough to make a comfortable living. *Maria* had a dull brother named *Laertes*, who accidentally met a highness, who fell very abruptly in love with *Maria* and made

her strictly dishonourable proposals. *Maria* drew herself up, compelled him to apologise and go away, until the nineteenth chapter, when she made similar proposals to the highness, now a duly and unhappily married *King of Sarmania*. But she is saved by the chivalrous love-lorn dwarf, *Tomsk*, who, with the irascible singing-master *Sulzer*, is responsible for the chief elements of vitality in this rather suburban romance. And I found myself never believing in *Maria's* wondrous beauty and quite sharing *Sulzer's* poor opinion of her singing. But this of course was mere prejudice.

In *Grizel Married* (MILLS AND BOON) Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY exhibits the highest-handed method of treating Romance that ever I met. For consider the situation to be resolved. *Dane Peignton* was engaged to *Teresa*, but in love with *Lady Cassandra Raynor*, whose husband, I regret to add, was still alive. *Dane* and *Cassandra* had never told their love, and concealment might have continued to prey on their damask cheeks, if Mrs.

VAIZEY had not (very naturally) wished to give us a big emotional scene of avowal. It is the way in which this is done that compels my homage. Off go the characters on a picnic, obviously big with fate. *Teresa* goes, and *Dane* and *Cassandra*, the fourth being *Grizel*, whom you may recall pleasantly from an earlier book; but, though she fills the title rôle in this one, she has little to do with its development. Of course I saw that something tragic was going to happen to somebody on that picnic—cliffs or tides or mad bulls or something. But I don't suppose that in twenty guesses you could get at the actual instrument of destiny.

Cassandra chokes over a fish-bone! That's what I meant about Mrs. VAIZEY's courage. And the reward of it is that, after your first moment of incredulity, the fish-bone isn't in the least bit absurd. Poor *Cassandra* comes quite near to expiring of it; and *Dane*, having thumped and battered her into safety, sobs out his wild and whirling passion, while *Grizel* and poor *Teresa* have just to sit about and listen. It really is rather a striking and original climax; incidentally it is far the best scene in an otherwise not very brilliant tale. But, having attended that picnic, I shall be astonished if you don't want to go on to the end and see how it all straightens out.

"At 9.30 o'clock, as the fog lifted somewhat, the rescuing steamer *Lyonnesse* had sighted the *Gothland*, fast on the rocks, with a bad list to starboard, and apparently partly filled with water."

Daily Chronicle.

"Our Special Correspondent's" father seems to be a big man.

"While the class watches, the teacher pronounces all the words. Then the whole class pronounces them while the teacher points, skipping around."—*Hawaii Educational Review.*

A pretty scene, if the teacher is a man of graceful movements.



BARGAIN: Two-seater, with most of the accessories; only done fifty miles; water-cooled engine; owner giving up driving.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD BRASSEY is said to be annoyed at the way in which his recent adventure at Kiel was exaggerated. He landed, it seems, on the mole of the Kaiser Dockyard, not noticing a warning to trespassers—and certain of our newspapers proceeded at once to make a mountain out of the mole.

Mr. ROOSEVELT's American physician, Dr. ALEXANDER LAMBERT, has confirmed the advice of his European physicians that the EX-PRESIDENT must have four months' rest and must keep out of politics absolutely for that period; and it is said that President WILSON is also of the opinion that the distinguished invalid owes it to his country to keep quiet for a time.

At the farewell banquet to Lord GLADSTONE members of the Labour Unions surrounded the hotel and booed loudly with a view to making the speeches inaudible. As the first serious attempt to protect diners from an orgy of oratory this incident deserves recording.

There appear to have been some amusing misfits in the distribution of prizes at the recent Midnight Ball. For example a young lady of pronounced sobriety, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, secured a case of whisky and went about asking if she could get it changed for perfume. Whisky is, of course, essentially a man's perfume.

There are One Woman Shows as well as One Man Shows in these days. An invitation to be present at a certain function in connection with a certain charitable institution announces:—

"ATHLETIC SPORTS AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES by LADY —."

Some surprise is being expressed in non-legal circles that the actress who lost the case which she brought against SANDOW, LIMITED, for depicting her as wearing one of their corsets, did not apply for stays of execution.

Quite a number of our picture galleries are now closed, and it has been suggested that, with the idea of reconciling the public to this state of affairs,

there shall be displayed conspicuously at the entrance to the buildings the reminder, "*Ars est celare artem.*"

The Gentlewoman, by the way, which is publishing a series of articles entitled "Woman's Work at the 1914 Academy," omits to show us photos of Mr. SARGENT's and Mr. CLAUSEN's paintings after certain women had worked upon them.

The Admiralty dismisses as "a silly rumour" the report that one of our new first-class destroyers is to be named *The Suffragette*.



A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Romantic Tripper. "TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER PICKED UP ANY BOTTLES ON THE BEACH?"

Boatman. "WERRY OTTEN, MISS!"

Romantic Tripper. "AND HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING IN THEM?"

Boatman. "NOT A BLESSED DROP, MISS!"

In Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' play, *The Sin of David*, we are to see Cavaliers and Roundheads. This will be a welcome change, for in most of the theatres nowadays one sees a preponderance of Deadheads.

The intrepid photographer again! *The Illustrated London News* advertises:—

PHOTOGRAPHURE PRESENTATION PLATE OF
GENERAL BOOTH AND
MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH
LIONS PHOTOGRAPHED AT 5 YARDS'
DISTANCE.

Once upon a time Red Indians used to kidnap Whites. Last week, Mrs. W. BOWMAN CUTTER, a wealthy widow of

seventy, living at Boston, Massachusetts, eloped with her 21-year-old Red-skin chauffeur.

A memorial to a prize-fighter who was beaten by TOM SAYERS was unveiled at Nottingham last week. Should this idea of doing honour to defeated British heroes spread to those of to-day our sculptors should have a busy time.

A visitor to Scarborough nearly lost his motor-car in the sands at Filey last week: it sank up to the bonnet and was washed by the sea before it was hauled to safety by four horses.

Neptune is said to have been not a little annoyed at the car's escape, as he realises that his old chariot drawn by sea-horses is now sadly *démodé*.

A new organisation, called "The League of Wayfarers," has been formed. Its members apparently consist of "child policemen," who undertake to protect wild flowers. How it is going to be done we do not quite understand. Presumably, small boys will hide behind, say, dandelions, and emit a loud roar when anyone tries to pluck the tender plant.

When *The Yorkshire Post* and *The Hull Daily Mail* differ, who shall decide between them? *The Hull Daily Mail* asserts positively that A. PAPAZONGLON won the long jump at the Bridlington Grammar School sports and that C. PAPAZONGLON was second in the 100 yards and High Jump. Its contemporary, however, unhesitatingly

awards these positions to C. PAPAZONGLOU, C. PAPAZONGA and C. PAPAZAGLOU respectively. But it gives the "Victor Ludorum" cup to a new competitor, C. PAPAZOUGLOU, and again differs from *The Hull Daily Mail*, which knows for a fact that it was won by C. PPAPAZONGLON. Whom shall we believe?

"ASQUITH DENIES MILITANT PLEA.

Receives Working Women but Won't Introduce Bill."—*New York Evening Sun*.

We are left with the uneasy impression that William is a snob.

"On a divan the motion for rejection was carried by 178 to 136."—*Daily Chronicle*. Our politicians are right to take it easy this hot weather.

A PATRIOT UNDER FIRE.

(Observed during the recent heat wave.)

PHILIP, I note with unaffected awe
 How, with the glass at 90 in the cool,
 You still obey inflexibly the law
 That governs manners of the British school;
 How, in a climate where the sweltering air
 Seems to be wafted from a kitchen copper,
 You still refuse to lay aside your wear
 Of sable (proper).

The Civil Service which you so adorn
 Would lose its prestige, visibly grown slack,
 And all its lofty pledges be forsworn
 Were you to deviate from your boots of black;
 Were you to shed that coat of sombre dye,
 That ebon brain-box (imitation beaver)
 Whose torrid aspect strikes the passer-by
 With tertian fever.

As something far beyond me I respect
 The virtue, equal to the stiffest crux,
 Which thus forbids your costume to deflect
 Into the primrose path of straw and ducks;
 I praise that fine regard for red-hot tape
 Which calmly and without an eyelid's flutter
 Suffers the maddening noon to melt your nape
 As it were butter.

"His clothes are not the man," I freely own,
 Yet often they express the stuff they hide,
 As yours, I like to fancy, take their tone
 From stern, ascetic qualities inside;
 Just as the soldier's heavy marching-gear
 Conceals a heart of high determination,
 Too big, in any temperature, to fear
 Nervous prostration.

I cite the warrior's case who goes through fire;
 For you, no less a patriot, face your risk
 When in your country's service you perspire
 In blacks that snort at Phoebus' flaming disc;
 So, till a medal (justly made of jet)
 Records your grit and pluck for all to know 'em,
 I on your chest with safety-pins will set
 This inky poem. O. S.

"THE PURPLE LIE."

"ARABELLA," I said, examining the fuzzy part of her
 which projected above the dome of the coffee-pot, "I
 perceive that you mope. That being so, I am glad to be
 able to tell you that I have been presented with two tickets
 for *The Purple Lie* to-morrow evening."

"Sorry," she replied, "but it's off."

"Off!" I exclaimed indignantly, "when the box-office is
 being besieged all day by a howling mob, and armoured
 commissionaires are constantly being put into commis-
 sion to defend it. Off!"

"What I mean to say is," said Arabella, "that we're
 dining with the Messington-Smiths to-morrow evening."

I bowed my head above the marmalade and wept.
 "Arabella," I groaned, looking up at last, "what have
 we done that these people should continue to supply us
 with food? We do not love them, and they do not love
 us. The woman is a bromide. Her husband is even
 worse. He is a phenacetin. I shall fall asleep in the
 middle of the asparagus and butter myself badly. Think,

moreover, of the distance to Morpheus Avenue. Remem-
 ber that I have been palpitating to see *The Purple Lie* for
 weeks."

"So have I," said Arabella. "It's sickening, but I am
 afraid we must pass those tickets on."

I happened that day to be lunching with my friend
 Charles. "The last thing in the world I want to do," I
 said to him, "is to oblige you in any way, but I chance
 to have—ahem!—purchased two stalls for *The Purple
 Lie* which I cannot make use of. I had forgotten that
 I am dining with some very important and—er—influen-
 tial people to-morrow night. When a man moves as I do
 amid a constant whirl of gilt-edged engagements—"

"Ass!" said Charles, and pocketed the tickets.

On the following morning I perceived a large crinkly
 frown at the opposite end of the breakfast table, and,
 rightly divining that Arabella was behind it, asked her
 what the trouble was.

"It's the Messington-Smiths," she complained. "They
 can't have us to dinner after all. It seems that Mrs.
 Messington-Smith has a bad sore throat."

"Any throat would be sore," I replied, "that had Mrs.
 Messington-Smith talking through it. I wonder whether
 Charles is using those tickets."

"You might ring up and see."

To step lightly to the telephone, ask for Charles's
 number, get the wrong one, ask again, find that he
 had gone to his office, ring him up there and get
 through to him, was the work of scarcely fifteen minutes.
 "Charles," I said, "are you using those two stalls of mine
 to-day?"

"Awfully sorry," he replied, "but I can't go myself. I
 gave them away yesterday evening."

"Wurzell!" I said. "Who to?"

"To whom," he corrected gently. "To a dull man I met
 in the City named Messington-Smith."

"Named what?" I shrieked.

"Messington-Smith." M for Mpret, E for Elder-
 down—

"Where does he live?"

"21, Morpheus Avenue."

For a moment the room seemed to spin round me. I put
 down the transmitter and pressed my hand to my forehead.
 Then in a shaking voice I continued—"Of all the double-
 barrelled, unmitigated, blue-faced—"

"What number, please?" sang a sweet soprano voice. I
 rang off, and went to break the news to Arabella.

She was silent for a few moments, and then asked me
 suddenly, "Whereabouts in the stalls were those seats of
 ours?"

"Almost in the middle of the third row," I replied
 mournfully.

Arabella said no more, but with a rather disdainful smile
 on her face walked firmly to her little escritoire, sat down,
 wrote a note, and addressed it to Mrs. Messington-Smith.

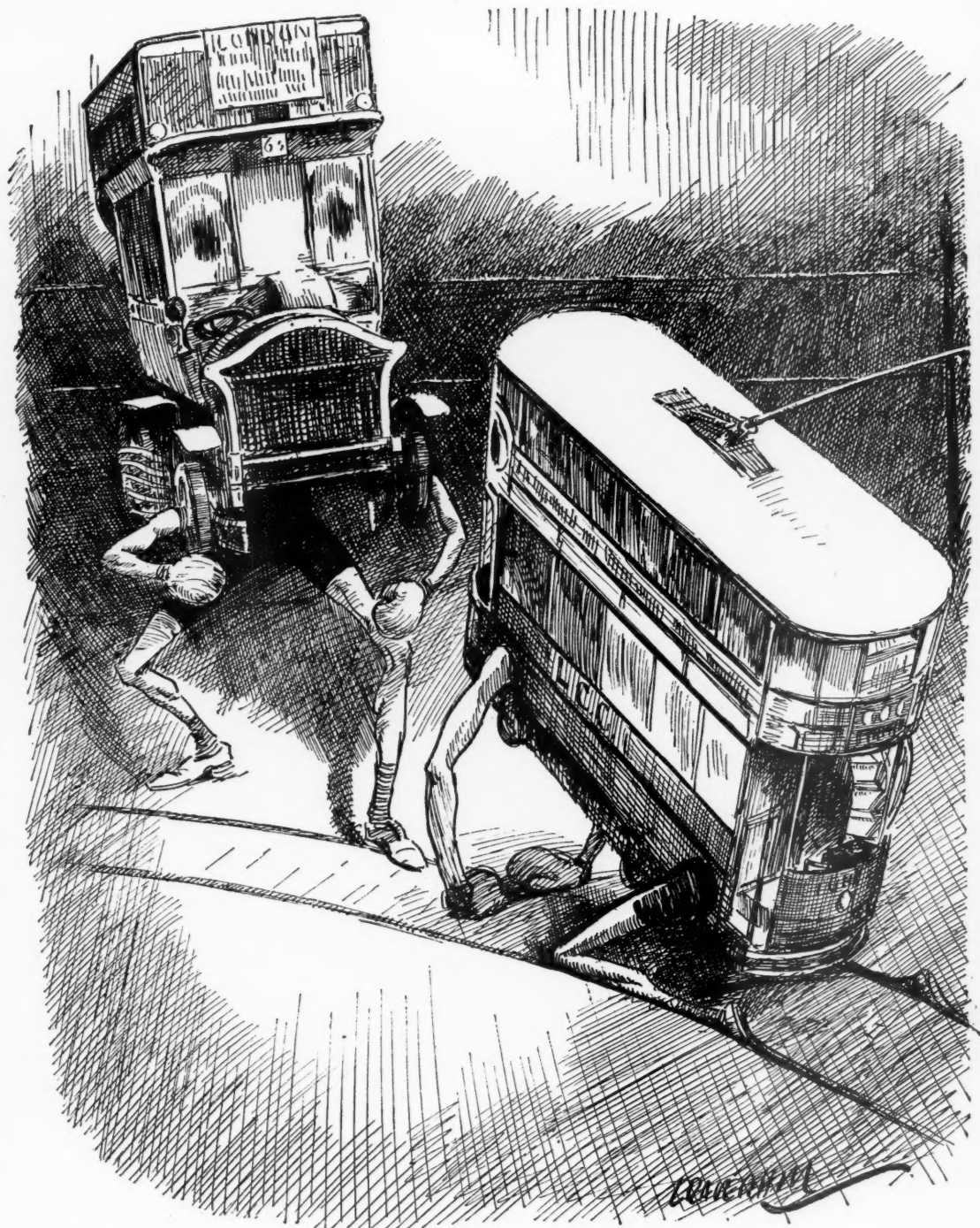
"What have you said?" I asked, as she stamped her
 letter with a rather vicious jab on KING GEORGE's left eye.

"Just that I am sorry about her old sore throat," she
 replied. "And then I went on, that wasn't it funny by the
 same post we had been given two stalls for *The Purple Lie*
 to-night in a very good place in the middle of the third
 row? She will get the letter by lunch-time," she added
 pensively, "and it will be so nice for her to know that we
 shall be sitting almost next to them."

"But we aren't going to *The Purple Lie* at all," I
 protested.

"No," she said, "and as a matter of fact I don't suppose
 the Messington-Smiths are either—now."

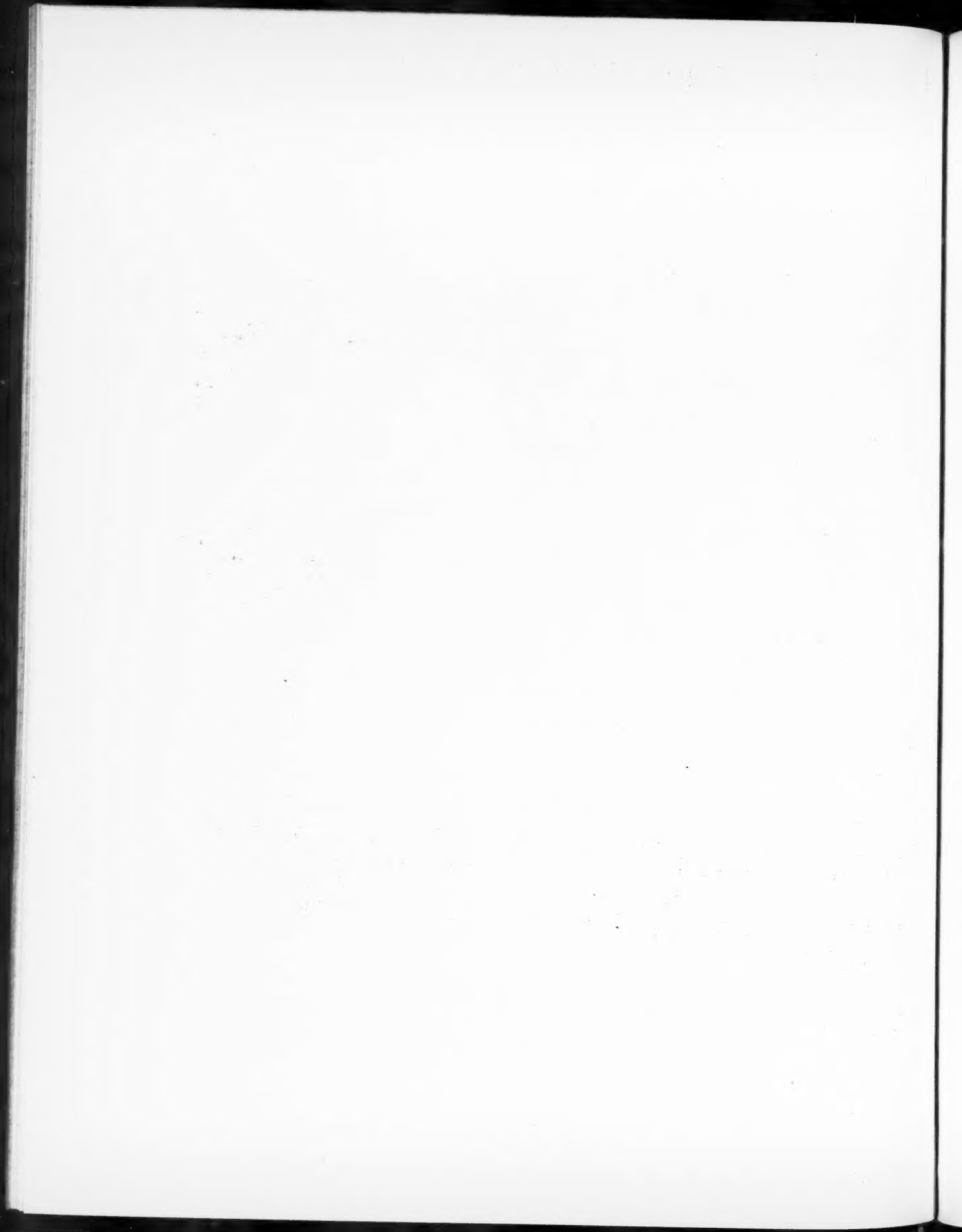
I left Arabella smiling triumphantly through her tears,



BEATEN ON POINTS.

L.C.C. TRAM. "HARD LINES ON ME!"

MOTOR-BUS. "YES, IT'S ALWAYS HARD LINES WITH YOU, MY BOY. THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER; YOU CAN'T SIDE-STEP."





"WHO'S THE LITTLE MAN HOLDING HIS RACKET THAT FUNNY WAY?"

"OH, THAT'S MR. BINKS. HE TAKES THE PLATE ROUND IN CHURCH, YOU KNOW."

but when I returned in the evening the breakfast-time frown had reappeared with even crinklier ramifications.

"Why," I asked, "are you looking like a tube map?"

"Mrs. Messington-Smith," she answered with a slight catch in her voice, "has just been telephoning."

"I thought the receiver looked a bit played out," I said.

"What does she want with us now?"

"Well, she *has* got a sore throat after all. You could tell that from her voice. And she isn't going to *The Purple Lie* either. She never even meant to."

"But the tickets," I gasped.

"She and her husband quite forgot about them till to-day," said Arabella. "And now they have given them away to some friends. But they weren't given away at all till this afternoon, and——"

She broke off and gave a lachrymose little sniff.

"And what?"

"And she knew, of course, that we're disengaged to-night, and when she got my letter she was just going to send them round to us."

Commercial Candour.

From a testimonial:—

"I have had this cover on the rear wheel of my 3½ h.p. Humber Motor Cycle and have ridden same 7,000 miles, six of these without a puncture."—*Advt. in "Motor Cycle."*

"MRD. CPL., temporary."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

When we tell you that the mystic letters mean "married couple," you will share our horror.

WOMAN AT THE FIGHT.

In ancient unsophisticated days

Women were valued for their cloistered ways,

And won at Rome encouragement from man

Only because they stayed at home and span;

While PERICLES in Attic Greek expressed

The view that those least talked about were best.

There were exceptions, but the normal Greek

Regarded SAPPHO as a dangerous freak,

And CLYTEMNESTRA for three thousand years

Was pelted with unmitigated sneers,

Till RICHARD STRAUSS and HOFMANNSTHAL combined

To prove that she was very much maligned.

But now at last these cloistered days are o'er

And woman, breaking down her prison door,

Is free to take the middle of the floor.

No more for her indomitable soul

The meekly ministering angel rôle;

No more the darner of her husband's socks,

She takes delight in watching champions box,

Finds respite from the carking cares that vex us

In cheering blows that reach the solar plexus,

Joins in the loud and patriotic shout

While beaten BELL is being counted out,

And—joy that makes all other joys seem nil—

Writes her impressions for *The Daily Thrill*.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE SUSCEPTIBLE AMERICAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful singer named Miss Iris Bewlay. Every now and then she gave a recital, and it was always crowded. She was chosen to sing "God save the King" at bazaars and Primrose League meetings; her rendering of "Home, Sweet Home" moistened every eye. Hostesses wishing to be really in the swim engaged her to sing during after-dinner conversation for enormous fees.

When Miss Iris Bewlay was approaching the forties and adding every day to her wealth, another Miss Bewlay—not Iris, but Gladys, and no relation whatever—was gradually improving her gift of song with a well-known teacher, for it was Miss Gladys Bewlay's intention, with her parents' strong approval, to become a professional. She had not, it is true, her illustrious namesake's commanding presence or powerful register, but her voice was sweet and refined and she might easily have a future.

It happened that a susceptible music-loving American staying in London for a short time was taken by some English friends to a concert at which Miss Iris Bewlay was singing, and he fell at once a victim to her tones. Never before had he heard a voice which so thrilled and moved him. He returned to his hotel enraptured, and awoke with but one desire and that was to hear Miss Bewlay again.

"Say, where is a Miss Bewlay singing to-night?" he asked the hotel porter.

The porter searched all the concert announcements, but found no mention of the great name. In the end he advised a visit to one of the ticket libraries, and off the enthusiast hurried.

Now it happened that this very evening was the one chosen for the *début*, before a number of invited friends, of Miss Gladys Bewlay, and one of the guests chanced to be at the ticket library at the moment the susceptible American entered and fired his question at the clerk.

"Say, can you tell me where Miss Bewlay is singing to-night?" he said.

The clerk having no information, the susceptible American was turning away when the guest of the other Bewlay family ventured to address him with the information that Miss Bewlay was singing that evening at a private gathering at one of the halls.

"Couldn't I get in?" the American asked.

"It's private," said the lady. "It's only for the friends of the family."

"Let me take down the address, anyway," said he, and took it down.

That evening, just before Miss Gladys Bewlay's first song, a visiting card was handed to one of her brothers, with the statement that a gentleman desired the pleasure of a moment's interview on a matter of great importance.

"See here," said the gentleman, and it was none other than the susceptible American, "I'm just crazy about Miss Bewlay's singing. They tell me she's here to-night. Now I know it's a strange thing to ask, but I want to know if you can't just let me lean against a pillar somewhere at the back while she's singing, and then I'll go right away. It's my last chance for

may have suffered it would have been obvious to close observers that his eyes were contented enough. They rested on the fair young singer with delight and admiration, and when she had finished there was no applause like the susceptible American's.

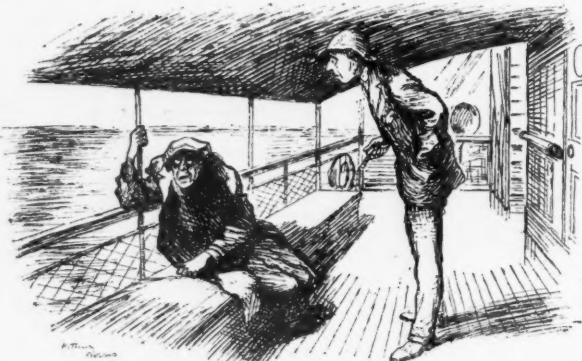
When Miss Bewlay's brother had gradually worked his way to the back of the room, he found the American in an ecstasy.

"She's great," he said. "Say, would it be too much to ask you to introduce me?"

"Not at all," said the brother, who was as pleased at his sister's success as though it were his own.

The American did not return to his own country the next day, nor for many days after; and when he did he was engaged to Miss Gladys Bewlay.

Isn't that a pretty fairy story? and almost every word of it is true.



"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER? THE SEA'S LIKE A DUCK-POND!"

"I KNOW, OLD BOY—BUT I'VE TAKEN SIX—DIFFERENT—REMEDIES."

A SEASIDE "SONG SCENA."

YESTERDAY I celebrated the beginning of my holidays by patronising *The Melodites* on the beach. *The Melodites* are a band of entertainers who draw enormous salaries for giving a couple of performances daily in a kind of luxurious open-air theatre.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," announced the Manager soon after I had taken my seat, "our first item will be a Song Scena entitled *The Moon*, by Bertie Weston, assisted by six members of the company." A quiver of expectation ran through the crowded audience.

Bertie Weston, wearing a uniform resembling (I imagine) that of a Patagonian Vice-Admiral, advanced mincingly to the footlights, and the six others, similarly attired, ranged themselves in a row behind him. Behind these again dropped a back-cloth representing a stone balustrade, blue hills and fleecy clouds.

There was a burst of warm applause, in response to which Bertie politely bowed his thanks. Without further preliminary he commenced—

The crescent moon on high
Is shining in the sky.

Here the six turned up their faces and gazed pensively at the heavens (it was still broad daylight, by the way), at the same time resting their chins on

some time, you see. I go back to America to-morrow."

The brother, not a little impressed by his sister's magnetism, all unsuspected in a *débutante*, and imagining the American to have heard her at a lesson, said he saw no reason why this little scheme should not be carried out; and so the American entered and took up an obscure position; and in a short while Miss Bewlay ascended the platform and began to sing.

When she had finished the American approached one of the guests and begged to be told the name of the singer.

"Miss Bewlay," said the guest. "It's her first appearance to-night."

"Miss Bewlay," gasped the American. "Then there are two of them. You say this is her first appearance?"

"Yes."

"Then she's very young?"

"Only about twenty."

The American returned to his corner, and the second song began.

Whatever disappointment his ears



She. "HERBERT, I CAN'T FIND MY BATHING-DRESS ANYWHERE!"

He. "SEE IF YOU'VE GOT IT ON."

their right hands and their right elbows on their left hands.

The sun is gone,
The stars are wan,
Oh come, my love, we'll wander, you and I.

Here the six ceased to regard the sky, split into pairs and by pantomimic gesture invited one another to wander.

Across the hills we'll go,
While birds sing soft and low,

The singer paused for an instant, while the six, now formed into a semicircle, hummed together softly a suggestion of distant nightingales. Not an imitation—that would be too banal—but a suggestion. In point of fact I thought I detected the air of "The Little Grey Home in the West."

While the silver moon adorns the summer sky.

After a brief pause, brightened by what are vulgarly termed twiddly bits on the piano, the soloist sang the chorus softly and appealingly, with a sort of treacly intonation:—

Moon, moon, moon,
We'll come soon, soon,
Across the hills while all the world is dreaming.
Moon, moon, moon,
I'd like to swoon, swoon,

The heads of the six drooped listlessly and their hands fell languidly to their sides; their eyes closed.

When I see your white rays beaming, gleaming, streaming.

The six awoke briskly and commenced to glide around the stage, describing circles, figures of eight, and other more intricate patterns, while Bertie swayed his body rhythmically from side to side, his arms and hands outstretched and palms turned downwards. In this formation they all repeated the chorus together.

Bertie now cleared his throat and started on the second verse without delay. The six stood sideways, their hands in their trousers pockets and their faces turned to the audience.

Oh, moon of dainty grace,
Shine on my loved one's face.

The footlights were suddenly switched off and each of the six produced a small electric torch and illuminated his neighbour's features. The effect was startling. Presently the footlights reappeared as abruptly as they had vanished and the torches were extinguished.

Upon the hill
The night is still.

Again there was a short pause, during which the six breathed lightly through their teeth, producing a faint and long-drawn sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.

Oh come, my love, together let us haste.

The six ceased sh-sh-ing and gracefully invited one another to haste.

Away, away, we'll roam
To seek our fairy home,
While the silver moon illuminates the place.

The six placed both hands on their breasts and stood with bowed heads, motionless except for a continuous and rhythmic bending of the knees, while Bertie sang the chorus softly, lingeringly. Then, stretching out their arms, they swayed their bodies from side to side as their leader had previously done, while Bertie himself drifted in and out between them, and all rendered the chorus for the second time.

Moon, moon, moon,
We'll come soon, soon,
Across the hills while all the world is dreaming.
Moon, moon, moon,
I want to swoon, swoon,
When I see your white rays beaming, gleaming, streaming.

There was a moment's emotional silence, broken by a thunder of rapturous applause. The Song Scena, all too short, was finished.

Anxious not to risk spoiling the impression, I arose and left hastily before the next turn.

"Young M-Pherson, the Blackford jumper, is anxious to fix up a match for a long jump with anybody in Scotland. A week ago he did 54 ft., but he asserts he can beat this hollow if called upon."

Edinburgh Evening News.

If M-PHERSON will say just how young he is, we will find a suitable nephew to take him on. Tommy (aged eight) did 6 ft. 1 in. yesterday, but asserts that he slipped.

A MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

THE girl who shared Herbert's meringue at dinner (a brittle one, which exploded just as he was getting into it) was kind and tactful.

"It doesn't matter a bit," she said, removing fragments of shell from her lap; and, to put him at his ease again, went on, "Are you interested in little problems at all?"

Herbert, who would have been interested even in a photograph album just then, emerged from his apologies and swore that he was.

"We're all worrying about one which Father saw in a paper. I do wish you could solve it for us. It goes like this." And she proceeded to explain it. Herbert decided that the small piece of meringue still in her hair was not worth mentioning and listened to her with interest.

On the next morning I happened to drop in at Herbert's office . . . And that, in short, is how I was mixed up in the business.

"Look here," said Herbert, "you used to be mathematical; here's something for you."

"Let the dead past bury its dead," I implored. "I am now quite respectable."

"It goes like this," he said, ignoring my appeal.

He then gave me the problem, which I hand on to you.

"A subaltern riding at the rear of a column of soldiers trotted up to the captain in front and challenged him to a game of billiards for half-a-crown a side, the loser to pay for the table. Having lost, he played another hundred, double or quits, and then rode back, the column by this time having travelled twice its own length, and a distance equal to the distance it would have travelled if it had been going in the other direction. What was the captain's name?"

Perhaps I have not got it quite right, for I have had an eventful week since then; or perhaps Herbert didn't get it quite right; or perhaps the girl with the meringue in her hair didn't get it quite right; but anyhow, that was the idea of it.

"And the answer," said Herbert, "ought to be 'four cows,' but I keep on making it 'eight and tuppence.' Just have a shot at it, there's a good fellow. I promised the girl, you know."

I sat down, worked it out hastily on the back of an envelope, and made it a yard and a-half.

"No," said Herbert; "I know it's 'four cows,' but I can't get it."

"Sorry," I said, "how stupid of me; I left out the table-money."

I did it hastily again and made it three minutes twenty-five seconds.

"It is difficult, isn't it?" said Herbert. "I thought, as you used to be mathematical and as I'd promised the girl—"

"Wait a moment," I said, still busy with my envelope. "I forgot the subaltern. Ah, that's right. The answer is a hundred and twenty-five men . . . No, that's wrong—I never doubled the half-crown. Er—oh, look here, Herbert, I'm rather busy this morning. I'll send it to you."

"Right," said Herbert. "I know I can depend on you, because you're mathematical." And he opened the door for me.

I had meant to do a very important piece of work that day, but I couldn't get my mind off Herbert's wretched problem. Happening to see Carey at tea-time, I mentioned it to him.

"Ah," said Carey profoundly. "H'm. Have you tried it with an 'x'?"

"Of course."

"Yes, it looks as though it wants a bit of an 'x' somewhere. You stick to it with an 'x' and you ought to do it. Let 'x' be the subaltern—that's the way. I say, I didn't know you were interested in problems."

"Well—"

"Because I've got rather a tricky chess problem here I can't do." He produced his pocket chess-board. "White mates in four moves."

I looked at it carelessly. Black had only left himself with a Pawn and a King, while White had seen to it that he had a Queen and a couple of Knights about. Now, I know very little about chess, but I do understand the theory of chess problems.

"Have you tried letting the Queen be taken by Black's pawn, then sacrificing the Knights, and finally mating him with the King alone?"

"Yes," said Carey.

Then I was baffled. If one can't solve a chess problem by starting off with the most unlikely-looking thing on the board, one can't solve it at all. However, I copied down the position and said I'd glance at it. . . . At eleven that night I rose from my glance, decided that Herbert's problem was the more immediately pressing, and took it to bed with me.

I was lunching with William next day, and I told him about the subaltern. He dashed at it lightheartedly and made the answer seventeen.

"Seventeen what?" I said.

"Well, whatever we're talking about. I think you'll find it's seventeen all right. But look here, my son, here's a golf problem for you. A. is playing

B. At the fifth hole A. falls off the tee into a pond—"

I forget how it went on.

When I got home to dinner, after a hard day with the subaltern, I found a letter from Norah waiting for me.

"I hear from Mr. Carey," she wrote, "that you're keen on problems. Here's one I have cut out of our local paper. Do have a shot at it. The answer ought to be eight miles an hour."

Luckily, however, she forgot to enclose the problem. For by this time, what with Herbert's subaltern, Carey's pawn, and a cistern left me by an uncle who was dining with us that night, I had more than enough to distract me.

And so the business has gone on. The news that I am preparing a collection of interesting and tricky problems for a new *Encyclopedia* has got about among my friends. Everybody who writes to me tells me of a relation of his who has been shearing sheep or rowing against the stream or dealing himself four aces. People who come to tea borrow a box of wooden matches and beg me to remove one match and leave a perfect square. I am asked to do absurd things with pennies. . . .

Meanwhile Herbert has forgotten both the problem and the girl. Three evenings later he shared his Hollandaise sauce with somebody in yellow (as luck would have it) and she changed the subject by wondering if he read DICKENS. He is now going manfully through *Bleak House*—a chapter a night—and when he came to visit me to-day he asked me if I had ever heard of the man.

However I was not angry with him, for I had just made it come to "three cows." It is a cow short, but it is nearer than I have ever been before, and I think I shall leave it at that. Indeed, both the doctor and the nurse say that I had better leave it at that.

A. A. M.

A SEASONABLE BEVERAGE.

GREAT charm hath tea—some fragrant blend

Sipped with a fair and festive friend;

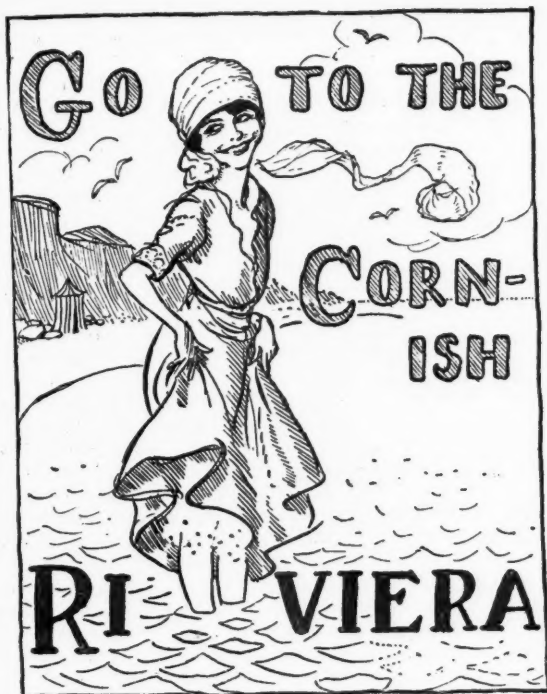
And even milk hath flavour, too,
When sun-kissed milkmaids hand it you.

Beer, in a large resounding can,
Befits a coarser type of man,

While some rejoice in spirit pure,
And others in a faked liqueur.

But none of these, nor any wine,
Hath present claim to praise of mine,
Hath e'er produced the gasp and thrill
Of that incomparable swill

When first, from care and toil set free,
I plunge into the summer sea
And bring a mouthful back with me.



THE ANNUAL PROBLEM.

Showing how helpfully the hoardings distinguish between the characteristic features of various localities.



A LONG-FELT WANT.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MOTOR-CYCLES.

POLITICS AT THE ZOO.

LORD ROBERT CECIL'S comparison of the occupants of the Treasury Bench to the monkeys at the Zoo has caused considerable excitement in Regent's Park, and one of Mr. *Punch's* representatives, assisted by an interpreter, has taken the opportunity to sound some of the principal inmates on the subject.

In the Simian section a certain amount of regret was expressed that Lord ROBERT had not been more explicit in his comparison. Did he refer to chimpanzees, baboons, gorillas or other species? But when all allowance was made for this lack of precision the general impression was one of satisfaction that a leading politician should have frankly admitted that monkeys possessed qualities which entitled their human possessors to high office and handsome salaries. It was felt that this admission marked a great advance on all previous concessions to the claims of the Simian community, and pointed irresistibly to the ultimate grant—already long overdue—of Monkey Franchise throughout the Empire.

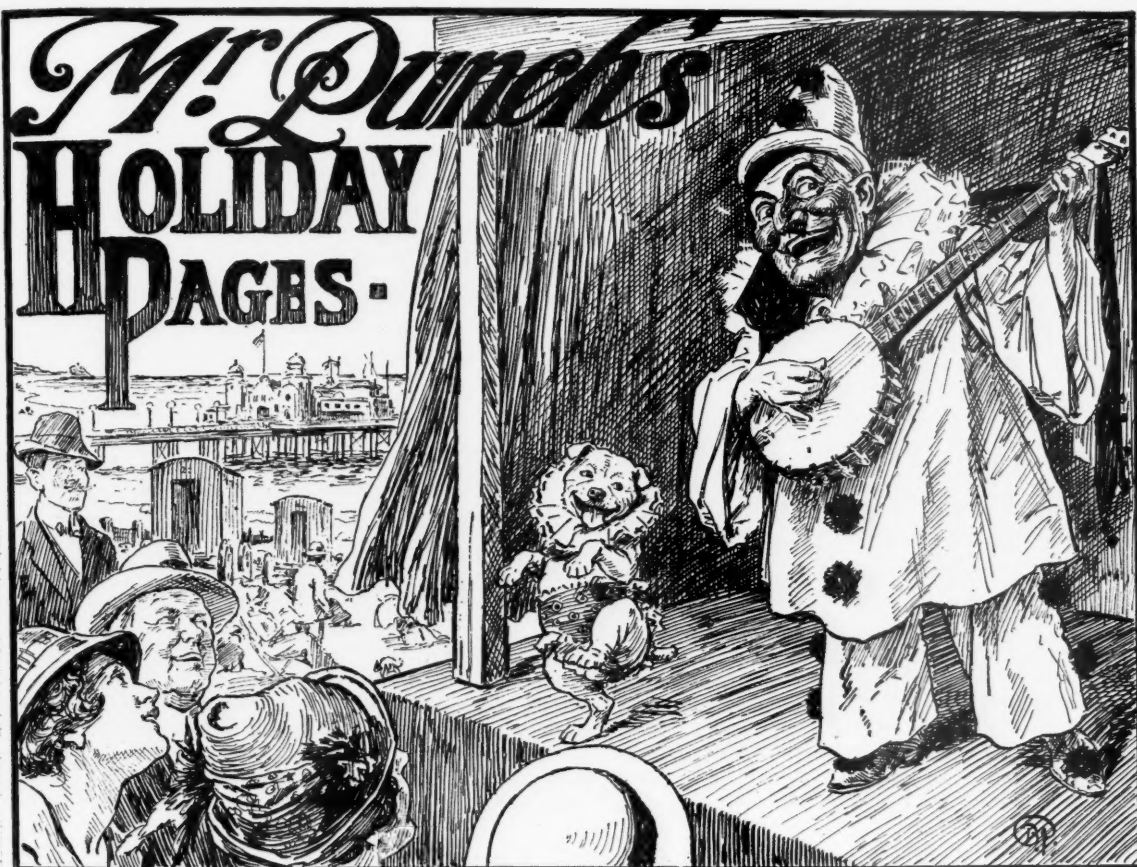
Baboons, it was well known, were already employed as railway porters in Cape Colony, and chimpanzees had of late years appeared with great success at some of the leading music-halls. In view of these facts the further delay of the suffrage could no longer be justified. At present we were confronted with the gross anomaly that a tailor, who was admitted to be only the ninth part of a man, was given a vote, while the monkey, man's ancestor, was denied even the fraction which was all that a tailor deserved.

These views however were not shared by other *genera* domiciled at the Zoological Gardens. One of the oldest lions observed in a strepitous bass that it was a great relief to him that his race had not been degraded by any such comparisons. He had some respect for hunters, but as for politicians he would not be seen dead with them at a pig fair. Asked whether he had read Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S account of his lion-hunting exploits in *The Daily Chronicle*, he professed ignorance and even indifference. Speaking as an aristocrat he thought that a Labour

leader was not worthy to twist his tail. As for the conduct of Mr. BERNARD SHAW in bringing lions on the stage, he thought it little short of an outrage for an anæmic vegetarian to take liberties with the king of the carnivora.

Considerable resentment was shown in the Ursine encampment at Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S somewhat disparaging reference to the bear's hug. (It will be remembered that he compared with it the attitude of the Tories in respect of the Finance Bill.) The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER evidently regarded it as an insincere caress, whereas it was a perfectly honest expression of hostility. This attack was all the more unjust and undeserved since the bear was a most hardworking and underpaid member of the community. When a politician reached the top of the poll he got £400 a year. When a bear did the same he only got a penny bun.

A conversation with a leading representative of the colony of Penguins revealed the interesting fact that they were incapable of appreciating our Parliamentary procedure owing to their hereditary inability to sit down.



THE PRIMA DONNA.

[The repertoire of Summer is here made to embrace the prelude of many good things that come within the wider scope of the holiday season.]

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen, we
crave your kind attention!

Here's Summer, at your service (till
you bid the lady stop);

Good gentlemen, she's songs for you—
'tis time to drop dissension;

'Tis time to cut the cackle and to
close awhile the shop;

For stags shall be in Badenoch, and
Kent hath twined the hop.

Yes, songs for every son o' you, and
all have silver linings!

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen,
it's close, your London air;

If I'm mixing up the proverbs, 'tis
because my reads run shining

Through the fret of far-off pine-woods,
and I'm wishful to be there;

Or at hand among the hop-poles when
the vines are trailing fair.

Good gentlemen, the prologue! Here's
a programme most attractive:

She's songs for everyone o' you—
oh, rare the tunes and rich!

Here's hackneyed *Devon Harbours* (but
the pollock's biting active);

Here's *Evening* (rise in Hampshire);
here's *The Roller on the Pitch*;

And music in the lot o' them—it
doesn't matter which.

We've long *White Roads o' Brittany*
and pretty *Wayside Posies*,

Blue Bays (beneath the undercliff—
the white sails crawling by);

We've *Rabbits in a Hedgerow* (how
the bustling Clumber noses);

We've *Grouse Across the Valley*
(crashing crumpled from the sky);

And magic s in each note of her—it
doesn't matter why.

Here's *Salmon Songs* and *Shrimping*
Songs, according to your pocket;

Here's *Hopping* (with a lurcher—
twice as useful as a gun

For the fat young August pheasants
that'll never live to rocket);

Here's a jolly *Song o' Golf Balls*;
here's the tune of *Cubs that Run*;

We've something for each Jack o' you,
for every mother's son.

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen, we
crave your kind permission!

Here's Summer, at your service, and
she'd sing you on your ways

The marching songs of morning and
the Road that fits the Vision,

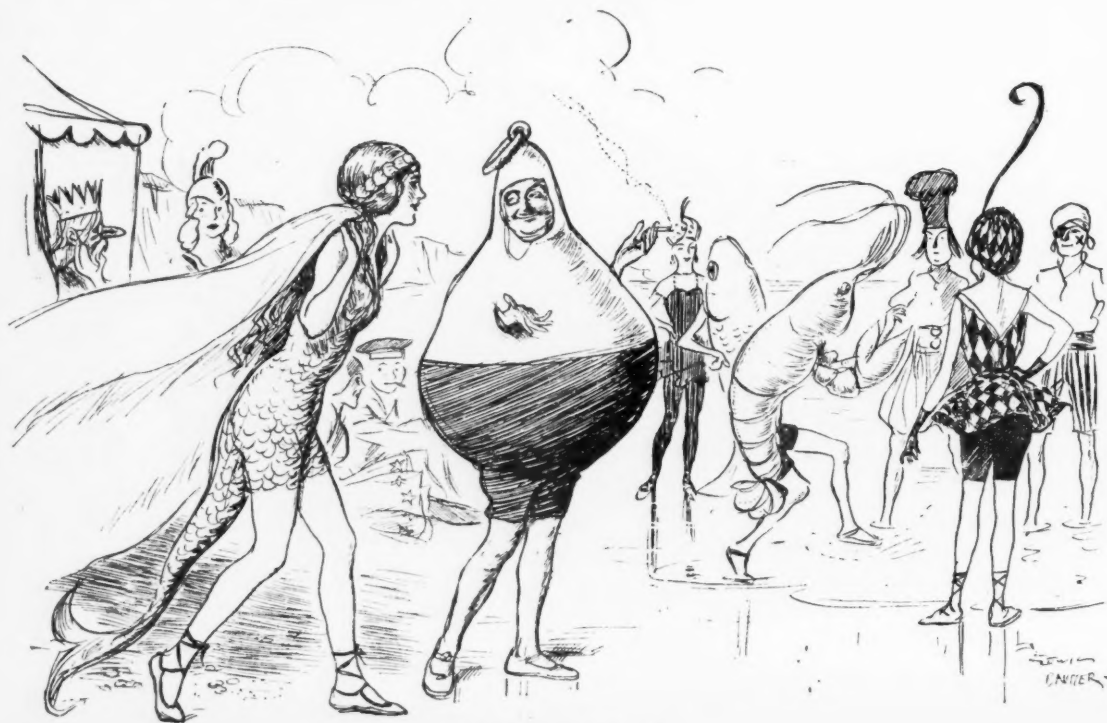
The mellow songs of twilight and
the gold September haze;

God rest you all, good gentlemen, and
send you pleasant days.

THE VOGUE FOR WEARING FANCY DRESS THREATENS TO INVADE ORDINARY SOCIAL LIFE.



TENNIS AT THE VICARAGE.



A JOLLY BATHING PARTY.



OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND, THE FOREIGN SPY (CUNNINGLY DISGUISED AS A GOLFER), VISITS OUR YOUNGEST SUBURB ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN QUEST OF FURTHER EVIDENCE OF OUR LETHARGY, GENERAL DECADENCE AND FALLING BIRTH-RATE. HE GETS A SHOCK AND AT ONCE TELEGRAPHS TO HIS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF URGING THAT THE CONQUEST OF THE BRITISH ISLES BE UNDERTAKEN BEFORE THE PRESENT GENERATION IS MANY YEARS OLDER.

THE INTRUSIONS OF THE CINEMA.

[Jones, secretary to the South Sea Islanders' Regeneration Society, who is suffering from nerves, is recommended a very remote sea-coast retreat for his summer holiday. With his wife and family he tries it. The manager of a certain cinema company likewise chooses this particular spot for his company to rehearse their powerful new drama, "Down among the Dead Men."]



Miss Jones. "WAKE UP, DAD, WE'RE GOING TO BATHE."



First Act of the Drama.—AFTER THE WRECK; DESMOND AND ROSEMARY WASHED ASHORE ON THE CANNIBAL ISLAND.

THE INTRUSIONS OF THE CINEMA—Continued.



Jones (to the rescue). "DEVILS! FIENDS! UNTIE THAT WHITE MAN!"



The Cinema Manager explains. "SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU ANY INCONVENIENCE, SIR—MERELY REHEARSING 'DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN'—DAM FINE DRAMA, SIR—WE PRODUCE SAME AT THE OPERA 'OUSE, CROYDON, ON THE 16TH."



Surf-rider. "I'M ALMOST SURE THIS ISN'T A BIT THE WAY IT'S DONE IN THOSE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS!"



Early Tripper. "MAKES YER FEEL LIKE OLE NAPOLEON AT WHAT'S-ITS-NAME!"



APT NOMENCLATURE IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.



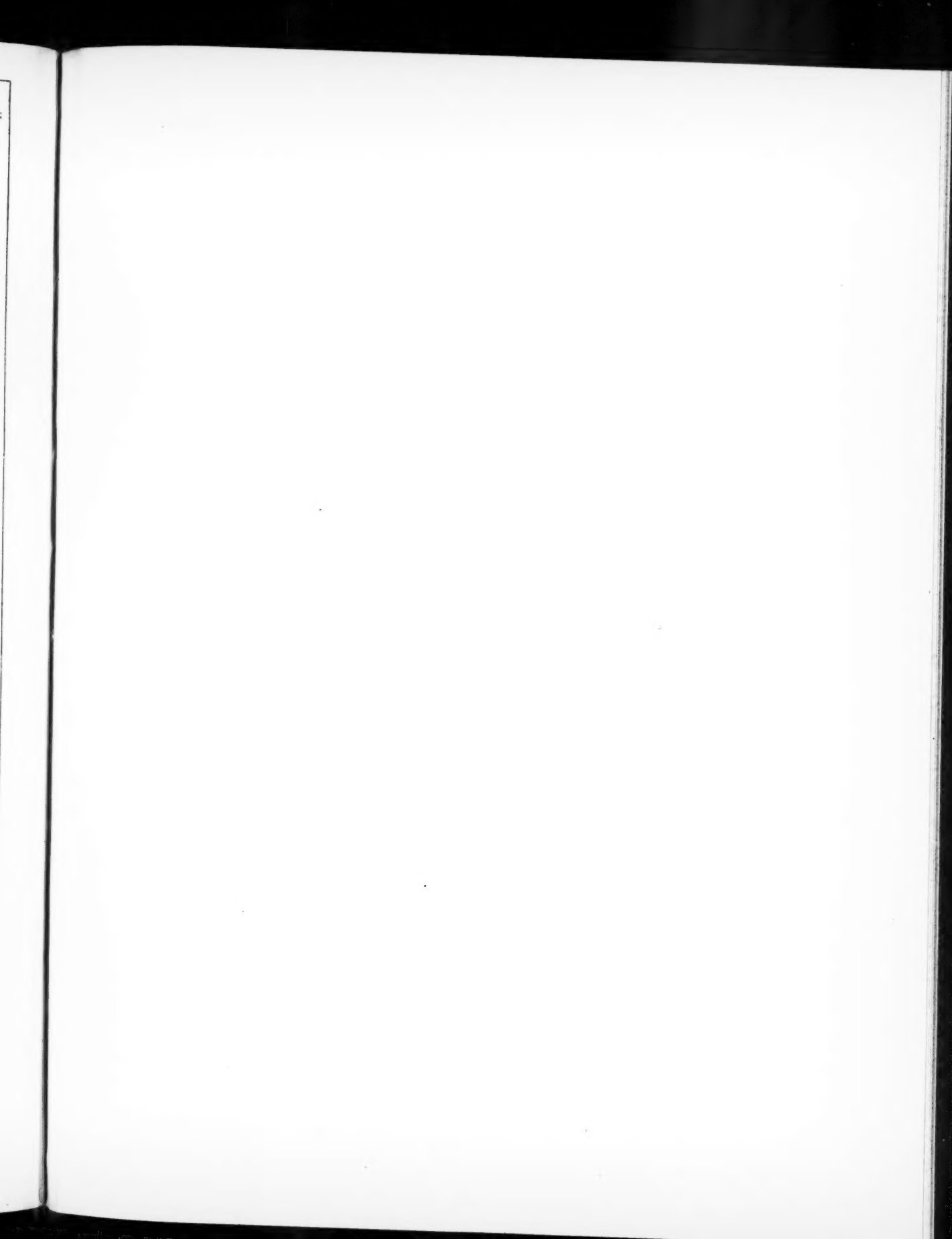
The Captain. "THE BLOOMIN' VICE-PRESIDENT'S FORGOT THE STUMPS. YOUNG BILL 'ERE BETTER BE THE WICKET—'E WANTS TO PLAY AND 'E'S TOO LITTLE TO BAT AGIN SWIFT BOWLIN'!"



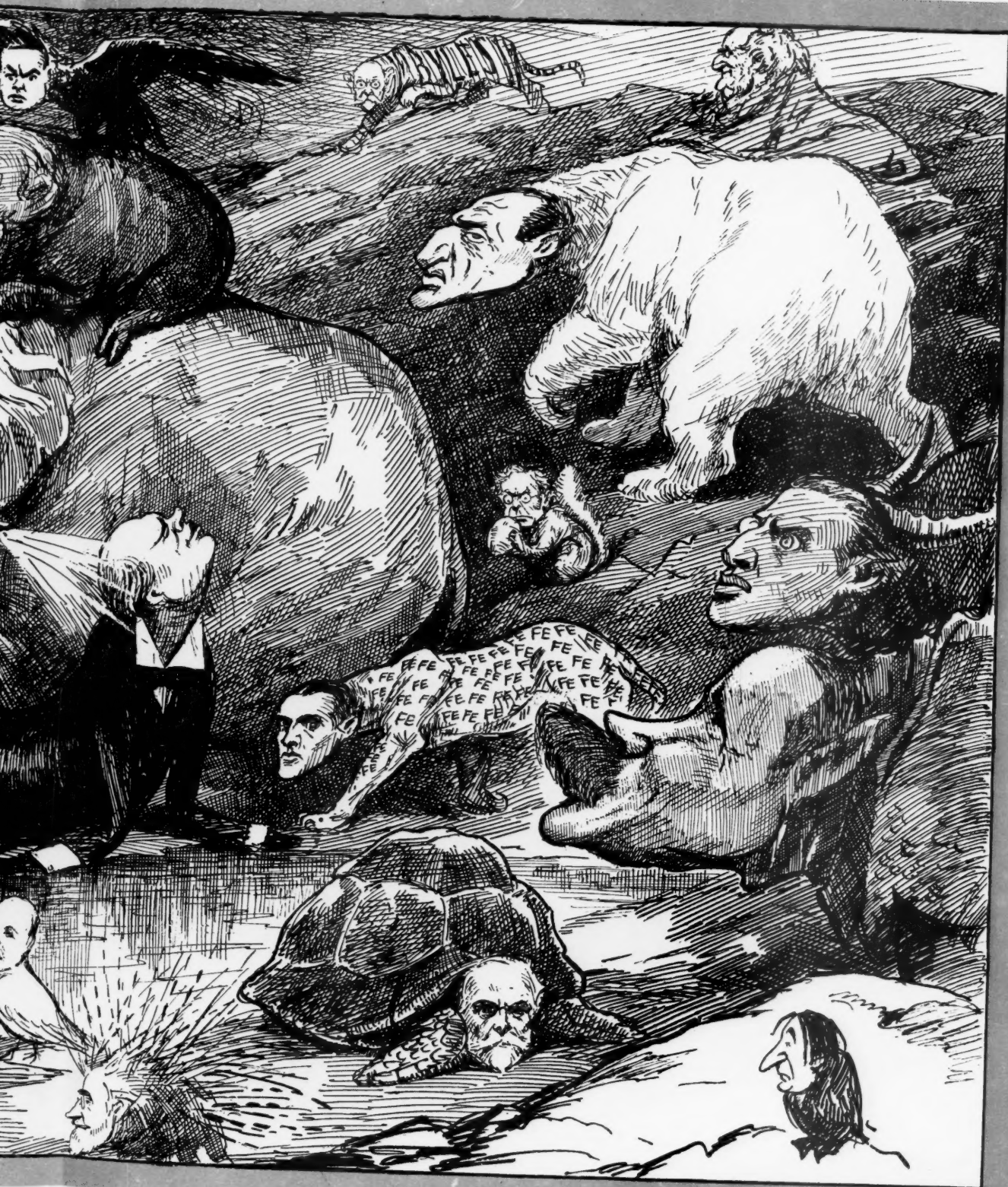
Native (having seen his rival tipped by guileless visitor). " 'E's SWINDLED YER, SIR. I'M THE OLDEST INHABITANT—NINETY-FOUR COME SUNDAY THREE WEEKS. 'E'S ONLY A YOUNGSTER OF EIGHTY-TWO."



EVEN IN HIS PLAY THE SCIENTIST'S CHILD IS SCIENTIFIC.







A FULL JOY-DAY.

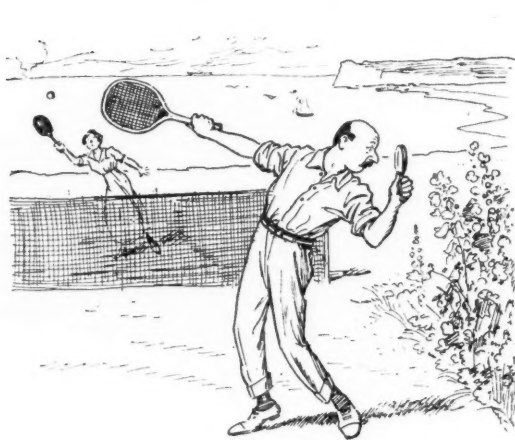
How an energetic visitor contrived to sample nearly all the attractions of Worplethorpe-on-Sea (as advertised by the municipality) in the course of a one-day's trip.



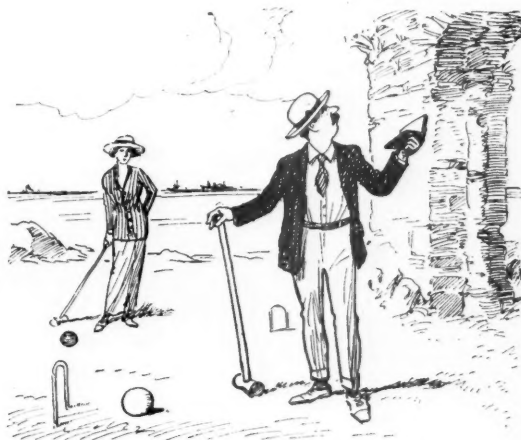
9 to 10.30 A.M.—BATHING AND FISHING.



10.30 A.M. to 12 (noon).—SHOOTING AND CYCLING.



12 to 1.30 P.M.—TENNIS AND BOTANY.



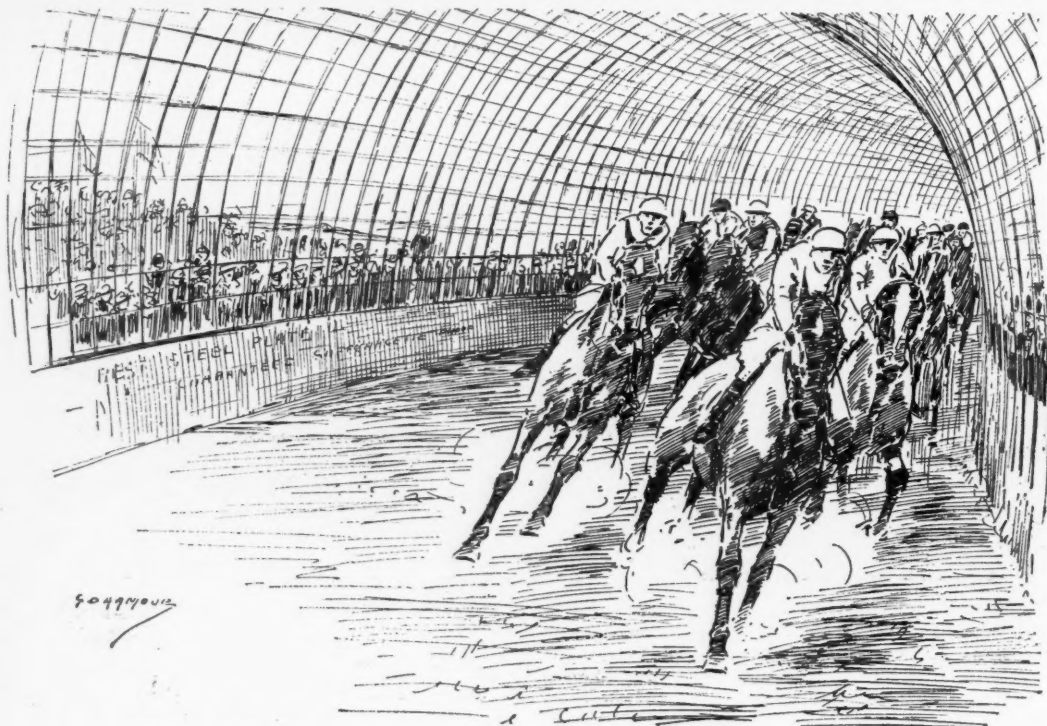
3 to 4.30 P.M.—CROQUET AND ARCHEOLOGY.



4.30 to 6 P.M.—GOLF AND GEOLOGY.



6 to 7.30 P.M.—SKETCHING AND DONKEY-RIDING.



RACE-COURSE OF THE NEAR FUTURE, SUFFRAGETTE-PROOF.



SMITH, WHO ALWAYS WEARS THE NATIVE COSTUME WHEN FISHING IN THE HIGHLANDS (HIS GREAT-GRAND-AUNT'S STEP-FATHER HAVING BEEN A MCGREGOR) FINDS THE MIDGES SOMEWHAT TROUBLESOME. A LITTLE INGENUITY HOWEVER OVERCOMES THE DIFFICULTY.

THE "SPASMO" CANOELET.



IT IS A RELUCTANT STARTER.



WHEN IT DOES START, IT STARTS.



IT LAUGHS AT LOCKS.



IT ENDS AS A HYDRO-AEROPLANE.



THE EMANCIPATION OF THE EAST.

THE GRAND VIZIER, A MASTER OF POLYGAMY, REGRETS THE VOGUE OF THE CINEMA AS AN EDUCATIVE FORCE.



LUNCH "SCORES."

COMPLAINTS ARE HEARD FROM HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THEIR RETURN THAT THE HOLIDAY HAS FAILED TO BENEFIT THEM. THIS IS DUE TO LACK OF PREPARATORY TRAINING AT HOME.



HARDEN THE FEET FOR BEACH-WALKING.



ACCUSTOM THE LUNGS TO MARINE AROMAS.



PREPARE TO RECEIVE THE BUFFETINGS OF NEPTUNE.



TOUGHEN THE INTERIOR FOR A LODGING-HOUSE DIET.

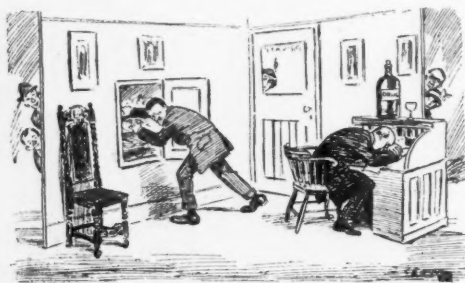
A. S. MILES
1914

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY FILM.

[Having had the good fortune to pick up for a mere song (or, to be more accurate, for a few notes) several thousand miles of discarded cinema films from a bankrupt company, *Mr. Punch* is gumming the best bits together and presenting them during the holiday season on the piers of many of our fashionable watering-places, such as Bayswater, Hackney Marshes and Ponder's End. The films comprise the well-known "Baresark Basil, the Pride of the Ranch" (two miles long), "The Foiler Foiled" (one mile, three furlongs, two rods, poles or perches), "The Blood-stained Vest" (fragment—eighteen inches), "A Maniac's Revenge" (5,000 feet), "The Life of the Common Mosquito" (six legs), and so forth. An accomplished writer has been chosen to weave a connected story round the selected parts of the films, and his scenario of *Mr. Punch's* great picture play, when finally gummed together, is given below. The illustrations depict a few representative incidents in the story—taken from the sketch-book of an artist who was present when the films were first being prepared.]

TWENTY-FIVE years before our film opens, Andrew Bellingham, a young man

[MANAGER. Now we're off. What do we start with?]



The Theft.

just about to enter his father's business, was spending a holiday in a little fishing village in Cornwall. The daughter of the sheep-farmer with whom he lodged was a girl of singular beauty, and Andrew's youthful blood was quickly stirred to admiration. Carried away by his passion for her, he—

[MANAGER OF PUNCH FILM COMPANY. Just a reminder that *MR. RED-FORD* has to pass this before it can be produced.]

—he married her—

[MANAGER. Oh, I beg pardon.]

—and for some weeks they lived happily together. One day he informed Jessie that he would have to go back to his work in London, and that it might be a year or more before he could acknowledge her openly as his wife to his rich and proud parents. Jessie was prostrated with grief; and late that afternoon her hat and fringe-net were discovered by the edge of the waters. Realising at once that she must have drowned herself in her distress, Andrew took an affecting farewell of her father and the sheep, and returned to London. A year later he married a distant cousin, and soon rose to a condition of prosperity. At the time our film begins to unwind, he was respected by everybody in the City, a widower, and the father of a beautiful girl of eighteen, called Hyacinth.

"My name is Jasper," was the answer, "and I have some information to give you." He bent down and hissed, "Your first wife is still alive!"

Andrew started up in obvious horror. "My daughter," he gasped, "my little Hyacinth! She must never know."

"Listen. Your wife is in Spain—

[MANAGER. Don't waste her. Make it somewhere where there are sharks.

AUTHOR. It's all right, she's dead really.]

—and she will not trouble you. Give

me a thousand pounds, and you shall have these;" and he held out a packet containing the marriage certificate, a photograph of Jessie's father dipping a sheep, a receipted bill for a pair of white gloves, size 9½, two letters signed "Your own loving little Andy Pandey," and a peppermint with "Jess" on it in pink. "Once these are locked up in your safe, no one need never know that you were married in Cornwall twenty-five years ago."

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Bellingham took a handful of bank-notes from his pocket-book, and the exchange was made. At all costs he



The Escape.

must preserve his little Hyacinth from shame. Now she need never know. With a forced smile he bowed Jasper out, placed the packet in his safe and returned to his desk.

But his mysterious visitor was not done with yet. As soon as the door had closed behind him Jasper re-entered softly, drugged Andrew hastily, and took possession again of the compromising documents. By the time Mr. Bellingham had regained his senses the thief was away. A hue-and-cry was raised, police whistles were blown, and Richard Harrington, Mr. Bellingham's private secretary, was smartly arrested.

At the trial things looked black against



The Abduction.

Richard. He was poor and he was in love with Hyacinth; the chain of evidence was complete. In spite of his impassioned protest from the dock, in spite of Hyacinth's dramatic swoon in front of the solicitors' table, the judge with great solemnity passed sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. A loud "Hear, hear" from the gallery rang through the court, and, looking up, Mr. Bellingham caught the sardonic eye of the mysterious Jasper.

II.

Richard had been in prison a month before the opportunity for his escape occurred. For a month he had been hewing stone in Portland, black despair at his heart. Then, like lightning, he saw his chance and took it. The warders were off guard for a moment. Hastily lifting his pickaxe—

[MANAGER. *Sorry, but it's a spade in the only prison film we've got.*]

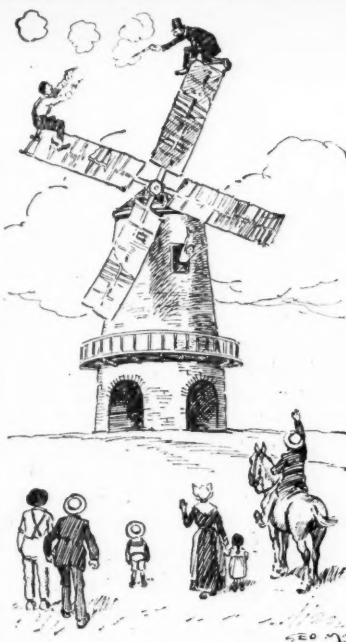
Hastily borrowing a spade from a comrade who was digging potatoes, he struck several of his gaolers down, and, dodging the shots of others who hurried to the scene, he climbed the prison wall and dashed for freedom.

Reaching Weymouth at nightfall, he made his way to the house which Hyacinth had taken in order to be near him, and, suitably disguised, travelled up to London with her in the powerful motor which she had kept ready. "At last, my love, we are together," he murmured as they neared Wimbledon. But he had spoken a moment too soon. An aeroplane swooped down upon them, and Hyacinth was snatched from his arms and disappeared with her captors into the clouds.

III.

Richard's first act on arriving in London was to go to Mr. Bellingham's house. Andrew was out, but a note lying on his study carpet, "Meet me at the Old Windmill to-night," gave him a clue. On receipt of this note Andrew had gone to the rendezvous, and it was no surprise to him when Jasper stepped out and offered to sell him a packet containing a marriage certificate, a photograph of an old gentleman dipping a sheep, a peppermint lozenge with "Jess" on it, and various other documents for a thousand pounds.

"You villain," cried Andrew, "even at the trial I suspected you," and he rushed at him fiercely.



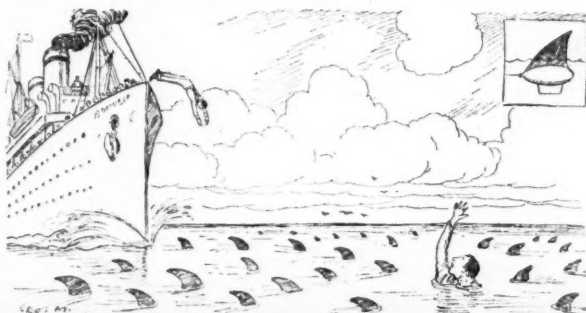
The Duel at the Mill.

A desperate struggle ensued. Breaking free for a moment from the vice-like grip of the other, Jasper leapt



An Awkward Moment for Richard.

with the spring of a panther at one of the sails of the windmill as it came round, and was whirled upwards; with the spring of another panther, Andrew



The Rescue.

[Last—the Cinema Shark, 2s. 6d.]

leapt on to the next sail and was whirled after him. At that moment the wind dropped, and the combatants were suspended in mid-air.

It was upon this terrible scene that Richard arrived. Already a crowd was collecting; and, though at present it did not seem greatly alarmed, feeling convinced that it was only assisting at another cinematograph rehearsal, its suspicions might at any moment be aroused. With a shout he dashed into the mill. Seeing him coming Jasper dropped his revolver and slid down the sail into the window. In a moment he reappeared at the door of the mill with Hyacinth under his arm. "Stop him!" cried Richard from underneath a sack of flour. It was no good. Jasper had leapt with his fair burden upon the back of his mustang and was gone. . . .

The usual pursuit followed.

IV.

It was the gala night at the Royal Circus. Ricardo Harringtoni, the wonderful new acrobat of whom everybody was talking, stood high above the crowd on his platform. His marvellous performance on the swinging horizontal bar was about to begin. Richard Harrington (for it was he) was troubled.

Since he had entered on his new profession—as a disguise from the police who were still searching for him—he had had a vague suspicion that the lion-tamer was dogging him. Who was the lion-tamer? Could it be Jasper?

At that moment the band struck up and Richard leapt lightly on to the swinging bar. With a movement full of grace he let go of the bar and swung on to the opposite platform. And then, even as he was in mid-air, he realized what was

happening.

Jasper had let the lion loose!

It was waiting for him.

With a gasping cry Ricardo Harringtoni fainted.

V.

When he recovered consciousness, Richard found himself on the S.S. *Boracie*, which was forging her way through the—

[MANAGER.—*Somewhere where there are sharks.*]

—the Indian Ocean. Mr. Bellingham was bathing his forehead with cooling drinks.

"Forgive me, my boy," said Mr. Bellingham, "for

the wrong I did you. It was Jasper who stole the compromising documents. He refuses to give them back unless I let him marry Hyacinth. What can I do?"

"Where is she?" asked Richard.

"Hidden away no one knows where. Find her, get back the documents for me, and she is yours."

At that moment a terrible cry rang through the ship, "Man overboard!" Pushing over Mr. Bellingham and running on deck, Richard saw that a woman and her baby were battling for life in the shark-infested waters. In an instant he had plunged in and rescued them. As they were dragged together up the ship's side he heard her murmur, "Is little Jasper safe?"

"Jasper?" cried Richard.

"Yes, called after his daddy."

"Where is daddy now?" asked Richard hoarsely.

"In America."

"Can't you see the likeness?" whispered Richard to Mr. Bellingham. "It must be. The villain is married to another. But now I will pursue him and get back the papers." And he left the boat at the next port and boarded one for America.

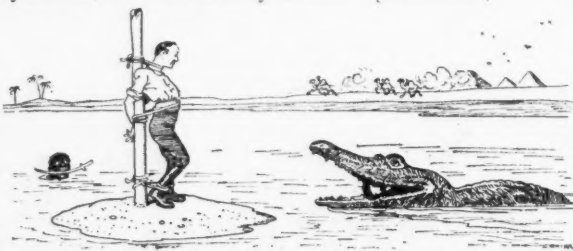
VI.

The search through North and South America for Jasper was protracted. Accompanied sometimes by a band of cowboys, sometimes by a tribe of Indians, Richard scoured the continent for his enemy. There were hours when he would rest awhile and amuse himself by watching the antics of the common mosquito [MANAGER. *Good!*] or he would lie at full length and gaze at a bud bursting into flower [MANAGER. *Excellent!*].

Then he would leap on to his steed and pursue the trail relentlessly once more. One night he was dozing by his camp-fire, when he was awakened roughly by strong arms around his neck and Jasper's hot breath in his ear.

"At last!" cried Jasper, and, knocking Richard heavily on the head with a boot, he picked up his unconscious enemy and carried him to a tributary of the Amazon noted for its alligators. Once there he tied him to a post in

mid-stream and rode hastily off to the nearest town, where he spent the evening witnessing the first half of *The Merchant of Venice*. [MANAGER.



Another Awkward Moment.

Splendid!] But in the morning a surprise awaited him. As he was proceeding along the top of a lonely cliff he was confronted suddenly by the enemy whom he had thought to kill.



Over the Precipice.

"Richard!" he cried, "escaped again!"

"Now, Jasper, I have you."

With a triumphant cry they rushed at each other; a terrible contest ensued;

and then Jasper, with one blow of his palm, hurled his adversary over the precipice.

VII.

How many times the two made an end of each other after this the films will show. Sometimes Jasper sealed Richard in a barrel and pushed him over Niagara; sometimes Richard tied Jasper to a stake and set light to him; sometimes they would both fall out of a balloon together. But the day of reckoning was at hand.

[MANAGER. *We're only got the Burning House and the 1913 Derby left.*]

AUTHOR. *Right.*]

It is the evening of the 3rd of June. A cry rends the air suddenly, whistles

are blowing, there is a rattling of horses' hoofs. "Fire! Fire!" Richard, who was passing Soho Square at the time, heard the cry and dashed into the burning house. In a room full of smoke he perceived a cowering woman. Hyacinth! To pick her up was the work of a moment, but how shall he save her? Stay! The telegraph wire! His training at the Royal Circus stood him in good stead. Treading lightly on the swaying wire he carried Hyacinth across to the house opposite.

"At last, my love," he breathed.

"But the papers," she cried. "You must get them, or father will not let you marry me."

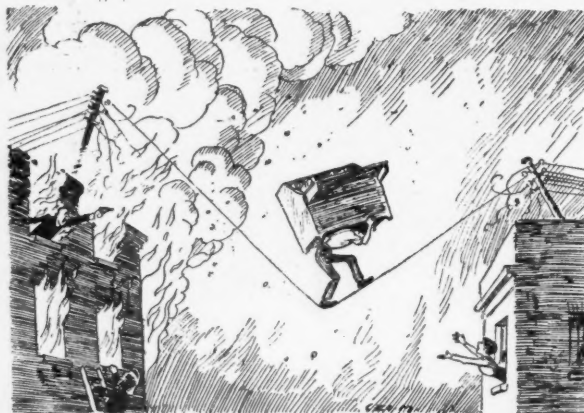
Once more he treads the rocking wire; once more he re-crosses, with the papers on his back. Then the house behind him crumbles to the ground, with the wicked Jasper in its ruins.

VIII.

"Excellent," said Mr. Bellingham at dinner that evening. "Not only are the papers here, but a full confession by Jasper. My first wife was drowned all the time; he stole the documents from her father. Richard, my boy, when the Home Secretary knows everything he will give you a free pardon. And then you can marry my daughter."

At these words Hyacinth and Richard were locked in a close embrace. On the next day they all went to the Derby together.

A. A. M.

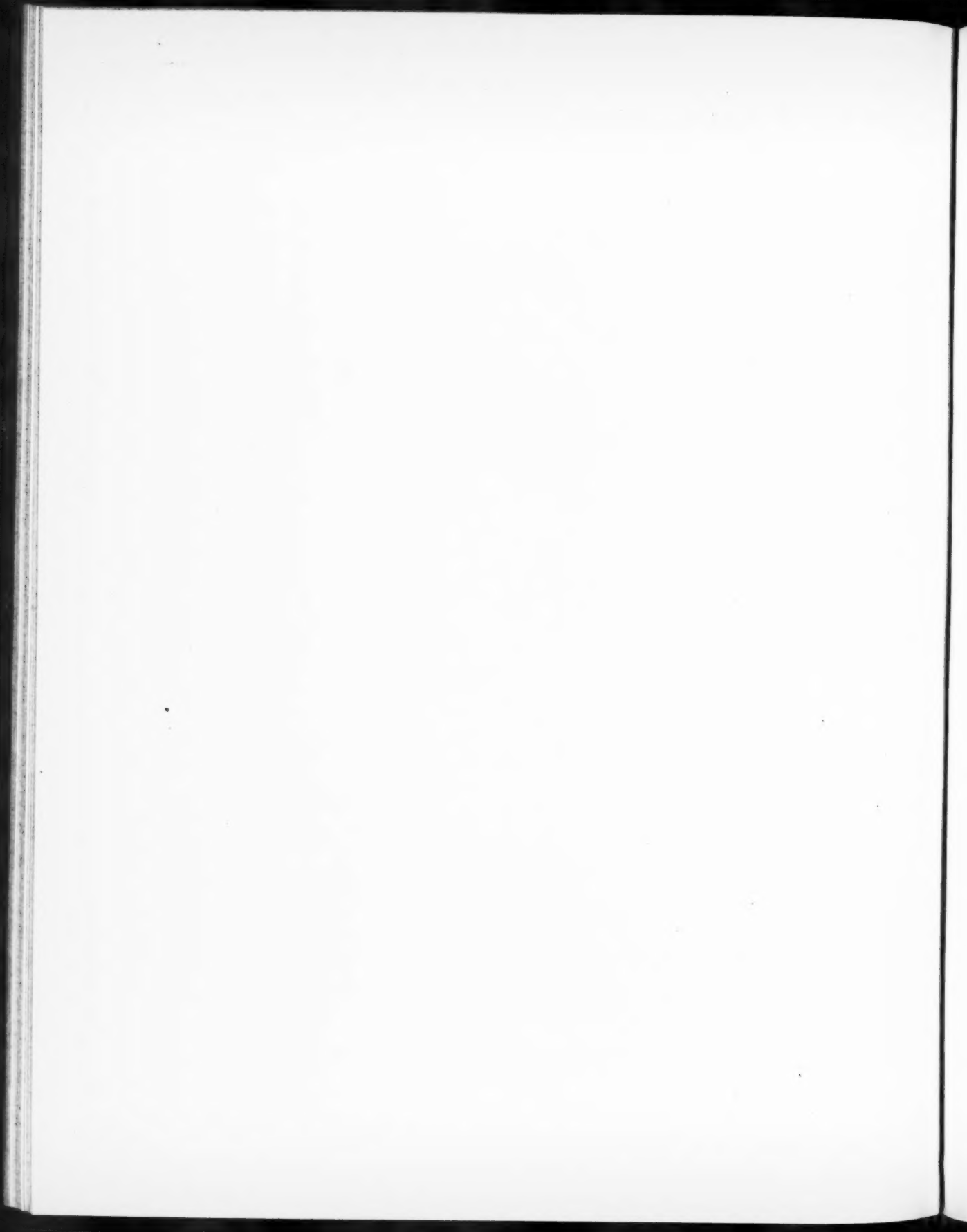


Richard Recovers the Letters.



A MASTERPIECE IN THE MAKING.

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Art Dealer, to Mr. Asquith*). "YES, I QUITE SEE YOUR IDEA—A FIGURE OF PEACE; BUT, SINCE YOU INVITE SUGGESTIONS FROM ME, I SHOULD SAY THAT THE ADDITION OF A FEW RECOGNISABLE SYMBOLS, SUCH AS A PAIR OF WINGS, OR A DOVE, OR AN OLIVE-BRANCH, MIGHT HELP TO MAKE IT CORRESPOND MORE CLEARLY WITH MY PUBLIC'S NOTION OF THE GODDESS IN QUESTION."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 29.

—Curious how the Labour Party, who the other day, joining hands with the Conservatives, nearly threw the Government out, lead the way in sartorial fashion. Since DON'T KEIR HARDIE, home from the storied East, presented himself in a reach-me-down suit of white drill such as is worn aboard ship in the Red Sea, nothing has created such sensation as the dropping in this afternoon of Mr. HODGE, arrayed in a summer suit. It was not, as some might have expected, the simple garment of the elder branch of his honourable family. No. It was not a smock such as FRANK LOCKWOOD pictured BOBBY SPENCER wearing when he made his historic declaration, "I am not an agricultural labourer." HODGE (Gorton Div., Lanes., Lab.), as *The Times'* parliamentary report has it, burst upon the attention of a crowded House at Question-time got up in wondrous garment, white in the foundation of colour, but relieved from the crude hardness of DON'T-KEIR HARDIE'S suit by what suggested dexterous process of patting and lightly smearing with a mustard-spoon. A Trilby hat crowned and accentuated this creation.

As the vision crossed the Bar Members sat silent, gazing upon it with lips slightly parted. Similarly, upon a peak in Darien, stout CORTEZ stared at the Pacific.

Silence was broken by a burst of hearty cheering, in which the keen ear detected a slightly discordant note. Whilst Members were frankly disposed to applaud the boldness of what I believe purveyors of new models of female dress call the "confection," whilst they were lost in admiration of its effect, there was a feeling of disappointment that they had not thought of it themselves, and been the first to enter the field.

Thanks to the genius of FRANK LOCKWOOD a former House was able to realise the figure presented by the present EARL SPENCER, whilst still with us in the

Commons, skipping along in the purity of a Monday morning smock, carrying in his right hand a garlanded pitchfork. What the present House, jaded with a succession of Budgets and the persistence of the Ulster question,



"EXTRY SPESHUL!"

would like to see is the entrance of those twin brethren, Lord CASTLEREAGH and Earl WINTERTON, walking arm-in-arm, arrayed in garb approaching as nearly as possible that which, thanks to Mr. HODGE, this afternoon illuminated the Legislative Chamber.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER announced third edition of

Budget. "Before the end of the week," said SARK, "I expect we shall meet him running up and down the Terrace with hand to widely-opened mouth shouting "Extry Speshul!"

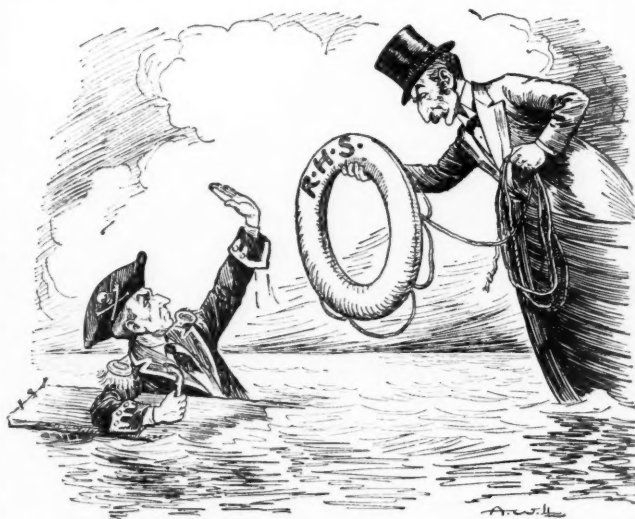
Tuesday.—AMERY began to think he had escaped consequences of his little mistake. Nearly a week has sped since he called attention to indiscretion of Captain BELLINGHAM, *aide-de-camp* to the LORD-LIEUTENANT, who, reviewing small body of Nationalist volunteers, enjoined them to stand fast by cause of Home Rule. From answer of CHIEF SECRETARY it appeared that Member for South Birmingham had been forestalled by Lord ABERDEEN, who had called upon the Captain for explanation and received suitable apology for the error.

Irish Members quick to see opening innocently made for them. Having long regarded with resentment Lord LONDONDERRY'S active patronage of movements of Ulster volunteers, have sedulously sought opportunity of bringing it under notice of House.

AMERY obligingly provided it. Unexpected delay in seizing it was due to search for particulars now presented in form of question addressed to PREMIER, citing with dates and places six separate occasions when the *aide-de-camp* to the KING had, by his presence and counsel, sanctioned reviews of Ulster volunteers, "whose avowed object," as the question put it, "is,

in event of enactment of Home Rule Bill, to resist by armed force the authority of the Crown and Parliament, and to make the administration of the law impossible." What Mr. DEVLIN, with studied politeness, was anxious to know was "whether there is any special reason why in this matter the Marquis of LONDONDERRY should be treated differently from Captain BELLINGHAM?"

PREMIER not to be drawn into the controversy. Duties of *aide-de-camp* to the KING, unlike those of *aide-de-camp* to LORD-LIEUTENANT, are, he said, of entirely honorary character. In such circumstances he did not think it worth while to take notice of the matter.



Lord MORLEY. "Thanks, I won't trouble you; I still have a crust left."

[The noble marquis seemed to regard the Government as a shipwrecked mariner—I presume a pirate. If I am a pirate he is the last man to whom I should think of applying for aid, unless the distress was dire indeed.]

Lord MORLEY.]

Effect of the reply designedly chilling; object of question attained by publicly submitting it. AMERY "wishes he hadn't spoke."

The PREMIER's imperturbability stood him in even greater stead at later proceedings. On going into Committee of Supply, HOPE of Sheffield moved reduction of his salary on account of alleged failure to take necessary steps to maintain high standard of single-minded disinterestedness in public service. Though nominally concerned with the PREMIER and the public service HOPE told a flattering tale which was a thinly veiled attack on that meek personage the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

ARCHER-SHEE, who followed, was less circuitous in his retrograde march on old Marconi quarters. Soon had Committee in state of uproar vainly combated by those champions of order, WINTERTON, ARTHUR MARKHAM and SWIFT MACNEILL. WINTERTON, whilst constitutionally forceful, was irresistibly irrelevant. Member for Pontefract venturing to offer an observation, WINTERTON shouted, "Order, pigeons!"

Of course there were no pigeons about. An active mind, quick to seize a point, had harked back to DICK TURPIN Booth's ride to Yorkshire in a race with carrier pigeons.

MARKHAM denounced ARCHER-SHEE for delivering "a low attack that could not be answered." Accusation summarised by other Members with yell of "Coward!"

As for SWIFT MACNEILL, ARCHER-SHEE presuming to rise simultaneously with one of his many upgettings, he turned upon him and roared, "Sit down, Sir!" Gallant Major so terrified that he incontinently fell back in his seat.

To general discussion Members from various quarters of House contributed the observations, "Dirty lies!" "Coward!" "Caddish!" "Unspeakingly low!" "Shut up!" Only for coolness, courage and prompt decision of WHITLEY in the Chair discreditable scene would have worthily taken its place among others that smirch pages of Parliamentary record. Having occupied two hours of time assumed to

be valuable it died out from sheer exhaustion. On division what was avowedly vote of censure on PREMIER negatived by majority of 152.

Business done.—Summer storm in Committee of Supply.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Second night of debate on Amending Bill to modify a measure not yet enacted. House crowded, evidently weighed down by a sense of direct responsibility at grave crisis. *Le brave WILLUGHBY DE BROKE* has no patience with attitude of noble lords on Front Opposition Bench. Is congenitally prone to take a short way with dissenters. Came to the fore five years ago, when what HALDANE called LLOYD GEORGE's first great Budget (eclipsed by his second) fell

in Committee. Originally planned that division should be taken to-night. So many peers have something to say that it is postponed till Monday.

Business done.—Debate on Amending (Home Rule) Bill continued.

THE NEW PROFESSIONAL HUMILITY.

["I have always held a decided opinion that the less people trouble themselves about literature the better for them."—*M. PIERRE LOTI* (vide "Daily Chronicle.")]

Sir THOMAS LIPTON. How can a tea-drinking people hope to lift the Cup? Tannin is a poison fatal to the true sportsman.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The interest taken in politics diverts attention from everything that really matters.

The POET LAUREATE. Poetry is not only a drug on the market, it is a drug that narcotises and debilitates all true manhood.

Mr. EUSTACE H. MILES. Vegetarianism is fit only for pigs. The noble king of the forest is a meat-eater.

Lord ROBERTS. The military bias is the only obstacle to peace.

Mme. CLARA BUTT. The human voice was given us for fish-hawking and encouraging football-players, not for singing.

Sir H. BEERBOHM TREE. I cannot think

why anyone goes to the theatre. It bores me horribly.

Mr. H. G. WELLS. The past alone possesses interest for intelligent men.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. Orthodoxy, it has been said, is my doxy; heterodoxy is other people's doxy; but paradox is the devil's doxy.

Sir F. ELGAR. Music? How can any serious man fiddle while Rome is burning?

Sir E. J. POYNTER. The Royal Academy is crushing the life out of English Art. The country's only hope is in Cubism.

Signor MARINETTI. Your Royal Academy is the true Temple of Art. I never cross its threshold without first removing my sandals.

A Record Cast.

"A 3 lb. 15 oz. chub has been taken at Abingdon by Mr. A. Owen near Henley." *Field.*



THE "FRESH AIR FUND": AN APPRECIATION.

"THERE, NOW, AIN'T THAT A TREAT, BILLY? THERE AIN'T NO COUNTRY IN THE WORLD I LIKE SO MUCH AS ENGLAND."

like a bomb in the Parliamentary arena. Whilst elder peers were disposed to temporise in view of constitutional difficulty, WILLUGHBY had only three words to say—"Throw it out!"—MILNER adding a fearless remark about the consequences whose emphasis has been excelled only by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL in *Pygmalion*. So the Budget was shattered on the rock of the House of Lords, and in swift reprisal with it went the supremacy of that ancient institution.

Less effectual in his resistance to the Parliament Act which promptly followed, DE BROKE is insistent upon treating the Amending Bill as the Budget of 1909 was treated. Has moved its rejection and, in spite of HALSBURY, threatens to go to a division.

Meanwhile LANSDOWNE, in weighty speech worthy great occasion, announces intention of voting for Second Reading of Bill, with intent to amend



WHY SHOULD NOT PERSEVERING PETER OF THE PUSH-BIKE ADOPT, WHEN TRAVELLING, THE SAME SUPERCILIOUS ATTITUDE AS LANGUID LIONEL OF THE TOURING-CAR DE LUXE.

THE JESTING OF JANE.

(In which it is explained how competent I am to keep the servants in their places even when their mistress is away.)

I LIKE a good practical joke; as the garland adorning
The hair of a maiden it shines, as the balm that is shed
On the brain of a wandering minstrel; it comes without
warning,
Transmuting to gold an existence that once was as lead.
It glads, it rejoices the soul; recollecting it after
One well-nigh explodes; but I say there are seasons
for laughter,
And, like other great men, I am not at my best in the
morning
When just out of bed.

So it was that last week, when the pitiless glare of Apollo
Was toasting the lawn till it looked like a segment of mat,
When I came to my breakfast at length from a lingering
wallow
In a bath that professed to be cold—as I moodily sat
And observed how the heat on the pavements was
momentally doubling,
And hated the coffee for looking so brown and so
bubbling,
And hated my paper, which seemed to expect me to follow
A prize-fight (my hat!)—

When I heard a great noise as though heaven was breaking
asunder,

And "Thanks be to glory," said I, "for this merciful dole;
The rain! the beneficent rain! Will it lighten, I wonder?
I need not pack up, after all, for my cruise to the Pole;"

And my spirits revived and my appetite seemed to
awaken,

And I said so to Jane as she brought in the kidneys
and bacon;

I was vexed when she answered me pertly, "Why, that
isn't thunder;

We're taking in coal!"

I say there *are* limits. The girl may be decent and sunny,
Industrious, sober and what not; I don't care a bit;
But she hasn't a right on a day such as that to be funny,
With the glass at 120, confound her, the chit!

I refuse to submit to the whimsical wheeze of a servant
Just because Araminta's away and the weather is
fervent,

So I said to her, "Wench, do you fancy you're taking my
money

For work or for wit?

"What are parlourmaids coming to now with their insolent
banter?

Command those uproarious ruffians to hop it, to *trek*,
And fetch me a siphon or two and the whisky decanter;
Your notions of humour have left me exhausted and weak;
Take the breakfast away; disappointment has van-
quished my hunger,

And afterwards go out at once to the nearest fishmonger
And order two cart-loads of icebergs. Obey me *instantly*,
Or leave in a week." EVOE.

"Although weighing over 13 tons, Glendinning declares that an
aircraft built from his designs could sail round the world without the
slightest danger of calamity."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Subject for Silly Season—Should Stout Men Boast?

RUBBING IT IN.

[The following article appears to have been intended for a popular Halfpenny Daily, but as it has been sent to us we feel entitled to print it.]

TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.

MR. LOWLY DEFEATS
MR. GORMAN CRAWL.

HOW I DID IT.
By FERDINAND LOWLY.

Mr. Gorman Crawl's efforts to avoid defeat in his match with me in the semi-finals of the Dartmoor and West Dorset Championship was, I think, the finest exhibition of Lawn Tennis that has been seen for many a long day, and I congratulate those who were so fortunate as to witness the game. In the second set particularly, Mr. Crawl's play exhibited a consistent accuracy combined with activity of resource and hard hitting which, so far as I am aware, has rarely been equalled in the history of the pastime. He frequently returned drives down the side lines and cross volleys which I have always regarded as untakable, putting me in the position of having to repeat those strokes several times before I could make the ace. Even in the third set, Mr. Crawl certainly did not lose heart, as many might have done; in fact he gained vigour to such an extent that his play in the last games became not merely impetuous, but frenzied. Had I not possessed an iron nerve, Mr. Gorman Crawl might have snatched a game or two; and I feel sorry for my opponent when I recall that he only made five points in the set, one of which was due to a net cord stroke, and another to my accidentally treading on a ball. The final scores, as set forth in the "Stop Press" columns of one of the evening papers, were as follows:—

"Crawl beat Lowly . . 6—0. 6—0. 6—0."

and if the reader reverses the statement he will know the correct result. Mr. Gorman Crawl, after an exhibition which stultifies previous conceptions of what is possible in the way of offensive and defensive tactics, and which refutes once and for all the leading contentions in Mr. Wail's monumental work on the game, was beaten by me in three love sets.

The game opened by my serving a double fault. I then found that I was using my Thursday's racket instead of Tuesday's. After a brief recess, during which, as I am informed, Mr. Gorman Crawl took in his belt one hole, the game proceeded. I served to my opponent's back hand, but, contrary to all rules laid down by Mr. Wail, he unexpectedly returned the ball to my

back hand. The result was that I failed to reach it. It then occurred to me that I ought to make sure I had no gravel in my shoes. I did this without leaving the court. When I had replaced my footwear and was preparing to serve again, I saw that Mr. Gorman Crawl was lying on the ground, apparently asleep. He started up, however, on the score being called a second time, and the game proceeded.

Noticing that my opponent was standing a long way back, I now made a display of hitting the ball hard and then dropped it just over the net. Mr. Crawl did not notice what was happening till too late, and I not only took the ace but had the satisfaction of noticing that my opponent was breathing hard after his fruitless effort to reach the ball. I had, so to speak, drawn first blood. I repeated the ruse with my next service. Mr. Crawl, being now on the alert, reached the ball, but was unable to stop himself, and charged into the net, and the score was called "thirty all." A third time I brought off a drop serve; the ball was returned and I then tossed it with an undercut stroke to the base line. Mr. Crawl ran back, but the ball bounding high and with a strong break he lost sight of it, and after some intricate manoeuvres, in which he had the advantage of advice from the crowd, it eventually fell on his head, and I scored the ace. I had now only to make one point to reach the game, and I effected this by a high-kicking service that left my opponent petrified.

During the set Mr. Crawl gradually got into his game, and, thanks to a strong instinct of self-preservation, he succeeded in returning, when up at the net, many of my drives at his chest and head which I had thought were sure of their mark. His play in the last rally, when the score stood at "5 games to 0 and 40 love" in my favour, called forth loud applause, and I had to do all I knew to prevent him winning an ace which might have resulted in his eventually capturing the game.

At this point an incident occurred which has been variously reported. The facts are that, before embarking on the second set, Mr. Gorman Crawl petitioned the referee that I should be required to remove my tie. The tie referred to is my well-known tennis tie. It is a Mascot, as I associate all my successes on the court during the past four years with this tie. It is a large scarlet bow with vivid green and white spots the size of halfpenny pieces, arranged astigmatically. Mr. Crawl said the cravat held his eye and put him off his game, and complained that

there were so many spots in front of him that he did not know which was the ball. I am glad to be able to add the testimony of such a first string man as Mr. Gorman Crawl to the merits of the "Lowly Patent Tennis Tie" (Registered No. 273125/1911, price 2s. 9d., of all Gunsmiths and Sports Outfitters). I explained to the referee that the tie was a well-known patent and that, if he ruled it out and disqualified the tie, a promising industry would be irretrievably ruined. The referee naturally declined to take such a responsibility and ordered the game to proceed, and we took our places on the course. When, however, I faced Mr. Crawl I found that he had pulled down the sleeve of his shirt over his hand and buttoned it round the handle of his racket. The effect was most disconcerting, for the racket appeared to be part of his body—as if, in fact, he had two elbow joints, and the face of the bat was the palm of his hand. Moreover it was impossible to anticipate the direction of his shots. When forty love had been scored against me I appealed to the referee. The result of that interview was that M. Gorman Crawl courteously unbuttoned his sleeve, and I with equal courtesy removed my tie. The episode was greeted with loud applause, and for my part I felt amply repaid for the sacrifice I had made by the gain in popularity.

I have already referred to the strenuous character of Mr. Gorman Crawl's efforts in this set. The following is the rally for the third ace in the fifth game, given in the notation invented by Mr. Wail, though not yet generally adopted. The diagram will be found in the third volume of Mr. Wail's book, *How to be always right*.

CRAWL.	LOWLY.
1. RS to SL2.	1. BR1 to LK5.
2. LP3 to RT4.	2. KL to LK4.
3. PK4 to LK5. (Ch.)	4. K x R.
5. P x K.	5. B x P.
6. Resigns.	

At the conclusion of the match I shook hands with Mr. Gorman Crawl across the net before he could leave the court, and loudly congratulated him on his brilliant struggle. I now have to meet Mr. "U. R. Beete" in the final round, and if successful my match for the Championship with Mr. "Y. R. U. Sadd" will be played, weather permitting, on Tuesday at 3 o'clock, and should be well worth seeing.

NOTES.

Mr. Gasp has exchanged the cheese scoop, which is identified with the championship of South Rutlandshire, for a fish-slice.

Mr. Blotchlick, who lately won the



Tramp (suddenly appearing at riverside camping party). "BEG YER PARDON, GUV'NOR, BUT COULD YER LEND ME A BATHIN' SUIT?"

South-West Devon Singles Championship at Sidmouth, is not a native of Antananarivo, as has been stated, but is, we are informed, of Zulu origin.

We regret to report that Mr. Wail met with an unfortunate accident at Broadstairs ten days ago. As a spectator at the annual Lawn Tennis Tournament he was demonstrating to a group of experts the methods which Mr. Wilding ought properly to employ in making his lifting forehand drive, when he struck himself a violent blow on the head, partly severing the right ear. This is the second time Mr. Wail has met with the accident, but we are glad to hear that he is making a satisfactory recovery.

"Cigarette Makers (Female), round and flat."—*Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."*
Who makes round cigarettes (or flat) should herself be round (or flat) respectively.

"WANTED.—Anything old to do with the Church or Church Services; preference given to examples with dates or inscriptions."

Advt. in "The Challenge."
We were just going to offer our Vicar, but he has no inscription on him.

PLATITUDES: THE NEW GAME.

It is based on "Bromides" and any one can play it. The least educated has a chance of winning and an Oxford degree is no bar to success—quite the reverse, in fact; indeed I have known dons . . .

This is how it is played. Two people are seated in easy-chairs, for it has been found that you cannot be too comfortable for this game; any discomfort is apt to excite the mind, to disturb the grey matter, to interfere with that complete repose which is so essential a feature of the contest. These two are the players. They indulge in small talk and the smaller talker wins. The object of each player is to make such inanely conventional remarks that his opponent is reduced to silence. For example you are sitting next to a bishop, and it falls to you to start the conversation. Of course you don't say anything like "How sad about this Kikuyu business." No, you open like this. "Are you fond of dancing?" you say. The bishop will reply coldly, "It is many years since I danced." You sigh and murmur, "Ah! the dear old days!"

I cannot imagine what his lordship will say next.

Of course the conversation in Platitudes must be connected and coherent. There is no use repeating "Wollah wollah, gollah gollah, Asquith must go, We want eight," or things of that sort. And you must not make mere blank statements like "The number of cigars annually imported into the U.S.A. is 26,714,811," unless they can be introduced deftly into the conversation.

You must imagine yourself paying a call in a London drawing-room, and you must say nothing that would not be possible and indeed suitable in that milieu. To attempt to arouse any interest or show any intelligence is wrong, but then neither must you betray any sign of actual imbecility. Anything that approaches gibbering cannot be too strongly condemned.

The players speak in turn and quotations are not allowed (at least not from living writers). The question as to whose talk is the smaller of the two is so much a matter of taste that the game can only be decided by an umpire or by the votes of the spectators. But

there is seldom much doubt. It is not uncommon for one of the players to break down and become almost hysterical, and few can hold out long against one of the champions. Some people allow facial expression and general demeanour to count, but this I do not recommend. It gives some an unfair advantage, and I have known it lead to unpleasantness.

Perhaps a short sample will give a better idea of the game than any description. I take one from a little tournament in which I competed a few days ago. I was highly commended, but it was thought I displayed a little too much intelligence. This is one of the pleasing features of Platitudes; when one loses, things like that are somehow said, as they are never said, for instance, at Bridge. From this specimen the beginner will learn the right style and method. Only by study of the best models and by constant practice can he attain anything like proficiency.

He. What a world we live in, do we not? (*This is a very common opening.*)

She. Yes, to be sure. Dear, dear!

He. The age is so complex, so full of rush and hurry. Everyone is running after money, are they not?

She. They are not. I mean they are.

He (*heaving a sigh*). How sad it is!

She (*in a tone of gentle correction*). It is deplorable. Did you read Mr. Goldstein's speech the other day? I thought it so sweet! He said that the possession of wealth entailed great responsibilities.

He. How like him! (*After a pause*) And how true! Yes, things are in a bad way.

She. How one deplores these strikes.

He (*sternly*). They ought to be shot.

She. Too dreadful. I think it is so terrible when quite nice people are positively inconvenienced. It makes one think of the French Revolution.

He. Ah! Yes, the French Revolution. Well, well, the good old days are gone.

She. Yes, they have quite gone.

He (*sighing heavily*). Dear, dear, dear, dear! May I have some tea-cake?

She. Oh do! but I'm afraid they're cold.

He. I like them cold. I think they are so much cooler then.

She. They are a shade less warm.

[*There was a short interval here when the supporters of each party gathered round and gave advice and encouragement. The lady seemed as fresh as a fiddle, but the man was very exhausted and had to have a spirituous stimulant. After a quarter-of-an-hour's interval the game was resumed.*]
She. Look at the fashionable ladies

and their dogs! The sums they lavish on them!

He. Oh, it's disgraceful. The Government ought to do something.

She. I call it wicked.

He (*much struck with this*). You are quite right.

She. But mind you, I'm fond of animals myself.

He. Oh, so am I. I dote on dogs. You know, I call the horse a noble animal—that's what I call the horse.

She (*after a pause*). I call the camel the ship of the desert.

He. Ah, very witty, very clever. I see you have a sense of humour. "Ship of the desert"—that's good.

She. Yes, I don't know what I should have done without my sense of humour.

He (*sharply*). No more do I.

She (*confidentially*). You know, I think dogs should be treated as dogs. They should be kept in their proper places. I like them best in the country, you know. Don't you?

He. Yes. I think the country is the place for all animals. One sees so many there—at least in some places.

She. I am so fond of the country. It is so restful. The old oaks and the buttercups and the village rector and the dear cows. I don't know what we should do without them.

He. That's what I say. Where would England be without the country?

She. Ah, yes. "Far from the madding crowd," as the poet says.

He. Yes. What a great poet MILTON is, to be sure.

She. Oh, delightful! And don't you like Miss WHEELER WILCOX?

He. Of course—ripping, yes, of course. Her poems of pleasure—her poems of passion, her—well, in fact, all her poems.

She. Quite.

At this point the man broke down altogether and began to gibber. But he recovered in time to see the prize unanimously voted to the lady. This consisted of a volume of Mr. — but perhaps I had better not mention names; it might be liable to misconstruction. I hope I have said enough to show what a fascinating and delightful game it is. No appliances are required (as with dominoes), except one's own nimble brain; and I think Platitudes will soon sweep the country. Signs are not wanting that Clumps and Dumb Crambo are already becoming back numbers in the best circles.

"The military dirigible Koerting made the wound in the leg of Baron de Rothschild. It was found to have flattened itself against the bone."—*Egyptian Mail*.

"The Koerting; so it is," said the Baron, when shown the X-ray photograph of his calf.

TOURS IN FACT AND FANCY.

TELL me not of Western Islands

Or some bonnie loch or ben

Of those hustled haunts, the Highlands;

I'm not going there again.

Cease from cackling so cocksurely

Of some heavenly woodland dell

Where the pipes of Pan blow purely;

I have sampled these as well.

Do not harp upon your hollow

Tales of Somewhere-by-the-Sea

Patronised by Ph. Apollo;

'Tisn't good enough for me.

No, nor urge me, friend, to hasten

To your "cloudless alien climes,"

Hungering for my Fleece like Jason—

I've been fleeced there many times.

No, not one of your romances

Can, I say, provide a lure;

Not one spot on earth's expanses

For my ailment find a cure.

Others may enjoy each jolly day

Somewhere with their hard-earned pelf;

But, for me, I want a holiday

From my super-silly self.

The Nut.

From a story in *Munsey's Magazine*:

"My father was a clergyman in a college community; and that explains my home in a nutshell."

It doesn't. The father should have been a vegetarian in a Garden City community.

"Captain Roald Amundsen has qualified for his pilot's certificate at the military camp near Christiania. An officer of the Flying Corps first took him for a preliminary flight round the course, showing him what tests were required. Suddenly the elevator broke and the aeroplane fell nose downwards to the ground 40 feet below. Captain Amundsen escaped unhurt."—*South Wales Echo*.

So he got through the first test all right.

"SMALL SURREY SCORE."

ONLY HAYES AND HITCH SHINE AT NORTHAMPTON.

Westminster Gazette.

Surrey should have been at home, where HAYES and HITCH would have found an excellent third in Old Sol, who shone at his best.

"CLACTON.—A Lady would be glad to hear of anyone wishing to Join House-Party from August 14th to September 10th. Minute from sea and ten golf links."—*Advt. in "Times."*

Personally we find that, at our usual rate of divot-removing, five golf-links will last us a month. Ten is an unnecessary extravagance.



Polite Little Boy (suffering from repletion). "Oh, PLEASE, MISS, DON'T ASK ME TO HAVE ANY MORE; I CAN'T SAY NO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I should have detected what was the primary trouble with *A Lad of Kent* (MACMILLAN) if Mr. HERBERT HARRISON had given me any opportunity of studying *Lord Haresfield* at closer quarters. Upon the material vouchsafed it was impossible to spot in him the villain of the piece; I was only allowed to meet him at two brief interviews, throughout which he was consistently courteous and kind, with nothing of the murderer about him. There was, in this connection, not only *suppressio veri*, but even some *suggestio falsi*; at any rate I still have great difficulty in believing that a man so obviously intelligent and diplomatic could have initiated schemes so unnecessarily elaborate and entirely incompetent for the mere removal of an unknown and fatherless village youth. I make these observations only as in duty bound; for myself, I didn't care twopence who was trying to get rid of *Phillip*, or why. Provided they didn't succeed, I was content to leave them at it and enjoy the fascinating picture of life in a sea-coast village in the good old days when everybody was busy either in preventing or assisting the "free trade;" when a press-gang might come along at any moment and steal a man or two without so much as by your leave, and, generally speaking, things moved. Mr. HARRISON has a delightful style, a perfect sympathy with the times of which he writes, and no small gift of characterization. Frankly, I don't believe he attaches any more importance to his plot than I do, for he is quite content to leave it to itself for several chapters on end.

The Double House (STANLEY PAUL) began attractively with a retired Indian colonel who had a mysterious sorrow

and wished to betake himself to some quiet English hamlet "where echoes from his past might never penetrate." Of course this could hardly be called wise of the Colonel; the slightest knowledge of quiet English neighbourhoods in fiction or the drama might have assured him that towards the end of Act I. somebody was simply bound to turn up who knew all. However, he rented one half of a divided old manor house, and, even when informed that the other half was inhabited by a widow of quiet habits, he apparently did not share my own instant certainty that there were coincidences ahead. As a matter of fact E. EVERETT-GREEN, the author, had so arranged matters that this lady was the sister-in-law of a wicked murderer, for whose crime the gallant Colonel had himself been tried. So much for his past; but as a matter of fact that of the lady was ever so much more sinister. She had, it appeared, married a gentleman called *Paul Enderby*, only to learn after the ceremony that her husband had a twin-brother *Saul*, who must have been the twinniest twin that ever breathed, since at no moment could any living soul tell the two apart. I won't harrow you with details, but the confusion was such that, even after the unlamented decease of *Paul*, poor bewildered *Mrs. Enderby* was by no means sure that she wasn't only a bereaved sister-in-law. Her sad plight reminded me of nothing so much as that of the lady in *Engaged* who entreated to have three questions answered: "Am I a widow, and if so how came I to be a widow, and whose widow came I to be?" The great difference between the two cases is that this of *Mrs. Enderby* is meant to be taken with solemnity—a task that I regret to add was too heavy for me. I am only sorry that so charming a title as *The Double House* has been so sadly wasted.

If a wicked male novelist had dared to write *Jacynth*

(CONSTABLE) I tremble to imagine the things that certain fair critics would have said about him. But since a woman is the creator, and one, moreover, with the well-won reputation of Miss STELLA CALLAGHAN, what is there to say? After all she must know. As a portrait of futility, *Jacynth* is the most mercilessly realistic thing that I have met for some time. Pretty, brainless, egotistical, utterly unable ever to understand even the least of the men who loved her—this was *Jacynth*. The picture is so unsparing that (though I am not calling the book a masterpiece or free from dull moments) the very completeness of the dreadful thing fascinates you unwillingly. *Jacynth* was the typical product of a seaside town, where she was adored by two men—a young squire and a famous novelist. I was just a little bored by her beginnings, especially when she sprained her ankle—a gambit I had imagined *démodé* even with the most provincial of heroines. However, *Jacynth* married the novelist, and after the honeymoon settled down to a steady course of fatuousness and general interference with his work which presently reduced the poor man to exasperation, and finally constrained him to pack her off on a prolonged visit to the seaside home of her maidenhood. After that *Jacynth* went from worse to worst; too preposterous a fool even to be greatly moved when she brought tragedy into the lives of those who came under her malign influence. I will not follow her vicissitudes in detail. Throughout the book the most sinister thing in her story was to me the fact that a woman had written it. Moreover I have a lurking suspicion that the portrait is no imaginary one. Perhaps this is a high tribute to Miss CALLAGHAN's skill; it certainly is meant to be a compliment to her courage.

I've often longed to come upon
Some giant spoor and dog the track till
I ran to earth a mastodon,
A dinosaur, a pterodactyl;
But I supposed my natal date—
However distantly I view it—
Was several thousand years too late
To give me any chance to do it.

And yet Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
Has found a man who's penetrated
Through bush and swamp on virgin soil
And seen the things I've indicated,
Creatures with names that clog your pen—
Dimorphodon and plesiosaurus—
And carried home a specimen
To silence any doubting chorus.

In *The Lost World** the tale is told
(SMITH, ELDER do it cheap) in diction
So circumstantial that its hold
Is more than that of common fiction;

* New Edition, with illustrations.

If you can run the story through,
By aid of portraits when you need it,
And not be half convinced it's true,
You simply don't deserve to read it.

There is nothing wrong with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' latest collection of short stories, *The Judge's Chair* (MURRAY), but there is something vigorously to protest against upon the wrapper that covers them. For there I found an uncompromising statement to the effect that these stories "bring to a conclusion the author's Dartmoor work," and no sooner had I read it than my heart sank into my heels. Solemnly I plead with him to reconsider this decision, for if he does not his innumerable admirers will be deprived of something almost as annual and quite as enjoyable as Christmas. If he wants a holiday let him have one by all means, though personally I was not pleased when he left Dartmoor for Italy. But let it be only a holiday, a break in his real business. As for the book, I advise everyone who can appreciate dry humour and quaint philosophy to sit behind *The Judge's Chair*.

"The Two Farmers" is in its way a masterpiece, grim and very real, and there is not the ghost of a sign in the whole collection that Mr. PHILLPOTTS has written of Dartmoor until he is tired of it or it of him. He has made a niche for himself in that old temple of Nature, and we must all try to persuade him to stay there.

I have been reading a book, written by the Rev. H. S. PELHAM, and published by MACMILLAN, which is at least twenty times as absorbing and moving as any novel. It is called *The Training of a Working Boy*. I

dare say you may have met with other volumes on something like the same theme before, and may suppose you know all about camps and evening schools and blind-alley employment and the rest of it. But I am pretty well sure that you have read nothing more practical and human on the questions of boydom. It is, indeed, the humanity, sympathetic and more than half humorous, of Mr. PELHAM's attitude that gives his book its appeal and incidentally, I fancy, explains his success with the object of it. His little volume is a plea for personal rather than pecuniary help, and is directed more especially to Midlanders, since its chief concern is with the boy population of Birmingham. I can only wish for it the largest possible number of readers in the shires and elsewhere, since to read it is inevitably to be moved to active sympathy.

"The selection of a player for the leading rôle, that of Pallas Athene, the beautiful goddess of Greek mythology, was successfully accomplished when Miss Genevieve Clark, the pretty and vivacious daughter of Speaker Clark, consented to take the part. Those who know Miss Clark and Greek mythology will realise at once that there will be a natural affinity between the player and the character."

Washington (D. C.) Post.

We never actually met Pallas Athene, but have always heard of her as being neither very pretty nor vivacious.



THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES THE DEADLY STRUGGLE WHICH GOES ON DAILY BETWEEN RIVAL SEASIDE RESORTS. IT REPRESENTS A PARTY OF HIRELINGS IN THE PAY OF WOBLETHORPE-ON-SEA ENGAGED IN RUNNING UP THE RAINFALL OF LITTLE BLINKINGTON.

CHARIVARIA.

Two men carrying bombs were arrested last week on the outskirts of Paris, and are suspected of a plot against the FRENCH PRESIDENT. They alleged that the bombs were made for the TSAR OF RUSSIA, but the TSAR denies that he gave the commission.

The town of Criccieth, it is reported, has decided to give up gas in favour of electricity. This, of course, is not meant as a slight on its most illustrious resident.

Posted at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, on July 14, 1901, a postcard has just been delivered at the Grapes Hotel in Cowes. The recipient is said to have expressed the opinion that it would have been quicker, almost, to have telephoned the message.

Miss NINA BOYLE, of the Women's Freedom League, has sent to the papers a list of ladies on whom she considers the KING ought to bestow honours. Among the writers there is one notable omission, and Miss MARIE CORELLI is said to be more of an anti-Suffragette than ever.

"NEW THEATRE FOR LONDON,
ALL SEATS IN THE HOUSE TO BE BOOKED."

So the great difficulty has been solved at last! So may theatres fail because the seats are not taken.

A movement is on foot to induce Mr. CHARLES GARVICE to change the name of his play, *A Heritage of Hate*, as so many patrons of melodrama have experienced difficulty in pronouncing the title as it stands at present.

In a struggle between a British sailor and a German policeman at Wilhelmshaven the other day honours seem to have been fairly even. The policeman, who used his sword, lost his head, and the sailor a piece of his nose.

Two men of good position were tried last week before the State Court of Berlin for refusing to address a policeman as "Mr." That will surprise no one who knows his Prussia. It is the sequel which takes our breath away. The two men were acquitted!

Volume 10 of the Census of 1911

shows that in the preceding ten years clergymen of the Established Church declined from 25,235 to 24,859. "The decrease is accounted for by the lack of young men taking orders." The wonder is that such orders were not at once snapped up by alert Germans.

Miss LAURA WENTWORTH, of Nebraska, known as "The Big Hat Girl," has, we are told, sailed from New York in the *Imperator* with a hat which measures 58 inches in diameter. These giant liners are justifying themselves.

We are glad that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has promised a Bill against foreign sweeps. Only the other day we received a circular headed "Schimmey's Scheaply Schwept."

While we are ready to grant that



ONE ADVANTAGE ABOUT THESE ABSOLUTELY REMOTE COUNTRY COTTAGES IS THAT YOU CAN WEAR OUT SOME OF THE COSTUMES IN WHICH YOU WENT TO THE FANCY BALLS THIS SEASON.

it is not always easy to find the apt quotation, we cannot help thinking that *The Daily Telegraph* would have caused less offence if it had published the following paragraph without any tag at all:—

The Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington, Alderman and Mrs. W. H. Davison, held a reception at the Kensington Town Hall last evening, their guests numbering between 400 and 500.

Oh, how peaceful is their sleep,
They who "Keating's" always keep.

"Cheerful Company at all the Cafés. Soup to Cheese 1-," announces an advertisement in *The Manchester Guardian*. We have heard of lively cheese before, but the chatty soup must be something of a novelty.

"Strawberries are going out," reports *The Evening News*. We are in a position to confirm this statement. We met one out the other evening.

According to *La France Militaire*

the French Navy is about to try the experiment of enlisting black sailors. We should say that they will be found to make the most admirable stokers, not showing the dirt like the white men.

Describing a recent visit of a party of Congressmen and State officials to one of the tectotal battleships of the American Navy, a contemporary says, "The distinguished guests took water with what grace they could." Evidently they thought it scarcely worth saying race for.

The statement made last week in the course of a certain trial that "as a man grows older he becomes riper" has had a curious sequel. Orders are pouring in from the Cannibal Isles for consignments of centenarians.

THE PROFESSIONAL ATTITUDE.

(The modern girl, according to a daily paper, is not to be won by love-making. She prefers a cheerful and amusing companion.)

DEAR, of old I swore devotion
In the manner knights employed,
Wrote epistles with emotion
(Which I trust have been destroyed);

Now at last, a practised lover,
Boasting conquests not a few,

I am told to put a cover
On my sentiments for you.

Cupid's chat is out of fashion;
Sloppy words are never said;
Voices once a-throb with passion
Shake with merriment instead;
Poets qualified to tackle
Lyric metres when inspired
Stoop to make the ladies cackle—
Nothing further is required.

Doubtless one whose occupation
Has a dull and solemn trend
Might enjoy, as relaxation,
Jesting with a female friend;
But, corrupted by the money
That my written humours bring,
How on earth can I be funny
For the pleasure of the thing?

The Daily Chronicle on the latest submarine:—

"It will also be equipped with a quick-firing gun, which disappears when the vessel is submerged."

This is far the best arrangement; it would never do for it to be left floating where any passer-by could pick it up.

A WARM HALF-HOUR.

WHATEVER the papers say, it was the hottest afternoon of the year. At six-thirty I had just finished dressing after my third cold bath since lunch, when Celia tapped on the door.

"I want you to do something for me," she said. "It's a shame to ask you on a day like this."

"It is rather a shame," I agreed, "but I can always refuse."

"Oh, but you mustn't. We haven't got any ice, and the Thompsons are coming to dinner. Do you think you could go and buy three pennyworth? Jane's busy, and I'm busy, and—"

"And I'm busy," I said, opening and shutting a drawer with great rapidity.

"Just three pennyworth," she pleaded. "Nice cool ice. Think of sliding home on it."

Well, of course it had to be done. I took my hat and staggered out. On an ordinary cool day it is about half-a-mile to the fishmonger; to-day it was about two miles-and-a-quarter. I arrived exhausted, and with only just strength enough to kneel down and press my forehead against the large block of ice in the middle of the shop, round which the lobsters nestled.

"Here, you mustn't do that," said the fishmonger, waving me away.

I got up, slightly refreshed.

"I want," I said, "some—" and then a thought occurred to me.

After all, *did* fishmongers sell ice? Probably the large block in front of me was just a trade sign like the coloured bottles at the chemist's. Suppose I said to a Fellow of the Pharmaceutical Society, "I want some of that green stuff in the window," he would only laugh. The tactful thing to do would be to buy a pint or two of laudanum first, and *then*, having established pleasant relations, ask him as a friend to lend me his green bottle for a bit.

So I said to the fishmonger, "I want some—some nice lobsters."

"How many would you like?"

"One," I said.

We selected a nice one between us, and he wrapped a piece of *Daily Mail* round it, leaving only the whiskers visible, and gave it to me. The ice being now broken—I mean the ice being now—well, you see what I mean—I was now in a position to ask for some of his ice.

"I wonder if you could let me have a little piece of your ice," I ventured.

"How much ice do you want?" he said promptly.

"Sixpennyworth," I said, not knowing a bit how much it would be, but feeling that Celia's threepennyworth sounded rather mean.

"Six of ice, Bill," he shouted to an inferior at the back, and Bill tottered up with a block about the size of one of the lions in Trafalgar Square. He wrapped a piece of *Daily News* round it and gave it to me.

"Is that all?" asked the fishmonger.

"That is all," I said faintly; and, with Algernon, the overwhiskered crustacean, firmly clutched in the right hand and Stonehenge supported on the palm of the left hand, I retired.

The flat seemed a very long way away, but having bought twice as much ice as I wanted, and an entirely unnecessary lobster, I was not going to waste still more money in taxis. Hot though it was, I would walk.

For some miles all went well. Then the ice began to drip through the paper, and in a little while the underneath part of *The Daily News* had disappeared altogether. Tucking the lobster under my arm I turned the block over, so that it rested on another part of the paper. Soon that had dissolved too. By the time I had got half-way our Radical contemporary had been entirely eaten.

Fortunately *The Daily Mail* remained. But to get it I had to disentangle Algernon first, and I had no hand available. There was only one thing to do. I put the block of ice down on the pavement, unwrapped the lobster, put the lobster temporarily in my pocket, spread its *Daily Mail* out next to the ice, lifted the ice on to the paper, and—looked up and saw Mrs. Thompson approaching.

She was the last person I wanted at that moment. In an hour and a half she would be dining with us. Algernon would not be dining with us. If Algernon and Mrs. Thompson were to meet now, would she not be expecting him to turn up at every course? Think of the long-drawn-out disappointment for her; not even lobster sauce!

There was no time to lose. I decided to abandon the ice. Leaving it on the pavement I turned round and walked hastily back the way I had come.

By the time I had shaken off Mrs. Thompson I was almost at the fishmonger's. That decided me. I would begin all over again, and would do it properly this time.

"I want," I said boldly, "three-pennyworth of ice."

"Three of ice, Bill," said the fishmonger, and Bill gave me quite a respectable segment in *The Morning Post*.

"And I want a taxi," I said, and I summoned one.

We drove quickly home.

As we neared the flat I suddenly remembered Algernon. I drew him out of my pocket, red and undraped.

This would never do. If the porter saw me entering my residence with a nice lobster, the news would soon get about, and before I knew where I was I should have a super-tax form sprung on me. I placed the block of ice on the seat, took off its *Morning Post*, and wrapped up Algernon. Then I sprang out, gave the man a shilling, and got into the lift.

"Bless you," said Celia, "have you got it? How sweet of you!" And she took my parcel from me. "Now we shall be able—Why, what's this?"

I looked at it closely.

"It's—it's a lobster," I said. "Didn't you say lobster?"

"I said ice."

"Oh," I said, "oh, I didn't understand. I thought you said lobster."

"You can't put lobster in cider cup," said Celia severely.

Of course I quite see that. It was rather a silly mistake of mine. However, it's pleasant to think that the taxi must have been nice and cool for the next man. A. A. M.

AT THE TOWER.

Uron the old black guns

The old black raven hops;

We gave him bits of buns

And cakes and acid-drops;

He's wise, and his way's devout,

But he croaks and he flaps his wings
(And the flood runs out and the sergeants shout)

For the first and the last of things;

He croaks to Robinson, Brown, and Jones,

The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's Bones!*"

For into the lifting dark

And a drizzle of clearing rain,

His sire flapped out of the Ark

And never came back again;

So I always fancy that,

Ere the frail lost blue showed thin,

Alone he sat upon Ararat

To see a new world in,

And yelped to the void from a cairn of stones

The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's Bones!*"

When the last of mankind lie slain

On Armageddon's field,

When the last red west has ta'en

The last day's flaming shield,

There shall sit when the shadows run

(D'you doubt, good Sirs, d'you doubt?)

His last rogue son on an empty gun

To see an old world out;

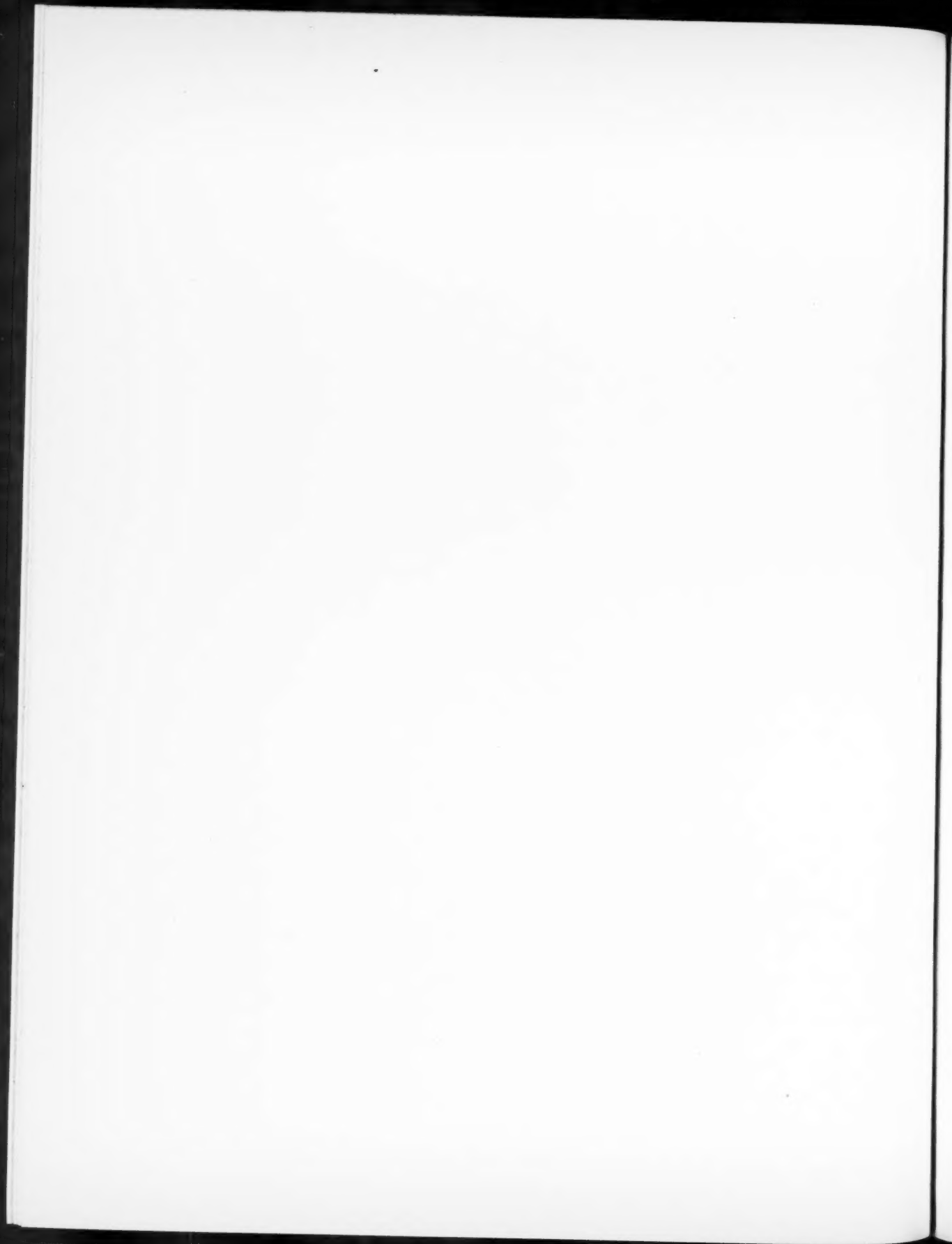
And he'll croak (as to Robinson, Brown and Jones)

The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's Bones!*"



THE LIBERAL CAVE-MEN;
OR, A HOLT FROM THE BLUE.

HARASSED CHANCELLOR. "IT'S NOT SO MUCH FOR MY FEET THAT I MIND—THEY'RE HARDENED AGAINST THIS KIND OF THING; BUT I DO HATE ROCKS ON MY HEAD."





THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION IN IRELAND.

Tim. "WELL, PATSY, ARE YE AFTHUR BUILDING AN ADDITION TO YER HOUSE?"

Patsy. "SHURE AND THE HINS LIKES A PLACE TO THIMSILVES."

TEMPERING THE WIND;

OR, THE INDEMNIFICATION OF ANTONIO.

[In the Census returns for 1911, recently published, organ-grinders are no longer counted as musicians.]

WHEN buffets from the frowning Fates demoralise,
And all the spirit yearns for honeyed death;
When limply on the harper's brow the laurel lies
And something in his bosom deeply saith,
"N. G. I give it up! Behold! misshapen is
The bowler that surmounts my glorious mane;
Life is all kicks without the boon of halfpennies;
The rates are here again;"—

'Tis sweet, 'tis very sweet to gaze at Helicon
And think, "On me the sacred fire has dropped,
The lute, at any rate, still hangs, a relic, on
This diaphragm, although the shirt is popped;"
And so it was, I ween, with your position,
Ausonia's sunny child, from house to house
Aye wandering: still you ranked as a musician,
The same as Dr. STRAUSS.

People were rude to you: they said, "Be gibbeted!"
In many a ruthless road your cheek grew wan
Where hawkers and street-music were prohibited
And stout policemen urged you to get on;
Yet still that stubborn heart, the heart of CARO's
kin,
Stayed you, and still the gleam that cannot die,
Though every now and then an old potato skin
Did welt you in the eye.

Tattered and soiled, an exile and an alien,
Somehow you touched the Cockney nymphs with awe;
You lit the cold clay statue, like Pygmalion,
To blood-red raptures; you were sib to SHAW;
Others might hale the town in cushioned chariots
To see them dance or daub, to hear them strum;
You also had your moments: jiggling Harriets
Joyed in your simian chum.

And how shall these things change? Shall childish
galleries

That deemed you once Apollo's minister,
Say, "Garn, old monkey!" Shall colossal salaries
Reward the Muse and not the duleimer?
Not gleaming eyeballs, not the soul illuminate?
Shall old faiths falter and Antonio's heart
Sicken the while he churns, and chilly ruminates,
"This is no longer Art"?

So be it then. But lest the slight unparalleled
Shall cause extinction of a breed so stout,
And scatter to the winds what tags his barrel held
And doom him to go under and get out;
Lest he despair and pine from this new streak of ills,
Not ranked with virtuosi's shining shapes,
Let him be classed anew amongst Pitheophils,
An amateur of Apes. EVOE.

PAYMENT IN KIND.

I ARGUED that one and threepence was too much to pay for the delivery of a telegram which had only cost sixpence itself; I also argued that one and threepence was too little for a wealthy institution like the G.P.O. to worry about, but the messenger wouldn't reduce the price. I had had my telegram, said he, and I must pay for it. I offered to give him the telegram back, but he guessed it was only from Carr and wasn't having any. It was my money he wanted and that, unhappily, was some miles away in a bank.

For reasons best known to myself, and not too clearly appreciated even in that quarter, I am always full of petty cash at the beginning of the month and out of it at the end. My wife never draws any at all, knowing it is much safer where it is, and as for Albert, our only son, he takes no interest in the stuff. When we, in moments of self-denial, slip a coin into the slit of his money-box, he is merely bored, being as yet unable to unlock the box and get the coin out again, owing to ignorance of the whereabouts of the key. I explained all this to the telegraph boy, but his heart didn't soften; so, still parleying with him in the porch, I sent

the maid to my wife to see what she could do to ease the financial position.

The maid returned with a shilling, which was my wife's limit, and this I tendered to the boy, explaining to him the theory of discount for net cash. But he was one of those small and obstinate creatures who won't learn, so I sent him round to the back premises to get some tea, while I retired to the front to do some thinking. It was at this moment that Albert chose, imprudently, to make an important announcement from the top of the stairs with regard to a first tooth, which he had lost by extraction the day before but had not yet been able to forget. His idea was that he should come down and inspect it once more; but I paid no heed to this. His mention of the matter suggested, when I came to

think of it, a solution of my difficulty with the telegraph boy.

Later, I asked my wife to step into my study and to shut the door behind her. "This has become a serious matter," said I; "nay, it threatens to be a grave scandal. You remember Albert's tooth?"

She did. These things are not easily forgotten. "I wish," I pursued, "to interview Albert's nurse as to it," and I rang the bell sternly.

"She hasn't got it," said my wife; "we have," and she took from the mantelpiece a small packet tied up with pink ribbon.

you are the receiver. Whether or not the telegraph-boy will be jointly charged with us is for the police and Albert to decide between them."

At this moment the nurse entered and asked what we required of her. My wife was confused, but not so I. I told nurse we required nothing of her but much of Albert. Would she ask him to step downstairs?

We assembled in the porch, my wife, Albert, the nurse, and the telegraph boy. I took the chair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, "I have a proposal to lay before the meeting with a view to adjusting the acute

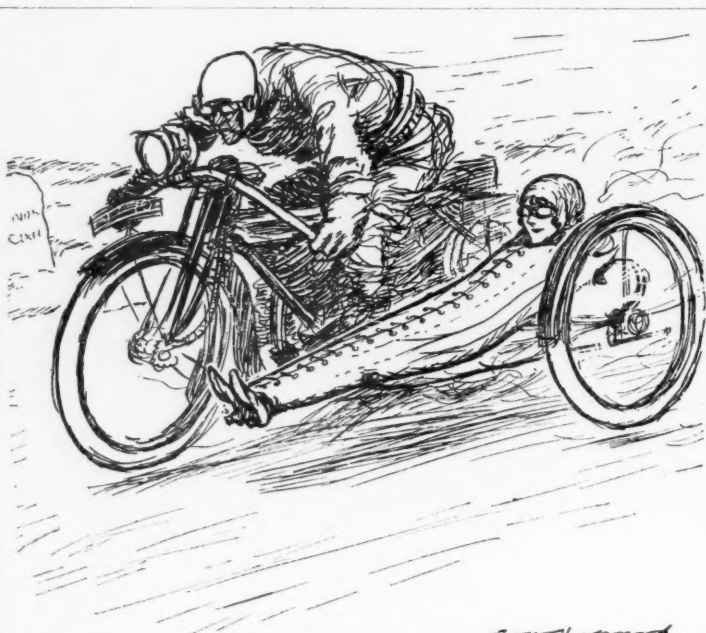
crisis. Let me remind you of the facts:—The gentleman on my right," and I indicated Albert, whose attention wandered a little, "was recently possessed of a tooth, two parents, and a godfather of the name of Carr. The tooth, as teeth will, had to be removed; the parents, as parents may, advanced a shilling upon it; and the godfather, as godfathers needn't, telegraphed to say he was coming forthwith to the *locus in quo*. Things were so when Mr. (I didn't catch your name, Sir," and I turned to the telegraph boy) "threatened to liquidate us unless his debt was satisfied. Business is, as he very properly remarked, business.

Now for my suggestion: Albert," and I turned to him again, "will have the telegram, which, being from his godfather, is rightly his. He will, however, take it subject to encumbrances, of which, I understand, he has already discharged all but threepence. Happily his parents are willing to withdraw their first charge on his personal assets, and I have much satisfaction, Sir"—I bowed to the telegraph boy—"in presenting you with the goods, which were as recently as yesterday valued at no less than a shilling, and in asking you to keep the balance as a mark of our unshaken affection and esteem."

And I handed him Albert's tooth.

"Accused, who gave the name of Janet Arthur, quoted Scott's 'Wha Hae' and other works."—*Lincolnshire Echo*.

Such as the Wha-Haevery Novels.



MORE SACRIFICES TO SPEED.

THE "MINIM KID-FIT."

I explained that it wasn't the child's molar but the child's funds that I was concerned with. "You will recollect that I compensated him for the loss of it with a shilling. It makes it all the more poignant that it was my last shilling. I put it into his money-box, the key of which is accessible to miscreants. That shilling is gone!"

My wife smiled. "How did you find out?" she asked.

"I had reason to be looking in the box," I said airily, "and happened by chance to notice that the shilling had been stolen."

"You mean," said she, "that you were proposing to steal it yourself?"

I disregarded the question. "I never did trust that nurse," said I. "But to steal the treasured capital of a defenceless infant!"

"I am the thief," said my wife, "and



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Little Girl. "PLEASE, MRS. MURPHY, MUYVER SAYS, IF IT'S FINE TO-MORROW, WILL YOU GO BEGGIN' WITH 'ER?"

THE "THORNS OF PRAISE."

"HIS PURPLEST SIN."

By VERNON BLATHERS (Jack Short, 6/-).

The Weekly Scotsman. "... vivacious narrative ..."

The Strathpeffer Courant. "Replete with up-to-date sentiment ... knowledge of the *beau monde* ... raucy, but never transcending the bounds of decorum."

The Buttevant Despatch. "Passages which the author of 'The Rosary' might be proud to have written ... high ideals ... love interest well sustained ... careful punctuation."

The Nether Wallop News. "Mr. Blathers is a benefactor ... reminds us of T. P. O'CONNOR ... luscious word-painting ... well-chosen epithets."

The Machrihamish Mirror. "Stylish writing ... Mr. Blathers is evidently a *persona grata* in the most *recherché* circles."

The Chowbent Eagle. "Edifying, yet entertaining ... faithful portraiture, but ... not in the least like ZOLA ... undoubtedly readable."

The Criccieth Sentinel. "... inside knowledge of Mayfair ... redolent of humanity at its best ... fluid and

flexible style ... suitable for a country congregation."

The Kilmarnock News. "... cannot remember any book which ... better than this is."

The Pilworth Post. "... redundant with wit ..."

The Peebles Advertiser. "Mr. Blathers ... go far."

The Worcester Academy. "Mr. Blathers is to be most heartily congratulated."

The N. Wales Dictator. "... masterly delineation of the Smart Set."

The Peak News. "... witty to excess."

The Bermondsey Examiner. "Few books so well worth re- and re-reading."

The Poplar Courier. "A fine novel."

The Sligo Spectator. "... marked ability ..."

The Rutland Observer. "... meritorious ..."

The Winchester Tribune. "... feast of entertainment. Mr. Blathers' next should be ... awaited with impatience."

The Isle of Wight Critic. "... clever novel ..."

The Cader-Idris Athenæum. "... psychology ... humour ... passion."

The Bucklaw Post. "... emotional depths ..."

The Sunday Deliverer. "... remarkable book ..."

The Simla Gazette. "... verdict ... profoundly enthralling work of fiction."

The Geelong Times. "... better than ... GEORGE ELIOT."

The Cork Pall Mall. "A brilliant first effort."

The Hackney Examiner. "... well written ..."

The Tooting Express. "... amusing ..."

The Monthly Citizen. "The characters have life and movement."

"Before lunch each section held its annual meeting in private, and at two o'clock the company sat down to a substantial and very acceptable repast, which was greatly relished by the visitors. After being operated upon by a photographer the party split."

Leibury Guardian.

We were rather afraid they had overdone it.

From a photographic catalogue:—

"This is a most complete little Projector ... It is quite self-contained and will protect a thirty-inch picture anywhere at a moment's notice."

It should be installed at the Royal Academy without delay.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The outstanding features of the season have certainly been the Friendship Fête, the Kamtchatkan Scriptural opera-ballet, "*Noé s'embarque sur l'Arche*," and the Cloak!

The Friendship Fête, to celebrate our not having had any scraps with any foreign country for some little time, was simply immense. There were descriptive tableaux and groups, and the one undertaken by your Blanche—swords being turned into ploughshares and the figure of Peace standing in the middle, with Bellona crouching at her feet—was said to be an easy winner. I was Peace, of course, in chiffon draperies, with my hair down. I hadn't the faintest notion what sort of thing a ploughshare was, but I'd clever people to help me, and so it was all right. But oh, my best one! the difficulty I had in getting a Bellona! They all wanted to be Peace, and some of them were so absolutely horrid about it that I couldn't help telling them they were only showing how *fit* they were to be Bellona! (I will tell *you* in confidence that I believe one of them was responsible for some of my swords and ploughshares falling down with an immensely odious crash just as the opening ceremony was going on.) Norty was given the group of all nations, called, "All Men are Brothers," and he said on the whole it was rather a rotten job; there was a lot of friction, and at one time he was afraid things might get almost to *diplomatic* lengths; however, it all went smoothly at last. Still he told me *à l'oreille* that he was glad it was well over, as two or three Friendship Fêtes would be enough to shake the peace of Europe to its foundations!

But nothing matters much while one can go and see the wonderful, wonderful Kamtchatkans in "*Noé s'embarque sur l'Arche*"—a feast of beauty—a riot of colour—a mass of inner meanings. Who am I, dearest, that I should try to word-paint it? Being an opera-ballet, there are two Noahs, a singing one and a dancing one. While that glorious Golliookin, the singing Noah, is giving the marvellous Flood Music in a gallery over the stage, our dear wonderful Ternitenky, the dancing Noah, is going into the Ark in a series of the most delicious *pas seuts*. Then his dance of Astonishment and Alarm as he sees the waters rising—and afterwards his dance of Joy and Thankfulness at finding himself quite dry! The *Pas-de-Six* of Noah's Sons and their Wives! And the *ensemble* danc-

ing of the Animals! My dearest, you positively must and shall leave your solitudes and come and see the Kamtchatkans in Scriptural opera-ballet! Only second to *Noé* is *La Femme de Lot*, with dear Sarkavina, in clouds of white, doing a sensational whirling dance as she turns into the Pillar, while that amazing soprano, Seriemalona, sings the mysterious Salt Music. Bishops quite *swarm* at these performances. They say they consider it their *duty* to go, and that they never *really* understood the true character of Noah till they saw Ternitenky's beautiful flying leap into the Ark, or quite grasped the personality of Lot's Wife before seeing Sarkavina's Pillar-of-Salt dance.

On *Noé* and *Lot* nights it's correct to carry a little darling Old Testament, bound in velvet or satin to match or contrast with one's toilette, and generally with jewels on the cover; and the Old Testament is quite often mentioned at dinner just now, people pretending they've been reading it, and so on. *A propos*, Mrs. Golding-Newman, one of the latest climbers, excused herself for being late at dinner somewhere the other night by saying, "I was reading Deuteronomy and didn't notice how the time was going." The Bullyon-Boundermere woman was present and, determined to trump her rival's trick, chipped in with, "Oh, isn't Deuteronomy *charming*?" But I think of all the books of the Old Testament my favourite is In Memoriam!

The Cloak, my Daphne, which is one of the most interesting arrivals in town this summer, is, *à mon avis*, something quite *more* than a garment—it is a great big test of all that a woman most prides herself on! You may see a thousand women with cloaks on, but how many will be *really* wearing them! As one criticised the cloaks and their wearers in the Enclosure at Aswood one couldn't help murmuring with a small sigh, "Who is sufficient for these things!" People who have the cloak fastened on in *just any way*, my dear, are simply begging the question; in its true inwardness, in its loftiest development, the cloak should be a separate creation, kept in its place only by the grace and knack of its wearer. There should be *character* about it, a fascinating droop, a sweet crookedness that can only happen when it is worn with the art that—you know the rest.

Shall I confide to you my little secret, dearest? Would you know why it is given to your Blanche to be easily best of the few women who do *really* wear the cloak? When I'm ready, all but my cloak, I run away from Yvonne down the stairs; she follows, carrying

the cloak, and when she's beginning to overtake me she throws the cloak and I catch it on my shoulders. Result—I'm the envy and despair of all my best beloved enemies!

People have been trying to find new places to wear their watches. A small watch on the toe of each shoe (plain for day wear, jewelled for the evening) had quite a little vogue, though as watches they were no good, for no one could see the time by them. Then little teeny watches on the tips of glove-fingers were liked a little. But the latest development is that Time is *démolè*, and anyone mentioning hours and half-hours is stamped as an outside person.

Isn't this a *fragrant* idea about our not being to blame for anything we do, because it's all owing to the *colours* we live with? Everybody's *charmed* about it. Instead of going to *lawyers* when things run off the rails a little, if one just called in a *colour-expert* all sorts of horrors might be avoided, for he would prove that people are like that owing to the colours of their curtains and upholsteries, and aren't to blame themselves, poor dears, the very least little bit! The Thistledown *ménage*, for instance. For ages it's been tottery, because Thistledown never understood Fluffy, and Fluffy, poor little thing, seemed to understand everybody except Thistledown. We've all been so sorry for her, for several times he's been on the point of dragging things into public. And now it turns out that nothing is Fluffy's fault and that, if she hadn't always had her own, own room done in pinky-blue shades, she might have been quite a serious domestic character! T. says, if that's so, she'd better have her own, own room done in some other colour, but Fluffy says, No, she likes pinky-blue shades, only he must remember, when he's inclined to be hard on her, that the pinky-blues are to blame and not herself.

Then there's old Lady Humguffin, easily the most miserly old dear who ever wore a transformation (she even has a taxi-meter thing in her own motors and anyone driving with her is expected to pay what it registers!). Colour-experts say that if it weren't for the frightfully dull dusty purple in which all her rooms are furnished she might part quite freely!

So there it is, my dear! People say there's been no such important discovery since Gallienus—that fearful old man, you know, who said something moved when everyone else said it didn't. (I hardly know *how* I know these things. Please, please don't think I'm becoming a *femme savante*!) Ever thine, BLANCHE.

TOO MUCH CHAMPIONSHIP.

ONCE life was an easy thing.

Yorkshire or Surrey or Kent were cricket champions. RANJI or W. G. headed the batting averages; RHODES or RICHARDSON the bowling. The office boy who knew these details plus the Boat Race winner and the English Cup-holders could keep his end up in conversation. He even found time to do a little work.

But now! That poor brain must know that McGinty of Fulham fetched £1,000 when put up for auction, that the front line of Blackburn Rovers represents an expense of £11,321 13s. 4d., and that Chelsea have played before 71,935 spectators. He must know the champions of the First, Second, Southern, Midland, and Scottish Leagues, and the teams that gained promotion.

Then there is cricket—all worked out to "those damned dots," as Lord RANDOLPH said in an inspired moment. Think of the strain of remembering that Middlesex stands at 78·66 and Surrey at 72·94. And the sporting papers are publishing lists of catches made; and lists of catches missed are sure to follow. Think of it—you may have to name the Champion Butter-fingers in 1915!

Come to tennis. You must know the names of the Australian Terror, the New Zealand Cyclone, the American Whirlwind. You must at a glance be able to pronounce on the nationality of Mavrogordato or Froitzheim. You have the strain of proving that the victory of a New Zealander over a German proves the vitality of the dear old country.

Or boxing. How can an ordinary mind retain the names of all the White Hopes or Black Despairs. At any moment some Terrible Magyar may wrest the bantam championship from us. You must learn to distinguish between WELLS, the reconstructor of the universe, and Knock-out WELLS. You must be acquainted with the doings and prospects of Dreadnought Brown and Mulekick Jones. You must know the F. E. Smithian repartees of JACK JOHNSON.

Let us talk of golf. No, on second thoughts, let us notably refrain from talking about golf. Only if you don't know who defeated TRAVERS (*plus lumbago*) and who eclipsed America's Bright Boy, you must hide your head in shame.

We come to rowing. Once one could say, "Ah, Leander," and with an easy shrug of the shoulders pass from the subject. But when international issues are involved, and the win of a Canadian or American or German crew may cause *The Daily Mail* to declare (for the



Wife (with some sadness). "AH, WELL, HENRY, I SUPPOSE IT'S A BIT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO THINK OF THAT NOW."

hundredth time) that England is played out, a man simply has to keep abreast of the results.

There are a score of other things. Name for me, if you can, the Great American Four, the hydro-aeroplane champion, the M.P. champion pigeon-flyer, and the motor-bike hill-climbing champion.

And the Olympic games are coming! Who are England's hopes in the discus-throwing and the fancy diving? What Britisher must we rely on in the javelin hop-skip-and-jump?

Your brain reels at the prospect. We must decide to ignore all future championships. We must decline to

be aggravated if a Japanese Badminton champion appears. We must cease to be interested if Britain's Hope beats the Horrible Peruvian at Tiddly-winks.

There are three admirable reasons for this.

The first is that we must play some games ourselves.

The second, that, unless a check be put to championships, the Parliamentary news will be crowded out of the papers and we shall find ourselves in an unnatural state of peace and goodwill.

The third, which one puts forward with diffidence, is that somebody, somewhere, somehow, sometime must do a little work.

To the Memory
of
Joseph Chamberlain.

BORN 1836.

DIED JULY 2ND, 1914.

ERE warmth of Spring had stirred the wintry lands—
Spring that for him had no renewing breath—
He went apart to wait with folded hands
The lingering feet of Death.

Long had he laid his burnished armour by,
But still we flew his banner for a sign,
Still felt his spirit like a rallying-cry
Hearten the fighting line.

But he—ah, none could know the heavy strain,
Patiently to accept the watcher's part
While yet no weakness sapped the virile brain
Nor dulled the eager heart.

He should have died with all his harness on,
As those the Valkyr bore from out the fight,
In ringing mail that still unruined shone,
Up to Valhalla's height.

Yet solace flowed from that surcease of strife:
Love found occasion in his need of care,
And time was ours to prove how dear the life
An Empire ill could spare.

And generous foes confessed the magic spell
Of greatness gone, that left the common store
Poor by his loss who loved his party well,
But loved his country more.

And ancient rivalries seemed very small
Beside that courage constant to the end;
And even Death, last enemy of all,
Came to him like a friend. O. S.



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

JULY 2ND, 1914.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—All heads were bared when the PRIME MINISTER rose to move adjournment of House in sign of sorrow at the passing away of a great Parliament man. To vast majority of present House JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is a tradition. His personal presence, its commanding force, its varied and invariable attraction are unknown. Since his final re-election by faithful Birmingham, where, like the Shunamite woman, he dwelt among his own people loving and loved, he only once entered the House.

It was a tragic scene, perhaps happily witnessed by few. Appointed business of sitting concluded and Members departed, a figure that once commanded attention of a listening Senate slowly entered from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. It was the senior Member for Birmingham come to take the oath. The action was indicative of his thoroughness and loyalty. No longer were oaths, rolls of Parliament and seats on either Front Bench matters of concern to him. His manifold task was done. His brilliant course was run. But, until he took the oath and signed the roll, he was not *de jure* a Member of the House of Commons, and his vote might not be available by the Whips for a pair on a critical division.

Accordingly here he was, moving haltingly with the aid of a stick, supported by the strong arm of the son whose maiden speech his old chief GLADSTONE years ago welcomed as "dear and refreshing to a father's heart." He took the oath and signed the roll—an historic page in a unique volume. With dimmed eyes he glanced round the familiar scene of hard fights and great triumphs, and went forth never to return.

To-day he lived again in speeches delivered by the PRIME MINISTER, by the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, and by the Cabinet colleagues and leader to whom he was loyal to the last. The practice of delivering set eulogies to the memory of the departed great is the most difficult that falls to the lot of a Leader on either side of House of Commons. In some hands it has uncontrollable tendency to the artificiality and insipidity of funeral baked meats. DISRAELI was a failure on such occasions; GLADSTONE at his best. PRINCE ARTHUR, usually supreme, did not to-day reach his accustomed lofty level.

In fineness of tone and exquisite felicity of phrasing, ASQUITH excelled himself. The first time this

House of Commons caught a glimpse of profound depths of a nature habitually masked by impassive manner and curt speech was when he talked to it in broken voice about CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, just dead. Speaking this



TIM BUONAPARTE.

afternoon about one with whom, as he said, he "had exchanged many blows," he was even more impressive, not less by reason of the eloquence of his speech than by its simplicity and sincerity.

Business done.—In the House of Lords *le brave* WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE was, if the phrase be Parliamentary, broken in the Division Lobby. Insisting on fighting the Home Rule Amending Bill to the last, he found



"Prospective first Speaker of a modern Irish Parliament."

(MR. SWIFT MACNEILL.)

himself supported by ten peers, a Liberal Ministry having for an important measure the majority, unparalleled in modern times, of 263.

When figures were announced Lord CREWE, reminiscent of the farmer smacking his lips over a liqueur glass of old brandy, remarked to Viscount MORLEY, "I should like some more of that in a moog."

Tuesday.—Interesting episode preceded main business of sitting. Sort of rehearsal of meeting of Parliament on College Green. Opened by SHEEHAN rising from Bench partially filled by O'Brienites to move issue of new writ for North Galway. Had it been an English borough nothing particular would have happened. Writ would have been ordered as matter of course, and there an end on't.

Things different on College Green. When SHEEHAN sat down, up gat Captain DONELAN from Redmondite camp, which when moved to Dublin will, by reason of numerical majority, be analogous to Ministerialists at Westminster. DONELAN remarked that in his capacity as Nationalist Whip he intended to move issue of writ next Monday. This fully explained why O'BRIEN'S young man moved it to-day. Otherwise cause of quarrel obscure. What they fought each other for dense mind of Saxon could not make out.

Ambiguity partly due to DONELAN. Lacking the volubility common to his countrymen he had prepared heads of his speech jotted down on piece of notepaper. This so intricately folded that sequence of remarks occasionally suffered. Situation further complicated by accidental turning over of notes upside down. House grateful when presently TIM HEALY interposed. He being past-master of lucid statement, we should now know all about circumstances which apparently, to the temporary shouldering aside of Ulster, rocked Ireland to its centre.

Unfortunately TIM was embarrassed by attempt to assume a novel oratorical attitude. Usually he addresses House with studied carelessness of hands lightly clasped behind his back. Presumably in consideration of supreme national importance of the question whether SHEEHAN should move issue of writ to-day or DONELAN on Monday, he essayed a new attitude. It recalled NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau folding his arms majestically as he bade farewell to remnant of the Old Guard.

Attempt, several times repeated, proved a failure. Somehow or other TIM'S arms would not adjust them-

selves to novel circumstances, and fell back into the old *laissez-faire* position. Speech repeatedly interrupted on points of order by compatriots on back benches. What was clear was that some one had filed a petition in bankruptcy. Identity of delinquent not so clear.

However, as a foretaste of debate in Home Rule Parliament, proceedings interesting and instructive. Disposed of slanderous suggestions of disorder. Never, or hardly ever, was a more decorous debate. To it SWIFT MACNEILL, prospective first Speaker of a modern Irish Parliament, lent the dignity and authority of his patronage. Pretty to see him, as debate went forward, glancing aside at his wigged-and-gowned brother in the Chair, as who should say, "What do you think of this, Sir?"

Business done.—With assistance of Ministerial forces, O'Brienite motion for issue of writ for Galway defeated by Redmondite amendment to adjourn debate. WILLIAM O'BRIEN took swift revenge. House dividing on PREMIER's motion allotting time for remaining stages of Budget Bill, he led his little flock into Opposition Lobby, assisting to reduce Ministerial majority to figure of 23. In this labour of love he found himself assisted by abstention of two groups of Ministerialists, one objecting to procedure on Finance Bill, the other thirsting for blood of the Ulster gun-runners.

If PREMIER still hesitates about Autumn Session this incident should help him to make up his mind. The Government will be safer with its Members on the moors or the golf links than daily running the gauntlet at Westminster.

House of Lords, Thursday.—When noble lords take their legislative business seriously in hand they show the Commons a better way. Their dealing with the Amending Bill has been a model of businesslike procedure. Speeches uniformly brief because kept strictly to the point. Amendments carefully considered in council and moved from Front Opposition Bench were carried by large majorities.

Business done.—Home Rule Amending Bill turned inside out in two sittings. Own father wouldn't know it. SARK sums up situation by paraphrase of historic saying. "They have," he remarks, "made a new Bill and call it Peace."

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT AMERICAN INVASION.

THE prospects of the forthcoming campaign in the East Worcestershire Division have been greatly brightened by the decision of the well-known sportsman, Mr. Otis Q. Janaway, to stand as an Independent Candidate with the express purpose of speeding-up the British Legislature. Mr. Janaway, who graduated in sociology at the University of Pensacola, and has recently been naturalised as a British subject, has brought with him a team of baseball players, four white and four coloured

at Tralee, has made a very favourable impression by the filial affection shown in his election war-cry, which runs, "Tralee, Trala, Tara Tarara, Tzing Boum Oshkosh." His platform is that of a Pan-Celtic Vegetarian, and he has secured the influential support of Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR, who is acting as his election agent, and who publicly embraced him at a meeting at Dingle last week.

General Amos Cadwalader Stunt, the well-known Colorado mining magnate, who recently purchased the Isle of Rum, has announced his intention of contesting the Elgin Burghs in the Liquid Paraffin interest. At a political meeting at Lossiemouth last week he held the attention of a crowded audience for upwards of an hour, during which his bodyguard serenaded him with mouth-organs and banjos, the interruptions of hecklers having been effectually discounted by a liberal distribution of chewing gum. At the close of this great effort General Stunt was publicly embraced by his wife's mother, Mrs. Titania Flagler.

The by-election campaign at Hanley opened auspiciously on Thursday with a demonstration in favour of Mr. Cyrus P. Slocum, the eminent Pittsburg safety razor magnate, who has been selected by the Association of American Manufacturers in England to represent their interests at Westminster. Before Mr. Slocum rose the audience sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee" continuously for forty-five minutes and waved the Stars and Stripes for fully

twenty minutes longer. Finally, the popular candidate was carried shoulder-high from the platform to his motor and smothered with kisses from his compatriots, the vast assemblage dispersing to the jocund strains of "John Brown's Body."

Great satisfaction is felt in American golfing circles at the announcement that Mr. Olonzo Jaggars has decided to contest the Tantallon Division of Haddingtonshire. Mr. Jaggars, who has recently erected a tasteful chalet on the Bass Rock, has just issued his election address. The two main planks of his platform are the legalising of the Schenectady putter for all golf meetings, and of megaphones and mouth-organs in the House of Commons.



AN EX-VICEREAL BAG.

(Earl CURZON.)

prize-fighters, and a chorus of variety artistes who will appear and sing at all his meetings. He is a powerful speaker with a great fund of anecdote, and his programme includes Compulsory Phonetic Spelling, the establishment of Christian Science, Electrocutation, and the introduction of College Yells in Parliament. If her husband is elected, Mrs. Janaway has announced her intention of embracing the Speaker at the earliest opportunity.

Professor Thaddeus Mulhooly, who was until recently President of the University of Tuskahoma, has taken up his residence at Ballybunnion with a view to qualifying as Parliamentary Candidate for North Kerry. Professor Mulhooly, whose grandparents resided



AN UNTRUSTWORTHY WITNESS.

Mother. "GERALD, A LITTLE BIRD HAS JUST TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY THIS AFTERNOON."

Gerald. "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUMMY. I'LL BET HE'S THE ONE THAT STEALS OUR RASPBERRIES."

AMANDA.

WHEN the thunders are still and the tempests are furled
There are sights of all sorts in this wonderful world;
But the best of all sights in the season of hay
Is Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

She can toss it as other girls toss up a cap,
And her eyes have a glow that can dry the green sap;
She's as good as the sun's most beneficent ray,
Is Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

Oh, her smile is a treat and her frown is the deuce;
She can always say "hiss me" or "bo" to a goose;
When she gives you her hand she just melts you away,
Does Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

In a field of soft clover I marked her one night,
And her foot it was dainty, her step it was light,
And I laughed to myself to behold her so gay,
Miss Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

Then the sound of her voice from December to June
And from June to December is always a tune;
All the elves when they hear it stop short in their play
For Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

When she sits on her chair like a queen on her throne
She has beautiful manners entirely her own;
But you'd better take care what you venture to say
To Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

P.S.—Since I managed to write the above
I've been round to her house and I've offered my love;
And she laughed and made jokes, but she didn't say nay,
My Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea. R. C. L.

"At Easter this year the ladies gave their first public performance by ringing a peal at a local wedding. The ladies now ring regularly every week. Some idea of the work may be gathered from the fact that the tenor bell weighs 11 cwt., and yet, through all the training, not even a stay has been broken."—*Church Monthly*.

Our feminine readers would like to know the name of the bellringers' *corsetière*.

From a letter to *The Daily Mail*:—

"One of our greatest poets was an apothecary's assistant, but his 'Ode to a Skylark' is eternal."

Hail to thee, blithe SHELLEY!
KEATS thou never wert.

From a letter to *The Market Mail*:—

"I enclose my card and remains.—Yours truly, VICTIM."
We advise our contemporary to return the body.

THE INQUISITION.

LETTER I.

Julius Pitherby, Esq., to myself.

DEAR SIR,—Henry Anderson, who is an applicant for my temporarily vacant situation as working gardener, assistant hedger and ditcher and superintending odd man (single-handed), has referred me to you as to his character and qualifications, stating that he was in your employment—I gather some nine years ago—for a time. You will therefore, I trust, forgive me if I take the liberty of asking you to be good enough to answer the following questions concerning him and his wife. He calls himself twenty-five, married, with no family.

- (1) Was he in your employment?
- (2) When?
- (3) Is he twenty-five?
- (4) Is he married?
- (5) Has he no family?
- (6) Is he *strictly* sober? (These words are to be taken quite literally.)
- (7) His wife ditto?
- (8) Is he decent and morally respectable, careful in his habits and guarded in his language?
- (9) His wife ditto?
- (10) Is he honest and reliable?
- (11) His wife ditto, and *not one to answer back*?
- (12) Are they both used to the country, contented in their sphere, interested in rural surroundings, fond of children, fond of animals, fond of fruit?
- (13) Is he strong and healthy, neither shortsighted nor deaf? (I have suffered much from both.)
- (14) His wife ditto, and *always tidy*?
- (15) Does he stammer? (I have been greatly inconvenienced by this.)
- (16) His wife ditto?
- (17) Does he squint? (This has often been a trial to me.)
- (18) His wife ditto?
- (19) Is he active, industrious, enthusiastic and an early riser, good-natured, equable and obliging?
- (20) His wife ditto, and *no gossip*?
- (21) Is he a heavy smoker?
- (22) His wife ditto?
- (23) Is he well up to the culture of vegetables, the upraising of flowers and the education of fruit, both outside and under glass?
- (24) Is he capable of feeding hens, driving a motor, overhauling a pianola, carving or waiting at table if required?
- (25) To what Church do they belong? What are their favourite recreations? Do they sing in the choir? if so, is he tenor or baritone; his wife ditto?
- (26) Are they on good terms with each other, and *no domestic bickering*?
- (27) What wages did you pay him?

(28) Why (on earth) did you part with him?

An immediate answer will greatly oblige. I enclose an addressed envelope.

I am, Your obedient Servant,
JULIUS PITHERBY.

LETTER II.

*Myself to Julius Pitherby, Esq.,
Manor Grange, Pimhaven.*

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter. The answers to questions (1), (2), (25), (27) and (23) are in the affirmative. With regard to the others you have, no doubt unwittingly, put me in rather a dilemma. You see, Anderson left my service when he was sixteen and I have not heard of him since, though it is true that I did see his father (who belongs to this neighbourhood) on the roof of the church one day last month. I might make shots at them, of course, but I dare say it is better to leave it. I am interested to learn that Henry is married.

I am, Yours faithfully, &c.

LETTER III.

*Myself to Henry Anderson,
c/o Ezekiel Anderson, Slater,
Crashie, Howe.*

MY DEAR HENRY,—I do not think if I were you I should accept Mr. Julius Pitherby's offer of a job. Your marriage may, of course, have been—I hope it was—the occasion of your turning over a new leaf. Still, I doubt if you are quite the paragon he is looking for, and I am afraid that you may find him a little inquisitive.

I am, Yours faithfully, &c.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

ONCE upon a time there was a quiet respectable little spell-of-hot-weather, with no idea of being a nuisance or doing more than warm people up a bit, and make the summer really feel like summer, and add attraction to seaside resorts. Directly it reached our shores every one began to be happy; and they would have gone on being so but for the sub-editors, who cannot leave well alone but must be for ever finding adjectives for it and teasing it with attentions. Just then they were particularly free to turn their attentions to the kindly visitor, because there was no good murder at the moment, and no divorce case, and no spicy society scandal, and therefore their pages were in need of filling. And seeing the little spell-of-hot-weather they gave way to their passion for labelling everything with crisp terseness—or terse crispness (I forget which)—and called it a "heat wave," and straightway began to give

it half the paper, and with huge headings such as, "THE HEAT-WAVE," "HEAT-WAVE STILL GROWING," "80 IN THE SHADE," "HOW TO SUPPORT SUCH WEATHER," so that the nice little spell-of-hot-weather was gradually goaded into the desire really to justify this excitement.

"Very well," it said, "I never meant to be more than 80 in the shade and a pleasant interlude in the usual disappointing English June; but since they're determined I'm a nuisance I'll be one. I'll go up to 84."

And it did. It reached 84; and the wise people who like warmth said, "How splendid! If only it would go on like this, for ever! Not hotter—just like this."

But the sub-editors were not satisfied. They had got hold of a good thing and they meant to run it for all it was worth. So "HOTTER THAN EVER" they sprawled across their papers, there still being nothing of real public interest to distract them, "HOTTER TOMORROW," "HEAT-WAVE GROWING," "TERRIBLE HEAT."

And now the spell-of-hot-weather was stimulated to be really vicious. "I call Heaven to witness," it said, "that my sole desire was to be genial and beneficial. But what can one do when one is taunted and provoked, abused and nick-named like this? Very well then, I'll go up to 90!"

And it did. The sub-editors were delighted. "APPALLING HEAT," they wrote, "TROPICAL ENGLAND," "GASPING LONDON," "HEAT-WAVE BREAKS ALL RECORDS," "HOTTEST DAY FOR FIFTY YEARS," "NO SIGNS OF RELIEF."

And even the people who like warmth began to grumble a little—hypothesised by the Press. But the spell-of-hot-weather had had enough. "I'll go somewhere else, where I'm really welcome and they don't have contents bills," it said, and it crossed the Channel to Paris. It looked back to the English shores, deserted now by the happy paddlers and bathers and baskers of the days before. "I'm sorry to leave you," it said, "but don't blame me."

Yet the public did.

"The downpour of rain, which lasted for an hour, was preceded by a remarkable shower of hailstones, some of which were almost as large as marbles, and were as hard as ice."

Yorkshire Herald.

And then came the rain, some drops of which were as wet as water.

"The tussle between Mr. Matheson and Mr. Anderson was carried to the 18th green, where the latter stood one."—*Daily Record.*

"Mine's a gin and ginger," said Mr. MATHESON, as he holed the winning put.



Geo. Morro D.

THE CREATION OF A MASTERPIECE OF MILLINERY.

THE GUARDED GREEN.

[It has been suggested that spectators at popular golf competitions should be installed in grand stands and other enclosures, and be restrained from wandering about the links.]

IN playing his tee shot from in front of the Green Steward's marquee, Mr. Tullbrown-Smith, who took the honour in the final round of the 1916 Amateur Championship, unfortunately pulled his ball, with the result that, narrowly missing the Actors' Benevolent Fund stand, it entered the grand ducal box. The Grand Duke Raphael graciously decided that Mr. Tullbrown-Smith should be presented to His Imperial Highness before playing out. Pardonable nervousness proved fatal to the shot, which, being badly topped, fell into the Press pen, where it was photographed by *The Daily Mirror's* special artist before it could be recovered by its owner.

It is interesting to record that along the straight mile boarded by the shilling enclosure Mr. Tanquary McBrail, who had been playing with marvelously decorative effect, had his ball blown into the bunker at the tenth by the laughter of the less well-informed onlookers, while a regrettable incident was the contribution of several empty ginger-beer bottles to the natural difficulties of the hazard.

Some dissatisfaction was expressed among the occupants of the cinema operators' cage. From the position allotted to them by the publicity committee it was impossible to film the most interesting moments in the Championship round, such as Mr. Tullbrown-Smith's acceptance of a peeled banana from his caddie on emerging from the particularly scenic bunker known as "Hell." Also a fine "picture" was missed at the 13th tee, where Mr. Tanquary McBrail was surrounded by a militant suffragist, who had invaded the course in spite of the rabbit-wire and double *chevaux-de-frise*.

Owing to the fact that the fashionable audience assembled in the Guards', Cavalry and Bath Club stands insisted upon encoring both players' wonderful putts at the 16th green, and the consequent delay of nearly ten minutes, there were some rather ugly manifestations of impatience in the cheaper seats. In spite of the fact that the Pale Pink Pierrots had been specially engaged to fill the interval before the finalists passed, they were so loudly booed upon their arrival that Mr. Tanquary McBrail put his mashie

approach into the Parliamentary compound, amidst the jeers and hoots of the more unruly, who seemed to forget that the royal and ancient game is not a music-hall entertainment.

The fact that the links marshal had placed all the professional players present in one row of fauteuils, opposite the long carry to the 18th green, hardly seemed to further the interests of perfect golf. The warmest acknowledgments are therefore due to a number of ex-open champions, who kindly turned their backs on what proved one of the most distressing episodes in the day's play.

A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

WHEN I passed our butcher's on my way to the station yesterday morning, I noticed outside his shop a placard prominently displayed, which read:—"Williamson's Spring Lamb. So different from the ordinary butchers." There was no apostrophe before the "s" in "butchers," so the reference was clearly to Williamson and not Williamson's Spring Lamb.

"Is Williamson really different from his rivals?" I said to myself, crossing to the other side of the road to take a general survey of the shop front. No, the same sort of joints seemed to be hanging up as those in other butchers' windows; the same sort of legends attached to those which passers-by were invited to note particularly.

I crossed the road again. Yes, as I feared. There were several ordinary flies and at least one bluebottle exercising themselves on the meat. The choice cutlets were not isolated or decorated with garlands, or made a fuss of in any way. They just fraternised on terms of equality with the rest. The usual "young lady" in a smart blouse, with her bare pink neck served up in a ham-fill, sat behind the usual window, probably trying to work out the usual sums in butcher's arithmetic.

The top half of Mr. Williamson was visible behind his chopping-table. He saw me and touched his hat—a bowler; nothing very extraordinary about the bowler. The brim was certainly a great deal flatter than I like personally, but quite in keeping with the general tastes of those who purvey meat.

I thought it better to postpone further investigations, and reflected that Honor might be able to enlighten me when I returned home that evening.

"No," she said, when I asked her about it, "I haven't noticed anything exceptionally superior about him."

"Bills any different?"

"No," she said, "they take as long

to pay; about as exorbitant as most of the others."

"Have you observed anything peculiar about his manners, then?" I said; "does he ever throw chops at you, for instance, when you pass the shop?"

"No such luck," said Honor; "I'm a good catch."

"Perhaps they give you tea," I said, "when you make an afternoon call on the sirloins?"

"Indeed they don't," said Honor, "not even when I go to pay something off the book."

"Then perhaps you have cosy little auction bridge parties in the room behind the cashier's window? No? Butchers are behind the times."

"There ought," said Honor, "to be a good joke to be made out of that—a newspaper joke; but I can't quite see how to make it just yet."

"That's something to the good," I said. "However, to our muttons."

"Rotten," said Honor.

"What of his entourage?" I said, ignoring her comment; "his steak-bearer and the like?"

"Nothing unusual; just *épris* with Emily."

"Then where, oh where," I said, "is this difference that Williamson brags about?"

"I don't know," Honor said helplessly.

"I shall find out," I said, "even if I have to do the housekeeping myself for a bit."

"You can take it on," she said, "when you like."

"Aha!" I said triumphantly, as I burst into the room this evening. "I've solved the Williamson problem. He was standing at his door as I passed just now, in all the regalia of his dread office."

"And you went up to him and said, 'Well, what about it?' and pointed to the notice, I suppose."

"Not at all," I said; "I merely looked at him and the scales fell from my eyes. He butches in spats."

"In the open Golf Championship Treen won with 78,"—*Malay Daily Chronicle*. Next year it will be the saintly ANDREW's turn again.

"With lightning-like repetition of his strides (his quick action is the essence of his speed), Applearth came flying down the home straight,"—*Yorkshire Post*.

Seeing that we were looking to APPLE-GARTH to uphold British prestige at the next Olympic games, we regret extremely that the secret of his speed should have been given away to our rivals.



Counsel. "PRISONER IS THE MAN YOU SAW COMMIT THE THEFT?"

Witness (a bookmaker). "YES, SIR."

Counsel. "YOU SWEAR ON YOUR OATH THAT PRISONER IS THE MAN?"

Witness. "YES, SIR."

Sporting Judge. "ARE YOU PREPARED TO GIVE ME FIVE TO TWO ON THE PRISONER BEING THE MAN?"

Witness. "AH, I'M SORRY, ME LORD, BUT I'M TAKING A HOLIDAY TO-DAY. NOTHING DOING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ELLEN MELICENT CORDEN can certainly not be accused of writing too hurriedly. I don't know how many years it is since, as "MILES AMBER," she captured my admiration with that wonderful first novel, *Wistons*; and now here is her second, *Sylvia Saxon* (UNWIN), only just appearing. I may say at once that it entirely confirms my impression that she is a writer of very real and original gifts. *Sylvia Saxon* is not a pleasant book. It is hard, more than a little bitter, and deliberately unsympathetic in treatment. But it is grimly real. *Sylvia* herself is a character that lives, and her mother, *Rachel*, almost eclipses her in this same quality of tragic vitality. The whole tale is a tragedy of empty and meaningless lives passed in an atmosphere of too much money and too little significance. The "society" of a Northern manufacturing plutocracy, the display and rivalry, the marriages between the enriched families, the absence of any standard except wealth—all these things are set down with the minute realism that must come, I am sure, of intimate personal knowledge. *Sylvia* is the offspring of one such family, and mated to the decadent heir of another. Her tragedy is that too late she meets a man whom she supposes capable of giving her the fuller, more complete life for which she has always ignorantly yearned. Then there is *Anne*, the penniless girl, hired as a child to be a play-fellow for *Sylvia*, who herself loves the same man, and dies when his dawning affection is ruthlessly swept away from

her by the dominant personality of *Sylvia*. A tale, one might call it, of unhappy women; not made the less grim by the fact that the man for whom they fought is shown as wholly unworthy of such emotion. A powerful, disturbing and highly original story.

"SAKI" has been now for a number of years a great delight to me, and his last work, *Beasts and Super-Beasts* (LANE), is as good as any of its predecessors. Clothed in the elegant garments of *Clovis* or *Reginald*, Mr. MUNRO makes plain to us how lovely this world might be were we only a little bolder about our practical jokes. In the art of introducing bears into the boudoir of a countess or pigs into the study of a diplomat, and then clinching the matter with the wittiest of epigrams, *Clovis* is supreme. He knows, too, an immense amount about the vengeance that children may take upon their relations, and ladies upon their lady friends. I like him especially when he manœuvres some stupid but kind-hearted woman into a situation of whose peril she herself is only cloudily aware, while the reader knows all about it. That is the fun of the whole thing. The reader is for ever assisting *Clovis* and *Reginald*; in the course of their daring adventures he connives from behind curtains, through key-holes, from ambushes in trees, and always, whilst the poor creature is being harried by wild boars or terrified by menacing kittens, *Clovis* may be observed, with finger on lip, begging of the intelligent reader that he will not give things away. Of the present collection of stories I like best "A Touch of Realism,"

"The Byzantine Omelette," "The Boar-Pig," and "The Dreamer;" but all are good, and I can only hope that it will not be too long before *Clovis* once again invites us to further delightful conspiracies.

Ars est celare artem, and not to define and emphasise it in a foreword to the reader. The motive of *The Last Shot* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) appears in due course in the narrative; I would have preferred to discover it gradually for myself rather than have the essence of it extracted and poured into me in advance. The preface has not the excuse of a mere advertisement; to open this book at any point is to read the whole, and every page is the strongest possible incentive to the reading of the others. If (as is not admitted) any personal explanation was necessary, it should have been put at the end and in small type so that those who, like myself, detest explanations might have avoided this one. I am the more severe about this, because there can be no two opinions as to Mr. FREDERICK PALMER's success in achieving his purpose, which, obviously, was to conceive modern warfare as between two First-class Powers, fighting in the midst of civilisation, and to reduce it to terms of exact realism, showing the latest devices of destruction at work, but carefully excluding those improbable and impossible agencies which the more exuberant but less informed novelist loves to imagine and put in play. Mr. PALMER's conception, though based upon some experience, is for the most part speculative, of course, but I am confident that he gives us an excellent idea of how the military machine would work in practice, how its human constituent parts would feel inwardly, and what physical and moral effects a battle would have upon those civilians who inhabited and owned the battlefield. Whether or no the future will prove the truth of the author's somewhat Utopian conclusions, he certainly founds them upon a most exciting and convincing story, in which the "love interest" is as powerful as could be desired.

Would you like to pay a round of visits to some delightful Shropshire houses, as the friend and guest of a charming woman, who knows all about what is most interesting in all of them, and has a pleasantly chatty manner of telling it? Of course you would; so would anyone. That is why I predict another success for Lady CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL's latest house-book, *Friends Round the Wrekin* (SMITH, ELDER). Perhaps you have pleasant memories of her former volumes in the same kind; if so, I need say no more by way of introduction; but, if not, I must tell you that her new book is very fairly described, in the words of the publisher, as "a further collection of history and legend, garden lore and character study." What the publishers modestly refrain from mentioning is the real charm with which it has been written, a quality that makes all the difference. There are also photographs of a number of

wholly fascinating houses (the kind that make me wistful when I see them in the auctioneers' windows), and the author has some personal anecdote or quaint scrap of legend to tell you about each. I am quite willing to admit that the rambling book has increased lately to an extent imperfectly justified by its average quality. Too many of them confuse rambling with drivelling. But for the reflections of a cultivated woman, one who has steeped herself in the lore of a country she evidently loves, and can transcribe it with such tender and persuasive charm, there should always be room. I may add—and your own tastes must decide whether this is a flaw or a fresh merit—that Lady CATHERINE's sympathies, political and social, are undisguisedly with the past, and that the "Education of the People" comes in, upon almost every other page, for as shrewd raps as her gentle nature will allow her to administer.

I wish I were Mr. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. Because then, if I ever chanced to wake up suddenly and find that I

had been drugged in my sleep, and the six immense rubies, brought here from the East by a far-off ancestor and set in a black agate shield above my bed, to represent the "six gouttes (or drops) gules on a field sable" of my immemorial coat-of-arms, had been rudely reaved from me in the night by my cousin, who had sent one each to his six sons, I should have no fear. I should feel perfectly convinced that in a short time, by my own personal exertions, but without exercising the least particle of intelligence, I should recover those six rubies (representing six gouttes or drops gules) and

replace them in the black agate shield (representing a field sable); and naturally enough, like the autobiographical hero of *The Six Rubies* (representing—I beg your pardon, I mean, published by WARD, LOCK), I should not dream of calling in the aid of the police. Another jolly thing that would inspire me would be the fact that each of my adventures in search of the missing jewels would conform to a separate and well-known type of magazine story: there would be one fire, one notorious cracksmen, one haunted castle, one cabinet with a secret drawer, and so on. There would be plenty of excitement, plenty of hairbreadth escapes. But I think that, when collating my experiences and putting them into six-shilling form, I should delete some of the tautologous references to the past which are one of the stern necessities of serial publication. Otherwise my readers might begin to feel slightly fatigued by my six ancestral gouttes. They might even begin to feel that they did not much care if I had hereditary sciatica.

"In addition to excellent port, which furnished many prominent features, the attendance was perhaps the best ever seen on a like occasion."—*Sportsman*.

The most prominent feature would, of course, be the nose.



Lady (to Nut who has talked of joining the Nationalist Volunteers). "BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY, SURELY, YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT?"

Nut. "WELL, I RATHER THOUGHT OF PAIRING WITH ONE OF THE ULSTER FELLOWS."

CHARIVARIA.

THOSE who deny that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is ruining land-owners will perhaps be impressed by the following advertisement in *The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart* :—

"To be sold, small holding, well stocked with fruit trees, good double tenement house on good road and close to station, good outer buildings. Price, Four Marks, Alton, Hants."

The fact that the price should be translated into German looks unpleasantly like an attempt to entrap an ignorant foreigner.

Meanwhile it looks as if the Socialist ideal of driving our landed gentry into the workhouse is already being realised. The Abergavenny Board of Guardians, we read, has decided to accept an offer by Lord ABERGAVENNY to purchase the local workhouse for £3,000.

Three of the new peers have now chosen their titles. Sir EDGAR VINCENT becomes BARON D'ABERNON; Major-General BROCKLEHURST, BARON RANKSBOROUGH, and Sir EDWARD LYELL, BARON LYELL. Rather lazy of Sir EDWARD.

A lioness which escaped from a circus at Bourg-en-Brasse, France, the other day, was killed, and a gendarme in the hunting party was shot in the leg. As the lioness was not armed it is thought that the gendarme must have been shot by one of the party.

It is frequently said that, if the Suffragettes were to drop their militant tactics, the suffrage would be granted to-morrow. A Suffragette now writes to stigmatise this as a hypocritical mis-statement. She points out that recently the experiment was tried of allowing an entire day to pass without an outrage, but not a single vote was granted.

Dr. HANS FRIEDENTHAL, a well-known Professor of Berlin University, declares that, as a result of the higher education, women will in the near future be totally bald, and will wear patriarchal beards and long moustaches. They will then, no doubt, get the vote by threatening that, unless

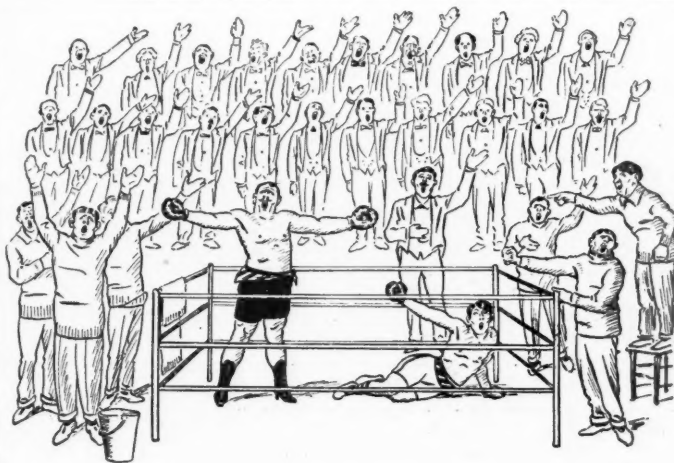
their wishes are granted, they will kiss every man they meet at sight.

Portsmouth Town Council has carried, by eleven votes to nine, a Labour amendment refusing to place official guide-books to Pretoria in the public library unless the nine deportees are allowed to return to South Africa. General BOTHA could hardly have foreseen this result of his action, and it will be interesting to see what happens now.

"POISON AFTER A DUCK'S EGG."

Evening News.

Our cricketers would seem to be getting absurdly sensitive. This is scarcely the way to brighten the game.



WE UNDERSTAND THAT, IN VIEW OF THE POPULAR REVIVAL OF BOXING, DR. STRAUSS HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED TO WRITE A GRAND OPERA ROUND THE NOBLE ART. THE ABOVE REPRESENTS THE FINALE.

The Guildhall Art Gallery is to be rebuilt. Some of the pictures there might be at the same time re-painted with advantage.

Apparently the Moody of the Moody-Manners Opera Company is gaining the upper hand. This Company opened its London season with *The Dance of Death*.

The appearance in Bond Street last week of a lady leading a little pig instead of a dog as a pet is being widely discussed in canine circles, though it has not yet been decided what action, if any, shall be taken. In view of the fact that so many dogs are pigs it is possible that no objection will be raised to one pig being a dog.

By the way, *The Daily Chronicle* was not quite correct when, in describing the recent "Dog Feast," in which the

Shepherds Bush Indians were alleged to have participated, it used the expression "pow-wow." Owing to the action of the Canine Defence League a sheep was roasted and not a pow-wow.

A motor-bus ran into a barber's shop in Gray's Inn Road last week, and three customers had a close shave.

Some burglars recently blew open with gelignite the safe of a Holborn jeweller containing £1,000 worth of gems, and, as the jewels are missing, the police incline to the view that the object of the men must have been robbery.

Asked by *The Express* for a suggestion

for a motto for the L.C.C., Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE sent the reply, "My word is sovereign." It is good to know that this delightful writer can command an even higher rate of pay than did Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING at the height of his popularity.

The Daily Herald informs us that the Russian monk, RASPUTIN, "started life as an illiterate peasant." But, we would ask, is there really anything remarkable in this? We believe that the number of persons who have been born literate is extremely small.

Says an advertisement in *T.P.'s Weekly* :—"Reader receives guests—Leigh-on-Sea, facing sea, minute cliffs." It is honourable of the advertiser to mention the minuteness of the cliffs. This is, we fear, a characteristic of the Essex coast.

Among "Businesses for Sale" in *The Daily Chronicle*, we come across what looks like an ugly example of military venality :—"GENERAL for Sale, taking £16 a week; going cheap."

Finally, we have the pleasure to award first honorary prize in our Pathetic Advertisement Competition to the following—also from *The Daily Chronicle* :—

"Fish (Fried) and Chips for Sale, owing to wife's illness: only one in neighbourhood."

We trust that the advertiser's addiction to monogamy is not confined to the neighbourhood.

OXFORD IN TRANSITION.

INTERVIEW WITH A FAMOUS PORTER.
(By HAROLD BEGTHWATT.)

HEARING from an undergraduate friend at Cardinal College of the impending retirement of Mr. Chumbleton ("Old Chum"), the famous porter of Salisbury Gate, I gladly seized the opportunity of running down to Oxford to gain some fresh sidelights on the inner life of the University. Cardinal College, unlike Balliol, Magdalen and New College, has never shown itself responsive to the new spirit. There are probably fewer Socialists in Peckover than in any other quad in Oxford. The old feudal traditions, though somewhat mitigated, still survive. You still hear the characteristic Mayfair accent and recognise a curious lack of that Moral Uplift without which, as Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL finely says, a man is no better than a mummy. And yet I own to having been strangely attracted by these well-groomed scions of a vanishing breed, with their finely chiselled features, their clipped colloquialisms and their cheerful arrogance. There is something engaging as well as pathetic in these unruffled countenances, blind to the realities of modern life and the need of that fraternal fellowship which alone can bring peace to the head that wears a crown or a coronet.

Mr. Chumbleton, who was just going off duty when I arrived, cordially invited me into his inner sanctum and offered me a glass of gin and green Chartreuse, the favourite beverage, he assured me, of the late Duke of Midhurst, whose scout he had been in the "seventies." Of that strange and meteoric figure, who was subsequently devoured by a crocodile on the Blue Nile, Mr. Chumbleton spoke with genuine affection. "He was something like a Dook," said the old man, "and not one of your barley-water-drinking faddists. Yes, in those days a Dook was a Dook and not a cock-shy for demigods [?demagogues]. I can remember," he went on, "when there were three Dooks in residence at the same time, the Dook of Midhurst, the Dook of St. Ives and the Dook of Clumber. But the Dook of Midhurst was the pick of the bunch. Why, once he went into a grocer's shop in the High and asked for two pounds of treacle. 'How will you have it?' asked the grocer, who was the baldest-headed man I ever seen. 'In my hat,' said the Dook, whipping off his bowler and holding it out. As soon as it was full, before you could say Jack Robinson, he popped it on the grocer's head and ran out of the shop."

The old man told this terrible story,

which reminded me of the worst cruelties of the despots of the Italian Renaissance, with a gusto that was inexpressibly painful. When he had finished I asked whether the Duke was sent down. "Oh, no, Sir," was the prompt response. "You see the grocer, being a bald-headed man, had no trouble with the treacle, and, besides, the Dook he gave him a wig next day. But if anyone was to do that to-day, Dook or no Dook, there'd be questions asked about it in the House of Commons, or a Royal Commission would be appointed. Times is changed," he went on sadly, "and there ain't any more of the old stock left. Why, the Bullingdon Club got three First Classes this year, and as for breaking up furniture and bonfires in the quad it don't happen once in three years. 'Nuts' they call 'em now, but when I was a young scout they called 'em 'dogs,' and gay dogs they were, I can tell you. 'Bloods' they call 'em, too, but there ain't much blue blood in these modern Blutocrats."

I asked Mr. Chumbleton if there were any signs of Cardinal College being affected by the new Moral Uplift, but he seemed unable to fathom the meaning of my query. His standpoint was clearly philistine and, I regret to say, distinctly pagan. He had never heard of the Land Campaign, or of Mr. HEMMERDE, BARON DE FOREST or even Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE. His attitude towards Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was unsympathetic. He deplored the popularity of motor-bicycles, but, with a strange and lamentable perversity, welcomed the advent of the motor-bus while condemning the introduction of trams.

I came away more than ever impressed by the tenacity of feudal traditions, and the need of redoubled efforts on the part of all Radical stalwarts to convert the older universities from hotbeds of expensive obscurantism into free nurseries of humanitarian democracy. It was sad to see such a figure as that of Mr. Chumbleton, genial and hospitable, I admit, but utterly heedless of the trend of the times, hopelessly ignorant of the Progressive program, and deriving a senile satisfaction from memories of a barbarous and brutal past.

Painting the Lily.

"White duck trousers in a snow-white grey material."—*Advt. in "Daily Province" (Vancouver).*

From *The Daily Mirror's* account of the SMITH-CARPENTIER fight:—

"One French girl was so excited that she bit a large hole in her fan."

Not a *white* hope, we trust.

THE SINECURE.

[In *The Daily Mail's* list of Situations Vacant, such as Housemaids (Hmds), Between-maids (Bmds), Working Housekeepers (Wghkprs) and Cook Generals (Ckgn), appears the following:—"Young Lady wanted for cinema acting. Full particulars to Box No. —."]

Said she, "*The Daily Mail* ensures Immediate supply.

Whose situation's vacant? Yours.
Who's going to fill it? I.

"If you shall ask me, can I act?
I readily retort,
I'm just the Star you want; in fact
The strong and silent sort.

"The sooner you reveal the plot
The sooner I begin.

In me, I beg to state, you've got
The perfect Heroine."

Said they—"De Vere's a villain who
For reasons not disclosed
Desires to make an end of you. . ."
("The cad!" she interposed).

" . . . He ties you to a railway line
That so the Leeds express
May execute his fell design
With speed and thoroughness.

"But Herbert's heroism's such,
He swears this shall not be.
You see, he loves you very much. . ."
("I guessed he would," said she).

" . . . He hires a rapid motor car,
He also buys a map;
He knows how fast expresses are,
And notes the handicap.

"But, as he is a man of parts
And born to play the game,
Without delay the hero starts. . ."
We'd better do the same."

They chose a quiet neighbourhood,
A lonely piece of track;
They trusted that the metals would
Not incommode her back.

"This is De Vere," they said, "whose
hand
Will tie you firmly down.
Meanwhile your Herb, we understand,
Is on his way from town.

"We do not, though one can't be sure,
Anticipate the worst.
Expresses may be premature;
Still, Herbert *should* be first.

"Such realism must excite
The audience (and you). . .
If you are ready we are quite;
Your train will soon be due."

* * * * *
She formed a resolution, viz.,
To put no trust in men,
But hire herself to mistresses,
A whole, if humble, ckgn.



AT DURAZZO-SUPER-MARE.

MR. ALB. "I DON'T FEEL AT ALL COMFORTABLE HERE. ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU TOOK ME OUT OF THIS?"

EUROPA (sleepily). "MPRAPS."





"LOOK, ETHEL, LOOK—THERE GOES SIR BEERBOHM ALEXANDER!"

"SO IT IS; BUT HOW UNLIKE!"

ONCE UPON A TIME.

TRANSMIGRATION.

ONCE upon a time there was an ostrich who, though very ostrichy, was even more of an egoist. He thought only of himself. That is not a foible peculiar to ostriches, but this particular fowl—and he was very particular—was notable for it. "Where do I come in?" was a question written all over him—from his ridiculous and inadequate head, down his long neck, on his plump fluffy body, and so to his exceedingly flat and over-sized feet.

It was in Afric's burning sand—to be precise, at the Cape—that, on the approach of danger, the ostrich secreted his self-centred head, and here from time to time his plumes were plucked from him for purposes of trade.

Now it happened that in London there was a theatre given up to a season of foreign opera, and, this theatre having been built by one of those gifted geniuses so common among theatre architects, it followed that the balcony (into which, of course, neither the architect nor the manager for whom it was built had ever strayed) contained a number of seats from which no view of the stage was visible at all—

unless one stood up, and then the people behind were deprived of their view. This, of course, means nothing to architects or managers. The thought that jolly anticipatory parties of simple folk bent upon a happy evening may be depressed and dashed by a position suffering from such disabilities could not concern architects and managers, for some imagination would be needed to understand it.

The new temporary management, however (whatever the ordinary management might do), recognising the rights of the spectator, refrained from selling any seats from which no view whatever could be obtained and behaved very well about it—as perhaps one has to do when half-a-guinea is charged for each seat; but with the border-line seats which they did sell—those on the confines of the possible area—a view of the stage was only partial and so much a matter of touch-and-go that any undue craning of the neck or moving of the head sideways at once interrupted the line of vision of many worthy folk at the back; while anyone leaning too far forward from a seat in the front row could instantly, for many others, obliterate the whole stage.

It happened that on a certain very

hot night in July a fat lady in one of the front seats not only leaned forward but fanned herself intermittently with a large fan.

Now and then one of the unfortunate half-guinea seat-holders behind her in the debatable territory remonstrated gently and politely, remarking on the privation her fan was causing to others, and each time the lady smiled and said she was very sorry and put the fan down; but in two minutes she was fluttering it again as hard as ever, and not a vestige of the Pentateuchal caperings or whatever was going forward could be discerned in her vicinity.

She meant well, poor lady; but it was very hot, and how could she help it when her fan was made of that particular ostrich's feathers?

"Methods of sowing, reaping, watering, and thrashing have been passed down from father to son through countless generations."

Chronicle of London Missionary Society.

Of thrashing, anyhow.

"The feature of the Keswick valley is its spacious width of skyscape."—*L. & N.W.R. Guide to the English Lakes.*

In this respect New York is its only serious rival.

MY TROUSSEAU.

HAVING been a bachelor from my earliest youth I suppose I ought to be accustomed to the condition; but the fact remains that I miss something—something which only a wedding supplies.

Curiously enough this want is not a wife. I have been without one so long that I should not know what to do with her if I had one. I should probably overlook her, and she would become atrophied or die of neglect or thirst. Neither do I crave a home of my own; nor golden-haired children to climb up my knee. I can do without these accessories.

But what I do hanker for and what I *will* have is a trousseau. Why the acquisition of a trousseau should be a purely feminine prerogative I have never been able to understand. A bride without a trousseau is generally regarded as an incomplete thing—a poached-egg without toast; a salad without dressing. But the bridegroom without a trousseau is a recognised institution. True, he has new clothes, both seen and unseen, but this is not a trousseau; it is merely a "replenishment of his wardrobe." His least disreputable old things are "made to do"; and nobody thinks slightly of him if he attends his wedding in a re-cuffed shirt or in boots that have been re-soled. A girl, however, would as soon think of

entering Paradise with a second-hand halo as she would contemplate being married in anything that was not aggressively new.

Thus it is that before my wish can be consummated I have two honoured conventions to defy: that only a girl may possess a trousseau, and that a marriage is a necessary condition to the acquiring of it. Fortunately I am strong-minded. A long course of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's homilies has given me no little facility in achieving this attribute, and I am determined that I will change neither my sex nor my status.

Now, I have prepared a list, just as—I suppose—every girl does. In the first place I am going to indulge in the hitherto undreamt-of luxury of a surfeit of dress-shirts. No one who has not experienced life on two dress-shirts—one in wear, the other in the wash—can quite understand what this will mean to me. Men like Sir JOSEPH

BEECHAM, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, Mr. SOLLY JOEL, Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, and others, who, I daresay, have four or even five, cannot know what it is to feel that their evening's refreshment and entertainment depend on their finding the French chalk or the india-rubber.

Therefore I am making no stint in this matter. I am having fifteen dress-shirts, so that there may be one for wear each day in the week, seven in the laundry, and one over for emergencies—like *Parsifal*, that begins in the middle of the afternoon. I mean to be similarly lavish in the matter of collars and handkerchiefs. The number of the former which I am buying amounts almost to an epidemic; while the extent of my commission in the latter is the result of lessons learnt in

Now, I am a great believer in dressing for the spirit of the moment; therefore I have resolved upon a pretty colour-scheme for my night-wear. My pyjamas are to be of tints conducive to refreshing rest, namely and severally white, lemon, light pink, and pale green—an idea which I candidly confess was inspired by the spectacle of a Neapolitan ice. If you think that this is merely an idle whim, just imagine endeavouring to sleep in pyjamas patterned like an Axminster carpet or a Scotch tartan. No wonder *Macbeth* "murdered sleep" if he was arrayed in garments of his club-colours!

I have brought the same æsthetic sense to bear upon my choice of ties and socks: greys and blacks for times of grave political crises; fawn, buff, pearl, moose—I am not sure that this

is a colour, but it sounds quite possible—for brighter hours; and colours familiar to every student of spectroscopy for halcyon days of rejoicing—the opening of the Royal Academy, the Handel Festival, the return of HARRY LAUDER, or the elevation of Mr. BERNARD SHAW to the peerage.

As for externals, suffice it to say that they will be *en suite*, and that I intend to introduce just a little touch of originality into my trousers. I am going to have them made with spats sewn to the leg-ends in order to save time and trouble in dressing.

In short, I have forgotten nothing, except spare studs, and I think it is quite likely that I shall remember them too in course of time. I have even gone so far as to fix a day for a dress rehearsal. But first I shall invite my friends, as is the way with brides-elect, to a private view of my trousseau, when they shall see all of it spread upon the coverlet of my bed, over the backs of my chairs, or hanging in serried ranks in my wardrobe.

And now nothing more remains to be done but to raise the necessary funds, and with this object in view I have instructed my broker to draw my money out of the Savings Bank. I am expecting a postal-order almost any moment.

"'Anna virumque cano' was the burden of the charge the Chief Secretary had to meet, and it sorely embarrassed the dear gentleman."—*Liverpool Courier*.

Who is "ANNA"? We hope Mr. BIRRELL is not mixed up in a scandal.



Yokel. "'OW FAST CAN EHE TRAVEL, MASTER?"

Owner. "FIFTY MILES AN HOUR, MY MAN—EVEN SIXTY IF I CARE TO PUSH HER."

Yokel. "AN' 'OW MANY IF YE BOTH SHOVE?"

the hard school of experience. I say unhesitatingly that the man who tries to get through life on a mere dozen handkerchiefs is simply begging for disaster, as, however methodical in their use he may be, a carelessly-caught cold may any day upset his reckoning and leave him at a loose end; sometimes scarcely that. Hence I am doing this part of my trousseau in princely fashion. I am having half a gross of them.

Then there is my slumber-wear. For years I have hungered for silk ones, but have had no conscientious excuse for appeasing my appetite. To buy silk pyjamas in cold blood has hitherto seemed to me to be sheer cynical extravagance; but now I feel that circumstances justify me in my action, for it would be a very sorry thing for me to encounter a burglar or cope with a fire clad in apparel that would not be up to the standard of the rest of my wardrobe.



AN IMPALPABLE FLAME.

Claude. "WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' HERE FOR, OLD THING?"

Cuthbert. "TO GIVE THESE FLOWERS AND CHOCOLATES TO THAT STUNNING LITTLE GIRL IN 'THE DEATH KISS OF DEADMAN'S GULCH.'"

THE AWAKENING

(A Little Romance of the Restaurant-Car).

Is there a sight so soothing to the brain
As England's outlines green and softly curved,
Visions of wooded slope and fertile plain
Seen by the traveller in a dining-train,
No doubts to vex him and no talk to strain,
His seat, his chance companion, both reserved?

I think not. Yet the rather stoutish man
Who never raised his head but chewed and chewed
Annoyed me as I feasted. I began
To deem him one who had no higher plan,
No larger outlook in life's journeyings, than
Resonant demolition of his food.

I longed to point to him the hedges twined
With starry blossoms, and the coats like silk
Of oxen as they wandered unconfined;
I longed to ask him if his heavier mind
Preferred the cattle of more stedfast kind
Stamped with advertisements of malted milk.

The little red-brick hamlets, poised apart,
And all the grandeur of the rolling leas—
I longed to ask him if they brought no smart

Of scarce-remembered boyhood to his heart.
But I refrained; and he took cherry tart
And after that two different kinds of cheese.

And then we neared a little market town
Half hidden in the dale, that seemed to cling
Fondly about a church of old renown;
And here the fat man started and looked down
And filled his tumbler to the foaming crown
And held it high as if to pledge the KING.

Some memory seemed to stir within his breast
As though the curtain of old days were torn,
And, as he drained the glass with eager zest,
"Behold," I thought, "I wronged him. In that nest,
So far from turmoil, full of old-world rest
(He is about to tell me), he was born.

"And now, before the antique spire hath fled,
Because remembrance of his home is dear,
He toasts it deeply." All my wrath was dead.
Then the man smiled at me and wagged his head;
"Junction for Little Barleythorpe," he said;
"A week ago these points upset my beer."

EVOL.

AN UNPLAYED MASTERPIECE.

[The growing popularity of the one-Act play has prompted the aphorism that what is required in this class of drama is a "maximum of action with a minimum of explanation." Nevertheless the following effort has been rejected by every Manager in London—a fact which decisively answers the oft-repeated question, "Do Managers read plays?"]

SCENE—A luxuriously furnished room in the flat of Violet Hazelwood. Violet is seated, writing. The telephone on the table rings noisily.

Violet (picking up the receiver). Hello! Yes. . . . It's me. . . . Oh, it's Reggie. . . . Yes, I'm at home to you. . . . In three minutes? . . . Right, I shall be here. (Hangs up receiver.)

Maid (entering suddenly). Sir Frank Bulkeley, m'm. (Goes out and Sir Frank enters.)

Sir Frank. My dear Violet— (A report is heard and a splintering of glass.) Confound it all, I'm shot! (Falls on floor.)

Violet. Yes, he certainly appears to be shot. I'd better go and see the police about it. (Goes out.)

Reggie Fortescue (entering precipitately). Violet. . . . (Looking round in perplexity.) Not here! She said she would be here. . . . She is false to me. False! I have nothing left to live for. (Takes out a revolver, shoots himself and falls on the floor.)

Gerald Maristowe (entering cautiously through the window and carrying a rifle). This is a devil of a risky business, this rifle practice, but Ulster must be saved somehow. I see I've broken the window. Wonder if I've done any other damage. (Sees Sir Frank.) Gee! I've killed a man! (Sees Reggie.) Oh, glory! I've killed two of 'em! Reggie, too, by all that's rum! I say, you know, that's pretty useful shooting. . . . Still, it probably means hanging, and I'm—er—hanged if I'll be hanged. Let me rather die by my own hand. (Discharges rifle at himself, and falls on floor.)

Violet (re-entering with an Inspector and a Constable). There he is, Inspector. (Sees Gerald.) My goodness, there seem to be two now! I feel sure. . . . (Sees Reggie.) Three! Really, Inspector, I feel almost certain that when I left. . . . Oh, it's Reggie! My heart is broken! (Faints.)

Inspector. Stand back, Clarkson; this job requires thought. (Takes up telephone receiver.) Circus 20634, Miss. . . . That you Doc.? Come round at once, please. . . . Two or three men shot. . . . Right. . . . (Hangs up receiver.) Clarkson, measure the exact distance between each corpse and the window. (Clarkson proceeds to do so. Enter Doctor.) Ah, Doc., that's the little job I mentioned.

Doctor (kneeling by Violet). This one isn't shot; she's only fainted. She'll be all right in a minute. (Examines Gerald.) Nor is this one. He'll be all right in a minute. (Examines Reggie.) Nor is this one. He'll be all right in a minute. (Examines Sir Frank.) This one is, though. Dead as a door-nail. (Violet, Reggie and Gerald rise simultaneously to their feet.) There you are! I told you so.

Gerald (aside). Missed!

Reggie (aside). Missed! (Aloud)

Violet, I love you!

Violet. I'm so glad, because I love you.

Reggie (confidentially). Do you know, I really thought I was dead. Hello, Gerald, old son, what are you doing here?

Gerald. Oh, I thought I'd sort of look in, you know.

Inspector. Violet Hazelwood, I arrest you for the murder of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart., and I warn you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you. Clarkson, stop playing with that tape and handcuff the prisoner. (Clarkson does so.)

Gerald (aside). Good business! That saves my neck.

Violet. But, my dear good soul. . . . However, I suppose it's no use to say anything. Reggie, I can never marry you now.

Reggie. You couldn't in any case, my dear, because I haven't got any money.

Violet. You forget that you are sole heir to Sir Frank there, who had fourteen thousand a year. I thought of that at once.

Reggie. Columbus! So I am. Well, that is a dashed nuisance.

Gerald (coming forward nobly). My dear, dear friends, I cannot allow your happiness to be wrecked in this way. I killed Sir Frank! You can be married now.

Reggie. Good egg! (Embraces Violet.)

Inspector. Gerald Maristowe, I arrest you for the murder of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart., and I warn you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you.

Violet. Oh, we must save him. What can we do?

Clarkson. Lady, do you remember years ago giving sixpence to a starving boy in Peckham Rye?

Violet. Yes.

Clarkson. I am—that is, was—that boy. I will save your friend. Inspector, you know that a reward of £10,000 is offered for the capture of the anarchist Mazzio?

Inspector. Yes. I wish to heaven I could lay my hands on him.

Clarkson. I can tell you how to do so.

Inspector. How?

Clarkson (dramatically tearing off his wig and false moustache). I am Mazzio! (Turning to Gerald and the others) I shall struggle violently. While he is engaged in arresting me, you can make good your escape.

Inspector. Ha! Do you think I can be so easily baffled? (Picking up telephone receiver.) There are other police in the neighbourhood.

Violet. Not so. (Slashes through the telephone cord with a knife.)

Gerald. Bravo!

Inspector. Oh, well, never mind. (Puts his head out of the window and blows a police whistle. The others look at one another in consternation.) Now I think I am master of the situation.

Clarkson. Foiled! All the same, you are less fortunate than you imagine. When I said I was Mazzio, I lied.

Inspector. Prove it.

Clarkson. Easily. Mazzio has a scar on his left forearm. (Rolling up sleeve.) I have none.

Inspector. Oh, well, never mind. I can now proceed with the arrest of the murderer of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart.

Gerald (aside). I'm done for!

Clarkson. There must be some way of escape. Doc., it's up to you to do something.

Doctor. With pleasure. I certify that Sir Frank died from heart disease.

Inspector (stammering). But—but—but he's obviously shot. I mean to say—

Doctor. I certify that Sir Frank Bulkeley died from heart disease ten seconds before the bullet struck him. You can do nothing in the face of my certificate.

Gerald, Reggie and Violet. Saved!

CURTAIN.

This Wonderful World.

"A Hamburg bookkeeper named Schute, who has just celebrated his 8th birthday, has been with his employers for sixty years, while his son, his grandson, and his great-grandson are also working for them."

The Evening News.

"During the last two years some marvellous 'finds' have been made at this wonderful fortress from time to time. It is intended to continue excavation work for a month."

Denbighshire Free Press.

They can be caught much better with beer and treacle.

"LIBERAL MEMBER RESIGNS.

WILL STAND AS INDEPENDENT.

London, Wednesday.—Mr. Joseph Martin, Liberal M.P. for East St. Pancras, is resigning his seat, and will recontest it as an independent South Pole under American auspices."—Sydney Daily Telegraph.

Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON must look out.



First Caddie. "DOES IT MAKE YER DIZZY LOOKIN' DOWN THESE 'OLES?"
First Caddie. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE PIN SOMETIMES?"

Second Caddie. "No."

THE FIRST TEE.

(Mullion, July 17th.)

It is the place, it is the place, my soul!
(Blow, bugle, blow; sing, triangle; toot, fife!)
Down to the sea the close-cropped pastures roll,
Couches behind yon sandy hill the goal
Whereat, it may be, after ceaseless strife
The "Colonel" shall find peace, and Henry say, "Your
hole" . . .

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,
The sun shines hot, but there's half a breeze,
Enough to rustle the tree-tops, laddie,
Only supposing there were some trees;
The year's at the full and the morn's at eleven,
It's a wonderful day just straight from Heaven,
And this is a hole I can do in seven—

Caddie, my driver, please.

Three times a day from now till Monday week
(Ten peerless days in all) I take my stand
Vestured in some *déagé* mode of breek
(The chess-board touch, with squares that almost speak),
And lightly sketch my Slice into the Sand,
As based on bigger men, but much of it unique . . .

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,
Note my style on the first few tees;
DUNCAN fashioned my wrist-work, laddie,
TAYLOR taught me to twist my knees;

I've a beautiful swing that I learnt from VARDON
(I practise it sometimes down the garden—
"My fault! Sorry! I beg your pardon!")—
Caddie, my driver, please.

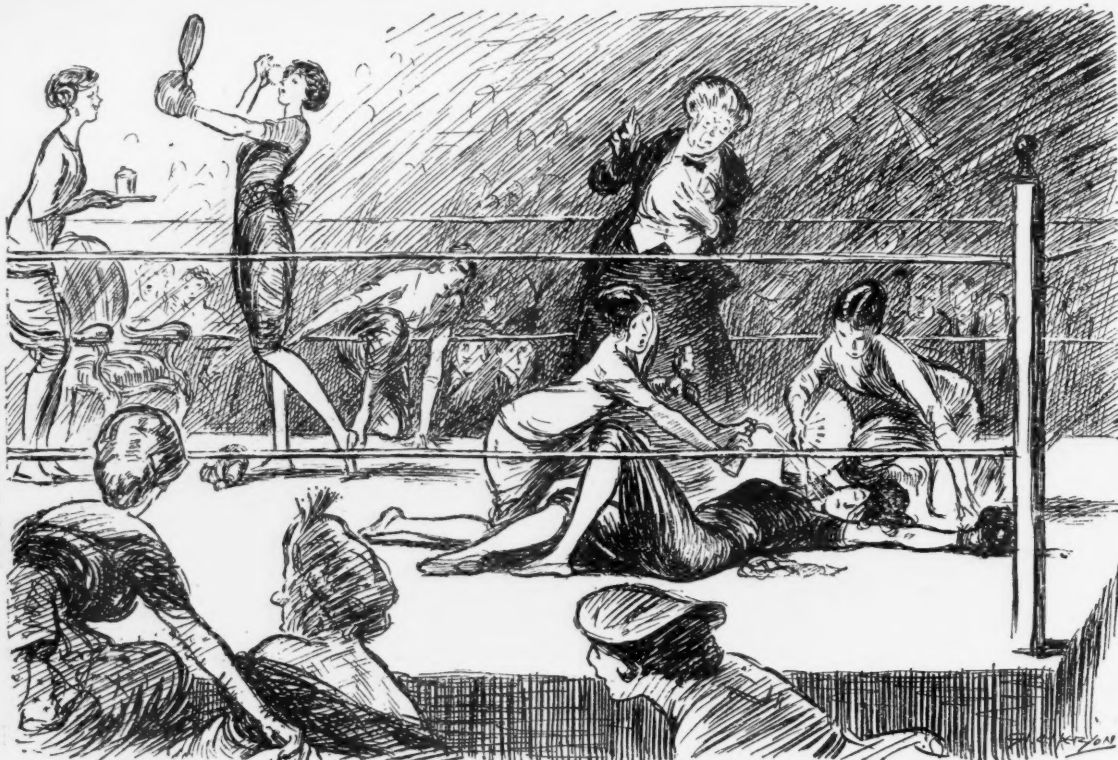
Only ten little days, in which to do
So much! *E.g.*, the twelfth: ah it was there
The Secretary met his Waterloo,
But perished gamely, playing twenty-two;
His clubs (*ten little days!*) lie bleaching where
Sea-poppies blow (*ten days!*) and wheeling sea-birds mew . . .

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,
Let us away with thoughts like these;
A week and a-half is a lifetime, laddie,
The day that's here is the day to seize;
Carpe diem—yes, that's the motto,
"Work be jiggered!" and likewise "What ho!"
I'M NOT GOING BACK TILL I'VE JOLLY WELL GOT TO!
Caddie, my driver, please.
A. A. M.

"The 'Gunboat' and his manager, Mr. Buckley, lounged out on the beautiful old English lawn among the rose bushes and drank in the sunshine."—*Daily Mirror*.

What offers from brewers, distillers, etc., to name the particular beverage which they drank in the sunshine?

"Sir James Key Caird, the millionaire duke manufacturer, of Dundee."—*Montreal Gazette*.
His yearly output is singularly small.



THE SEX'S PROGRESS.

FROM "WOMEN AT PRIZE-FIGHTS" TO "WOMEN IN THE RING" SHOULD BE AN EASY STEP IN THE UPWARD MOVEMENT.

THE PUNCHER'S GRIEVANCE.

"You journalist chaps just spoil us," said Puncher Pete, when I called upon him yesterday at his training camp. "You draw us into conversation, stick down our remarks in your note-books, and then make us out to be the biggest boasters on the face of the earth. It's not right.

"For instance, you've got it on the tip of your tongue to ask me if I think I'll lick Jimmy Battle next Thursday. Well, of course I'll lick him. Jimmy's a good boy, but he can't stay, and then he hasn't gone twenty rounds with three blacks, as I have. But what's my opinion matter to you? Why make me shout it out like a cock on a steeple?

"Yes, I shall beat Jimmy. Six rounds will cure him. All right. Very well then. Leave it at that.

"One of your fellows called upon me two days ago. 'Pote,' he said, 'they say you're ill.' 'You tell 'em to mind their own ills,' I gave him back. Ill, indeed! If I were ill could I walk my forty miles a day and think nothing of it? Could I lift Harry Blokes there with one hand and hold him above my

head? D'you suppose a sick man could do *this*?"

The Puncher seized a skipping-rope and did marvellous things with it. Then he smashed lustily at a punch-ball, left, right, left, right, duck, bing! "Here, Harry!" he cried. His sparring partner approached, bruised but beaming. The Puncher knocked him down.

"I seem ill, don't I?" said Pete, turning to me. "But what's it got to do with all you chaps, anyway? Wait till Thursday. Then you'll find out whether I'm ill or not. And even if I was ill Jimmy couldn't do it. Jimmy's got as good a punch as the next man, I'll say that for him. If he gets it in it would fell an ox. But can he get it in? Not next Thursday.

"Now, see here, you're not going to draw any words from me about the coming fight. You may draw others. I refuse. Let's get right off this fight and on to other things.

"After all, fighters are modest chaps. When I knocked Torpedo Troop out in three rounds last April for a purse of £5,000 and the Championship of Nova Scotia I didn't go bragging. I might have said that this was the first

time that the Torpedo had ever had his eyes closed. Well, I didn't. What's more, I never shall. Tell your readers that!

"Take my victory over Quartermain, again. Or over Dinghy Abbs, who was down and out in the second round in spite of all the fuss that was made about him beforehand. I was a sick man at both these fights. Not a soul knew it, mind you. My wife—for I'm as fond of home life as any ordinary man, and we have a little baby—my wife used to worry terribly. She'd expect me to come home on a stretcher. But I never happened to choose that conveyance, and she don't fret any more.

"Will it be a stretcher on Thursday? I can see you want to put that question, but I'll ask you to excuse me. Next Thursday, as I've already hinted, will tell its own story, and when I say that the tale will have a happy ending for one of us who isn't too far from your ear to boast about it if he was inclined that way, perhaps you'll guess without my telling you what I mean.

"Not at all, Sir. Don't mention it. I'm always glad to have a friendly chat with anyone, and I hope you'll forgive me for refusing to talk shop."



A RESORT TO THE OBVIOUS.

MR. PUNCH. "PERMIT ME, GENTLEMEN—I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW ONE ANOTHER:
SIR EDWARD CARSON—MR. REDMOND. IT'S MORE THAN TIME YOU MET."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, July 13.—CAMPERDOWN, like HABAKUK, is *capable de tout*. Can do (is at least ready to undertake) anything. Like Lord JOHN RUSSELL, he would at an hour's notice take charge of the British Fleet, whether in Home waters or on Foreign stations. Confesses with pathetic modesty that there are two things beyond his capacity. One is to find a needle in a pottle of hay; the other, to discover a teller in Division Lobby when no one proposes to tell.

To-night this last dilemma faced noble earl. Home Rule Amendment Bill before House on Report stage. MACDONELL moved amendment introducing principle of proportional representation. After long debate Question put from Woolsack. There being a few cries of "Not content!" House cleared for division.

Hereupon strange thing happened. Whilst majority of peers streamed into Content Lobby discovery was made that not only were there no tellers for the Not-Contents but no Not-Contents for the tellers. Fortunately CAMPERDOWN on the spot. Instantly took charge of the affair. According to his own narrative, which thrilled the listening Senate, he had gone into Division Lobby, "where," he added, "I stayed a long time."

Began to realise something of the feeling of the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. CAMPERDOWN essentially a man of action. No use mooning round deserted Lobby wondering where everybody was.

"I tried," he protested, "to find a teller for the Not-Contents, which I was not able to do. There were no Not-Contents in the Not-Contents' Lobby and there were no tellers. I do not know," he added, turning his head with enquiring pose, like Mr. Pecksniff asking his pupil Martin Chuzzlewit to take compass, pencil and paper, and "give me your idea of a wooden leg," "whether any of your lordships have seen an occurrence like this before. I have not."

Murmur of sympathy ran round perturbed benches. Dilemma awful, unprecedented,



The shade of MASTERMAN recalls happy memories to the inconsolable WORTHINGTON EVANS.

irretrievable. But everyone felt that CAMPERDOWN had done his duty, and that if he had failed to find Not-Contents in an empty Lobby no one else could have found them.

Business done.—In House of Commons PREMIER announced winding-up of business at earliest possible moment with intent to meet again in "early winter" for new Session. No



"He did not want these adaptations of a German system which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER seemed to have chosen."—Lord HUGH CECIL.

Autumn Session, you'll observe. Feeling against it so strong that insistence might have broken bonds that link faithful Ministerialists with their esteemed Leader. Accordingly prorogation about usual time in August, and new Session, instead of opening in February, will date from November. When we come to think of it, seems to amount to much the same thing as Autumn Session, which usually begins in mid-October. That an illusion. There will be no Autumn Session. Only we shall all be back at Westminster again in drear November.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Like RACHEL weeping for her children, the Opposition will not be comforted in respect of the continued absence of CHANCELLOR of the Duchy. 'Tis a touching trait, illustrating the high level of human nature the Commons reach. Had it been MASTERMAN's political friends

who mourned his absence, recognising in it cause of insecurity for the Empire, situation would be natural and comprehensible. It is from the so-labelled enemy's camp that lamentation is sounded. WORTHINGTON EVANS, MASTERMAN's severest censor whilst he still sat on Treasury Bench in charge of Insurance Act, is in especial degree inconsolable. Physically and intellectually reduced to a pulp—using the word of course in Parliamentary sense.

As he is too unnerved to dwell upon subject, BARNSTON and HAYES FISHER to-day take it up. Want to know how long a state of things most painful on their side of the House is to continue? PREMIER makes light reply. Points out that it's no new thing for a Minister to fail to find a seat, the globe meanwhile serenely revolving on its axis. In 1885 and in 1892 the Duchy was unrepresented on the Treasury Bench.

A more striking case, overlooked by PREMIER, of a Minister long struggling with adversity at the poll finding the door of House of Commons bolted and barred is familiar to Lord HALSBURY. Appointed Solicitor-General in 1875 HARDINGE GIFFARD did not take his seat till the Session of 1877. Crushed at Cardiff, left in the lurch at Launceston, hustled at Horsham, named as a probable starter at every election race

in the three kingdoms taking place within a period of eighteen months, he persuaded the blushing borough of Launceston, on a second wooing, to yield to his advances.

Oddly enough, when at last he came to the Table to take the oath, he found he had mislaid the return to the writ, production of which is indispensable preliminary. Was nearly turned back, a calamity averted by discovery of the document in his hat on a bench under the Gallery where he had awaited SPEAKER's summons to the Table.

But precedents are nothing when the bosom is deeply stirred.

"Can't the CHANCELLOR of the Duchy make an effort to secure a seat?" BARNSTON asked in tremulous voice.

"He has made two already," retorted the practical PREMIER.

Then came along WATT, with cryptic inquiry breaking silence that brooded over Ministerial benches.

"Has the time not arrived," he asked, "to jettison JONAH, in view of the fact that nobody seems willing to swallow him but the whale?"

House left thinking the matter over.

Business done.—House of Lords passed Third Reading of transformed Home Rule Amendment Bill. In the Commons Budget Bill again dealt with in Committee. Sharp strictures from both sides. But Ministerialists who had come to criticise remained to vote in its favour. Majority accordingly maintained at normal level.

Wednesday.—SON AUSTEN, who little more than a fortnight ago left the House Member for East Worcester, returned to-day representing the division of Birmingham where his father sat impregably throned for uninterrupted period of twenty-nine years. As he walked up to Table to take the oath and sign afresh the roll of Parliament, was hailed by hearty burst of general cheering.

This rare. Common enough for one or other political party to welcome recruit to its ranks. On such occasions, the other side sit silent, save when especial circumstances elicit responsive bout of ironical cheering. To-day's demonstration afforded striking recognition of genuine merit modestly displayed.

Ever a difficult thing for young Member to be son of distinguished father also seated in the House. Position to be sustained only by exercise of qualities of mind and manner

rarely combined. Whilst his father yet enthralled attention and admiration of House by supreme capacity SON AUSTEN successfully faced the ordeal. After DON JOSÉ's withdrawal from the scene his son's advance to a leading place in the councils of his party and the estimation of the House was rapid. Within limits of present Session he has shown increased power as a debater, promising attainment of

DIPLOMACY.

(Yawning, though rude, is, according to the doctors, an extremely healthy exercise.)

I HAVE a friend who wrote a book And begged me to peruse it, And bluntly state the view I took— Encourage or abuse it.

I want, he said, the truth alone, But said it in a hopeful tone.

Perceiving there was no escape, With Chapter I. I led off; Page 2 provoked my earliest gaps, At 3 I yawned my head off, At 4 I cast the thing away Unto some dim and distant day.

For weeks I racked my harassed brain

For something kind and ruthless, To spare his feelings and remain Comparatively truthful (I'm very often troubled by My inability to lie).

"Dear Charles," I wrote him in the end,

"I fear no contradiction When I declare that you have penned

A healthy work of fiction. I am, I candidly admit, A sounder man through reading it."

"Captain Turner only got a single when J. W. Hearne bowled him, and lunch was taken.

ESSEX.

F. L. Fane c. Hendren b. Kidd . 57
Russell run out . 51
Major Turner b. J. W. Hearne . 1 "

Probably the Major got his step during lunch; and it was no doubt richly deserved, though not on account of the score he had made in the morning as a Captain.

"John Charles Edmund Carson were the names which Lord Gillford, the infant heir of Lord and Lady Clanwilliam, received yesterday afternoon." *Daily Mail.*

If only this were a misprint for John Charles Redmond Carson.

"The anniversary of the Cattle of the Boyne was celebrated with unusual enthusiasm throughout Canada."

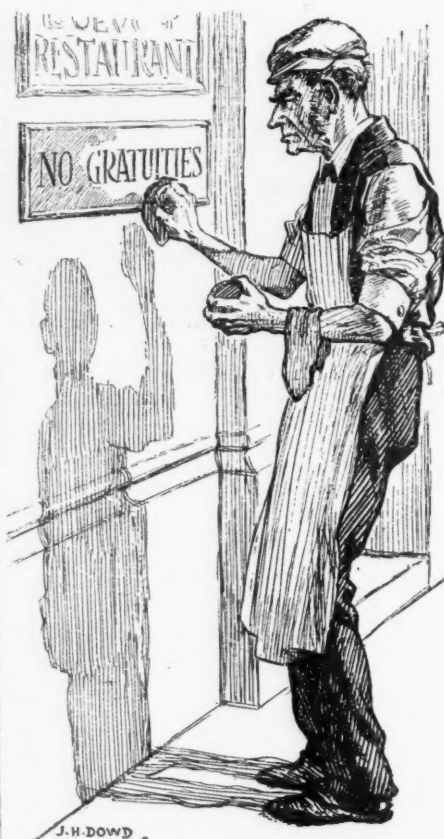
"Times" Toronto Correspondent.

These were the original Irish bulls, we suppose.

"Plant strawberry runners with grouse on Aug. 12th."—*R.H.S. Gardener's Diary.*

"Plant daffodils between grouse and partridges."—*R.H.S. Gardener's Diary.*

The daffodils should make good cover, but the runners will stand no chance against the Cockney sportsman.



A REVOLTING TASK.

THE WAITER'S EARLY-MORNING JOB.

still loftier heights. Ever courteous in manner, untainted by the "new style" deplored by PREMIER, he, though an uncompromising party man, has made no personal enemies among any section of his political opponents.

Business done.—House of Lords threw out Plural Voters Bill on second time of asking. Commons still in Committee on Budget.

"Hearne and Mead, the not-outs of Monday, were separated at 80, their partnership having yielded 441 in forty-five minutes."

Daily Mail.

The spectators, we suppose, could stand the strain no longer.



THE OLD, OLD PROBLEM.

IS THE BATSMAN OUT OR NOT?

EXERCISE 1.

I must confess that at one time I had little regard for collectors of cigarette cards; it seemed a feeble pursuit, though perhaps I should add I am of a somewhat intellectual nature.

Some little time ago, however, I happened to glance at one of these cards and was surprised to see a picture of a gentleman attired in white flannels and a vest of white, decorated with red embroidery. He was grasping a towel in both hands and appeared to have two or three sets of arms. The label said, "Scarf or Towel Exercises 4." A perusal of the instructions on the back of the card made everything clear.

Ten minutes later I entered the shop of an athletic outfitter. Unfortunately he had no white vests with red edges; I had to purchase one with blue. A scarf or towel I could find at home.

Then I entered a tobacconist's.

Four days later I had collected Scarf or Towel Exercises 2 and 3.

"We can," I said, "now make a start." As a matter of fact it was not altogether a foolish proceeding. Deep thinkers are apt to overlook the need for physical culture. This error I decided to remedy.

Every morning I (1) stood in position illustrated, (2) raised arms above

head in manner indicated by the instructions, (3) straightened right arm and lowered right hand so that towel (*still taut*) sloped to right, (4) returned to Position 1. I then changed towel for scarf (my own idea) and continued with Exercises 3 and 4.

I was very happy; my only worry was the absence of Scarf or Towel Exercises 1.

Every morning I called at the tobacconist's and purchased packets of cigarettes, eagerly searching them for the missing card. Every afternoon I called again.

For a week I bore my disappointment bravely; then I became cynical.

"Perhaps," I said, "there is no Exercise 1. It may be a joke on the part of the makers."

My consumption of cigarettes increased. Packet followed packet with extraordinary rapidity, and still no Exercise 1.

I began to get worried. "Is it safe," I asked myself, "to do 2, 3 and 4 without 1? The omission may have a serious effect on 2, 3 and 4."

Then I returned to the attack with renewed vigour. In a week I got through twenty tens—with no result.

Disappointed and weary I was walking to the office one morning when suddenly I had an attack of giddiness.

By the end of the day I was beginning to wonder if I was very ill. I felt it. Usually the clearest of thinkers, I was dizzy and dazed.

The evening saw the arrival of my doctor, and a thorough examination followed, at the end of which he shook his head gravely.

"M," he murmured. "Ah."

"Tell me," I said with extraordinary calmness—"tell me the worst. Brain fever, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear no," he replied. "What I'm worrying about is the heart. It's in a bad state—a really bad state. Heaven knows how many cigarettes you've been consuming lately. You'll have to stop it altogether."

I looked at him blankly; then, with a bitter laugh, I (1) stood in position illustrated, (2) raised arms above head in manner indicated by the instructions, (3) straightened right arm and lowered right hand so that handkerchief (*still taut*) sloped to right, and (4) returned to sofa.

The Latest Style in Strikes.

"Engineers and firemen on the western railways of the United States have threatened to strike unless their demands for increased wages and other reforms are not granted."

The Times.

They seem very hard to please.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SIN OF DAVID."

THIS is not, like the plays in which JOSEPH has recently figured, an adaptation from the Hebrew. MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given a seventeenth-century (A.D.) setting to the BATHSHEBA motive, transplanting it from the polygamous East into the England of one-man-one-wife. His object, no doubt, was to emphasize one aspect of his borrowed theme, which is further enforced by his choice of *milieu*—the camp of the Puritans.

Lest this fairly obvious note of irony should escape us, MR. PHILLIPS accentuates it at the start by making his DAVID (*Sir Hubert Lisle*, Commander of the Parliamentary Forces in the Fenland) condemn a young officer to be shot for a "carnal" offence. The delinquent's answer—

"Thou who so lightly dealest death to me
Be thou then very sure of thine own soul;"
and *Lisle's* prayer—

"And judge me, Thou that sittest in Thy
Heaven,
As I have shown no mercy, show me none! ..
If ever a woman's beauty shall ensnare
My soul into such sin as he hath sinned!"

these passages, even if the title of the play had not prepared us, afford fair warning of the way in which things have got to go. In fact it is all very simple and straightforward, and (on the constructive side) Hellenic. Perhaps indeed the treatment is a little too direct, and the tragedy moves too quickly to its consummation (thirty or forty minutes suffice for the reading of it). It might serve its publisher (of the Bodley Head) as one of a series to be entitled: "Half-hours with the Best Sinners."

As a poem *The Sin of David* cannot compare for beauty with *Paolo and Francesca*, though it contains isolated lines which recall MR. PHILLIPS's earliest drama, such as the plea of *Joyce*, the condemned officer—

"Her face was close to me, and dimmed the world."

or *Lisle's*—

"Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth."

But then, of course, the exotic manner would here have been an impropriety. This is not Rimini; it is the English Fenland; and all the characters, with the exception of *Miriam Mardyke* (the BATHSHEBA of the piece), who was bred in France and had its sun in her blood, were of the Puritan pattern that does not accommodate itself very easily to the language of passion.

But all this we knew ten years ago, when *The Sin of David* was first pub-

lished; and the only new interest was the question of its adaptability to the theatre. Poetic drama seldom gains much by presentation on the stage, unless it is full of action; and there is little action in this play except of the inward kind. In almost the only case where quick movement is here demanded one becomes conscious of the intrusion of words. When he knows that the relief of Pomfret depends upon his instant action, *Lisle* still finds time for conversations with his servant, with *Miriam* and with the doctor, and for a couple of well-sustained soliloquies.

Certain lines, again, whose literary flavour, when read, makes us overlook



MR. H. B. IRVING (*Sir Hubert Lisle*).
"Pomfret will fall in another two seconds if I don't ride over and raise the siege. Still, my first duty is to MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, and he wants me for a few dialogues and a brace of soliloquies before I start."

their inherent improbability in the mouth of the character that utters them, take on, when spoken, an air of artifice. Such are the lines in which *Miriam* describes her old sister-in-law, to her face, as

"living without sin
And reputably rusting to the grave."

And there is always the danger that actors will be content with a rather slurred and perfunctory recitation of lines that have no bearing on the action but are just inserted for joy as a rhetorical embroidery.

It may be a trivial criticism, but I think the play suffered a little from the appearance of the love-child whose death was to be the punishment for *Lisle's* sin in sending *Mardyke* to his death in a forlorn hope. The instructions in my book are contradictory. The time of Act. III. is described as

"five years later," and we are then told that "four years are supposed to have elapsed since Act II." Anyhow, the boy should be only three or four years old. Actually he is a girl (the stage must have it so) of some ten summers. You may say that all these years during which the lovers' passion has been purified by worship of the child's innocence, and "God has not said a word," add a dramatic force to the blow when at last it falls. But for myself—a mere matter of taste—I feel that the vengeance of Heaven has been nursed too long.

As for the interpretation, I must honestly compliment MR. IRVING and MISS MIRIAM LEWES on their performance. It is true that I should never have mistaken MR. IRVING for a fighting Roundhead, and he might well have sacrificed something of his personality for the sake of illusion. It is true, too, that he was more concerned about dramatic than poetic effects; yet, within the limitations of a very marked individuality, he did justice to the author by a performance that was most sincere and persuasive. MISS LEWES played her more difficult part with great charm and delicacy. Her manner, even under stress of passionate feeling, still kept the right restraint that *Miriam* had learnt from her environment; but always we were made to feel that under the prim Puritan gown was a body that had been "born in the sun's lap," and held the warmth of the vinelands in its veins. Perhaps it was from France, too, that *Miriam* had caught her strange habit of pronouncing "my" (a perfectly good word) as "me."

There is little so worth seeing on the stage to-day as *The Sin of David*, and I very sincerely hope that both the play and its interpreters may win the wide appreciation they have earned.

O. S.

It is unfortunate that MR. ARTHUR ECKERLEY's ingenious little farce, *A Collection will be made*, was only introduced into the bill at the Garrick two days before the withdrawal of the *Duke of Killicrankie*, and that, like the melancholy *Jakes*, it has had to share the dual exile. I look forward to its early reappearance under happier auspices, and with MR. GUY NEWALL again in the leading part.

"The father of a young lady, aged 15—a typical 'FLAPPER'—with all the self-assurance of a woman of 30, would be grateful for the recommendation of a seminary (not a convent) where she might be placed."—*Times*.

"Coaching required for Cambridge Little Girl."—*Times*.

Is it the same little girl?



A PROPOSAL FOR THE PURCHASE OF DONKEYS FOR PRACTISING AMMUNITION-SUPPLY IN THE FIELD HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE.

RETROSPECTIVE.

[The armbone of a prehistoric lion has been discovered in Fleet Street during the excavations for the new offices of "The Daily Chronicle." Remains of other prehistoric animals were found some years ago near the same spot.]

READER, when last you went down Fleet
(Wait half-a-second. Thank you.)
Street,
And gazed upon it from your seat,
Perched on a motor-bus,
Did you, I wonder, guess that there,
In ages long ago, the bear
Contended for the choicest lair
With the rhinoceros?

Where now the expectant taxis prowl,
And growlers, still surviving, growl,
And agonised pedestrians howl,
Seeing the traffic skid,
There lions roamed the swampy glade,
There the superb okapi brayed,
And many a mighty mammoth made
Whatever noise it did.

It pleases me to pause and think
That where to-day flows printing-ink
All sorts of beasts came down to drink
Clear waters from a spring.

I like to reconstruct the scene;
I feel existence must have been,
Before the rotary machine,
A more delightful thing.

I like to think how, westward bound,
Tigers pursued their prey and found
The Strand a happy hunting ground,
Seeking tit-bits by night.
Reader, will you come there with me
When London lies asleep? Maybe
Their phantoms still prowl stealthily
Down by the Aldwych site.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Lady Diana Dingo was in the Park yesterday, walking with Lancetot, her new ant-eater, and the latter, who has happily recovered from his severe attack of measles, is now quite tame, and was wearing bronzed toe-nails and a large blue ribbon under the left ear.

The Countess of Torquay and her sister, Mrs. Pygmalion Popinjay, were at the Earl's Court Exhibition on Wednesday. The Countess's crested toucan, Willy, was much admired.

The Ladies' Park Pet race at Ranelham next Friday is expected to prove

an exciting event, especially as Stella, Lady Killaloo, has entered her large crocodile, Horace—called after her late husband—who is known to prove rather fractious at times.

Mrs. Halliday Hare is in deep mourning for her bandicoot, Maud Eliza, who was unfortunately set upon and eaten last week by the Hon. Mrs. Joram's young jaguar during an afternoon call at the house of a mutual friend of their mistresses. Mrs. Hare is leaving town at once, and her house will be closed until late in the autumn.

The iguana worn by Miss Bay Buskin in the second Act of *The Belle of Bow Street* is a delightful little creature, and accompanies his mistress everywhere. While on the subject of the theatre, we are glad to learn that the cages now being erected behind the stage at Galy's Theatre will soon be ready, when there should be no further cause for complaint about the rapacity of some of the larger carnivora owned by certain ladies of the chorus.

The recent fashion of having one's pet emu coloured to match one's frock is dying out, and armadilloes with gilded trotters are becoming the vogue.

COMPULSION.

"VERY well," said the lady of the house, "don't let's do it. Nobody can force us to go to the seaside if we don't want to."

"It's too late," I said, "to begin to agree with me now."

"It's never too late to realise how reasonable you are."

"Yes, it is. The agreement is signed; half the rent has been paid; Sandstone House has got us by the legs, and, whether we like it or not, we've got to go there next week."

"We might try the effect of a death-bed repentance."

"No," I said, "we're dead already. We died when the blessed agreement was signed."

"Well, then, let's write and say our aunt from British Columbia is about to arrive here unexpectedly on a visit to us, and that sand and seaweed and prawns and star-fish are simply death to her. We can wind up with a strong appeal to the landlord's better nature. No true landlord can wish to be responsible for the death of anybody's British Columbian aunt."

"You're quite wrong," I said. Landlords just revel in that kind of thing. Besides, he will not believe in our aunt. He will say that she is too thin."

"But the aunt I'm thinking of is stout and wheezy. She is a widow; her name is Aunt Wilhelmina; except ourselves there's nobody in the world left for her to cling to. No marine landlord can dare to separate us from Aunt Wilhelmina."

"It's no good," I said. "I'll admit that your Aunt Wilhelmina—"

"She's only mine by marriage, you know; but I love her like a daughter."

"I admit," I continued, "that Aunt-by-marriage Wilhelmina may some day be useful to us. We will put her by for another occasion. But she can't help us now."

"Well, go ahead yourself and suggest something, then."

"I could suggest a thousand things. Suppose we just pay the rest of the rent and don't go."

"The man," she said with conviction, "is mad."

"I thought you'd say that, and I know you'd say the same about any other suggestion of mine, so I shan't make any more."

"You mustn't be sulky," she said.

"I never am. I'm reasonable, but, as usual, you'll realise it too late. Besides," I added, "it's you who've brought us into this fix."

"I?" she said with an air of wonder. "How can I have done that?"

"I'll tell you," I said firmly, for I saw that my chance had come. "For weeks and weeks past you have been engaged in shutting up avenues and closing loop-holes. Wherever there was the tiniest way of escape from the seaside, there you were with your walls and your fences, until at last you'd got me safely penned in."

"You didn't struggle much, did you?"

"No, I was like the man in *The Pit and the Pendulum*, and you were—whoever it was that made the walls close in on him."

"I refuse," she said, "to be called a Spanish Inquisition."

"You may refuse as much as you like, but that's the sort of thing you've been. How you worked on my domestic affections and my household pride! When Helen forgot to go to her music-lesson you said the poor child was evidently run down and wanted a breath of sea-air. When Rosie lost her German exercise-book, and when Peggy fell off her bicycle, you worked both these accidents round into an imperative demand for salt water. When John was bitten by a gnat you said the spot was bilious and things would never be right with him until he got into a more bracing climate; and when Bates tripped up in the

pantry and broke a week's income in plates and dishes you said he needed tone and would get it at the sea. Seaside, seaside, seaside! I couldn't get away from it."

"Oh, but you haven't been there yet, you know. You're shouting before you're hurt."

"No," I said, "I am not—I mean I am hurt, but I'm not shouting. I'm just whispering a few salutary truths."

"And there's another thing," she said; "it must be terrible for you to know what a designing person your wife is."

"Madam," I said, "my wife is as heaven made her. I will not permit her to be abused. She has good impulses. She means well. Her plain sewing is quite excellent."

"Spare me," she said, "oh spare me. I will never go to the sea again."

"But you *shall* go to the sea," I said. "Everything is settled. The agreement is signed; the tickets are all but taken. John and Peggy are panting for pails and spades. Do you think I want to stand in the way of their innocent pleasures? We will all try for shrimps while you sit on a heap of sand and tell us not to get too wet, or that it's time for tea, and have I forgotten the thermos-flask again?"

"Horatio," she said, "I can see you paddling in my mind's eye."

"But tell me," I said, "when do we start?"

"We start on Tuesday. The whole lot of us together, you know, servants and all. Won't that be fun?"

"Ye—es," I said, "it will—I mean it would if I could go with you, but unfortunately—"

"What!" she said, "you mean to desert us?"

"No, no, I can never desert you, but I've got two solemn engagements on Tuesday—meetings in the City."

"Then I'm to take the whole party, am I?"

"Yes, dear," I said. "And I'll join you next day."

"You've won," she said.

KITTY ADARE.

SWEET as a wild-rose was Kitty Adare,

Blithe as a laverock and shy as a hare;

Mid all the grand ladies of all the grand cities

You'd not find the face half so pretty as Kitty's;

"'Tis the fine morning this, Kit," says I; she says, "It is,"

The day she went walking to get to the Fair.

She was bred to give trouble, was Kitty Adare,

For she had my heart caught like a bird in a snare;

O, her laugh was the ripple of quick-running water,

And—the seventh-born child of a seventh-born daughter—

She wore the green shoes that the fairies had brought her
To help her go dancing that day at the Fair!

She'd the foot of a princess, had Kitty Adare,

And the road fell behind her like peel off a pear;

She was into the town with the lads and the lassies,

And the shouting of showmen and braying of asses,

And on to the green where the best of the grass is,

With the sun shining bright on the fun of the Fair!

She was light as a feather, was Kitty Adare,

And she danced like a flame in a current of air;

O, look at her now—she retreating, advancing,

And stepping and stopping, and gliding and glancing!

There wasn't a one was her marrow at dancing

Of all the young maidens who danced at the Fair.

O Kitty, O Kitty, O Kitty Adare,

Till the music was beaten you danced to it there;

And the fiddler, poor fellow, the way that he was in,

Him sweating for six and his bow wanting rosin,

He was put past the fiddling a month—all because in

A pair of green shoes Kitty danced at the Fair!



Cheerful Householder (to burglar). "BY THE WAY, WHEN YOU GO DOWNSTAIRS YOU MIGHT LET THE CAT IN; SHE'S BEEN SPOILING MY SLEEP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF memory serves me, the publishers of *World's End* (HURST AND BLACKETT) described its theme as one of unusual delicacy, or words to that effect. I should like to reassure them. The particular kind of marriage of convenience which it concerns (marriage for the convenience of the wronged heroine, by which the virtuous hero gives his name to the child of the villain) may be, indeed is, a delicate matter, but—in fiction at least—by no manner of means unusual. Nor can I see that its present treatment by AMÉLIE RIVES (Princess TROUBETSKOY) lends it any degree of novelty. No, let me be just; perhaps *Richard Bryce*, the wicked betrayer, does strike a somewhat new note, at least in his beginnings. *Richard* was the product of art superimposed upon dollars. He was so cultured that the humanity in him had dwindled to a negligible quantity; and thus, when poor *Phæbe* wanted him to "do the right thing by her," he sent her instead some charmingly modern French vers3—which she could not understand—and finally took ship for Europe in mingled alarm and boredom. You will have gathered that the scene is laid in America. Perhaps this explains the hero. *Owen Randolph* was one of the strong and silent. He was so silent that, though he knew perfectly well all that had happened, he married *Phæbe*, and allowed that unhappy lady to suffer chapters of agonized apprehension as to his attitude, when half-a-dozen words would have set her at ease on the subject. He was, moreover, so strong that, when eventually the theme of their relations with *Phæbe* did crop up between

himself and *Richard*, the latter spent some months in hospital as a consequence. However, he recovered, and things were thus able to reach the kind of ending which was expected of them. There are parts of *World's End* that are worthy of a better whole, but that is the best I can say for it.

I believe that *Paul Moorhouse* (LONG) was never really predestined to end unhappily and that his suicide was a conclusion as little premeditated by the author as it was apparently by the hero. If such ends must be, they should be a climax demanded by relentless logic: some sort of culminating event should cœur which, added to what has gone before, leaves no alternative. *Paul*, however, had survived for years under the stress of all the circumstances which finally constrained him to make an end of himself; and, had he stayed the course—only another hour or so—he would have found that all had turned out for the best and that adequate arrangements had been made for his permanent happiness. No doubt these things happen in real life and I cannot accuse Mr. GEORGE WOUIL (a most discerning author) of any inhuman treatment of his puppet; yet I wish that he had been more kindly disposed and had spared me a bitter disappointment. Having known *Paul*, man and boy, for upwards of ten years, I had become sincerely attached to him; as assistant time-keeper, foreman and works-manager he showed a spirit true to the real Black Country type. He had his moments of weakness when he went astray after the manner of his kind; but he always became master of himself again and, when he had to, paid like a man the price of his misdeeds, never pausing to dis-

cover the overcharge. As for *Joan Ware*, his intended and his due, she was a dear; poor dear!

I do not think that you will believe *The Story of Fifi* (CONSTABLE), although Mr. BERNARD CAPES takes some pains to give it an air of actuality; but if you are like me you will not be greatly concerned about that. Purporting to be the ill-used daughter of a mad French marquis, *Fifi*, in that naïve and charming way which has always been so dear to the hearts of novelists, came to live at the bachelor abode in Paris of the sculptor *Felix Dane* (his half-sister, who was keeping house for the marquis, provided the introduction), and, calling each other "cousin" and "gossip," these two shared rooms together in perfect simplicity of soul and held several conversations which reflect, I suppose, Mr. BERNARD CAPES' views on the plastic arts and life in general. And why, in passing, he should continue to heap ridicule on staid Victorian respectability I cannot for the life of me imagine. The plucky and unorthodox thing nowadays surely is to make game of Bohemianism. But, anyhow, the happy moment for me arrived when *Felix Dane* suggested (on the grounds that the marquis would soon discover his daughter's hiding-place) a holiday tour through Provence. Mr. BERNARD CAPES in Provence is Mr. BERNARD CAPES at his best. How the lovers (for that—perhaps you roguishly guessed it?)—they gradually became) paid visits to Nîmes, to Aigues-Mortes, to Arles and to Paradou les Baux, and met *M. Carabas Cabarus*, the native minstrel, you must read for yourself, for I cannot give a faint idea of the eloquence with which their fairyland is portrayed. And if the plot ends as artificially as it began, and with an unnecessary tragedy thrown in, I suppose for the sake of that idyll in the very nesting-place of idylls I must shrug my shoulders and forgive. After all, it does not matter much who *Fifi* really was, nor what happened to her. Suffice it that Mr. BERNARD CAPES has conducted her to Arles.

The Caddis-Worm (HURST AND BLACKETT) is an appropriate enough title for Mrs. DAWSON SCOTT's novel, but I confess to having grown a little restive at its appearance on the top of each of 352 pages. "Episodes in the Life of Richard and Catharine Blake" is the alternative title, and to the average human reader possibly a more significant one. *The Caddis-Worm* is quite in the modern manner, having no plot—or what has been contemptuously called "anecdote." I have, however, a more genuine grievance against Mrs. DAWSON SCOTT, and it is that she seems inclined to be a propagandist without the requisite robustness. A little more vigour in her protests against the iniquity of British laws, and her theme might have allured me. As it is, the troubles of *Catharine* with her peremptory *Richard* only made me want, but not very keenly, to take and give her a good shaking. Whereas, with a little

more encouragement, I believe I should have been quite anxious to kick her husband from the top to the bottom of several flights of stairs. Drastic methods were taken by the author to bring *Richard* to his senses; in fact, at one time he made a sort of corner in disasters. But unless a sanatorium exists where patients are treated kindly and firmly for swollen-head I do not think that *Richard's* cure is likely to be permanent. That, however, does not affect my view that Mrs. DAWSON SCOTT has given us a book which is full of clever writing and fairly shrewd observation.

"It was a wild wet night, though the month of May was well begun." Without caring very much about the month of May, I felt on reading these introductory words that the story called *My Lady Rosia* had excellently well begun. I am sorry to add, though, that it does not carry on quite so bravely as you might expect from such a start. My own suspicion is that *Lady Rosia* is one of many novels that owe their existence to a summer holiday. I haven't the

slightest knowledge of the facts, and still less wish to incur a libel action, but, by my way of imagining it, Miss FREDA MARY GROVES found herself one day in the Winchelsea country, fell very naturally in love with its jolly old houses, and determined there and then to write a story about them. So here it is, with a mildly romantic hero, *Bernard*, a heroine in the title rôle who is as pretty and persecuted as heroines should be, a villain (*Lord Segrave* by name—even, you see, in those Black-Princely days peers were a bad lot), some conflicts not quite so exciting as they might have been, and the rest of the mixture



The Optimist (who has just been struck by a passing motor-car). "GLORY BE! IF THIS ISN'T A PIECE O' LUCK! SURE, 'TIS THE DOCTOR HIMSELF THAT'S IN IT."

as before. You perhaps catch already my chief ground of complaint. Frankly I do not think that Miss GROVES' pen is quite sufficiently dashing for this sort of thing. Historical and adventurous romance, if it is to earn my vote, must keep me out of breath the whole time. It should never be allowed to slacken pace; and (to be entirely candid) *My Lady Rosia* sometimes ambles rather heavily. I forgot to add that it is published by WASHBOURNE, printed on detestable paper, and contains some pleasant illustrations of the places mentioned in the story. In few, the best I can say of it is that it would make a charming gift for the young Person (if she still survives) on the occasion, say, of a family holiday to Hastings.

The John Bull Breed.

The South African Farmers' Guide pays a pretty compliment to a well-known family in describing a typical South Devon bull as the "property of Major ARTHUR, a magnificent example of this breed."

WANTED.—A Tame Tory who will undertake to write scathing criticisms on the policy of his own party. Meals supplied on premises. Sleep in. Address, Offices of *Westminster Gazette*.



Bather. "I SAY! I SAY! THE CURRENT IS FRIGHTFULLY STRONG; I'M BEING CARRIED OUT."
 Bathing Attendant. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT ME EYE ON YER!"

CHARIVARIA.

A WARRANT has been issued for the arrest of Signor ULVI, the inventor of "F" rays. He is said to have eloped from Florence with an Admiral's daughter. This was not discovered until Signor ULVI had got well away, and his claim to be able to cause explosions at a distance would now seem to be established. *

General HUERTA is said to have taken with him on his flight securities to the amount of £1,200,000. Even so it is typical of the grasping nature of the man that he complained of having to leave Mexico City behind. *

A storm of indignation has been raised in Berlin by an order (instigated, it is said, in a very high quarter) that all *cafés* must close at 2 A.M. A petition is being circulated which points out that this order will kill Berlin's tourist traffic, "as the night life of the city is the only attraction for visitors." This implication that a certain exalted personage is not among the local attractions seems to us to amount almost to *lèse-majesté*. *

When Lieutenant PORTE's water-plane, "The America," refused to rise, he should have tried changing its name to "The South America."

The Buckinghamshire Territorials, under their new commandant, Colonel WETHERED, are going in for chorus-singing practice. This is a good idea. Sung badly enough, these choruses should prove a valuable weapon against a musical foe, such as the Germans. *

Owing to an outbreak of mumps at Harrow School the summer term has had to close some days earlier than usual. It is characteristic of the generous nature of the Harrow boys that, in spite of this annoying interruption of their studies, there has been very little open expression of resentment against those who introduced the ailment. *

Coventry's annual Lady Godiva procession took place last week, and was a success. It is feared, however, that with the advance of fashion the principal character—who on this occasion was attired in pink fleshings draped with white chiffon—will be voted overdressed and so fail to attract. *

"To be well booted," says *The Times*, "is to feel well dressed, at the top of one's power and joy." A small boy, however, who was well booted by a larger boy the other day admits that he received a good dressing, but holds that, apart from this, *The Times* was misinformed.

The announcement that in the course of excavations on the site of the old General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, some old Roman tile stamps have been discovered, has caused, we hear, a profound sensation in philatelic circles. *

Exceptionally rough weather is reported from the Bay of Biscay, and it is said that on a certain passenger vessel even the valet of a well-known nobleman was ill, *although he was an old retainer*. *

"Fishing with rod and line from a boat in the Downs at Deal," says *The Daily Mail*, "Lord HERSCHELL and a friend caught 600 fish on Sunday. The fish, mostly pouting, were hauled in three and four at a time." We suspect they were pouting to show their annoyance at having their Sabbath rest disturbed. *

It is proposed in an L.C.C. report that barges should be used as open-air schools on the river. Schools of language, presumably. *

We are asked to deny that the fire which broke out at the bookstall at the Hampstead station of the North London Railway last week was produced spontaneously by a copy of one of Miss VICTORIA CROSS's novels.

THE USES OF OCEAN.

(Lines written in an irresponsible holiday mood.)

To people who allege that we
Incline to overrate the Sea,
I answer, "We do not;
Apart from being coloured blue,
It has its uses not a few—
I cannot think what we should do
If ever 'the deep did rot.'"

Take ships, for instance. You will note
That, lacking stuff on which to float,
They could not get about;
Dreadnought and liner, smack and yawl,
And other types that you'll recall—
They simply could not sail at all
If Ocean once gave out.

And see the trouble which it saves
To islands; but for all those waves
That made us what we are—
But for their help so kindly lent,
Teutons could march right through to Kent
And never need to circumvent
A single British tar.

Take fish, again. I have in mind
No better field that they could find
For exercise and sport;
How would the whale, I want to know,
The blubbery whale, contrive to blow;
Where would your playful kipper go
If the supply ran short?

And hence we rank the Ocean high;
But there are privy reasons why
Its praise is on my lip:
I deem it, when my heart is set
On walking into something wet,
The nicest medium I have met
In which to take a dip.

Ah, speed the hour already fixed
When, mid the bathers (freely mixed),
In a polite costume
I mean to plunge beneath the spray
And, washing from a soul at play
The City's stain—three times a day—
Restore its vernal bloom.

Rocked like a babe upon the brine
It is my dream to float supine
And to the vast inane
Banish awhile from off my chest
The cares that hold it now obsessed,
And even take a clean-cut rest
From Ulster-on-the-brain.

O. S.

The Best Holiday Insurance.

Mr. Punch ventures to hint to the gentlest among his readers that, while there are excellent methods of insuring against the disturbance of their holidays by accident or bad weather, the best way for them to insure happiness is to offer a share of it to those who cannot afford a holiday of their own. The very easy sum of TEN SHILLINGS means a Fortnight among green fields or by the sea for one poor child, if the gift is sent—and now is the moment—to the Earl of ARRAN, Hon. Treasurer of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

THE CRISIS.

["Lord Macaulay's prose seems to be finding favour again."
Oshkosh Sentinel.]

THE place, too, was well fitted for such a gathering. Memories of departed monarchs spoke from the rich hangings of the room in tones that were not less eloquent for being silent. Here the FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE had displayed the rounded symmetry of those calves which had defied the serried legions of the French and, in their lighter moments, had captured the wayward fancies of the fair or mitigated the harshness of a statesman. This was the chamber where the SAILOR KING, bluff but not undignified, had jested with his intimates, had smoothed a frown from the rugged brow of WELLINGTON or held his own against the eagle glance of GREY; the chamber where the great QUEEN, conscious of her august destiny, had consecrated to grief such moments as could be spared from the needs of Empire; the chamber where her son had laboured for peace and extended the bounds of friendship; the chamber where a DISRAELI, repaying scorn with scorn, may have spread his snares, and a GLADSTONE, overwhelmed by the torrent of his own eloquence, may have fallen into them.

Nothing was wanting to complete the solemnity of the spectacle. Outside, the scarlet-coated sentries paced rigidly on their accustomed rounds, and the populace, hemmed in by the strong arms and the panting forms of the constabulary, cheered to the echo its favourites or exchanged with one another the harmless sallies that give pleasure to a crowd. Within, the KING himself, his face now clouded with anxious thought, now lit with hope, gave a cordial welcome to the more unwonted of the guests he had summoned to his presence, while busy courtiers filled the corridors with an importance which lost nothing in weight from being unwarranted by knowledge or experience. Lackeys in the gorgeous liveries of the most brilliant Court in Europe were in attendance, ready to minister to those whose failing strength might need refreshment, or to execute with intelligence and despatch the humbler duties pertaining to their office.

Nor were the chiefs unworthy of the scene to which they had been called. There was the Speaker, LOWTHER, his brow beaming with the good-humour which enabled him to abate pomposity without injuring the feelings even of the pompous, and to calm with a happy phrase the agitated waters of debate. There were ASQUITH, strong in the affection of his friends, and LLOYD GEORGE, braced to action by the invectives of his foes. There were LAW and LANSDOWNE, staunch defenders of the citadel in which the last of the Tories, stern and unbending as ever, had sought refuge. Waterford had sent JOHN REDMOND, the pride and champion of a nation, the unwearied vindicator of Ireland's right to govern herself. Through years of contumely and depression he had borne aloft her standard, and now, when her triumph was all but achieved, he was here to watch over a settlement which all desired, though none hitherto had been able to bring it about. With him had come JOHN DILLON, tall, dignified and stately, whose grey hair and admirable bearing had won the respect and conciliated the temper of the most fastidious assembly in the world. Arrayed against these two, sons of Ireland no less than they, were CARSON and CRAIG; CARSON with his saturnine face and his swift and piercing intelligence, CRAIG of the burly form and uncompliant humour. Vowed to the Orange cause, and dwelling fondly on memories of the Boyne, they denounced with equal severity the religion of Rome and the political aspirations of the majority of their fellow-countrymen. Such were the men who were now met to decide the most momentous issue of our time.



THE POWER BEHIND.

AUSTRIA (at the ultimatum stage). "I DON'T QUITE LIKE HIS ATTITUDE. SOMEBODY MUST BE BACKING HIM."





GLOSSOMANCY IS THE NEW SCIENCE WHICH ENABLES YOU TO READ PEOPLE'S CHARACTERS BY THE SHAPE AND SIZE OF THEIR TONGUES. THE ABOVE CANDIDATE FOR THE POSITION OF PARLOUR-MAID IS IN THE ACT OF RESPONDING TO AN INQUIRY AS TO WHETHER SHE IS HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS, GOOD-TEMPERED, TRUTHFUL AND OBLIGING. THERE IS FEAR THAT HER ACTION, THOUGH PURELY SCIENTIFIC, MAY PROVE FATAL TO THE INTELLIGENT GIRL'S CHANCES.

MUTABILITY.

"And now," I said, while the waiter was bringing the bill, "where would you like to go?"

"I don't mind," he said. "What about a music-hall? I haven't seen one for twenty years. There's a cinema about five miles from my place, but it's too dear. Only the millionaires can use it."

"Very well, then," I said, "we'll go to a music-hall; but you'll find that they've changed a bit."

"I don't mind," he said, "so long as there's something good. There's so much variety in a music-hall, one turn after another, don't you know, that you can't go far wrong."

My spirits sank. East Africa had kept his youth in camphor, and he had no knowledge of the wonderful advances that we have been making. Turns indeed!

"I'll do the best I can for you," I said, "but I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"Oh, no," he assured me stoutly, "not in a music-hall. I've been wanting to see one again for years. I suppose Jimmy Fawn isn't still going?"

My spirits fell lower.

We went to one of the regular places, and, as I had feared, found a revue in full blast. Topical talk, scenery and American songs interminably. Every time a new person came on the stage my friend eagerly perked up and lost his depression, hoping that at last it might be one of his old delights—a juggler or knockabout or something like that—but always he was disappointed.

"I say, where are we?" he asked. "This isn't a music-hall, is it?"

"One of the best," I replied.

He looked round in dismay.

"But where are the waiters?" he asked.

"Not allowed among the audience any more," I told him; "in fact, some music-halls don't even have licences."

He stared at me in astonishment and sank into apathy. Coming up again he said, "Do you remember those two fellows with enormous stomachs and hooked sticks? They were funny, if you like. Don't you have that sort of thing any more?"

"No," I said.

"Do you remember that act," he said—"I believe it was called the

Risley act—where a man lay on his back, with his legs up in the air, and flung his family about with his feet? That was jolly clever. Don't you have that any more?"

"No," I said.

"And the Sisters something or other," he said, "dashed pretty girls, who did everything at the same time—are they gone for ever?"

"For ever," I said.

"And no comic songs either?" he asked.

"You've heard a lot of comic songs this evening," I replied.

"Oh, those," he said. "I don't call those comic. They're not comic songs, they're comic-opera songs. Don't you have the others any more?"

"Not at this kind of hall," I said. "I daresay there may be a singer or so left somewhere, with too big a coat and too small a hat, but not here."

"Then what are all the old performers doing?" he asked.

"I believe they're starving," I said.

"A NOVEL HOSPITAL AT SHEFFIELD,"
Yorkshire Post.

Some of them certainly want a bit of doctoring.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

(By our Anthropological Expert.)

PROFESSOR KEITH, of the Royal College of Surgeons, reporting on the skeleton of a prehistoric twelve-year-old boy recently discovered near Ipswich, pronounces his stature to be much the same as the average height of a modern boy of the same age, but the size of the head is remarkably large. The professor states that he and his colleagues are trying to get hold of people of every period, going as far back as they can. They will then be able to differentiate the types that lived in any period, and check the changes that came over them. So far, however, there has been very little change.

Perhaps the most striking result of Professor KEITH's appeal so far has come from the Isle of Man, where a magnificent three-legged skeleton has been discovered in the Caves of Bradda. The remains have been pronounced by Professor Quellin, the famous Manx anthropologist, to be those of a man not less than 175 years of age, whose facial angle bears so marked a resemblance to that of Mr. HALL CAINE as to warrant the hypothesis that he was one of the royal ancestors of the eminent novelist. Close to the skeleton was a long bronze trumpet, from which Professor Quellin, after several ineffectual efforts, ultimately succeeded in eliciting a deep booming note. Mr. HALL CAINE, who has taken the liveliest interest in the discovery, is at present studying the instrument, and will, it is hoped, give a recital shortly in the House of Keys.

The recent excavations at the famous Culbin Sands, undertaken by the Forres Antiquarian Institute, have also resulted in some remarkable finds. Prominent among these is a complete set of golf clubs belonging to the Bronze period. In regard to length the clubs are very much the same as the average implements used at the present day, but the large size of the heads is remarkable, the niblick weighing nearly half a hundredweight. It is plausibly inferred that clubs of this pattern may also have been used as weapons, as the dwellers in this district in the Bronze period are known to have been of a warlike and tumultuous disposition. The game is believed to have been introduced by some Maccabean settlers, the ancestors of the clan of Macbeth, who flourished in the vicinity.

In that fine spirit of enterprise which has always characterised *The Daily Lyre*, the proprietors of that periodical have offered a prize of £5,000 for the most characteristic relic of ancient and modern British civilization, to be sent in by October 1. Already several notable exhibits have been forwarded for the competition. Mr. Ronald McLurkin, of Tain, has submitted portions of the boiler of an ancient locomotive, apparently used on the Highland Railway in the time of the Boer War. Dr. Edgar Hollam, of Brancaster, has sent a fine specimen of a fossilised Norfolk biffin, and Miss Sheila Muldooney, of Skib-

Moghul Emperors. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL competes with an essay which he wrote, while a schoolboy at Harrow, on the dangers of Democracy; and Master ANTHONY ASQUITH has sent the rough notes of a Lecture on "The Balliol Manner" which he delivered many years ago before a select audience at Claridge's. The contrast in form and thought between this crude essay and his recent lectures on the mysticism of RAHINDRANATH TAGORE is quite amazing. We may also briefly note the MS. version of an early sonnet by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, addressed to Sir SIDNEY LEE; several safety-pins and a sponge-bag which once belonged to CHARLOTTE BRONTË and are now entered for the competition by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER; and a hot-water bottle used by S. T. COLERIDGE when he was writing "The Ancient Mariner," now in the possession of Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

The interesting point that emerges so far is that while little change is observable in the physique, habits and manners of the British, as illustrated by these relics, up to the last ten years or so, the development in every direction, since the foundation of *The Daily Lyre*, has been quite extraordinarily rapid and pronounced. For instance, a cast of the head of a modern "nut" shows a compactness which compares most favourably with the overgrown cranium of the prehistoric boy reported on by Professor KEITH.



The Captain of the Preparatory School. "WELL, YOUNGSTER, WHAT IS IT? WANT MY AUTOGRAPH?"

hereen, a copy of *The Skibbereen Eagle* containing the historic announcement that it had its eye on the Tsar of RUSSIA. Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER sends a daguerreotype of himself in knickerbockers with side whiskers and moustache, and Mr. BERNARD SHAW the first interview with himself that he ever wrote. It appeared in *The Freeman's Journal* in the "seventies" and is illustrated with six portraits, in one of which Mr. SHAW appears in an Eton suit and a tall hat, "the only one I ever possessed."

Sir HENRY HOWARTH has forwarded a copy of *The Times* containing his first contribution to that journal, a letter occupying a column-and-a-half of small print, on the mammoth as a domestic pet in the Court of the early

ponds."—*Daily Mail*.

You should see our rabbit destroying our trout.

"She was a flesh and blood woman, fit to be the mother of husky sons."

"Daily Sketch" feuilletton.

They would constantly rise up and call her blessed, and this would account for their hoarseness. (Jones's jujubes are the best.)

"The sturgeon . . . consists of fish, flesh, and fowl, the latter part commanding a good saleable price."—*Carlisle Journal*.

The wings are particularly tender.

Fashions for Men.

"Lord Salisbury came with Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, wearing blue charmeuse." *Daily Mail*.



Village Worthy. "AH, I USED TO BE AS FOND OF A DROP O' BEER AS ANYONE, BUT NOWADAYS IF I DO TAKE TWO OR DREEM GALLONS IT DO KNOCK I OVER!"

OUR COLOSSAL ARRANGEMENTS.

ONE of the most appalling scandals of modern times is the disgraceful suppression by the Ginger-beer Press of news relating to the state of affairs in the Isle of Wight. For some weeks we have not flinched from filling our columns with picturesque accounts of the epoch-making events taking place there; and yet the Ginger-beer Press has cruelly put off its readers with the scantiest details, or else refrained from any sort of reference. We make our protest all the more vigorously because many of those readers have been driven to read our own journal in preference to the erroneous and misleading sheets to which we have referred.

This distressing state of things has forced us to make the fullest arrangements for a constant stream of news to be supplied from our branch offices at Ventnor, Totland Bay, the Needles, and other points of the Island. We have despatched a huge staff of world-famous war correspondents, descriptive writers, poets, photographers, Royal Academy artists, gallopers, commissariat officers, and trained bloodhounds. Field kitchens, field wireless equipment, and field glasses are included among their impedimenta, and no single message will be printed in our pages that has not been sent in some other way than through the ordinary channels of the

post, telephone and telegraph. Each member of this army of artists, littérateurs and tacticians possesses a hip pocket, fully loaded, two pairs of puttees, a compass and a wrist watch.

Every day scores of women and children are leaving the Isle of Wight for the mainland. Gunboats and cruisers are passing and repassing before its shores, by order of the Admiralty; strong, silent men are doggedly pursuing the business they have in hand. In the very heart of the island some of the flower of the youth of our country is being trained in the art of naval warfare, while the thunders of gun-practice are heard every hour around the coast. Yet, search where you will in the Ginger-beer Press during the last few weeks, you will find practically no reference to these things.

We implore our readers, on the highest patriotic grounds, to inform the few remaining adherents of the Ginger-beer Press that if they desire the Truth it can be found only in our pages.

We have the pleasure of printing below the first of the astonishing articles which have been sent already from our Expeditionary Staff:—

THE PRELIMINARY CALM.

By Blinton X. Krapt.

The streets of Cowes are bathed in sunlight. Smart yachtsmen, accom-

panied by daintily dressed ladies, walk hither and thither. The shopkeepers chat pleasantly. The burly policeman drowsily pursues his way. Children shout happily. Surely here is peace, says the unsuspecting visitor.

A brown-faced man with a light beard and a heavy tread approached us. "It is all right," said my companion to him; "this gentleman is a friend." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "He came over last night." "Beautiful place, Cowes, isn't it?" said the bronzed man. I noticed that his hip pocket bulged. Yet none would have suspected that his conversation was not of a perfectly ordinary character.

Entering the most sumptuous hotel in Cowes we had lunch. There was nothing sinister about the place except that the waiters were German. But I noted signs of understanding between them and my friend. "I have been here before," he explained, with a quick glance about him.

So life goes on from day to day. We are waiting, waiting. The little boot-maker in his shop is waiting. The tailor is waiting. The hotel staffs are waiting. The passengers on the railway platforms are waiting. On the surface life is gay and free from care; but what I may have to tell you when it comes round to my turn to write again, who can say?

THE TOP SLICE.

I.

Letter from Mrs. Gregory-Browne to Mrs. Ribbanson-Smythe.

*Upper Tooting,
21st July, 1914.*

MY DEAREST AGATHA,—I must tell you about an extraordinary occurrence. They were all quite respectable people, indeed most respectable. Perhaps I ought not to include Mr. Jones. He is, you know (I mention this in the strictest confidence, dearest), he is not—well, you know, he hardly belongs to our set. I cannot understand why James is so absurdly fond of him.

It was my At Home day last week and quite a lot of people, really nice people too, came in spite of the heat. The heat may have had something to do with it, but I really cannot think what it was.

I handed a plate of bread-and-butter to Miss Niccole. To my surprise she hesitated a moment and then took the plate and handed it to me. When I declined she offered it to Mrs. Fitzroy-Williams-Adamson. You know, dear, she is fourth cousin to a baronet. Then the extraordinary thing occurred. Mrs. Fitzroy-Williams-Adamson took the plate and offered it to Miss Niccole. When Miss Niccole declined it she offered it to Mr. Wildegooose (pronounced Wildergos, you know, dear). Then it was his turn. And so it went on. Really, it was most extraordinary. Nothing like it has ever been known in our family. I really cannot understand it.

Everybody passed the plate, and at last it came to Mr. Jones. He pointed at the top piece of bread-and-butter. Yes, he actually pointed. He then made the following extraordinary remark: "I say, hasn't this broken loose from the bread-pudding, what, what?" Thereupon he pushed it on one side and took the next slice. I was ashamed and mortified for such a thing to happen in my house. Really, it was most extraordinary.

Mr. Allen, the new curate, came in just then. He took the top slice, but I caught him absent-mindedly putting it in a flower-pot. When he saw me looking at him he blushed and started—started eating it, I mean. However, he left most of it, and when everyone was gone I examined it. It was perhaps a little hardened by the sun, but otherwise it was quite a nice piece of bread-and-butter. I cannot understand it at all. The whole thing was really most extraordinary most extraordinary.

Your ever loving SARAH.

II.

Letter from Mrs. Ribbanson-Smythe to Mrs. Gregory-Browne.

*Chiswick,
22nd July, 1914.*

MY DEAREST SARAH,—I have just read your most interesting letter, and I quite agree that the whole occurrence was, as you say, most extraordinary. I mentioned it to George. He says he has no doubt at all that it was really a sound piece of bread-and-butter. I don't know whether the enclosed cutting will help you to understand, but I am sending it. It is from last Saturday's *Tooting Argus*. Somebody sent it to George.

Your loving AGATHA.

III.

Extract from *The Tooting Argus* :—

GREAT NEW FEATURE.

PROBLEMS OF CONDUCT.

(CONDUCTED BY REGINALD AUGUSTUS PLANTAGENET-HARRIS.)

Problem 3.—A. is paying a call. His hostess offers him bread-and-butter. He notices that the top piece has suffered from the heat. What should A. do?

Answer adjudged correct.—A. should politely take the plate from his hostess, murmuring, "May I offer it to you?" If she refuses he should offer it to his nearest neighbour. When the offending slice has been got rid of in this way he can help himself to the next slice and then return the plate to its owner.

Highly commended.—A. should explain to his hostess that he has a peculiar hobby, to wit, collecting slices of bread-and-butter from the houses of the great. His collection of Royal Family slices is unrivalled. Might he have the pleasure and honour of adding to his collection this dainty specimen? He should then reverently fold the slice in two and place it in his breast-pocket.

[Our only objection to this is that it seems a rather greasy thing to do.]

Incorrect answers:—(1) A. should make a facetious remark, such as, "Hasn't this escaped from the bread pudding?" He should then playfully but firmly push the slice aside and trust to luck on the next.

(2) A. must out of courtesy to his hostess accept thankfully whatever she places before him. Any other course of conduct would be an affront. It now however becomes his personal property and he can adopt whichever of the following courses is most convenient—

(a) Secrete it in a fancy flower-pot or in the gramophone.

(b) If the dog is a silent eater hold it behind his back so that the dog may get it.

NOTE.—If the dog refuses to touch it, say loudly, "I cannot understand how any animal can decline such delightful bread-and-butter." He can then openly dispose of it in the grate or the waste-paper-basket on the ground that the dog's nose has vitiated its freshness.

LOVE'S LABOUR WELL LOST.

[*Lines inspired by a dark lady, who remarked, à propos of a recent disaster, that all fair girls were untrustworthy.*]

PHYLLIS hath a roving eye,
Palest blue—a candid feature
Which informs the passer-by
Phyllis is a flighty creature;
Golden locks and fair complexion
Also point in that direction.

I, who had arranged to be
Joined to Phyllis by the vicar,
Now that she has jilted me
Scorn to seek relief in liquor
Or the tears that folk are shedding
(Having missed a swagger wedding).

He who stole my love away
Cannot hope for long survival,
And I pity him to-day
As I did a former rival
Who believed her single-hearted
When my own flirtation started.

The Journalistic Touch.

I.

"The Imperial yacht with the Tsar and Imperial Family on board steamed through the British lines yesterday, afterwards lunching on the British flagship."

Bombay Chronicle.

II.

Of the Rose Walk at Purley :—

"Then the material loveliness becomes the diaphanous veil through which glint realities of which all phenomena are expressions."

Croydon Advertiser & Surrey County Reporter.

III.

"His memory and his noble face, and revealed crown of snow, will be a green spot, and indelibly written in our minds, whilst life lasts."—*Methodist Recorder.*

"The work of restoring the church tower at Cheriton Bishop has been completed, and Mr. W. Leach has been completed, and Mr. W. Leach has entertained the men engaged on the work at tea."—*Western Morning News.*
And so everyone is satisfied.

"To-day two Greek documents (one of them dated 88 B.C., and supposed to be the earliest document on parchment known) will be sold."

Daily Graphic.

Scholarly letter-writers before the Christian era were always careful to put B.C. after the year.

THE YOUNG OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

WITH the approach of the silly season one's thoughts turn naturally to the prospect of stealing into print and enjoying all the sweets of authorship without the reception of a cheque to vulgarise them. An infinite variety of topics, our representative gathered yesterday, is now on the eve of discussion, and the quill that cannot find something to say on at least one of them had better return to its native goose without delay.

"Mother of Ten," we were informed by the courteous editor of *The Half-penny Bleater*, will as usual open that journal's discussion, and this year her thoughts have turned to bathing fatalities. "Should Land Crabs Learn Swimming" is the subject which she (or, to betray an office secret, he) has selected. Due emphasis on the necessity for university costume in the case of an affirmative reply to the question will be laid by "Paterfamilias," who will contribute the second letter of the series.

The Morning Dip will maintain its reputation for intellectuality with a spiritual discussion on "Has Life a Double Meaning?" or "Is Existence a Joke?"—the exact title has not yet been decided. "Constant Reader" has already bought a penny packet of assorted stationery and charged it to the office petty cash, and only a really good murder can prevent the early appearance of his letter. As readers will remember, correct spelling is a feature of this author's work.

In pursuance of its settled policy *The Daily Gigue* will appeal more especially to the fair sex. There is more than a touch of pathos in the signature "Orphan Boy," which will appear at the foot of his letter on the subject, "Are First Cousins Kissable?"

Perhaps, however, the most vital question of all will be raised in *The Daily Jingo*, where "Pro Bono Publico" will lay down his views on "Our Softening Sineus." In his well-known style, which is so happy a blend of public spirit and split infinitives, he will plead for less indulgence in our dealings with the young. "We are," he says in his peroration, which we were privileged to see, "raising up a soft breed, and we shall live to bitterly rue it. The future of the race is, of course, on the knees of the gods, but let us determine to also lay it across the knee of parent and schoolmaster. So shall the rising generation learn the merits of the strong right arm that has made England what it is."

In conjunction with *The Perfect Little Lady*, which will discuss "The



Anglo-Indian Child. "WHAT'S THIS, DADDY?"

Father. "THAT'S LIVER, MY DEAR."

Child. "LIVER! WHOSE LIVER?"

Father. "SHEEP'S LIVER."

Child. "AH! I WONDER WHAT GAVE IT LIVER!"

Highest Type of Man," the editor of *The Brain Pan* will throw open his columns to all those with views on "The Most Attractive Girl." For the start he has secured the services of "Virile Englishman," who will put aside her knitting to take up the pen in obedience to his commands. *The Perfect Little Lady's* first letter will be contributed by "Sweet Seventeen," who has studied her subject by diligent attendance at all the best boxing matches of the current year.

"I do not see why, I do not see why," he repeated, rising up and down.—*The Times*.
We do not see how.

A New Way to Deal with the Cold.

"Originally fitted with luxurious saloons and cabins for tourists to Greenland and Spitzbergen, the *Endurance* is a very different ship to-day. Her cabins are being turned into store-rooms and officers and crew will sleep in odd corners, for two years' provisions have to be curried."—*Evening News*.

"The music of Borodin, the composer of 'Prince Igor,' is little known in England, apart from the Polovtsienne Dances which, owing to their wild and barbaric character, have been so popular a feature of the performances of the Russian Ballet."

Musical Opinion.

Why drag in the wind? The strings were just as good as the wind when we were there.



THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

New Maid. "VOILÀ, MA'M'SELLE."

Débutante. "HEAVENS, MY GOOD GIRL, THAT WON'T DO. HERE, GIVE ME THE THINGS. WHY, HALF-WAY ACROSS THE ROOM NO ONE WOULD SEE I WAS MADE UP AT ALL!"

FACT AND FABLE.

FOR miles I'd tramped by down and hill;

With eve I found the happy ending;
All in the sunset, golden chill,

The collie met me, grave, befriending.
I saw the roof-tree down the vale,

Brave fields of harvest spread there-
under;

The collie waved a feathery tail
And led me to the House of Wonder.

Houses, like people, so I've thought,
Bear character upon their faces,

Born of their company and wrought
Upon by inward gifts and graces:

Here, through the harvest's gold array
And evening's mellow *far niente*,

Looked kindness and work-a-day,
And happy hours and peace and
plenty.

And, lo, it seemed the Downs amid
I'd found a folded bit of Britain,

Laid by in lavender and hid
The year—let's say—*Tom Jones* was
written;

An old farm manor-house it is
With fantails fluttering on the gables,
A place of men and memories
And solid facts and homespun fables.

For Fact: a fortnight passed me by
Mid ancient oak and secret panel

And strawberries of late July
And distant glimpses of the Channel;

Fair morns to wake on—were they
not?—

Full of the pigeons' coo and cadence,
Each day a page of CALDECOTT,

All cream and flowers and pretty
maidens.

For Fable: as I smoked a pipe
And havered with a black-haired
cowman,

Grey-eyed, in that fine Celtic type,
As much the poet as the plough-

man—
"Seems kind of lucky here," said I;

"The very ducklings look more
downy

Than others do." He grinned: "An'
why?

May happen, Sir, we feeds a brownie!

"There isn't many left," says you;
As hearts grow hard the breed gets
rarer;

Yet, when he goes, the luck goes too,
And prices fall and boards be barer;

But if so be you does your part
An' feeds him fair and treats folk

proper,
Keepin' for all the kindly heart—

The lucky Lad's a certain stopper!"

* * * * *
Well, should you go by Butser way
And hit the god-sent path, and

follow,
You'll find, at closing of the day,

The old house in the valley-hollow,
Laid by in lavender, forgot,

The home of peace and ancient
plenty;

A brownie may be there or not—
The hearts are kind enough for

twenty!

Cause and Effect?

"Of the five catalpa trees in the Embank-
ment-gardens the finest has been blighted.
The tree is close to the National Liberal Club."

Leicester Daily Mercury.



WHAT OF THE DAWN?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Snapshots of certain Members who were *not* on their way to or from the Conference. Their expressions reflect the pessimistic view which they entertained from the first as to its chance of success in their absence.

(Sir WILLIAM BYLES, Mr. HOGGE, Mr. KEIR HARDIE, Mr. JOHN WARD, Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 20.—The T. R. Westminster is at least equal to the old T. R. Drury Lane in capacity for producing dramatic turns. When Members went off on Saturday for week-end holiday the Ulster attitude was pretty generally understood. Ulster demanded "a clean cut," with the alternative, phrased by CARSON, of "Come over and fight us." The Cabinet after prolonged deliberation had resolved to meet demand with firm *non possumus*. PREMIER was expected on resumption of Sittings this afternoon to announce conclusion of matter, adding such offer of concession on matter of detail as, whilst providing golden bridge for Opposition, would avert revolt in his own camp, where "conversations" with leaders of Opposition are regarded with growing jealousy and suspicion.

New stage in long-drawn-out controversy sufficient to create profoundest interest in to-day's proceedings. It would surely be the beginning of the end. What exactly the PREMIER would say about further concession to Ulster, and how the overtures would be received on Front Opposition Bench, were questions on which might hang the issue of peace or war.

PREMIER had a more startling message to deliver. From point of view

of dramatic effect it was a thousand pities his secret had been prematurely disclosed. When he rose amid profound stillness of crowded House everyone knew what he was going to say. In ordinary circumstances his interposition at so critical a juncture would have been hailed by resounding applause from the multifarious sections that contribute to making up of Ministerial majority. As matters turned out, a frigid cheer greeted his appearance at the Table. To the announcement that "in view of the grave situation the KING has thought it right to summon representatives of Parties, both British and Irish, to a Conference in Buckingham Palace, with the object of discussing outstanding issues in relation to the problem of Irish government," he had only one new thing to add. It was that the SPEAKER would preside over the Conference.

This was the only passage in the brief formal conversation, to which LEADER OF OPPOSITION and LEADER OF IRISH NATIONALISTS contributed, that elicited general cheer. A high tribute to occupant of the Chair.

GINNELL saw his opportunity and seized it by the hair. He is one of three leaders of the Irish Nationalists. Understood that his Party consists of a single member, so shadowy

that there are varied reports as to his identity. Member for N.W. Meath leaped on to pinnacle of enduring fame when the present Parliament met to elect a Speaker. Before Mr. LOWTHER was qualified to take the Chair, and whilst as yet no recognised authority existed, GINNELL, master of the situation, delivered a long harangue. Proposed now to offer a few remarks "as an independent Irish Nationalist."

SPEAKER on point of order restricting him to putting a question, he "begged to ask the PRIME MINISTER what precedent he had and what authority to advise the KING to place himself at the head of a conspiracy to defeat the decision of this House?"

"Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table," said the SPEAKER.

The observation did not appear relevant. It met the occasion. It brought up LEVERTON HARRIS, newly elected for East Worcestershire, who found his welcome the warmer by reason of the fact that he had been a passive instrument in avoiding what might under less adroit management have developed into a disorderly scene.

Business done.—PREMIER announces Conference upon Ulster question to meet at Buckingham Palace on the invitation of HIS MAJESTY.

Tuesday.—Dull sitting closed in lively conversation arising on motion for adjournment. RUPERT GWYNNE, jealous for due observance of traditions of House, has noticed with concern the departure for Canada for indefinite period of Member for East St. Pancras. At Question time asked CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER whether Mr. MARTIN had applied for Chiltern Hundreds. Answered in the negative, he put a further question to PREMIER, directing his attention to Act of 6 HENRY VIII. c. 16, ordering that no Member of Parliament shall absent himself from attendance except he have licence of Mr. SPEAKER. This upon pain of having his wages docked. PREMIER brushed him aside with one of his brief answers.

GWYNNE not the man to be shouldered off the path of duty when it lies straight before him. Here was a Member in receipt of £400 a year leaving the place of business where it was assumed to be earned, not even taking the trouble to follow example of the clerk who, left in sole charge of his master's office, wrote in legible hand, "Back D'reckly," affixed notice to front door and went forth to enjoyment of prolonged meal.

Since he could get no satisfaction at Question time he kept Members in, after hour of adjournment, in order to debate subject.

Unfortunately it turned out that he was not exactly the man to have undertaken the job. Amid laughter and hilarious cheering HOME SECRETARY pointed out that here was a case of Satan reproving sin. Reference to the records showed that during the time payment of Members has been in vogue, of 687 divisions GWYNNE was absent from 424. (GWYNNE later corrected these figures.) During that time he had drawn from the Exchequer salary amounting to £1,000.

"On his own principle, that payment should be in proportion to attendance, the hon. Member," said the HOME SECRETARY, "is entitled to only £400. Being so conscientious no doubt he will repay to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the balance of £600."

HELMESLEY, gallantly coming to assistance of friend in dire straits, himself fell into the bog. It appeared that of 1056 divisions taken in two Sessions he had been absent from 602. Here was

another unexpected little windfall for the Exchequer.

At this stage it was found expedient to drop the subject; adjournment not further resisted.

Business done.—Budget Bill dealt with on Report stage.

Thursday.—With that austerity that since Stuart times has marked relations of House of Commons with royalty Mr. HOGGE is known at Westminster simply as the Member for East Edinburgh, a position he with characteristic modesty accepts. But blood, especially royal blood, like murder, will

wood sharply asked David Copperfield when he casually mentioned his mother's postal address.

"Why Buckingham Palace?" asked Mr. HOGGE, bending severe glance on Treasury Bench whence the PREMIER had judiciously fled.

St. Stephen's, which houses the Member for East Edinburgh, is also a royal palace. Why then was not the Conference held within its walls, instead of under the roof of what he loftily alluded to as "the domestic Palace"?

This and much more, with covert references to machinations of the two Front Benches, Mr. HOGGE wanted to know.

The PRIME MINISTER, uneasily conscious of the coming storm, had, as mentioned, discreetly disappeared. As an offering to righteous indignation he left behind him on the Treasury Bench the body of ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That astute statesman avoided difficulty and personal disaster by meekly undertaking to lay before the PRIME MINISTER the views so eloquently and pointedly set forth by the hon. Member.

Mr. HOGGE graciously assented to this course, and what at the outset looked like threatening incident terminated.

Business done.—Budget Bill passed Third Reading without a division.

"Mr. Hogge: Can the Prime Minister say whether any of those taking part in the Conference attached any conditions to their entering the Conference?"

"I cannot say," replied the Premier.—*Evening News.*

Was this quite worthy of the PRIME MINISTER? We ourselves do not care for these personal jokes on people's names.

"Mr. Asquith's statement was thus of sensational interest, because it represented the last effort at the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour to avert Civil War."

Dublin Evening Mail.

No need to hurry. There are still forty-nine minutes left.

The Finances of Cricket.

"Cumberland batted first and reached the total of £272, C. A. Hardecastle (87), R. B. Brown (41), and R. C. Spint (27) being the chief contributors."—*Daily News and Leader.*

Suggested mottoes for the L.C.C.:—

"PROGRESS MODERATELY."

"TRAM UP A CHILD."



Waiter. "WHAT SAUCE WILL YOU TAKE WIZ YOUR FISH, SAIR?"
Polite Customer. "WELL, WHAT DISINFECTANTS HAVE YOU?"

out. Lineal descendant of one of the oldest dynasties in the world's history, Mr. HOGGE cannot be expected always and altogether to be free from ancestral influence. Something of the hauteur of 'ogge, King of Bashan (or, as some records have it, og) is discerned in his attitude and manner when, throned on corner seat below Gangway, he occasionally deigns to direct the PRIME MINISTER in the way he should go.

Such opportunity presented itself in connection with meeting of Conference which through the Parliamentary week has centred upon Buckingham Palace the attention of mankind. With respect to palaces Mr. HOGGE is by family association an expert.

"Why Rookery?" *Miss Betsey Trot-*



SUGGESTION FOR DEVELOPING A "WHITE HOPE" AMONGST OUR 'BUS- AND TAXI-DRIVERS.

THE MISSIONARY.

WHERE Oriental calm derides
Our Occidental stress
And Ninety-seven E. collides
With Five-and-twenty S.,

You'll find a product of the West,
A Bachelor of Arts,
Who blends a mind of youthful zest
With patriarchal parts.

Each morning mid his rubber trees
He rides an ancient hack,
A cassock girt above his knees,
A topee tilted back.

Now reining in his steed to preach
A parable on sap,
Now vaulting from his seat to teach
The proper way to tap.

His swart disciples knit their brows
O'er algebraic signs;
They build their byres, they milk
their cows
On scientific lines.

They use his microscope and gaze
On strange bacterial risks;
They tune their daily hymns of praise
To gramophonic discs.

And every evening after grace,
When converts clear the cloth,
He pins an orchid to its place
Or camphorates a moth.

Out of the world his path may run,
Yet still in worldly wise
He'll talk of feats with rod or gun,
A twinkle in his eyes,

And tell of tiger-stalking nights,
Of mornings with the snipe,
With never a pause save when he
lights
An antiquated pipe.

We others earn our pensioned ease,
The furlough of our kind;
We book our berths, we cross the
seas,
But he shall stay behind,

Plodding his round of feast and fast,
Dreaming the dreams of yore,
Of England as he saw her last
In 1884. J. M. S.

More Impending Apologies.

I.
"GREAT GALA NIGHT
WHEN

JOSEPHINE DAVIS
WILL BID 'AU REVOIR' TO BOMBAY
BY SPECIAL REQUEST."
Bombay Chronicle.

II.
"At the hour of six the Rev. S. F. Collier
gave out the only possible hymn—
'And are we yet alive
And see each other's face!'"
Yorkshire Post.

THE GESTICULATORS.

THE supper-room was so full that I quite expected to find that, since I was so late, the harassed head-waiter had taken the liberty of presuming my death and letting someone else have my table; but there it was, empty and ready for me. I sank into a chair with a feeling of relief and, having ordered something to eat, began to examine the room. There was not a spare place; everyone was eating and talking and unusual excitement was in the air. From my remote corner I could not catch any words, but the odd thing was that at every table one at least of the men, who were all in evening-dress, was waving his arms. Now and then a man would stand up to do this better. It was as though they were all deaf and dumb, or cinema actors.

The next day at lunch I had a similar experience. I patronized another restaurant, which seemed to be equally popular, and again every man was gesticulating in a style totally foreign to the staid apathetic Londoner. What could it mean? What was the reason?

I asked the waiter. He laughed. "Ah," he said, "I have notice it too. It is funny, is it not? Zey all show each other how CARPENTIER won on ze foul."

AN ERROR IN ARCADY.

PEOPLE who know us both have often expressed a doubt as to whether Charles or myself is the more absent-minded and unobservant. I wish to set the matter at rest once and for all.

We were discussing William's wedding, which had just taken place, romantically enough, in the very heart of Herts—one of those quaint little villages where no sound seems to disturb the silence of the long summer day but the gentle bleating of horn to horn and the murmur of innumerable tyres. Both of us had been there, and Charles came round to talk to me about it a few evenings afterwards.

"I do hope the poor dear fellow will be happy," he said, lighting his fifth match and pulling away vigorously at an ugly-looking briar.

"It really goes much better with tobacco in it," I said, passing him my pouch. "Why on earth shouldn't William be happy? It seemed a very pretty wedding. Did you notice how the rays of the sun coming through the window lit up the best man's boots?"

"I daresay, I daresay," he replied. "As a matter of fact I couldn't see the church part of it very well: I came late and was behind a pillar at the back."

"Well, it all went beautifully," I told him. "Everybody stood up and sat down in the wrong places as usual, and the friends of the bride looked with extreme *hauteur* at the friends of the bridegroom, and *vice versa*. I suppose you went to the reception afterwards. I never saw you at all except for a moment on the platform going back. You must have shaken hands with the happy pair and examined the presents?"

"I went to the house," said Charles. "I went in a motor-car on a seat that took two men to hold down, and that hit me hard when I tried to stand up. I caught a glimpse of William, but I couldn't find the room where the presents were set out, so I went through almost at once into the garden, where the feasting was going on. Do tell me about the gifts. Was my little pepper-caster hung on the line?"

"I didn't notice that," I said, "but my butter-dish was doing itself proud. It had sneaked up to a magnificent toast-rack with stabling accommodation for about eight pieces, given by somebody with a title. And you ought to have seen the fish-slices. The fish-slices were gorgeous. I expect William will spend a great part of his married life in slicing fish. It will be a great change from golf-balls. But I think you really ought to have said a few hearty and well-chosen words to the young people."

"That's just it," replied Charles in a mournful voice. "I did. I talked to the bride."

"Hang it, so did I!" I exclaimed rather indignantly. "Directly I got in I went up to William and her and said to her, 'How glad you must be it's all over!' and then quite suddenly it struck me that that wasn't really the best thing to say in the circumstances, so I blushed and trod on William's toe and passed on. What did you do in the garden?"

"Well, I wandered about on the lawn where there were lots and lots of people," said Charles. "I didn't seem to meet anyone I knew, but the flower-beds were most beautifully kept. I have seldom seen such a display of cress sandwiches and champagne. After a bit I strolled down through the shrub-berries, went through a little wooden gate and found myself amongst the raspberry canes. About a quarter of an hour later, after a little fruity refreshment, whom should I meet walking along a quiet shady path but the bride herself, all alone."

"Stealing away to get one last raspberry at the dear old home," I said. "How romantic! What did you do? Hide?"

"No," answered Charles bitterly. "I only wish I had. I felt that now or never was the time. I went straight up to her, and, feeling that to talk about the weather or the theatres on such an occasion would be rather footling, in spite of the fact that we'd never been introduced, I plunged straight into it. 'You've never seen me before in your life,' I said earnestly, 'because you haven't got eyes in the back of your head, and I've never seen you because I can't look through stone. What's more, I'm only a little silver pepper-caster, an insignificant item in your casket. But I must tell you how delighted I am to have a chance of speaking to you.'"

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"Well, you'd never believe it, but the girl looked quite nervous and frightened, and positively began to walk away from me. I supposed I'd begun on the wrong tack, so I hurried after her and started again. 'Marriage is a state full of the most serious responsibilities,' I said, 'but one glance at you shows me that you are fully competent to shoulder them all.'"

"That sounds as if you thought she looked a trifle statuesque," I said. "Did she seem annoyed?"

"Worse," replied Charles. "She hurried on again without speaking a word. 'Stop,' I cried, 'stop! I am a friend of the fairy prince; and just then we came out on to a piece of lawn,

and she gave a little shriek and actually ran away, leaving me standing where I was. I was so ashamed and exhausted that I slunk back through the little gate and had some more raspberries. When I had partially recovered I returned to the upper part of the garden again, had two cups of tea in the big tent, and made my way back to the station, where I saw you. If you hadn't got into another carriage I should have told you about it at the time."

"Then you never saw them going away at all?" I said.

"No," replied Charles; "did you?"

"Did I not?" said I. "You wouldn't believe the amount of rice I started their married life with. About two milk puddings' worth, I should say. And so you are not quite satisfied with William's choice?"

"Well, she seems to me to be rather an unresponsive and timid sort of person," said Charles. "Not tactful, nor likely to make what the newspapers call a charming hostess. I should have liked dear William to marry someone who would be a social success."

I smoked for some time in silence, and then I had an idea.

"How was the bride dressed when you saw her, Charles?" I asked.

"Do I know how women are dressed? She was in white, of course, and hadn't a hat on."

"But she had a train and a veil, I suppose. She hadn't a short skirt by any chance?"

"Goodness, how do I know?" he replied. "I didn't notice all that. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you only saw her once, you see," I said, "and you went through that little gate at the bottom of the garden, didn't you?"

"I did," said Charles. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only I know that there were some people playing tennis at the next house, and very likely the two gardens are connected, and I'm wondering whether that girl—"

"Good heavens," said Charles. . . . "You haven't got such a thing as a hairpin about you, have you? This pipe's stopped up."

"The Nambudiri school is progressing with the French motto of 'Festina lente!'"

The Malabar Herald.

More progress might be made with the old Latin tag, "*Trop de zèle*."

"As long as I can play as good a game of golf as I did to-day I will never get any older," was Mr. Rockett's reply to one of the friends who called to congratulate him."

New York Sun.

He may, however, get older, even then.



SOCIETY NOTES.

WE ARE SORRY TO HEAR THAT, THROUGH THE INCONSIDERATE ACTION OF THE ANTIQUATED PEOPLE WHO STILL TAKE DOGS TO THE PARK, THE PET RAT OF LADY PIPER HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

THE FOILING OF "THE BLARE."

(Suggested to a slightly Hibernian brain by the recent ebullition of generosity on the part of the popular press, which insures its readers against holiday accidents whilst boating and bathing.)

WHEN I bolt from this city of vapour
To bite the salubrious breeze,
Do you know why I gambol and caper
And plunge with a shout in the seas
Twice the lad that I was
For a lark? It's because
I subscribe to that bountiful paper,
The Blare, if you please.

For I know that if currents are shifty,
If cramp should arrive unaware,
I shall die, but my end will be thrifty,
And my host (being also my heir)
Will be amply consoled
By the thought of the gold
(Which amounts to two hundred and fifty)
He'll get from *The Blare*.

"Pray take from your forehead those creases,"
I cry to my friend on the yacht,
"I admit that the mainsail's in pieces
And most of the sheets in a knot;

But remember that if
We go *ponk* on that cliff
It's *The Blare* will be paying your nieces
A nice little pot."

But whatever may crash into cruisers
Or wherries when I am afloat,
When the waves have destroyed me like bruisers,
I call on my country to note,
If *The Blare* should pretend,
When I've passed to my end,
I was one of its constant perusers,
It lies in its throat.

To my tenantless rooms in the City
The rags have been sent, and it's there
That I'll burn them unopened and gritty
Or, if (and it's little I care)
I am whelmed in the wave,
I shall laugh from my grave
At the blow that I've dealt the banditti
Who publish *The Blare*.

EVOE.

"With one accord they all say, 'Welcome to Ireland!' 'No more delightful place,' says Mr. Birrell; 'A kindly welcome everywhere,' says Mr. Devlin; 'The most peaceful place in the world,' says Mr. Redmond."—*Daily Graphic*.

Mr. REDMOND has overlooked the Balkans.

ALL LIARS' DAY.

"So it's —'s birthday to-day," said Fortescue (naming a very well-known politician) as he looked up from his newspaper. "You'll call and wish him many happy returns, of course, Ferguson?"

We who travel up together each morning by this train are pretty well acquainted about —.

"Don't mention that man to me!" cried Ferguson. "He's absolutely the biggest liar on earth. I can't imagine how he faces the world as he does after having been exposed so many times. You'd think he would want to crawl away into a hole somewhere. He can't have the least sense of shame."

"Pardon me," interrupted the burly stranger seated in the corner. "Pardon me; there is reason why he should. It is not *his* fault if he is addicted to inexactitude. He was predestined to it. It is the irresistible influence of the day on which he was born. Every man born on this day must inevitably grow up to be a liar; it is his fate, from which there can be no escape."

"Oh, come!" protested Ferguson. "That sounds rather far-fetched, you know, for these days."

"My dear Sir," retorted the other, brushing up his moustache aggressively and glaring at Ferguson, "I happen to be President of the Society for the Investigation of Natal Day Influences upon Character, so I presume I may claim to know what I am talking about."

So truculent was his demeanour that nobody ventured to speak.

"My Society," he continued after a pause, "has conducted its researches over a period of many years. I am going to give you just a few examples out of thousands we have collected. Let us take a significant date, February 29th. A man born on that day is a coward. It is inevitable. Pusillanimity is born in him and can never be eradicated."

"We had before us a month or two ago the case of a gentleman living in a country town—a quiet, shy, studious recluse—born on this fatal day. By some mischance he happened to pick up a journal in which was an article on the Government by Mr. ARNOLD WHITE. He read it. He was so terrified that he expired from heart failure. That sounds to you incredible, but real life is often incredible. That is one of the discoveries of our Society."

"I will give you a more remarkable instance still. A well-to-do gentleman with the same birthday, whose case we have recorded in our journals, is now, though perfectly healthy, bed-ridden

under the following amazing circumstances. He accidentally discovered that his tailor, who had clothed him since boyhood, was an anarchist. After this he was afraid to have any further dealings with the man, while, on the other hand, he lacked sufficient courage to face the ordeal of being fitted by a fresh tailor. For some time he used to sit up at night and secretly sew patches into his trousers. Naturally this could not go on for ever, and at last, when his garments were dropping to pieces, he had to take to his bed. . . . You smile, Sir. Perhaps you think I am exaggerating?"

His eyes flashed and his voice vibrated with such anger that I jumped six inches out of my seat.

"Not at all—not at all," I stammered. "Only it occurred to me—er—that he might have—er—bought them ready-made."

"Your knowledge of human nature must be singularly slight," replied the other icily, "if you imagine that a man without sufficient courage to be fitted by a tailor would be brave enough to wear ready-made clothes."

"It seems to me, Sir," said Dean, coming to the rescue, "that your two instances prove little, if anything. They may be mere coincidence."

The stranger leaned forward, frowned heavily and wagged his forefinger at Dean, who wilted visibly.

"The Society for the Investigation of Natal Day Influences upon Character," he said, "does not seek to build up a theory upon isolated and arbitrarily selected examples. We deal with the subject scientifically. To continue with this date, February 29th. After several cases similar to those I have recounted had come to our notice, we made out a list of two hundred and fifty men born on this day. To each of them we sent a representative to ask for a subscription to the Society. Though they had never heard of it before, *every one of those two hundred and fifty was easily intimidated into subscribing.*"

"Now let us consider another date—March 3rd. Several striking instances had led us to suspect that a person born on March 3rd comes into the world with an ineradicable passion for gambling. I will give you just one of these. A gentleman one day imagined he was seriously ill and called in a doctor. The latter laughed at his fears and offered to bet him that he would live to be seventy. The temptation was too great. The gambler closed with the offer, and on the eve of his seventieth birthday drowned himself."

At this point Empson sniggered audibly. The speaker turned his head

and fixed his terrifying glance upon the delinquent. Poor Empson grew very red, and endeavoured to cover his lapse by coughing noisily. The other waited patiently till he had finished.

"Perhaps you wish to say something, Sir," he remarked coldly.

"N-no," said Empson. "Most interesting."

The President made a gesture which indicated that Empson was beneath contempt and renewed his discourse.

"Continuing the same method of research," he said, "we compiled a list of nearly four hundred persons born on March 3rd. To each of these we sent particulars of a Derby Sweepstake. *Every one of them, gentlemen, applied for a ticket by return of post.*"

There was an impressive pause. The President looked round the carriage defiantly as if challenging suspicion.

"One of our tests with regard to to-day's date—liars' day," he continued presently, "was rather amusing. We hired a room in the City for a week and sent out over three hundred letters to persons born on that day. Our note-paper was headed, 'Short, Stay and Hoppett, Solicitors,' and the letters were in identical terms. They said that we had been endeavouring for some time to trace the relatives of one Davy Jones, who, after acquiring a large fortune in Australia, had died intestate, and we had that morning been given to understand that the gentleman with whom we were corresponding was a nephew of the deceased, etc., etc. You guess what happened. *Every one of them without exception claimed as his uncle this millionaire who never existed.*"

The train began to slow down, and the President rose to his feet.

"I get out here," he said. "I'm sorry. I should like to have discussed the subject further. You, Sir"—he pointed threateningly at Ferguson—"will doubtless in future refrain from blaming Mr. — for a failing for which, as you see, he is in no way responsible."

Ferguson quaked and said nothing. The President brushed up his moustache still higher and looked round in triumph. All of us were completely cowed—all of us, except little Windsor.

"Just a moment, Sir," said the latter gently. "Before you leave us will you kindly accept this?"

He took out his tie-pin and laid it in the other's hand.

For the first time the burly one's confidence deserted him. He reddened slightly and looked embarrassed.

"It's very kind of you," he said, "but really I—I don't quite understand."

"It's a birthday present for you," said Windsor sweetly.



Humorous Artist. "I'VE BROUGHT YOU AN ORIGINAL FUNNY JOKE THIS TIME. A FRIEND OF MINE THOUGHT OF IT."
Editor (after reading it). "YES, IT IS FUNNY; BUT I PREFER THE DRAWING THAT WAS PUBLISHED WITH IT IN THE 'SEVENTIES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THREE numbers of *The South Polar Times* were brought out at Cape Evans, the winter quarters of Captain SCOTT, during 1911. MR. APSLEY CHERRY-GARRARD, the editor, has now presented them to a wider circle under the auspices of SMITH, ELDER, hoping that they will prove "a source of interest and pleasure to the friends of the expedition." He need have no fears. Of course a paper produced under such conditions is in its nature esoteric, and many of its jokes are lost if you "don't know Jimson." But if you have previously read *Scott's Last Expedition* then you will "know Jimson"; you will feel that every man at Cape Evans in 1911 was a personal friend of yours, and you will be delighted with this facsimile reproduction of the paper which delighted them. Personally I cannot read or see too much of the men who are my heroes; and in a world where an ordinary school-girl is allowed twenty-seven photographs of Mr. LEWIS WALLER I shall not consider myself surfeited with two caricatures and a humorous character-sketch of Lieutenant BOWERS. But there are contributions to *The South Polar Times* which have an interest other than the merely personal. MR. GRIFFITH TAYLOR, a tower of strength on the literary side, is really funny in *The Bipes*—a paper (on the wingless bipeds of Cape Evans) supposed to have been read by OATES' escaped rabbit to the Royal Society of Rabbits. MR. TAYLOR, as a recorder of history in *Scott's Last Expedition*, was, I thought, a little too familiar; in these and other articles he is much more at home. But it is upon Dr. WILSON's pictures (both serious and comic) that *The South Polar Times* can most justly pride itself. I envy MR. CHERRY-GARRARD so prolific and brilliant a contri-

butor. Still more I envy him (and all his colleagues at Cape Evans) the knowledge of such a man. The more I get to know of "BILL" WILSON, the more I understand that he was of the very salt of the earth—a man to love whom was indeed a liberal education, and to be loved by whom was a passport to the little company of the elect.

When John Barleycorn (MILLS AND BOON) came my way, I noticed that the publishers had shown a reticence, unusual in these days, on the outside paper cover; they didn't say a word as to the quality or character of the contents. They had three good reasons: first, given the name of JACK LONDON, there was no need of further advertisement or lure; second, if they had started describing the book they would have been unable to say with strict truth that it was or was not a novel, for it isn't and it is; third, and best, they couldn't, as honest men, have avoided mentioning that it is in a way a sermon on alcoholism, and that, being said, might have acted as a deterrent, unless they had explained (as they wouldn't have had room to do) how and why, when they said "sermon," they didn't really mean "sermon." So they lay low and said nothing, and I almost wish I had done the same, for no one who has the lightest interest, practical or theoretical, in John Barleycorn ought to be put off these alcoholic memoirs. The diarist purports to have been first drunk at the age of five, again at the age of seven, almost perpetually for a spell of years from the age of fifteen, and yet to have taken over a quarter of a century to acquire a liking for alcohol. That sounds odd, but is not unique. Not only in California and not only in the lower grades of society, is Youth, vigorous and unspoilt, bound to acquire the taste if it would foregather on lively and intimate terms with its fellows; and not only in the saloons of

the Oakland water-front are fine youngsters drinking themselves permanently silly because it is their only way of being men among men, jolly good fellows among jolly good fellows. A sound enough text for any sermon; and, I may honestly add, a sound enough sermon for any text, with a strong smell of the sea and of adventure about it. But I ask myself for what purpose the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. JACK LONDON is inserted as a frontispiece? As well, I think, have had a portrait of Mr. MILLS, with Mr. BOON inset.

Isn't *The Youngest World* (BELL) an engaging title for a book? It caught my interest at once. I am not altogether sure that the story itself is as good as its name, but that still leaves a margin of quality, and I for one have enjoyed it greatly—in patches. Let Mr. ROBERT DUNN not too hastily condemn me if I say that he has written a fatiguing tale. Partly I mean this as a high compliment. The descriptions of hardships borne and physical difficulties overcome by his hero are so vivid that they convey a sensation of actual bodily strain in a manner that only one other living writer can equal. There are chapters in the book that leave one aching all over. So long, in fact, as Mr. DUNN's characters are content to do things, to climb mountains, to ford rivers, to endure hunger and cold and weariness, I am in close bodily sympathy with them; it is when they begin to talk and to explain their mental states that my keenness is threatened by another and less pleasing fatigue. It is not that the scope of the story—a man's regeneration by love and hardship—isn't a good one: quite the contrary. It is that I

simply do not believe that human beings, especially those that figure in this book, would ever talk about themselves in this particular way. "In the name of our own blood," she uttered softly, "of Love, the Future, and Victory . . ." That is a random sentence from the last page, and very typical of Mr. DUNN's dialogue. It is full of gracious qualities, thoughtful, and throughout on a high literary level, but as a realistic transcription of frontier talk it leaves me incredulous. Still the setting, I repeat, is quite wonderful. You shall read the chapters that tell of *Gail's* ascent of Mount Lincoln, and see if they don't stir your blood, especially where he reaches the top, alone (and therefore unable to talk), and sees the world at his feet. You will exult in this.

Mr. VICTOR BRIDGES has a very versatile pen and in most of the twenty-one pieces of *Jetsam* (MILLS AND BOON) which he has recovered from the waves of monthly magazines and elsewhere there is a certain amount of material for mirth. I do not however find him a startlingly original humorist,

whether on the river Thames, where he seems to follow in the wake of Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, or in a Chelsea "pub," where his manners are reminiscent of the characters of Messrs. W. W. JACOBS and MORTON HOWARD. Again, in the story called "The First Marathon" (where, by the way, he states that "It is true that the word 'Marathon' was first used in connection with the old Olympian games," which seems a little unfair to MILTIADES), the fun mainly depends on the use of such phrases as "Spoo-fer," "King Kod," and the "Can't-stik-you-shun-all Club." Other stories are of the adventurous or romantic type sacred to serial fiction, no fewer than three dealing with escaped convicts on Dartmoor, and one (the first in the book) describing the chance meeting of a man and a pretty girl on an uninhabited island off the West Coast of Scotland. Here,

for some reason or other, the man insisted on calling his charming and unknown companion *Astarte*, a name which, if I had been in her place, I should have been inclined to resent. But Mr. BRIDGES' dialogue is nearly always bright, and his knowledge of the machinery of yarn-spinning excellent. There is just one other point however which I should like to mention. The book includes a brand-new Russian wolf-story, in which the heroes protect themselves from the bites of these ferocious quadrupeds by putting on armour, which they find in a deserted house. I don't object to that; but, when they leave the railway line along which they have been travelling and plunge into a forest-path they come to a place where the route forks and cannot make out which of the two roads will be more likely to lead them back to the railway. I do not feel that these men were the sort of people to be trusted

to wander by themselves in a desolate Siberian anecdote.

Our New Masters.

The KING can do no wrong. Of late
So ran the law; but, when to-day
Kinglike he seeks to serve the State,

Our super-monarchs frown and say:
The KING can do no right—unless
By leave of half the Liberal Press.

The Light-weight Angler.

"Weighing 6lbs. 7oz., Mr. T. Snelgrove caught a golden carp whilst fishing in the mill pond at Addlestone, Surrey."—*People*.

"He has slept . . . nearly 365 days on board the Admiralty yacht." This, from a *Daily Mail* article in praise of WINSTON, is no doubt meant kindly.

"C. E. Cox begs to announce that he is now prepared to drill wells, for water, gas, oil, cash or old clothes."—*Red Deer Advocate*.
For cash is our choice.



THE CADDIE WHO SAW THE FAIRIES.



HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

WHEN YOU BATHE ENGAGE ALL THE BATHING-BOXES SO AS TO HAVE THE SEA TO YOURSELF UNCONTAMINATED.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR ROBERT LORIMER has been appointed architect for the restoration of Whitekirk church, East Lothian, which was burnt down by Suffragettes last February. There is a feeling among the militants that, since it is owing to the exertions of women that the work has to be done, it ought to have been given to a woman architect.

Two Suffragettes who were charged, last week, at Bow Street with obstructing the police, refused to give their ages. Presumably the information would have shown that they were old enough to know better.

A committee of the Metropolitan Water Board reports that Thames water is purified at least 1,000 times before delivery to consumers. It looks as if there may, after all, be something in the complaints which reach the Board from time to time as to its water being absolutely flavourless.

The London Fire Brigade Committee has decided to ignore a demand from the Corporation Workers' Union for the reinstatement of a fireman who refused to obey an order on the ground that it involved too great a danger to him. For ourselves we are surprised at the moderation of the Union. We should have expected them to insist also on a medal for life-saving being bestowed on the man.

Dr. IGNATIUS MOERBECK, an engineer living on the Amazon, asserts that the river which Mr. ROOSEVELT claims to have placed on the map had long since

been surveyed by him. The prettiest touch in Dr. MOERBECK's statement is to the effect that the real name of the river is Castanha, which means Chestnut.

Furs worth about £3,000 were stolen from a Chiswell Street firm last week. This gives one some idea of the intensity of the recent cold snap.

Mr. LYN HARDING, it is announced, has acquired a new play in four Acts entitled *Bed Rock*. Surely the lullaby touch in the title is a mistake? Audiences are quite prone enough to fall asleep without these soporific aids.

"I am not," says M. PAUL BOURGET, "responsible for the words I put into the mouths of my characters." We await a similar declaration from Mr. B. SHAW.

Another impending apology! Extract from the official Report of the Annual General Meeting of a Company that publishes certain illustrated papers:—"Our stock of published original black-and-white drawings, made by many of the foremost artists of the day, stand at nothing in our books."

A legacy of £10,000 has been left to a clerk in the Ashton-under-Lyme Waterworks Office by a gentleman who had intimated that he "would remember him in his will." We are so glad that this pretty old custom is not dying out.

It is rumoured that a daring attempt to rob the Zoological Gardens has been foiled. Plans, it is said, have been disclosed whereby burglars after dark

were to scale the loftiest peaks of the new Mappin terraces and to fish for animals by means of highly-spiced joints attached to ropes. It was hoped to secure a number of valuable bears, to be disposed of to furriers.

We have been favoured with the sight of a circular issued by a Dutch bulb grower and printed in English. The fatherly interest which he takes in his creations does credit to his heart. "All bulbs who are not satisfied," he says, "we take back and pay the carriage ourselves, even if cheque has accompanied order."

THE BEES.

THE brown bee sings among the heather
A little song and small—
A song of hills and summer weather
And all things musical;
An ancient song, an ancient story
For days as gold as when
The gods came down in noontide's glory
And walked with sons of men.

A merry song, since skies are sunny—
How in a Dorian dell
Was borne the bland, the charmed honey
To young Comatas' cell;
Thrice-happy boy the Nine to pleasure
That they for hours of ill
Did send, in love, the golden measure,
The honey of their hill.

Gone are the gods? Nay, he who chooses
This morn may lie at ease
And on a hill-side woo the Muses
And hear their honey-bees;
And haply mid the heath-bell's savour
Some rose-winged chance decoy,
To win the old Pierian favour
That fed the shepherd-boy.

THE LOGIC OF ENTENTES.

[Lines composed on what looks like the eve of a general European war; and designed to represent the views of an average British patriot.]

To *Servia*.

You have won whatever of fame it brings
To have murdered a King and the heir of Kings;
And it well may be that your sovereign pride
Chafes at a touch of its tender hide;
But why should I follow your fighting-line
For a matter that's no concern of mine?

To *Austria*.

You may, if you like, elect to curb
The dark designs of the dubious Serb,
And to close your Emperor's days in strife—
A tragic end to a tragic life;
But why in the world should I stand to lose
By your bellicose taste for Balkan coups?

To *Russia*.

No doubt the natural course for you
Is to bid the Austrian bird "Go to!"
He can't be suffered to spoil your dream
Of a beautiful Pan-Slavonic scheme;
But Britons can never be Slavs, you see,
So what has your case to do with me?

But since Another, if you insist,
Will be cutting in with his mailed fist,
I shall be asked to a general scrap
All over the European map,
Dragged into somebody else's war,
For that's what a *double entente* is for.

Well, if I must, I shall have to fight
For the love of a bounding Balkanite;
But O what a tactless choice of time,
When the bathing season is at its prime!
And *how* I should hate to miss my chance
Of wallowing off the coast of France!

O. S.

CUT FLOWERS.

"Do you notice anything particularly queer about this house, Charles," I asked him, "now that Araminta has been forced to fly from it?"

(Araminta had gone home to visit her parents, not so much, as I explained to Charles, because she was tired of living with me as because I had invited him to come on a visit. She was to return on the following day after a fortnight's absence, and I had promised faithfully to evict him before she came).

"Except," said Charles, "that it is usual to offer one's guests the most comfortable arm-chair in the messuage and not to eat all the fattest strawberries oneself, I can't say that I do;" and he fluffed a second mashie pitch with his cigar ash well short of the drawing-room fender.

"You don't," I insisted, "remark any unusual hiatus in the household arrangements—anything that obviously betrays the absence of the feminine touch? I suppose you know what this is?" and I took from the mantelpiece a tall slender silver object.

"It seems to be a tin trumpet," replied Charles, "and why on earth you can't keep my godson's toys in the nursery, instead of littering them about——"

"Tin trumpet," I said cleverly, "be blowed! It is a

vase—variously pronounced to rhyme with 'parse' or 'pause,' according to one's pretensions to gentility. It is a flower-vase, Charles, and, what is more, there ought to be flowers in it. The whole house, let me tell you, should be a very garden of fragrant and luscious blooms. Instead of which it is full of mocking cenotaphs such as this. When Araminta went away she flung over her shoulder a parasol and a Parthian taunt. She said, 'I'm certain there'll be no flowers in the house while I'm away,' and now it seems she was jolly well right."

"Why ever can't the servants attend to the flowers?" said Charles lazily. "They seem to be fairly competent people. There were four match-boxes and *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* in my bedroom."

"There you touch one of the deeper mysteries," I explained to him. "Probably in the most expensive and luxurious mansions they have a flower-maid. A kind of Persephone who comes up from the underworld with her arms full of gerania and calceolarias. 'Housemaid,' she would put it in the advertisements, 'upper (where manservant kept); tall, of good appearance; free; several years' experience; understands vawses.' And in houses such as these the cinerarias would never wither or die. Every what-not would be a riotous profusion of et-ceteras from week's-end to week's-end. But with Jane it is different. Jane has her limitations. She comprehends match-boxes and detective fiction, but Araminta does the flowers."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" said Charles, bunkering his cigar-stump badly to the right of the coal-scuttle.

"I want you to help me," I told him, "because I shan't have time to attend to the matter myself. When I go out to-morrow I want you, before you leave, to fill all the vases all over the house. Pink roses will be the best, I think, and you can buy them at that little flowermonger's across the road."

"But there are pink roses in the garden," he objected.

"Only a kind of double dog-rose," I told him. "We never allow the dog-roses in the house: they haven't been properly trained. Besides you would certainly pick all the puppies and scratch yourself to death. There's no dog-rose without its tooth. You want the big ones that are grown exclusively on short stalks without any roots. And Araminta will never know that they haven't been there for several days at least."

"All right," said Charles, "I'll tackle the flower-smith for you."

When I came home on the following evening, before going upstairs, I peeped timidly into the dining-room and found to my delight that Charles had been as good as his word. All the vases had burst as though by a miracle into radiant blossom. Taking courage I went up to the drawing-room, found Araminta and saluted her, and then looked round with a smirk of conscious self-satisfaction. Charles had chosen pink carnations for the drawing-room, and the place was as starry as the final chapter of a *feuilleton*.

"What do you think of the flowers?" I said proudly.

"They're simply lovely," she replied. "But——"

"But what?" I asked with a sudden vague qualm. "Don't you like pink carnations?"

"I adore them," she said. "I was just going to ask how long they'd been there, that's all."

"These particular ones?" I said airily. "Oh, two or three days, I think, at most; not more than that."

"I see," she replied with a little smile. "That makes it more wonderful still."

"How do you mean?"

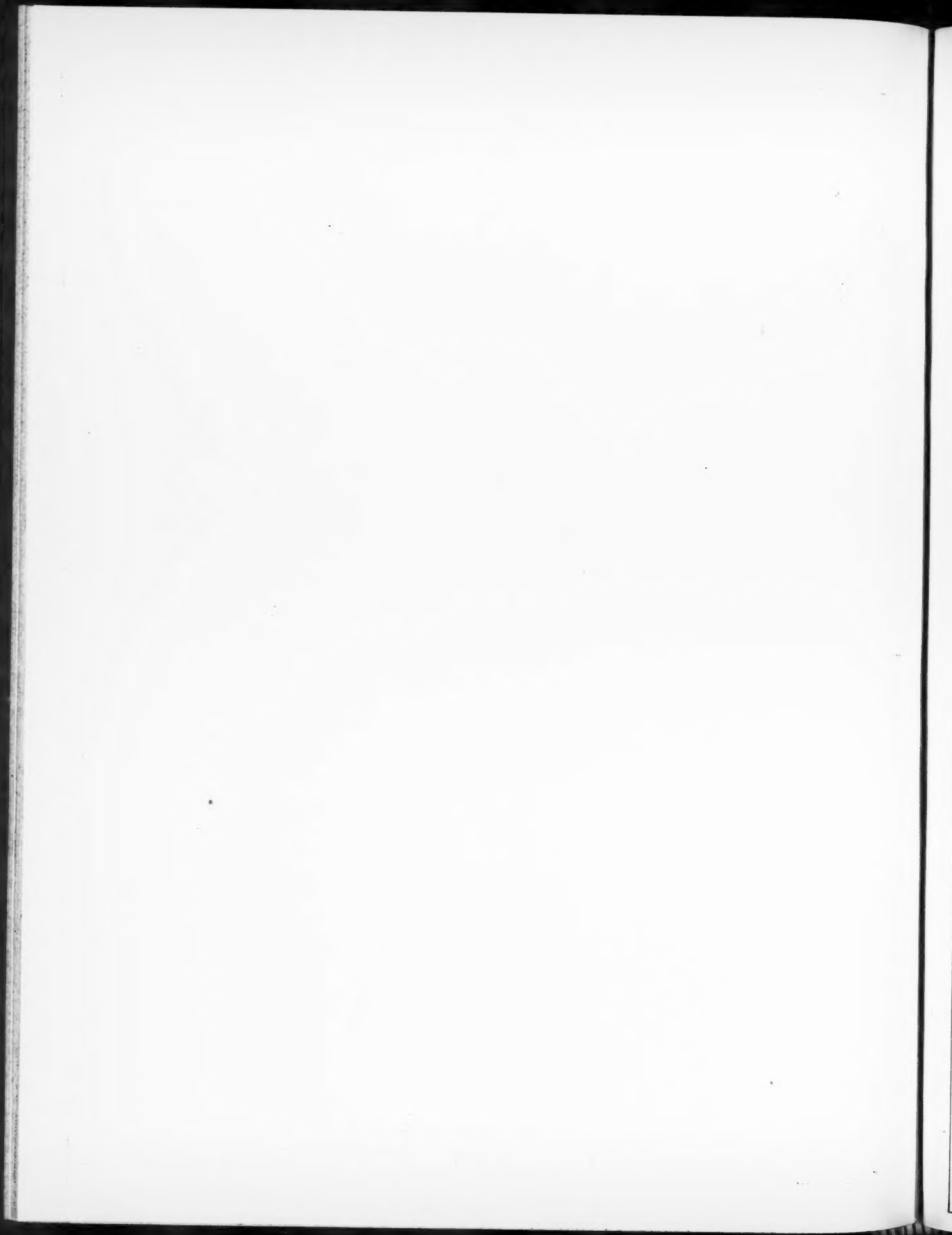
"Well, there isn't any water, you see, in the vases."



COOL STUFF.

THE TABLOID. "YOU CAN MAKE IT AS HOT FOR ME AS YOU LIKE, I SHALL NOT DISSOLVE."

[The above is prospective. No sensible person desires a dissolution during the present crisis abroad.]





THE ETHICS OF THE RING.

[Boxing champions receive almost as much pay for losing as for winning.]

Manager (to applicant for position of traveller). "AND WHAT SALARY WOULD YOU REQUIRE?"

Applicant. "£600 A YEAR IF I GIVE SATISFACTION; £400 IF I DON'T."

THE MAGIC NUMBER.

I HAVE a telephone—a simple unpretentious toy, just like the next one. Sometimes I think it must be exceptional, but anon I hear other telephoners talking, and I realise that theirs too have the same repertory of pretty mannerisms.

Especially I found matter for complaint *re* Wilmer. Especially Wilmer found matter for complaint *re* me. Wilmer and I are friends and neighbours. No doubt the people at the exchange had made a note of it. For, if ever I rang up Wilmer, he, they told me, answered not. And, if ever Wilmer rang up me, I, they told him, was engaged. To discover that these things were not so, it was only necessary for the ringer to step across the road; nay, even a shout from the garden was sufficient.

Having matter for complaint, we complained. After that nothing could

redeem us in the ears of our exchange. Formerly we got through to each other once in four shots. Thereafter the blockage was complete.

So we laid our plans.

One evening at half-past eight I rang up the exchange. "I want 4792 Marble Arch," I began.

An interval. Then, "Sorry; there's no answer."

I made a bad-tempered noise, full of incredulity and baffled urgency. And yet I was not wholly surprised; 4792 makes wall-papers up to 7 p.m., and then puts up the shutters.

I rang up the exchange.

"I want 5921 B City, please."

Again there was no answer. This was Wilmer's office. Wilmer, who was standing behind me, made them ring it up twice again to make sure. Then I went on to the other eight impossible numbers we had fixed on. They were unresponsive to a man.

Ten rings, and not a single answer!

Then we crossed to Wilmer's house.

Wilmer rang up the exchange. Bitter experience has assured us that we share the same operator.

"I want 4792 Marble Arch," he began.

4792 was still mute. So was 5921 B City. So were no fewer than all the eight further numbers prearranged.

Then I went back again and rang up 4792. This precipitated the crisis.

"I'm sorry, Sir, but I'm nearly sure I can't get them. Would you let me have a list of the numbers you want, and I'll get them when I can."

"The number I *really* want," I said, "is Mr. Wilmer's, 729 Lane, but I've given up trying to get *that*."

I was through to Wilmer like lightning; and a little later he rang me up by the same strategy.

Nowadays, if Wilmer or I have any trouble in getting one another, we have only to whisper 4792 Marble Arch, and we're through before we've thought of what to say.

MY HARDY ANNUAL.

I MET him first three summers ago when he arrived from Baltimore with a letter of introduction from a mutual American friend. He was a tall thin clean-shaven man, a typical American of the inquiring rather than commanding type—and not a millionaire, not indeed rich at all, and rather nervous among waiters and wine lists: preferring a boarding-house in Bayswater to a caravanserai (as the newspaper men always call the big hotels). He had culture and desired more, and one way of getting it (one way, I mean, of making sure that it should be gotten) was to talk with every one he met. This I believe is an American custom.

Anyway, he arrived with his letter of introduction, and I did what I could for him—asked him to lunch, told him about picture galleries, adjured him not to see this play and that, and mentioned a few new books. Our surest common ground being American men of letters, we discussed them. We agreed that the early death of FRANK NORRIS was a blow; that GEORGE W. CABLE had style; that JOHN FOX, Junior, could tell a good story, but OWEN WISTER a better. My friend interested me greatly by stating that he had been on intimate terms with that great man, MARK TWAIN, and wondered if

I had ever heard the story (which he used to tell against himself) of the visitor to his house who, after a very delightful stay, during which the humorist had been at the top of his form, asked his daughter if her father was always like that? "Only when we have company," she replied.

The next year my American friend turned up again, sending a letter in advance to say that he would be at his old address in Bayswater at a certain date, and again I wrote asking him to lunch with me, as before. He was exactly the same, even to his clothes, and we talked of American writers in what I remembered to be the identical terms of the previous year. This is one of the disadvantages of annual meetings; there is no advance. The familiar ground included our decision, reinforced, that MRS. WHARTON was a swell, but rather on the bitter side; that it was a pity that MARY WILKINS had given up writing; that JOHN KENDRICK BANGS'

name, at any rate, was funny; that AMBROSE BIERCE was a man of genius, and that OLIVER HERFORD'S continued residence in New York was a loss to England.

"*A propos* of humorists," said my friend, "I wonder if you have heard that story of MARK TWAIN which he often told against himself. A visitor to his house who had been greatly entertained by a constant flow of wit and satire asked MARK TWAIN'S daughter if he was always in the same good spirits. 'Only when we have company,'" she said.

In August of last year I was doomed to London owing to the frivolous holiday proclivities of certain fellow-workers, and again my Baltimore migrant was here, and again we met

had become so silent. Mr. HOWELLS, it seemed, had felt the death of his old friend, Mr. CLEMENS—MARK TWAIN—very deeply. Had I ever heard, he wondered, that story of MARK TWAIN about a reply made to one of his visitors by his daughter?

"Yes, I have," I said.

"The visitor," he went on, "had asked her if her father was always in the jovial and witty vein in which he had been during his—the visitor's—stay."

"Yes, I know," I said.

"MARK TWAIN'S daughter," he continued, "replied that he was always like that—when they had company."

He looked remorselessly at me for his reward of laughter. Since he was my guest he got it, but—

And then last week he arrived again, on his 1914 trip, and he is here now, or perhaps he is in Paris. In Europe, at any rate. He told me once more that across the Atlantic Mr. HENRY JAMES is no longer thought of as an American; that Mr. JACK LONDON, it seems, is becoming one of the most popular of writers; that ELLA WHEELER WILCOX sells probably more copies of her poetry than any English writer sells stories. He had had the pleasure of meeting Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in New York recently, but when Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT was there he missed him, to his great regret. America

was still feeling the loss of MARK TWAIN. By the way, that was a good story which MARK TWAIN used to tell against himself. A visitor—

But this time I was too clever for him. I gave a preconcerted signal to a waiter, who hurried up to tell me I was wanted on the telephone. When I returned it was to say good-bye.

And now I am safe till next summer; but last evening I met a lady who had been taken in to dinner by the American a few days ago. "A little bit pompous, perhaps," she said, "but he told me such a delightful story about MARK TWAIN that I should like to meet him again."

The Latest from the Schoolroom.

Q. (put orally). "Where do the following races live? Berbers, Hottentots . . ."

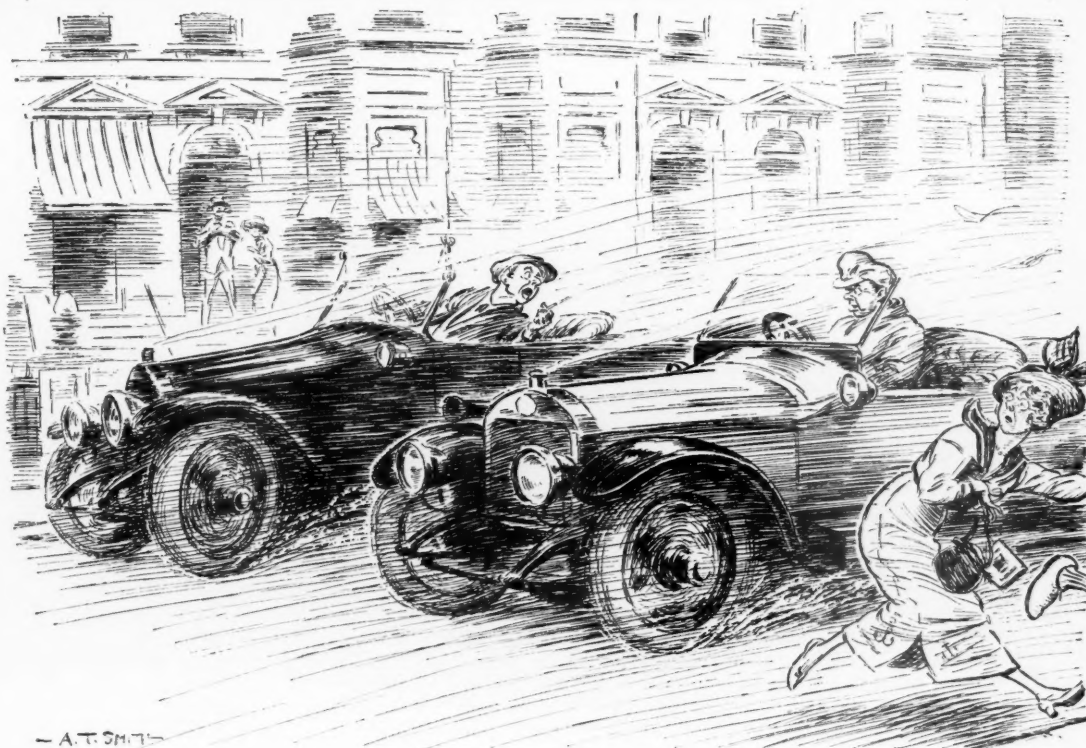
A. Berbers are to be found in large towns, but they are also found in some small places. They are the natives of the country, and their profession is to shave different men, for which they are paid. The Hottentots are animals that are found in the forests of England."



Passenger. "It's CURIOUS HOW THESE SEAGULLS FOLLOW A STEAMER. DO THEY GO FAR?"

Boatman. "AY, SOMETIMES, BUT THEY'LL NOT FOLLOW HER FAR; SHE'S AN ABERDEEN BOAT."

for our single tête-à-tête. He looked, he said, on a year as wasted, unless a part of it was spent in London and Paris. He was exactly as he had been; his voice had the same slow mirthlessness and it uttered the same flat definitive comments. He could not be surprised or shocked or amused. He had taken the world's measure and was now chiefly occupied in adding to his collection of fine men and lovely-minded women. I made an effort to get the conversation to other than American literary personages, but it was useless. To discuss Mr. ROOSEVELT he was unwilling. The name of HEARST—I mean Mr. HEARST—touched no live wire, as it does with a few of his countrymen. He had merely heard of Mr. BRISBANE, but had no information. Mr. WILSON was doing well, he thought, on the whole. Reaching books at last, we agreed again that it was a pity that Mr. JAMES LANE ALLEN wrote so little nowadays and that Mr. HOWELLS



— A. T. SMITH

Seventy-miles-an-hour (as he hurtles past sixty-miles-an-hour). "ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU SLOW-MOVING VEHICLES OUGHT TO KEEP CLOSE TO THE KERB?"

COCOANUTS.

(A Bank Holiday Idyll.)

SING me, I said, O Muse, and sound the trump
For him not least among our noble tars
Who first on tropic isle was made to jump
By reason of a perierianial thump
And prospect of a galaxy of stars,

And there in green retreat by coral chained
Beheld the vision of the fibrous nut,
And drank the nectar that its shell contained,
And knew the goal accomplished and disdained
The nasty skin-wound on his occiput.

He did not see the feathered palm-trees wave;
He did not see the beckoning yams beneath;
The turtle moaning for its soupy grave,
The sound of oysters asking for a shave
He heard not—he was back on Hampstead Heath.

For him no more the ocean seemed to croon
Its endless legend to the listless sands;
He walked abroad upon an English noon,
And "Ah!" he murmured, "what a heavenly boon
To rehabilitate our cock-shy stands!

"In vair Aunt Sarah with her spinster vows
Entreats the Cockney sport to try his skill;
Her charms are languishing, but nuts shall rouse
To sterner combats and with damper brows
For 'Arriet's kindly glances 'Erb and Bill.

"And ah, the little ones! With how much glee
Their eyes shall gaze upon the oily fruit!
I shall behold them scamper o'er the lea,
Their warm young lips, in part from ecstasy,
In part from palatable nut-meat, mute."

Such was the man, I said, and praised the worth
Of all who make the cocoanut their play;
And thought, "I too will have a round of mirth,"
And threw—and brought one hairy globe to earth,
And, turning round, beheld a ragged boy.

So smirched he was, so pitiful a lad
That when I saw the teardrop in his eye
I gave the nut to him. It made him glad;
He took it proudly off to show his dad—
His dad was the conductor of the shy.

EVOE.

The Latest Cinema Poster.

"WANTED BY THE POLICE,
4,200 feet."

In any other profession they advertise for hands. It is a pleasant distinction.

From a circus advertisement in India:—

"It gives a great pleasure to all to see a goat, (1) riding on another goat, (2) placing its neck against the neck of the other, (3) walking on its knees, (4) pretending to lie dead, and many other feats of men."

For the moment we cannot remember to have performed any of these manly feats.

ARMAGEDDON.

THE conversation had turned, as it always does in the smoking-rooms of golf clubs, to the state of poor old England, and Porkins had summed the matter up. He had marched round in ninety-seven that morning, followed by a small child with an umbrella and an arsenal of weapons, and he felt in form with himself.

"What England wants," he said, leaning back and puffing at his cigar,—"what England wants is a war. (Another whisky and soda, waiter.) We're getting flabby. All this pampering of the poor is playing the very deuce with the country. A bit of a scrap with a foreign power would do us all the good in the world." He disposed of his whisky at a draught. "We're flabby," he repeated. "The lower classes seem to have no sense of discipline nowadays. We want a war to brace us up."

* * * * *

It is well understood in Olympus that Porkins must not be disappointed. What will happen to him in the next world I do not know, but it will be something extremely humorous; in this world, however, he is to have all that he wants. Accordingly the gods got to work.

In the little village of Ospovat, which is in the south-eastern corner of Ruritania, there lived a maiden called Maria Strultz, who was engaged to marry Captain Tomsk.

"I fancy," said one of the gods, "that it might be rather funny if Maria jilted the Captain. I have an idea that it would please Porkins."

"Whatever has Maria—" began a very young god, but he was immediately suppressed.

"Really," said the other, "I should have thought it was sufficiently obvious. You know what these mortals are." He looked round to them all. "Is it agreed then?"

It was agreed.

So Maria Strultz jilted the Captain.

Now this, as you may imagine, annoyed Captain Tomsk. He commanded a frontier fort on the boundary between Ruritania and Essenland, and his chief amusement in a dull life was to play cards with the Essenland captain, who commanded the fort on the other side of the river. When Maria's letter came he felt that the only thing to do was to drown himself; on second thoughts he decided to drown his sorrows first. He did this so successfully that at the end of the evening he was convinced that it was not Maria who had jilted him, but the Essenland captain who

had jilted Maria; whereupon he rowed across the river and poured his revolver into the Essenland flag which was flying over the fort. Maria thus revenged, he went home to bed, and woke next morning with a bad headache.

("Now we're off," said the gods in Olympus.)

In Diedeldorf, the capital of Essenland, the leader-writers proceeded to remove their coats.

"The blood of every true Essenlander," said the leader-writer of the *Diedeldorf Patriot*, after sending out for another pot of beer, "will boil when it hears of this fresh insult to our beloved flag, an insult which can only be wiped out with blood." Then seeing that he had two "bloods" in one sentence, he crossed the second one out, substituted "the sword," and lit a fresh cigarette. "For years Essenland has writhed under the provocations of Ruritania, but has preserved a dignified silence; this last insult is more than flesh and blood can stand." Another "blood" had got in, but it was a new sentence and he thought it might be allowed to remain. "We shall not be accused of exaggeration if we say that Essenland would lose, and rightly lose, her prestige in the eyes of Europe if she let this affront pass unnoticed. In a day she would sink from a first-rate to a fifth-rate power." But he didn't say how.

The Chancellor of Essenland, in a speech gravely applauded by both sides of the House, announced the steps he had taken. An ultimatum had been sent to Ruritania demanding an apology, an indemnity of a hundred thousand marks, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, whose epaulettes were to be torn off by the Commander-in-Chief of the Essenland Army in the presence of a full corps of cinematograph artists. Failing this, war would be declared.

Ruritania offered the apology, the indemnity, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, but urged that this last ceremony would be better performed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Ruritanian Army; otherwise Ruritania might as well cease to be a sovereign state, for she would lose her prestige in the eyes of Europe.

There was only one possible reply to this, and Essenland made it. She invaded Ruritania.

("Aren't they wonderful?" said the gods in Olympus to each other.

"But haven't you made a mistake?" asked the very young god. "Porkins lives in England, not Essenland."

"Wait a moment," said the others.)

* * * * *

In the capital of Borovia the leader-

writer of the *Borovian Patriot* got to work. "How does Borovia stand?" he asked. "If Essenland occupies Ruritania, can any thinking man in Borovia feel safe with the enemy at his gates?" (The Borovian peasant, earning five marks a week, would have felt no less safe than usual, but then he could hardly be described as a thinking man.) "It is vital to the prestige of Borovia that the integrity of Ruritania should be preserved. Otherwise we may resign ourselves at once to the prospect of becoming a fifth-rate power in the eyes of Europe." And in a speech, gravely applauded by all parties, the Borovian Chancellor said the same thing. So the Imperial Army was mobilized and, amidst a wonderful display of patriotic enthusiasm by those who were remaining behind, the Borovian troops marched to the front. . . .

("And there you are," said the gods in Olympus.

"But even now—" began the very young god doubtfully.

"Silly, isn't Felicia the ally of Essenland; isn't Marksland the ally of Borovia; isn't England the ally of the ally of the ally of the Country which holds the balance of power between Marksland and Felicia?"

"But if any of them thought the whole thing stupid or unjust or—"

"Their prestige," said the gods gravely, trying not to laugh.

"Oh, I see," said the very young god.)

* * * * *

And when a year later the hundred-thousandth English mother woke up to read that her boy had been shot, I am afraid she shed foolish tears and thought that the world had come to an end.

Poor short-sighted creature! She didn't realise that Porkins, who had marched round in ninety-six the day before, was now thoroughly braced up.

("What babies they all are," said the very young god.) A. A. M.

An Invidious Distinction.

"An Opening offers for a GENTLEMAN OF Public School man . . ."

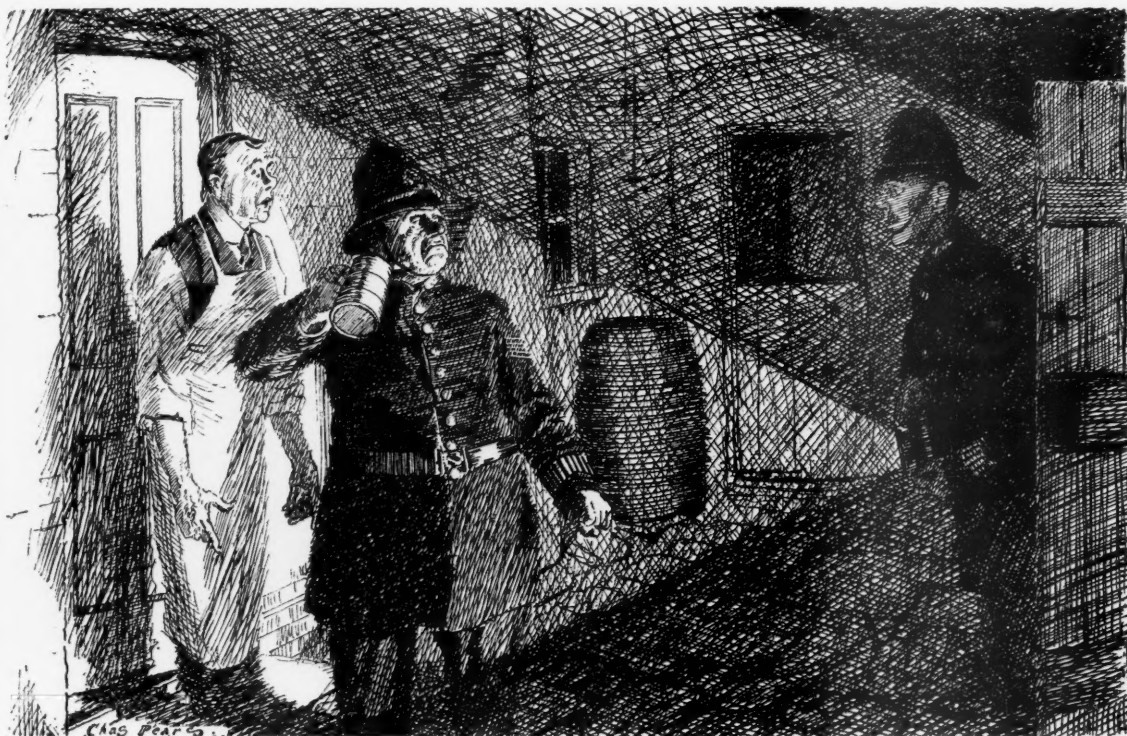
Advt. in "The Times."

"At moderate expenditure he has increased the stock-carrying capacity of his holding many times over, and can now fatten both cattle and sheep, where formerly either had only a bear subsistence."—*Times*.

To the question, "What do bears subsist on?" we believe the answer to be, "Honey and American trappers."

Where to wear your Hat.

"The Misses Buckley (Llandaff) were dressed—the one in a cerise coat and skirt, relieved at the waist with a black patent band and hat to correspond. . . ."—*South Wales Daily News*.



Police Sergeant (having swallowed with gurgling sounds and smacking of lips a pint of beer given him by publican at his back door after hours) to intruding Constable. "WHAT HAVE YOU COME ROUND HERE FOR?"

Police Constable. "I HEARD AN UNUSUAL SOUND, SIR."

THE DOUBLE CURE.

"THE hair," said the assistant, "is very thick."

"If you refer to mine," I replied, "it is frightfully thick."

He looked at it reflectively. "It is very thick," he said; "very thick," and he jabbed the comb into it.

"On the other hand," I pointed out, "my skull is very thin."

"Yes, Sir."

"And the comb is very sharp."

He apologized, pulled the comb out, and jabbed it back not quite so severely.

"Very sharp," we murmured to-

"Very thick," } gether.

"I will thin it out," he suggested.

"As long as you get it out painlessly, I don't mind," I said, and I lay back and studied the bottles.

"It's a curious thing," I observed, "but mine is the only case for which you hairdressers fail to provide."

"I don't quite follow, Sir."

"Well," I explained, "for any degree of baldness you provide remedies by the hundreds. You offer to invigorate the hair, to dress it, to bring it up in the way it should go, and to produce it in any quantity."

The light of battle came into the assistant's eye and he moved to the wash-basin.

"Yes," he said, picking up a bottle of oily mixture, "this preparation, for instance, is really to be recommended. The famous Criniline."

He held it aloft and the neighbouring assistant barely suppressed a cheer.

"I've sold—"

"That's all very well," I objected, "but where do I come in?"

"Well, Sir"—he held out his scissors—"these surely are effective."

"Cutting only makes it grow more quickly. The beastly stuff's so thick," I complained, "I can't do anything with it. What I want is some stuff—"

"Preparation, Sir."

"—stuff for thinning my hair."

"For thinning the hair. Yes, Sir. He combed the atmosphere thoughtfully. "I should like to sell you something, Sir."

Of a sudden he snipped excitedly. "I have it!" he exclaimed. He moved back to the washstand and picked up a bottle. "The very thing," he said. He looked round cautiously, bent down towards my ear and coughed nervously. "Of course," he said, "this is—er—not

a preparation for your particular complaint. I—er—it—between our two selves, Sir, it was—er—intended for other purposes."

"Yes?" I said.

"But, Sir, it may be just what you require."

"Yes, yes." I held my hand out for the bottle.

"Yes, Sir," he whispered. "It may be. At any rate I happen to know for a fact there is no possible danger of its increasing the growth of the hair."

And he handed me the famous Criniline.

To show my appreciation of his honesty I bought two bottles.

Commercial Candour.

From a Provision catalogue:—

"Lamb . . . Should shoulders be ordered Legs will be sent."

Very annoying.

"BERLIN. Saturday.—It is stated that the Crown Prince is to assume the command of the troops at Belgrade.—*Reuter*."—*Observer*. As this comes from Berlin we assume that the reference is to the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE. If so, he's got on the wrong side by mistake.



Mary (exploring). "OH, LOOK, MUMMIE, I'VE FOUND A SNUGLER'S CAVE!"

THE PACKER'S PLAINT.

Yes, I must pack my things, and, what is worse,
Must pack alone, for James, my faithful man,
The ancient servitor who knows my wants,
Is busy, and to-day he cannot aid.
The house is in a turmoil, and the maids
Speed to and fro without a moment's stay.
The corridors and all the rooms resound
With footfalls, and the lady of the house,
Her sleeves tucked up (they always tuck their sleeves),
Her working-apron girt about her form,
Bustles around and issues her commands,
As who should say, "Behold me as I pack;
This is no place for men who do not pack,
Who play with dogs, or smoke their cigarettes,
Or read the papers, getting in the way
Of workers." So she packs and packs and packs.
Four children in their various rooms have spread
All the contents of drawers upon the floor,
A most insane disorder, while they eat
Cream chocolates, for their mother is not there.
They too wear aprons, and their cheeks are red,
Their hair is tousled, and the rooms resound
With battle-cry and challenge, and the air
Is thick with things they hurl at one another.
And I, too, yield and go to pack my things.
Yet how shall man decide what he may want
In four revolving weeks; what hats, what coats,
How many collars and what handkerchiefs,
What flannel trousers—all the articles,
Shoes, scissors, waistcoats, gaudy ties and boots,
Socks, safety-razor-blades and leather belts,

Studs, links, dress-suit, and plain and coloured shirts,
And undervests—the articles, in short,
That make a man in very truth a man?
Did AGAMEMNON, when he rushed to war,
And sought the dreadful fields of Ilium—
Did he pack up, or trust the thing to slaves,
Saying, "Put in my six best pairs of greaves,
Four regal mantles, sandals for the shore,
And fourteen glittering helmets with their plumes,
And ten strong breastplates and a sheaf of swords,
And crowns and robes and tunics, and of spears
A goodly number, such as may besem
The office and the valour of a King.
Ay, and if one least thing you should forget
Your lives shall pay the forfeit. Go and pack?"
If it was thus that AGAMEMNON spake
I envy him, for I must pack alone.
I shall forget the necessary things
And take the useless, having none to blame
Save only my incomparable mind.

A Sporting Offer.

From *The Times* on the Servian Chief of Staff:—

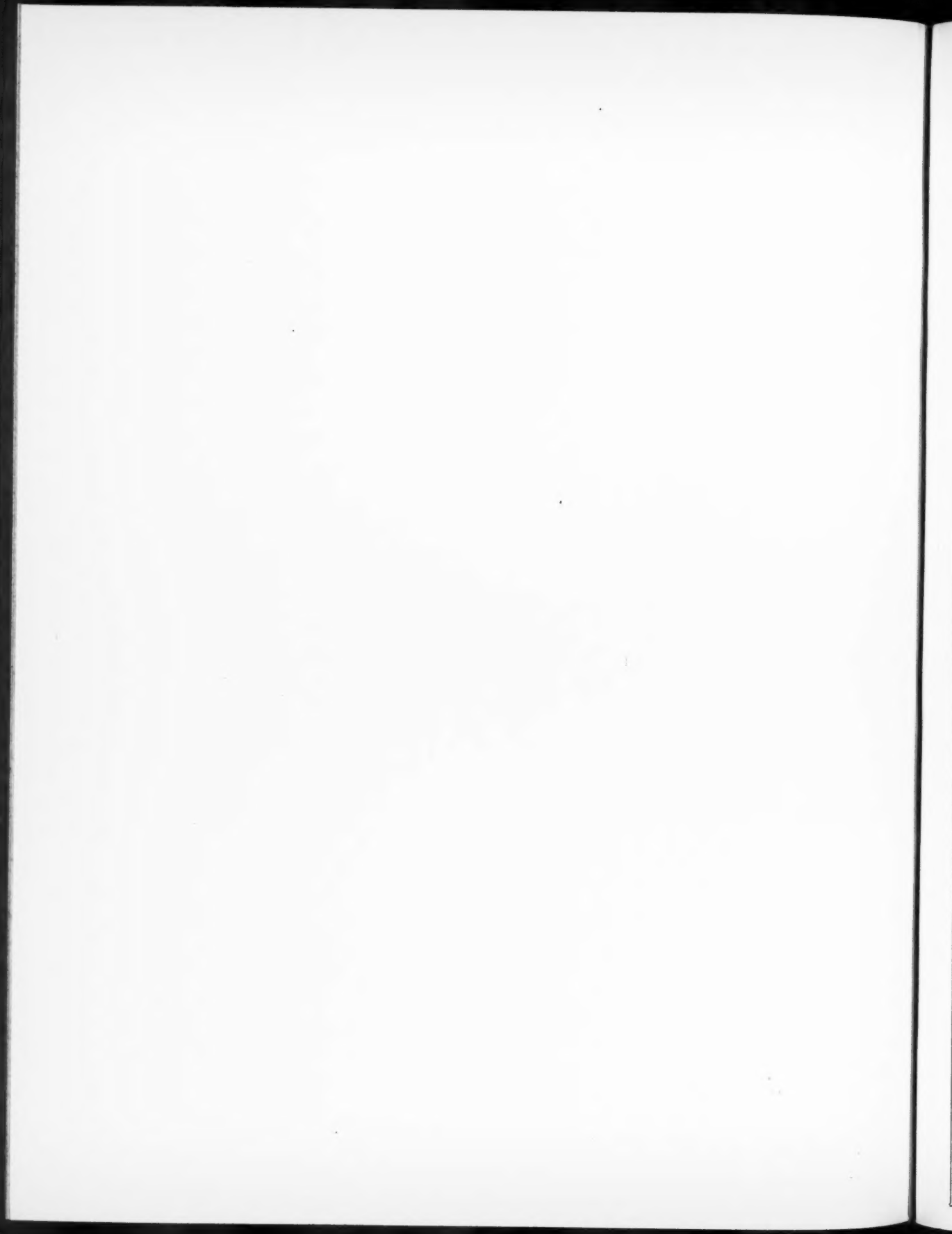
"As the Austro-Hungarian Army is imbued with a much too chivalrous feeling to deprive the Servian Army of its leader an opportunity will be given him to continue his journey to Servia to-day, and a special saloon carriage will be placed at his disposal.—*Reuter*."
An unusual luxury for a leader.

"HEADSTONE, cost £12, for £7; selling cheap through death of proprietor."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.
Not sufficient reason for us.



MUTUAL SERVICE.

BRITANNIA (*to Peace*). "I'VE BEEN DOING MY BEST FOR YOU IN EUROPE; PLEASE DO YOUR BEST FOR ME IN IRELAND."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.—To-day set apart for consideration of Navy Estimates. To-morrow assigned to Second Reading of Home Rule Amending Bill come over from the Lords. Up to yesterday public attention centred on latter event. Questions reverberated: What will PREMIER do with the Bill? What will follow on his action?

This morning British Public wakes up not to one startling surprise but to two. War is imminent in East of Europe. War has actually broken out in streets of Dublin.

Nearer event illustrates afresh the unfathomable versatility of Ireland. For months the country has been taught to expect armed outbreak in Ulster. At any moment, we were told, the patience of the Ulster volunteer, with current of events devised and controlled by constituted authority, would collapse. Civil war would be in full swing.

At moment when postponement of threatened action had lulled public into sense of security, news comes of conflict between armed volunteers and a detachment of soldiers of the line. In newspaper columns appear stirring pictures of populace thronging the streets and stoning the soldiers as they march back to their barracks; of volleys fired in defence and reprisal; of men, women and children falling dead or wounded in the streets. And lo! the volunteers on the warpath are not Ulstermen, but Nationalists. The city given up to murderous riot is not Belfast, but Dublin.

House meets in half-dazed condition to face this amazing jumble of the unexpected. JOHN REDMOND moves adjournment in order to discuss it. Interest of situation intensified by circumstance that the rifle shots fired by the O'Connell Bridge, Dublin, did more than kill three citizens and wound thirty-two others. They threaten to dissolve compact between Irish Nationalists and His MAJESTY'S Ministers. Sorely strained on occasions, it has hitherto remained inviolate. With South and West of Ireland looking on suspiciously at relations with Saxon Government—a necessity admitted but its existence never liked—it behoved AGAG REDMOND to walk delicately.

Accomplished feat with considerable skill. Appeared from official statement that, as sometimes happens in Ireland in analogous cases—on the Curragh, for example—someone had blundered into direct opposition to Ministerial policy and intention. Troops had been called out by authority of a minor official. Firing had opened in the streets of Dublin without word of command from officer in charge of detachment. Supreme representatives of Government, whether at the Irish Office or Dublin Castle, were innocent of offence. They were simply unfortunate—which in some cases is worse than being guilty.

On the whole, debate carried through with marvellous repression of Party passion. It is true LORD BOB suggested that Ministers should be hanged

over East of Europe. News momentarily expected—it arrived before the dinner-hour—that Austria had declared war against Serbia. Match thus applied to trail of gunpowder, no one can say how far or in what direction the flame may travel. Meanwhile ominous fact that by way of precaution other Powers are preparing to mobilise. In addition to grave happenings abroad, we have at home our own little war. Sudden outburst of fury in streets of Dublin last Sunday indicates grave possibilities in the near future.

In these circumstances reasonable to suppose attention of House would be centred on these contingencies, its demeanour attuned accordingly. On the contrary, liveliest interest at Question-hour aroused by discovery that persons employed in business of peeling onions are exempt from payment of Insurance Tax.

House and country indebted to FRED HALL for disclosure of this remarkable circumstance. As a rule his questions do not attract the measure of attention their merit possibly demands. This largely due to fact that they are so numerous, so constant in appearance on the paper, and are doubled, sometimes trebled, by supplementaries devised in the spirit the SPEAKER delicately describes as animated by desire rather to give information than to seek it.

But this discovery of the supereminence of the onion-peeler in the matter of freedom from taxation instantly riveted attention. It was news even to WORTHINGTON EVANS, who has spent his days and nights in mastering obscurities of Insurance Act. From all parts of the House came sharp inquiry for further information. Was the potato-peeler also exempt? If not, why not?

Trying moment for WEDGWOOD BENN. Faced it with customary courage and something more than habitual rotundity of official phraseology.

"Employment as an onion-peeler," he oracularly said, "has in a special order been specified as a subsidiary employment, and contributions are not required to be paid in respect of persons so employed."

That all very well as far as it went. It did not go to the length of explaining the mystery that racked the mind of all sections of parties. Why the onion-peeler in particular?



"I have had considerable experience, perhaps a larger experience than any man in this House, of being taken to task for the actions of those who were my subordinates or my colleagues. [Laughter]."—Mr. ASQUITH.

(or "suspended," as he put it). That only his way of expressing diversity of opinion on matters of detail. Division keenly looked forward to. Would Redmondites be satisfied with suspension of Sub-Commissioner of Dublin Police when they demanded head of Chief Commissioner on a charge? Would they abstain from the division, or would they, joyously relapsing into original state of nature, "go agin the Government"?

Catastrophe averted by resisting motion for closure and carrying debate over eleven o'clock, when it automatically stood adjourned.

Business done.—Clontarf "incident" discussed.

Tuesday.—The elephant is justly proud of the range of its adaptability. As every schoolboy knows, with its mighty trunk it can uproot a tree or pick up a pin. Analogy found in case of House of Commons, with perhaps a preference for picking up pins.

This afternoon the war-cloud lies low

[According to Mr. HEALY's interpretation of what he called "a kind of foreshore doctrine of legality," the PRIME MINISTER had laid it down that guns are liable to seizure on the shore below high water mark, but that, once they are fairly on dry land, "the proclamation has exhausted itself."]



I.—OUTSIDE THE LAW.

SPEAKER stayed storm of renewed interrogation by calling on next question. Some time before ordinary calm was restored. On benches above Gangway on Opposition side there is rooted belief that there is more in this than meets the eye. LLOYD GEORGE is evidently at the bottom of what begins to look like a bad business.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply, Colonial vote agreed to. Progress made with Education vote, amounting this year to modest total of £9,480,621.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

(Constructed after the best models.)

I.—AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

INSIDE the Fahrjoch Hut a merry clatter of tin mugs proclaimed that a climbing party was supping. Ralph Wonderson paused for a moment, thoughtfully stroking his crampons, before he threw open the door and entered.

Two stalwart and sunburnt young Englishmen, a beautiful fair-haired English girl, and three hirsute and jovial Swiss guides were feasting on the sardines and dried plums which experience has shown to be the best diet for mountaineers. They looked up cheerily as he entered, and greeted him with the easy camaraderie of the mountains.

Gratefully relieving himself of his rope, ice-axe, Baedeker, goggles, corkscrew, crampons and other impedimenta of the expert Alpinist, Ralph seated himself beside the girl.

"You look tired," she said sympathetically.

"Yes," he replied, picking up a sardine by its tail and dropping it into his mouth with the ease of one long accustomed to mountain huts. "Yes, I've just satisfied a long-cherished ambition by doing the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau in the same day without guides."

There was an instant chorus of admiration. The three guides rose to their feet and gazed at the newcomer in astonishment.

"*Ja wohl! Auf wiederschen!*" they said warmly.

There is no body of men in the world so free from petty jealousy as the Swiss guides.

"It is nothing," said Ralph lightly. "What are your plans for to-morrow? I rather thought of taking things easily myself and doing the Wetterhorn. I wondered—"

"I'm sure we should be delighted to join you," said the girl, "if you could consent to be accompanied by such undistinguished climbers. Let me introduce ourselves. This is my cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener. This is my brother, Lord Tamerton. I am Margaret Tamerton."

"Lady Margaret Tamerton!" cried Ralph in amazement. "Little Madge! Don't you remember me—Ralph Wonderson, your playmate as a child?"

"Ralph!" exclaimed Lady Margaret. "Oh, of course! And I haven't seen you since you whitewashed all the guinea-pigs and were sent away to school."

Several hours later Lady Margaret stood with Ralph on the terrace outside the hut. Her eyes plunged into



II.—WITHIN THE LAW.

the awful abyss at their feet, swept along the moonlit valley thousands and thousands of feet below them, and fastened themselves upon the sinister crags of the Lyskamm and the stupendous dome of Mont Blanc. A lump came into her throat.

"I don't know why," she said softly, "but I have a presentiment of evil. Is the Wetterhorn *very* dangerous?"

Ralph laughed lightly. "A child could climb it blindfolded in midwinter," he said. "Trust yourself to me, little Madge, to-morrow and—and—"

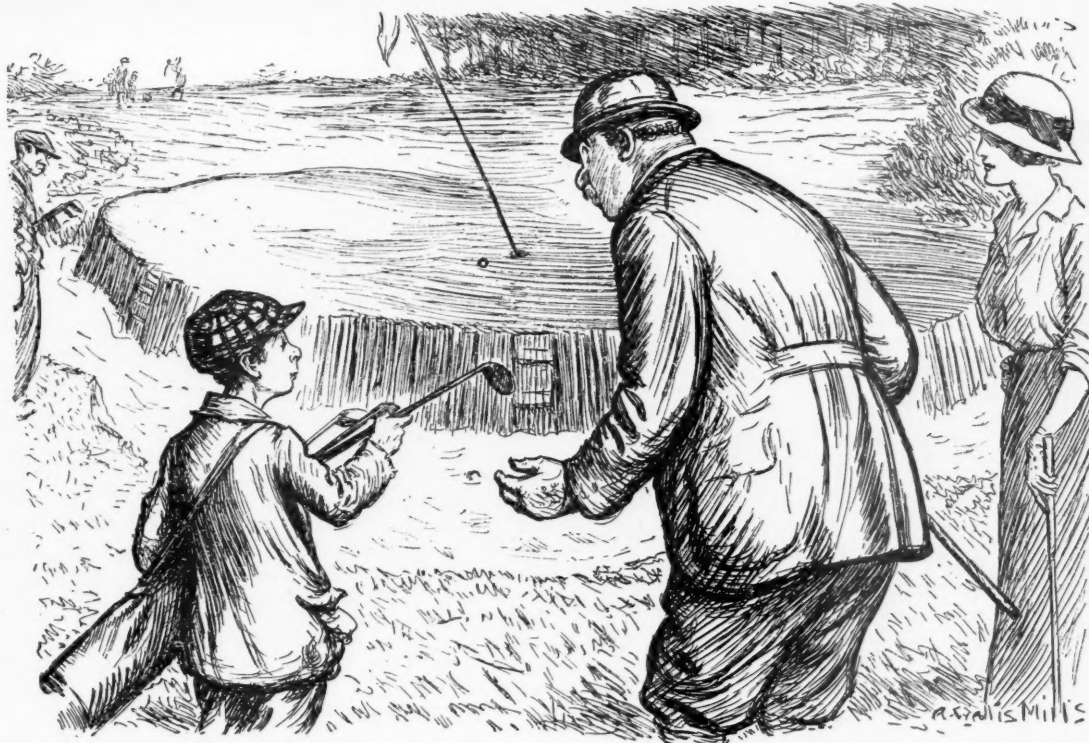
"For ever!" added Margaret almost inaudibly as they went into the hut together.

Mingled happiness and foreboding strangely disturbed her breast, and she sighed as she trod heavily on the face of one of the guides in climbing to her shelf. She heard his low sleepy murmur of apology as she drew her straw about her. There is no more courteous body of men in the world than the Swiss guides.

Next morning, after a hasty toilet with a handful of snow, the party set off shortly before sunrise. Ralph by general consent assumed the leadership. Taking careful soundings with his ice-axe and using his crampons with almost uncanny certitude, he guided his companions through a moraine and debouched on to a tremendous glacier.

As he turned to survey those behind them he perceived for the first time a scar under the left ear of Sir Ernest Scrivener.

"*Teufel!*" he exclaimed under his breath. "It is he! Moorsdyke! My mortal enemy!"



Golfer (playing his second round in the day). "INTO THIS BEASTLY BUNKER AGAIN, CADDIE!"
Caddie. "No, S'. THIS IS THE ONE YOU MISSED THIS MORNING."

But his meditations were interrupted by the stern nature of the work before them. Their route led them along the foot of a line of towering and trembling *séracs*. The vibration of a whisper might send them crashing down upon the party.

Placing one hand on his lips as a warning for silence, he dexterously cut steps in the ice with the other. Progress was slow and nerve-racking. Every step had to be taken with infinite precaution. Once Lord Tamerton slipped and would have fallen headlong to destruction had not Ralph caught him by the ear and lifted him back into his steps.

But at length the trying passage was almost accomplished. Only Sir Ernest Scrivener remained in peril.

Unconsciously Ralph removed his fingers from his lips. Inexperienced as a climber, Sir Ernest imagined this to be a signal that the danger was now over.

"I say," he began.

It was enough. In an instant the whole line of *séracs* toppled from their bases and thundered down upon him. Ralph did not hesitate. The man was his most deadly enemy, but—he was Lady Margaret's cousin. Ralph sprang to the rope; it snapped like thread between his fingers.

With a cry of despair Sir Ernest vanished in the roaring avalanche of ice and snow. Throwing a quick reassuring smile to Lady Margaret, Ralph joined his hands above his head and dived unflinchingly after him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WISER CHOICE.

[A weekly paper points out that letters of proposal should be carefully timed to arrive in the evening, that being the sentimental time of the day when acceptance is most likely.]

Good Sir, your directions are all very fine,

But, when I propose by the pen trick, I shall look for a temper to tolerate mine, And mine is distinctly eccentric;

If she, in the morning, is likely to grouse,

If her breakfast demeanour is surly, There would not be room for us both in the house;

I'm peevish myself when it's early.

So rather I'd have her most critical mood

Prevail at the time of my wooing; I'd like to be sure that the girl understood

Exactly the thing she was doing.

I feel in my heart it were better for me
To double the risk of rejection,
In order (if haply accepted) to be
A calm and cold-blooded selection.

Let my letter arrive when the day at
its start

Provokes a malevolent feeling;
Her answer may puncture a hole in my
heart,

But Time is an expert at healing;
And that will be better than learning
too late,

At the end of the honeymoon season,
That the lady had only consented to
mate

In an hour that was bad for her
reason.

From a concert programme at
Brighton:—

"Parsifal.
Tannhäuser.
Walküre.
Götterdämmerung.
Siegfried.
Tristan and Isolde.
Requiem for 3 cellos and orchestra."

The last item does not surprise us.

"ANSTRUTHER.—Comf. roofs, 2 beds, 25th
July on; sea view."—*Glasgow Herald*.
The fresh air craze is spreading.

MNEMONICS.

FOR reasons of economy we get all our household requisites from Moggridge's Stores in the Tottenham Court Road, where we have a deposit account. Joan once worked out that by shopping in this manner we saved ninepence-halfpenny every time we spent one pound four and fivepence (her arithmetic cannot cope with percentages), besides having our goods delivered at the door by a motor van. This is a distinct score off our neighbours, who have to be content with theirs being brought round by a boy on a kind of three-wheeled Black-Maria.

We are not on the telephone at home, so it is my part of the arrangement to ring up Moggridge's when I arrive at my office, and order what we want; that is, whenever I remember. But unfortunately I own the most impossible of head-pieces. It's all right to look at from the outside, but inside the valves leak, or else the taps run. Consequently it generally ends in Joan's writing a note when I return home in the evening. Thus I was not altogether surprised when, one morning after breakfast, Joan asked me to repeat her orders. I did so. "That's not what I said!" cried Joan. "That's only what you *thought* I said. I did not even mention smoked salmon. Now listen while I tell you again; or, better still, write it down on a piece of paper."

"That's no good," I said. "I always lose the paper. But go on with the list; I've got a very good idea."

"Two pounds of Mocha coffee," she began.

I picked up two coffee beans from the tray—Joan self-grinds and self-makes the coffee every morning—and placed them amongst the loose change in my trouser pocket.

"Fourteen pounds of best loaf sugar," she went on.

I drew my handkerchief from my sleeve, tied a small lump of sugar in a corner of it, and then placed it inside my hat.

"Why put it in your hat?" asked Joan.

"Because," I answered, "I may not have occasion to draw my handkerchief from its usual place, whereas I always *have* to take my hat off."

"How will you remember the quantity?"

"Well, fourteen pounds make one stone, don't they? Before I remember the hard thing is a piece of sugar I shall think it's a stone."

Joan sniffed contemptuously.

"Then there's my ring," she con-

tinued, "the diamond and sapphire one that I left for resetting. The estimate they promised has not come, and besides there's the——"

"Hold on a minute!" I cried. "Just tie a piece of cotton round my married finger."

She did so. Then she went on:

"The drawing-room clock should have been sent home, cleaned, last Friday. They haven't sent it."

"Perhaps they expected it to *run down*," I suggested.

Joan bore up wonderfully, and merely said, "Well—do something. Put the sardines in your pocket-book, or the marmalade in your gloves."

"Those," I said, "are not, strictly speaking, mnemonics for sending home cleaned clocks. They would be all right for a picnic tea-basket, but not for the thing in question. Everything I have done up to the present is suggestive of what I have to remember," and I turned my watch round in my pocket so that it faced outwards.

"I see," said Joan. "Now, what's the cotton round your finger for?"

"Smoked sa—, that is to say, coffee—I mean the estimate for your ring," I answered. "Is there anything else?"

"Another box of stationery like the last—the crinkly paper, you know. They've got our die."

I tore a strip from the newspaper, crinkled it carefully and put it away in my cigarette-case. A minute later I was on my way to the railway-station.

A keen head-wind was blowing, causing my eyes to water and the tears to flow unbidden. I explored my sleeve for my handkerchief. It was not there. I could not possibly go to town without one, so I hastened home again. Joan was at the window as I ran up.

"What is it?" she cried.

"My handkerchief!" I gasped. "I've forgotten——"

"Fourteen pounds of best loaf sugar!" called out Joan. "It's in your hat."

As I hurried once more in the direction of the station I withdrew the handkerchief from my hat and wiped my streaming eyes. The operation over, I placed the handkerchief in my sleeve. I heard the whistle of a train in the distance and instinctively took out my watch. It was right-about-face in my pocket, and I lost a good half-second in getting it into the correct position for time-telling. It was nine-seventeen. I had just one minute in which to do the quarter-mile; but my *forte* is the egg-and-spoon race, and I missed the train handsomely.

There was an interval of twenty minutes before the next one was due, so I thought I would have a cigarette. I opened my case, and a piece of paper

fluttered to the ground. I picked it up and glanced at it. On one side I read that " . . . knocked out Submarine Snooks in the ninth round after a hotly-contested . . . " while on the other side I saw that " . . . condition offers the gravest anxiety to his numerous friends and . . . " I threw the paper away, for it did not interest me, and walked up to the bookstall to select a magazine. I had to remove my left glove in order to get at my money, and in pulling it off I noticed a shred of cotton come away with it. This meant an inside seam gone somewhere; and they were new gloves, too. I threw a coin to the paper-boy, and two small round objects like boot-buttons rolled on to the platform. Shortly afterwards the train strolled up.

At the office I was so busy all day, arranging about the shipment of a steam-crane to Siam (I am a commission-agent), that it was not until I was seated in the train, going home in the evening, that I vaguely remembered that I had forgotten something. I grew more and more uneasy, and, with the idea of distracting my thoughts from an unpleasant channel, I picked up an evening paper from underneath the opposite seat. At some quite recent period it had obviously contained nourishment of an oleaginous nature, but, though soiled, it was still legible. The very first paragraph which I read served to remind me of Joan's forgotten orders; but it brought me, nevertheless, an unholy joy, for it ran: "The funeral of the late Mr. Jeremiah Moggridge, founder and managing director of the mammoth stores which bear his name, took place this afternoon. As a mark of respect the premises were closed for business throughout the day."

So it would have been futile to ring them up in any case. I was saved!

On reaching home the first thing Joan said to me was—

"Did you order those things from Moggridge's?"

I didn't say anything. I merely handed her the evening paper and indicated the saving clause. Joan read it through. Then she said—

"Yes, I *thought* you'd mess it all up in spite of your ichneumonics, or whatever you call them; and so after lunch I went to the call-office and ordered the things myself."

"But Moggridge's was closed—didn't you read?"

"Yes," replied Joan; "but, next time you forget, don't try to establish an *alibi* with yesterday's evening paper."

* * * * *

Our private telephone will be fixed by next week. I forget how much Joan reckons we shall save by it.

THE PASSING OF THE COW.

[The Soya bean, grown in Japan, Korea and Manchuria, is said to provide a perfect substitute for milk.]

Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe :
All mortal flesh is grass,
Mown down by Time at the appointed hour;
And in the world of speed
The noblest Arab steed
Yields, O Combustion, to thy pent-up power.

On Youth of ardent aim
No more Mazeppa's fame
Or TURPIN's feats exert their ancient spell;
NAPIER and WOLSELEY stand
No more for war's command,
But only steel and rubber, oil and smell.

Where once men safely strode
Along the open road,
A sinister and stertorous machine
Exhales its acrid breath
And deals impartial death
To all the dwellers on the village green.

And now, O gentle cow,
Man's foster-mother, thou,
Must tread the fatal path the horse hath trod,
Since scientists have found
That milk and cream abound
Within the compass of an Eastern ped.

No more shall we behold,
As in the days of old,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
Or Mary, mid the foam,
Calling her cattle home,
Across the sands, the perilous sands
o' Dee.

Mourn, Alderney, and mourn,
O maiden all forlorn,
The cow with crumpled horn that filled thy pail;
Mourn, damsels, mourn and sigh
Who can no more reply,
"I'm going a milking" to the curious male.

Mourn too, for ye shall feel
The change at every meal,
Ye minions of the hearthrug; be not mute,
Ye Persians, topaz-eyed,
When mistresses provide
This miserable Soya substitute.

In legendary lore
The cow was wont to soar
With Dædalean art above the moon;
But ah! the cardboard cows
That by the railroad browse
To no elopement prompt the modern spoon.



George Belcher

Rev. Brown. "I'M AFRAID, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I KNOW VERY LITTLE OF AGRICULTURAL MATTERS; IN FACT I DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MANGEL AND A WURZEL."

On earth men owned thy sway
From Lapland to Cathay;
In heaven the Milky Way thy might
confessed:
Weaklings we saw become
Strong, thanks to thee and rum,
And Punch of all ingredients found
milk best.

But, heedless of a debt
He never should forget,
Ungrateful man is planning to replace
By vegetable aid
The kindly service paid
By your mild-natured and sweet-
breathing race.

Yet, ere the Soya boom
Achieves the dairy's doom,

And rude bean-crushers oust the homely
churn,
Let one unworthy scribe
Salute the vaccine tribe
And lay his wreath upon their funeral
urn.

The Trippers.

"The native inhabitants produce all manner of curios, the great majority of which appear to command a ready sale among the visitors, crude and commonplace as these frequently are."—*Bulawayo Chronicle*.
They are; but, bless their hearts, they seem to enjoy themselves.

"EXETER.—Young Cook-General, willing to learn; small family, no children; no basement. No religion preferred."
Western Morning News.
She forgot to add "No meals to serve."

MY GIRL CADDIE.

As a matter of fact she was my gardener's chauffeur-son's girl. The junior parent having been living chiefly on my garden or in my kitchen, and now being at the end of his resources, it was suggested that I should give his Amy a job. The proposal came from my wife, who had been victualling Amy's mother and Amy's baby sister for some weeks. An illuminating correspondence in the Press had done the rest.

For her first appointment at the tea Amy was nearly twenty minutes late, and when she arrived it was in a mauve skirt, green stockings, an ochre sporting coat and a hat which had once been my wife's. Seen against the background of the native boy caddies, Amy might have been described as picturesque.

"Mother says," said Amy, as we introduced ourselves—"Mother says she's sorry you should be kept, but baby's used to going off, me rocking 'im, and she was that busy, it being the day what she mostly washes."

"Very well, Amy," I said, realising the situation, "we must do better next time. The gentleman I was to play would not wait; but perhaps, if we just went round together, you could get an idea of your—your duties."

Amy accepted my suggestion and my bag of clubs with an abstracted sniff. She seemed to be more closely engaged in retorting by manual signals to the distant provocations of her male rivals.

"Now, Amy," I reminded her gently, "you must learn how to make a tee."

Amy turned reluctantly and stared over my bent back at the Miss Galbraiths, who were just starting for the ladies' course.

"First of all," I began more firmly, "you take a pinch of sand from this box—so." Tee-making is not my forte, and I was painfully conscious that I worked under the critical gaze of fully twenty expert eyes.

"If you please," said Amy in a brighter mood, "mother says I'll want some things to clean up the sticks with."

I rose from my knees with a cricked back, but I had my Purple Spot neatly balanced on a really creditable mound.

"We shall come to that presently, Amy," I explained. "When I have finished playing you can take the clubs and make them nice and bright with emery-paper."

Amy did not take this proposal encouragingly.

"Mother says I should want some turps," she informed me, "and brickdus' and some whitin' to finish, and some

mothelay. She says she don't 'old with the way Jimmy Baines and the rest of 'em does it. Mother says the sticks should be cleaned proper, as they oughter be. She says she'd 'ave give me the things, only she ain't got any, and I was to ask if it was convenience to you to spare me the money to go to the village and get 'em. Then she'd show me 'ow."

I had discovered my driver behind Amy's back and was preparing to get away, but these views of Amy's mother were so complete an innovation that I paused. On the verge of a first drive I had never in my life stopped to consider the ethics of golf-club cleaning. Why had not Amy a pocket and a rag of sand-paper like resourceful Jimmy Baines? I don't remember to have ever read anything on the niceties of the art of scouring clubs. It is a subject on which the writers of golfing articles—prolific enough, as Heaven knows, about other and more negligible aspects of the game—seem to have adopted an attitude of studied reticence.

"Look here, Amy," I said rather severely, "you really must not talk. You must remember you are here to carry my clubs, not to tell me about your mother. My iron clubs must be cleaned precisely as they always have been cleaned. That is entirely your department of the game, and you must stand at least three yards further away or I shall probably kill you." Then I drove, sliced hideously, and landed in long grass a hundred yards to the right.

Some premonition of feminine detachment prompted me to keep my eyes rigidly on the tuft which concealed my ball, as I strode forward. But half-way I turned. I felt Amy was not with me. She was standing precisely where I had left her, her hat off, her pink tongue stuck out in the direction of the caddies' shed.

"Amy!" I shouted, and the sound of my voice had an indescribably incongruous and humiliating echo. "Amy, come here at once; how dare—"

Amy came ambling across the fairway, hat in hand, my bag of clubs left where she had deposited them upside down in the tee-box for greater freedom in responding with gestures of defiance to the chaff of the enemy.

"Now look here," I said as Amy stood wonderingly before me; "I am very, very disappointed in you—very, very angry. You wanted to earn your living, I understood?"

Amy's brows darkened but her lips were slightly tremulous.

"Mother won't let me go into the laundry," she said sulkily, "'cos father says I'm not experienced enough, and

Jimmy Baines give me 'is cheek, so I give it 'im back."

Thus we stood surveying the situation, my girl-caddie and I. There seemed at the moment only one sane way of ending it.

"Very well, Amy," I said dispassionately, "you had better run home and tell your mother—tell your mother to come up to the house after dinner, if there's anything she needs."

Amy resigned her position without a murmur; but before she went she extracted two paintless, weary-looking golf-balls from the pocket of her mauve skirt and offered me them for sixpence.

THE COTTAGE.

I know a wood on the top of a hill,
Hyacinth-carpeted March till May,
Where nights are wonderful, soft and still,

And a deep-sea twilight hangs all day;
The loving labour of fairy hands
Has made it heavenly fine to see,
And just outside it the cottage stands,
The cottage that doesn't belong to me.

A cottage, mind,
And I'm sure you'd find
It was damp and dirty and very confined;
Oh, quite an ordinary keeper's cottage
That doesn't belong to me.

Creatures people the wood at night;
Peaceable animals come and play;
Pan's own pipes, if you hear aright,
Charm you on as you go your way;
And all the Arcady folk of yore
Make songs of the days that used to be,
Which carry perhaps to the cottage door,

The cottage that doesn't belong to me.
But it's miles from town
And it's tumble-down,
And the woodwork's done and
The slates are brown;
No one could really live in the cottage
That doesn't belong to me.

Fair be the towns by the river-side,
Maidenhead, Richmond, Henley,
Kew,
Crammed with cottages far and wide,
The thing for people like me and you;
But I think of the haunting forest-lights
And a path that wanders from tree to tree,

Where the man of the cottage might
walk o' nights,

The cottage that doesn't belong to me.
And it may be wrong,
But it won't be long
Before the feeling becomes too strong

And I'll go and jolly well get that
cottage
That doesn't belong to me.



A NEW AQUATIC SPORT HAS BEEN INVENTED. IT IS KNOWN AS "PLANKING," AND CONSISTS IN STANDING UPON A BOARD TOWED BY A FAST MOTOR-BOAT. SOME WHO HAVE TRIED IT CONSIDER THE PLEASURE OVER-RATED.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Reality (CASSELL) deserves to rank high amongst the novels of the present season; it has, indeed, qualities that will cause it, if I am not mistaken, to outlive most of them. The chief of these I can best express by the word colour; by which I mean not only a picturesque setting, but temperament and a fine sense of the romantic in life. Perhaps I ought to have known the name of Miss OLIVE WADSLEY already. As I did not, I can only be glad that *Reality* has rectified the fault; I shall certainly not again forget a writer who has given me so much pleasure. The scene of the story is laid in Vienna, chiefly in musical Vienna, and the protagonists are the young widow, *Irene von Cleve*, and the violinist, *Jean Victoire*, whom she marries despite the well-founded objections of her noble family. Some of the family, too, are quite excellently drawn, notably a Cardinal, who, though he has little to do in the tale, manages to appear much more human and less of a draped waxwork than most Eminences of fiction. I have said that the objections of *Irene's* relations were justified, the fact being that *Jean* was not only a genius, but the most scatterbrained egoist and vulgarian. Naturally, therefore, the alliance turned out a failure; and the process is quite admirably portrayed. I liked least in the book the end, with its sudden revelation of a superfluous secret. Had the secret not been so superfluous it might have vexed me to have been so long kept in ignorance of it. But this is a small matter. The chief point is that *Reality* has the pulse of life in it—in a word that it confirms its title; which, indeed, is about the highest praise that a critic can bestow.

I am not at all sure how Mr. FRANK NORRIS, were he still living, would have regarded the resurrection of this early

attempt at realism, as taught us by M. ZOLA—*Vandover and the Brute* (HEINEMANN). He would, I fancy, have softened some of the crudities and allowed a touch of humour to lighten the more solemn passages. There are pages here that remind one that *Vandover's* creator was also the author of those magnificent novels *The Octopus* and *The Pit*; but I cannot, in spite of them, place much confidence in the truth of *Vandover's* life history. We are told that he enjoyed his bath, and usually spent two or three hours over it. When the water was very warm he got into it with his novel on a rack in front of him and a box of chocolates conveniently near. Here he stayed for over an hour, eating and reading and occasionally smoking a cigarette. Can you wonder after this that poor *Vandover* went utterly to the bad, and is to be found on the last page doing some horrible work with a muck-rake whilst an innocent child points an obvious moral? So certain was *Vandover's* doom, once that box of chocolates had been mentioned, that I grew impatient and a little weary. If this is an age of realism in fiction I think that *Vandover and the Brute* should make plain to any reader why, very shortly, we are going to have an age of something else.

Do not allow yourself to be put off by the title of *Captivating Mary Carstairs* (CONSTABLE)—now published for the first time in England. It is not, as you might assume, a costume novel of eighteenth-century tushery. This is what I expected; but as a matter of fact Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON has written a tale about as unlike this as anything well could be. It is a capital tale, too; American to the last epithet, and crammed so full of the unexpected and adventurous that never (except once) can you anticipate for a moment what is going to happen. The chief adventure is abduction, the subject of it being *Mary Carstairs*, whose father was separated from her

mother, and, being a lonely old man with a longing for a daughter's affection, took this melodramatic course to secure it. In furtherance of his end he secured the services of *Maginnis*, genial swashbuckler, and *Varney*, young, susceptible and heroic, and despatched them on his yacht to apprehend one whom they vaguely supposed to be "a little girl about twelve." This was the only time in which I scored over Mr. HARRISON. I was as certain, when I read thus far, that *Mary Carstairs* was no child, but a grown-up beauty, as I am now that I know the facts. Everywhere else the author had me beat. His capacity for complications seems inexhaustible. I knew that *Varney* was going to fall in love with *Mary*, but I did not know that he himself had a double who would cause endless and thrilling confusions; that *Maginnis* would become involved in local politics to the extent of endangering his life; and that even old *Carstairs*, *Mary's* father, would—but on second thoughts you had better share my unpreparedness about him. I should sum up the book as a tale with a "punch" in every chapter, some of them perhaps below the belt of probability, but all leaving one, as is the way with punches, breathlessly concerned.

Monsieur de Rochefort (HUTCHINSON) did not even take himself seriously; why then should I? To subject this airy romance, of Paris in 1770, to a minute criticism would be unnecessarily spoiling a good thing, and I shall not therefore ask myself whether prisons were so easily got out of or great statesmen so easily cajoled as Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE for present purposes assumes. I shall not examine the historical accuracy of the portraits of the *Duc de Choiseul* or of the *Comtesse Dubarry*, nor shall I question the human probability of villains so inept as *Camus* or martinets so infallible and ruthless as *de Sartines*. The most exacting connoisseur of vintage ports will in his expansive moments admit the merits of a light wine from the wood, offered him as such in due season; even so the most fastidious novel-reader may in a holiday mood allow himself to be merely entertained and diverted by these lighthearted but breathless adventures in the Court of Louis XV. It is the greatest fun throughout; events are rapid and the dialogue is crisp; moreover there is from the beginning the comfortable certainty that, threaten what may, the unhappy end is impossible. If *de Rochefort* had failed to marry *Javotte*, I think that Mr. DE VERE STACPOOLE would have incurred the unanimous displeasure of all his readers, including those who at any other time would have strongly protested against the marriage of so great a gentleman with so humble a lady's-maid in any circumstances, let alone upon so very brief an acquaintance.

Bridget Considine (BELL) is a pleasant story with something very agreeable in its quality, which however I find hard to define. Miss MARY CROSBIE has certainly a pretty gift for characterization, and this no doubt accounts for a good deal of the charm; the rest is largely a matter of

atmosphere. The characters in the story whom you will most remember are *Bridget* herself and her father. The last especially is a continuous joy—a man who in his journey through life had taken instinctively the manner and aspect of a class to which he did not belong; a decayed gentleman without ever having been gentle except in mind; a needy adventurer without the spirit for adventure. Dragged up at the slipshod heels of such a parent, supporting herself with romantic dreams when other nourishment failed, *Bridget* grew to young womanhood the very type, one would say, of the *Cinderella* to be rescued from poverty by a suitable *Prince Charming*. Thus when a combination of accidents thrusts her, as secretary-companion, into the society of *Hugh Delmege*, a budding politician, you will perhaps excusably plume yourself upon seeing the rest of the tale beforehand. If so, you will, as a matter of fact, be entirely wrong. *Hugh* and *Bridget* become engaged, certainly, but—There is much virtue in that "but," the virtue of an unusual and convincing end to a

story that has many charms, not the least of them being its humour. Yes, I certainly liked *Bridget Considine* well enough to wish for more from the same pen. Its motto, "Candidates for Humanity," is well chosen.

When Mr. WILLIAM SATCHELL, in a preface to *The Greenstone Door* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), remarks that some Maori words are used so frequently that he is "afraid the English reader will hardly be able to avoid acquiring a knowledge of their meaning," his alarm is quite unnecessary. Personally, at any rate, I am proud to know that *papa-tea* means an untattooed person, and *waipiro* an alcoholic beverage. But if Mr. SATCHELL

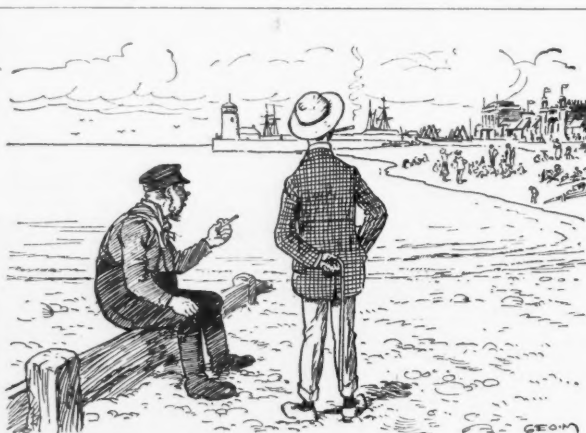
had feared that the young man who tells the story might be found a little too self-complacent no protest would have been sounded by me. For *Cedric Tregarthen*, the grandson of an earl, and also "The Little Finger" of a Maori chief, was beyond my swallowing, though I endured him obstinately until he reported *verbatim* the opinion of his beloved's governess. "'Good-bye, Mr. Tregarthen,' she responded. 'Or, if you will allow me to say, 'Good-bye, Cedric,' it will better express my feelings. I used to hate boys, my dear; but I shall love them all for the sake of your gentleness and kindness. I am sure you will grow into a very noble man.'" Now, I ask you, ought not dear *Cedric* to have kept this to himself? Give me for choice the Maori boy, *Rangiora*, and the half-Maori girl, *Puhi-Huia*, humans fit to be loved and admired. The pity of it is immense, because Mr. SATCHELL has a knowledge of his subject that is beyond all praise, and the Maori part of his book is worth reading again and again. But the trouble remains that *Cedric* lived to tell the tale, while *Rangiora* died and had to have his tale told for him.

How they view things in Oregon.

"SPORTS."

Murderer uses ax to wipe out family of four."

The Morning Oregonian.



The Ancient Mariner. "SEEN CHANGES? I SHOULD THINK I 'AVE, SIR. W'Y, WINKLETON USED TO BE THAT QUIET YOU COULD 'EAR A PIN DROP! BUT LOOK AT IT NOW. WHAT WITH THE PICTURE PALACE AND THE PIERROTS AND THEM SWING-BOATS AND THE PENNY BAZAAR, IT'S GOT TO BE A FAIR PANHARMONIUM!"

CHARIVARIA.

A GENTLEMAN with a foreign name who was arrested in the neighbourhood of the Tyne shipyards last week with measuring gauges and a map in his possession explained, on being charged, that he was looking for work. It is possible that some hard labour may be found for him. *

"Members of Parliament will not suffer," was the comfortable statement of Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD during a speech on the subject of the War. As a matter of fact, owing to the French cooks employed at the House of Commons having returned to their country, the menu at the House will have to consist, until the end of the session, of plain English fare. *

The foresight of the British Public in refusing to subscribe the large amount of money asked of them for the Olympic Sports in Berlin is now apparent. *

Although still under twenty-one years of age, and therefore not yet liable for military service, GEORGES CARPENTIER has gallantly joined the colours as a volunteer. It would be pleasant if he and the Russian HACKEN-SCHMIDT could shortly meet in Berlin. *

A dear old lady writes to say that she was shocked to read that Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON's ship, on leaving the Thames, was hooted at by sirens, and that such conduct makes her ashamed of her sex. *

Meanwhile, thoughtful persons are wondering whether there will be any fighting at the South Pole. It will be remembered that the Austrians were also fitting out a South Pole expedition, and friendly rivalry between the two nations may soon become impossible. *

The W.S.P.U. has written to the Press to contradict the statement that the Union has issued instructions that acts of militancy are to be suspended during the European crisis. The Union, we understand, considers the statement calculated to cause serious injury to its reputation. *

Which reminds us that *The Liverpool Evening Echo* was, we fancy, the only paper in the country to announce a sensational victory for feminism, and we congratulate our contemporary on its coup. We refer to the following announcement:—"At a meeting of the Fellows of All Souls' College, Oxford, Mrs. Francis William Pember was elected Warden in place of the late Sir William Anson." *

The Hon. Sec. of the Fresh Air Fund appeals to ladies to send him their hair combings, every pound of which will provide a poor child with a day in the country. We like this idea of turning Old Hair into Fresh Air.



"DO YER LOVE ME, 'ERE?"

"LOVE YER, 'LIZA, I SHOULD JEST THINK I DOES. WHY, IF YER EVER GIVES ME UP I'LL MURDER YER! I CAN'T SAY MORE'N THAT, CAN I?"

The London General Omnibus Company is appointing one lady and a number of men to act as interpreters and guides. Their costumes, we should say, will attract a considerable amount of attention, for the lady, we are told, will wear a braided frock coat and black skirt and straw-topped peak hat, while the men will work in double shifts. *

By the way it is rumoured that several of our railway companies intend to follow the example of the L. G. O. C. and employ interpreters to translate to passengers the names of the railway stations as announced by porters and guards. *

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Aberdeen a doctor advocated the eating of onions and garlic. This should certainly produce an uninhabited area in one's immediate

neighbourhood, and so render one less liable to catch infectious diseases. *

"I know not," says Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, "why I find an acrid pleasure in beholding mediocrity, the average, the everyday ordinary, as it is; but I do." Can it be, ARNOLD, because we are all attracted by our opposites? *

We are authorised to deny the allegation that Lord GLADSTONE, when he was booed upon his arrival at Waterloo from South Africa, remarked gaily, "Ah, I see I have not done with my friends the Boosers yet!" *

It is nice to know in these days of lost reputations that Oriental hospitality, at any rate, shows no signs of decadence. A correspondent has come across the following announcement in a tailor's shop in Tokio:—"Respectable ladies and gentlemen may come here to have fits."

Commercial Candour.

"The lasting delightful perfume of the age. One who can prove that the perfume of *Otto Mohini* is not lasting for four days by putting five drops on the handkerchief will be rewarded Rs. 100 cash. Try only small tube and get the reward."—Advt. in "The Hitavada."

"Dr. Roux, head of the Pasteur Institute, has made a communication to the Academy of Science showing microbes is not only

possible, but would be far better."

Bangoon Gazette.

But we don't quite see what the Academy can do about it.

"MINIATURE & PORTRAIT PAINTING"

MR. ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A.,
President of the Society of Manicurists.
Advt. in "The Studio."

We know an artist whose work gives us the impression that he might be President of the Society of Chiropodists.

"Lord Provost Stevenson is proving a serious rival to Principal MacAlister as a linguist. Sir Daniel yesterday addressed public gatherings in English, Italian, and Spanish."

Glasgow News.

Now that he has mastered English, he must have a try at Scotch.

Imperial Candour.

"You are Germans. God help us."
Berlin Castle. Signed "WILLIAM."

PRO PATRIA.

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;
But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;
But by the seal to which *you* set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,
Stedfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share?

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;—

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need;—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide. O. S.

A DETERMINED ISLAND.

ANYTHING more peaceful than the outward aspect of the Isle of Wight, as I have seen it from Totland Bay during the past week, it would be impossible to conceive. For the most part the sun has been shining from a blue sky on a blue and brilliant sea; men, women and children have been swimming and splashing joyfully in a most mixed manner, and the whole landscape has had its usual holiday air. These, however, are deceptive appearances. We have felt and are feeling the imminence of war, and, though our judgments are firm and patriotic and prepared for sacrifice, our minds are clouded with a heavy anxiety. Our newspapers arrive at about 11 o'clock, and at that hour there is a concentrated rush to the book-shop. There we make our way through stacked volumes of cheap reprints to the counter where two ladies are struggling womanfully against the serried phalanx of purchasers. These two dive head-first from time to time into a great pile of the morning's news and emerge triumphantly with *The Times* for Prospect House or *The Telegraph* for Orville Lodge, and so on through the crowd of applicants until all are satisfied. This is the great event of our day. At the grocery stores on the opposite

side of the road, news telegrams are shown on a board, and with these we eke out the knowledge of our fluctuating fate. Close by, too, is posted up a proclamation by the officer commanding the troops in the Island. He bids us not to walk too near a fort or to convey to any casual person such knowledge as we may have gained about the movements of troops, and we are commanded "to at once report" anything suspicious. I am sure the gallant officer will display as much vigour in the battering of his country's foes as he has shown in the splitting of the King's infinitives. Going for my newspaper this morning I saw at a distance an elderly gentleman of a serious aspect revolving steadily round and round a tall iron post. It was not until I came closer that I realised the meaning of his strange gyrations. The proclamation had been inconsiderately pasted round the post and he was endeavouring to read it.

On Thursday last, nearly a week before the actual proclamation of war, the wildest rumours were afloat here. A motherly lady assured me with a smile that the German fleet might be expected at any moment. "The British fleet," she told me, "has been overwhelmed and sunk in the North Sea. The Germans have determined to capture the Isle of Wight, so we are none of us safe." I asked her where she had heard this dreadful news. "Oh, it's all over the village." Thereupon she moved calmly into a bathing cabin and had a patriotic dip. In another quarter I was told that the Island could not fail to be cut off, and awful things were prophesied as to what would happen to us unless we made our way to the mainland with the utmost promptitude. The supply of eggs was to run short; meat was to go up to famine prices or be reserved entirely for the soldiery, our intrepid defenders; bread was to become a luxury obtainable only by millionaires. All this was reported on the authority of a man who had it from another man who had it from a banker who was in close touch with the War Office in London. So far what is true is that steamers no longer come to Totland Bay, and anyone who wants to visit us here can get no nearer by boat than Yarmouth—not, of course, the home of the bloater, but our own little island Yarmouth, round the corner. In the meantime a good deal of patriotic self-denial is going on amongst the juvenile population. A friend of mine, aged seven, hearing the talk about all the coming privations, has decided to remove chocolates, buns and sponge-cakes from his dietary, and several young ladies have agreed to take milk instead of cream with their breakfast porridge.

This morning we were brought face to face with the grimmest reality of war we have so far experienced. A boy-scout called at the house and produced an official paper asking for the names and addresses of any aliens who might be residing in the house. We have one such alien, a German maid for the children, a most unwarlike and inoffensive alien. Her name was entered on the form and the boy-scout disappeared to call at other houses. Since then, at intervals of about half-an-hour, other boy-scouts have called and produced similar forms. I have just dismissed a party of three, telling them that they seemed to be overlapping. They smiled and said, "Thank you," and retired. I look out of the window and behold two more approaching. They are doing the thing thoroughly.

P.S.—Another notice is out warning us that it is known there are a lot of spies in the Island, and that we must not loiter near a fort lest we be shot. It is rumoured that soldiers are to be billeted on us (enthusiastic cheers from the younger members of the family). R. C. L.

"Turnip, beef, carrots, and onions, if of suitable variety, would in a favourable autumn yield fair-sized bulbs."—*Manchester Evening News*. *New Song*. "When father carved the bulb."



BRavo, BELGIUM!

VOLUMES.

ALL books should be in one volume. I always thought so, but now I know. The reason why I know is because I possess two or three thousand books, and I have recently moved into a new house, and the books were at first put on the shelves indiscriminately as they came out of the packing cases. And how better spend a wet bank holiday than in arranging them properly—bringing parted couples together, adjusting involuntary divorces, reuniting the separated members of families and tribes?

This is the merciful work on which Parolles and I have been engaged for too long. (I call her Parolles because she is so fond of words of which neither the meaning nor pronunciation has quite been mastered.) We meet each other all over the house with pathetic inquiries, "Have you seen Volume IV. of *Dumas' Memoirs*?" "No, but have you noticed Volume I. of *Fors Clavigera*?" It is like a game of "Families."

The worst of the game is that one cannot concentrate. I may ascend the stairs bent wholly upon securing Volume III. of PROTHERO AND COLERIDGE'S *Byron*, and then chancing to observe Volume II. of INGPEN'S *Boswell* I leap at it in ecstasy and, forgetting all about the noble misanthrope, hasten back with this prize and join it to its lonely mate.

My *Dictionary of National Biography*, for all its fifty-eight volumes, not counting Supplements or Errata, was simple, on account of its size and unusual appearance. But what word can I find to express the annoyance and trouble given us by a small Pope in sheepskin? We roamed the house together—there are shelves in every room—striving to collect this family; but three of them are still on the loose. There is a Balzac, too, in a number of volumes not mentioned on any title-page and not numbered individually, so that time alone can tell whether that group is ever fully assembled. But as we placed them side by side we could almost hear them sigh after their long separation—though whether with satisfaction or annoyance who shall say? Volumes, may be, can get as tired of their companions as human beings can.

During such an occupation as this a vast deal of time vanishes also in trying to remember where it was that I saw that copy of *Friendship's Garland*, so as to place it with the other Arnolds. Even more time goes in dipping into books which I had clean forgotten I possessed, such as *The Cricketers' Manual*, by "Bat," in which my eyes alighted upon this excellent story:



First Politician. "SAY, BILL, WOT'S THIS BLOOMIN' MORTUARIUM THEY BE TARKIN' SO MUCH ABOUT?"

Second Politician. "WELL, YE SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS. YOU DON'T PAY NOTHIN' TO NOBODY AND THE GOVERNMENT PAYS IT FOR YE."

First Politician. "WELL, THAT SOUNDS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT, DOAN'T IT?"

"The Duchess de Berri, being present at a match between two clubs of Englishmen at Dieppe [in 1824], looked on very attentively for nearly three hours, then, turning to one of her attendants, said, '*Mais, quand est-ce que le jeu va commencer?*'" But the time which I have frittered away in this frivolity is as nothing compared with that wasted by Parolles, who has a way of subsiding upon the ground wherever she may happen to be and instantly becoming absorbed in the printed page. It is not as if she exercised any selective power, as I do. All books are the same to her in that they contain type on which the eye can fasten to the

detriment of her labour. In every room I have stumbled over her long black legs as she thus abused her trust.

And not only has she read more than I have, but she has become steadily dirtier than I, too; partly because of a native *flair* for whatever makes smears and smudges, and partly because, her hair being long and falling on the page, owing to her crouched attitude when perusing, it has to be swept back, and each sweep leaves its mark. Considering how they set themselves up to be superior and instruct, books are curiously grubby things.

And, as I said before, they should be in one volume.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

THE noise of the retreating sea came pleasantly to us from a distance. Celia was lying on her—I never know how to put this nicely—well, she was lying face downwards on a rock and gazing into a little pool which the tide had forgotten about and left behind. I sat beside her and annoyed a limpet. Three minutes ago I had taken it suddenly by surprise and with an Herculean effort moved it an eighteenth of a millimetre westwards. My silence since then was lulling it into a false security, and in another two minutes I hoped to get a move on it again.

"Do you know," said Celia with a puzzled look on her face, "sometimes I think I'm quite an ordinary person after all."

"You aren't a little bit," I said lazily; "you're just like nobody else in the world."

"Well, of course, you had to say that."

"No, I hadn't. Lots of husbands would merely have yawned." I felt one coming and stopped it just in time. Waiting for limpets to go to sleep is drowsy work. "But why are you so morbid about yourself suddenly?"

"I don't know," she said. "Only every now and then I find myself thinking the most *obvious* thoughts."

"We all do," I answered, as I stroked my limpet gently. The noise of our conversation had roused it, but a gentle stroking motion (I am told by those to whom it has confided) will frequently cause its muscles to relax. "The great thing is not to speak them. Still, you'd better tell me now. What is it?"

"Well," she said, her cheeks perhaps a little pinker than usual, "I was just thinking that life was very wonderful. But it's a *silly* thing to say."

"It's holiday time," I reminded her. "The necessity of sprinkling our remarks with thoughtful words like 'economic' and 'sporadic' is over for a bit. Let us be silly." I scratched in the rock the goal to which I was urging my limpet and took out my watch. "Three thirty-five. I shall get him there by four."

Celia was gazing at two baby fishes who played in and out a bunch of sea-weed. Above the sea-weed an anemone sat fatly.

"I suppose they're all just as much alive as we are," she said thoughtfully. "They marry"—I looked at my limpet with a new interest—"and bring up families and go about their business, and it all means just as much to them as it does to us."

"My limpet's business affairs mean nothing to me," I said firmly. "I

am only wrapped up in him as a sprinter."

"Aren't you going to try to move him again?"

"He's not quite ready yet. He still has his suspicions."

Celia dropped into silence. Her next question showed that she had left the pool for a moment.

"Are there any people in Mars?" she asked.

"People down here say that there aren't. A man told me the other day that he knew this for a fact. On the other hand, people in Mars know for a fact that there isn't anybody on the Earth. Probably they are both wrong."

"I should like to know a lot about things," sighed Celia. "Do you know anything about limpets?"

"Only that they stick like billy-o." "I suppose more about them is known than that?"

"I suppose so. By people who have made a speciality of them. For one who has preferred to amass general knowledge rather than to specialize it is considered enough to know that they stick like billy-o."

"You haven't specialized in anything, have you?"

"Only in wives."

Celia smiled and went on, "How do you make a speciality of limpets?"

"Well, I suppose you—er—study them. You sit down and—and watch them. Probably after dark they get up and do something. And of course, in any case, you can always dissect one and see what he's had for breakfast. One way and another you get to know things about them."

"They must have a lot of time for thinking," said Celia, regarding my limpet with her head on one side. "Tell me, how do they know that there are no men in Mars?"

I sat up with a sigh.

"Celia, you do dodge about so. I have barely brought together and classified my array of facts about things in this world, when you've dashed up to another one. What is the connection between Mars and limpets? If there are any limpets in Mars they are freshwater ones. In the canals."

"Oh, I just wondered," she said. "I mean"—she wrinkled her forehead in the effort to find words for her thoughts—"I'm wondering what everything means, and why we're all here, and what limpets are for, and, supposing there are people in Mars, if we're the real people whom the world was made for, or if *they* are." She stopped and added, "One evening after dinner, when we get home, you must tell me all about *everything*."

Celia has a beautiful idea that I can

explain everything to her. I suppose I must have explained a stymie or a no-ball very cleverly once.

"Well," I said, "I can tell you what limpets are for now. They're like sheep and cows and horses and pheasants and—and any other animal. They're just for *us*. At least so the wise people say."

"But we don't eat limpets."

"No, but they can amuse us. This one"—and with a sudden leap I was behind him as he dozed and I had dashed him forward another eighteenth of a millimetre—"this one has amused *me*."

"Perhaps," said Celia thoughtfully and I don't think it was quite a nice thing for a young woman to say, "perhaps we're only meant to amuse the people in Mars."

"Then," I said lazily, "let's hope they *are* amused."

* * * * *

But that was nearly three weeks ago. Ten days later war was declared. Celia has said no more on the subject since her one afternoon's unrest, but she looks at me curiously sometimes, and I fear that the problem of life leaves her more puzzled than ever. At the risk of betraying myself to her as "quite an ordinary person after all" I confess that just at the moment it leaves me puzzled too.

A. A. M.

THE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

It was a seaside railway station, the arriving place of one of those health resorts where people flock in their millions to enjoy a little peace and quiet together. He, no doubt as a punishment for a misspent youth, was the station-master; she was one of those many kind ladies who come to meet their relatives and to make their arrival even more peaceful and quiet than such events usually are.

"Was that the train from London?" she asked him.

He temporized. "Have you asked a porter?" he enquired.

She nodded.

"And have you asked another porter?"

She nodded again.

"And then the foreman porter? And then a ticket collector? And then the inspector? And then a casual postman? And then did you come across your original porter and try him again?"

She admitted the list without a blush. "And now tell me all about your dear lost one—a weak, helpless man, no doubt?"

"It was my husband," she explained.

"A medium-sized man, in a macintosh and a straw hat, of course?"



FINANCIAL STRINGENCY AT THE SEASIDE: A GOOD PENNYWORTH.

She acquiesced.

"But none the less," continued the official, "a man of sterling worth? You do not think he can be in some lost property office *en route*, waiting to be called for?"

The suggestion was an attractive one, but was rejected. "Then," he said, "let us go and discuss this intimate tragedy in some less public spot."

He took her to his office and begged her to be seated. "Repose all confidence in me, Madam," he said, "for I am not without experience in husbands. Good fellows on the whole, with their gladstone bags and their pince-nez and their unmistakable respectability. But somehow they have not acquired the knack of arriving when they are expected. Yours is the seventh who has failed us by this train. True, the other six were coming from Liverpool, whereas the 6.30 has come from London, but that is no excuse for them or us."

"My husband is coming from London," she asserted, searching in her reticule for documentary evidence.

He looked out of the window, avoiding her eye. "In less than twenty minutes we have a nice fat competent train arriving partly from Birmingham, partly from Manchester, partly from Sheffield and partly from Birkenhead. There is even a dusty bit at the end which will have come all the way from

Scotland, though why I cannot say. It will be simply full of husbands; you wouldn't care to try it, at any rate to let us show it you?"

"But my husband," she repeated.

"Is essentially a London man? Madam, we do not wish you to take any of these husbands we shall show you if they do not suit your requirements; but do let us show them you."

"I know that my husband is coming from London," she persisted.

"Believe me, Madam," he protested, "I should not accuse you of being mistaken, even if your husband should prove to be in this train I recommend. He might have deceived you."

She refused to budge. "My husband's postcard says he is coming in the 6.30 train from London. The train has come and he is not in it."

The station-master asked to be allowed to see the postcard, not, he explained, because he didn't believe her, but because he would like to have his worst suspicions of his Company's inefficiency confirmed.

She handed it to him. He read the announcement, made briefly and without enthusiasm, of the husband's proposed arrival "by the 6.30 train to-morrow." The woman smiled with triumph; the station-master referred to the postmark. He did not smile triumphantly. He was too old a hand for that.

"Will you allow me to intercede as a friend for all parties?" he asked. "Give him and us another chance; go away now and give us all twenty-four hours to think it over. Then call again, and, if your patience is rewarded, be generous and forgive us all."

After some debate she was induced to see reason in the proposal and consented to take the lenient course. She rose to go.

"And if," said the station-master, showing her out, "if a train should arrive at 6.30 from London to-morrow and disgorge this husband of yours, won't you do us all a little kindness? Won't you make a point of telling the porter, all the porters, foremen porters, ticket collectors, inspectors, casual postmen and even myself? You have no idea what a change it would be for us to hear a lady saying, 'My husband ought to have come by this train, and he has!'"

Our Loyal Statuary.

"An attempt was made by the fountain in Piccadilly Circus to head a procession for Buckingham Palace to pay homage to King George."—*Daily Mail*.

Another Smart Arrest by the Police.

"Sergt. — found Mrs. — sitting in a pool of blood in a semi-conscious condition. The flow of blood was arrested, and a doctor summoned."—*Northern Echo*.

OUR MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

(With acknowledgments to "The Musical Herald.")

I THINK I am a tenor, but after taking lessons continuously for six years from sixteen different masters I am still in doubt, and what is more, I am not quite certain whether I want to be. Did not somebody once say that a tenor was not a man but a disease? I am a healthy normal subject, and recently won the lawn-tennis singles at our local tournament. What puzzles me is my upper register. After reaching the top A, if I relax the wind pressure and slant the voice in a slightly backward direction towards the nasal cavities, I can produce a full rich B flat, or even C, with the greatest ease. My family do not like it, but family criticism is seldom satisfactory. Can you tell me whether this is a legitimate use of my vocal resources or not; also, whether the resinous quality of my voice is likely to be affected by my wearing stand-up collars of more than 2½ inches in height? I have read somewhere that starched linen is a bad conductor of sound.—MARIO JUNIOR.

ANSWER.—It is hard to tell whether you are a tenor or a forced-up baritone without hearing or seeing you. Tenors are generally short, stubby men with brief necks, while baritones are for the most part tall, spare and long-necked. It was HANS VON BÜLOW who said that a tenor was a disease, but he was a pianist and a conductor. Do not "grouse" if you can sing tenor parts and yet retain the volume and virility of a baritone. JEAN DE RESZKE began as a baritone and is said to have earned £20,000 a year. The nasal tone that you speak of, when it approximates to the whinnying of a horse or, better still, the trumpeting of an infuriated rogue elephant, is a most valuable asset, but should be used with moderation in the family circle. Do not say "resinous"; "resonant" is probably the word you mean. High stand-up collars are certainly to be avoided, as they constrict the Adam's apple and muffle the tone of the voice. A soft turn-down collar, such as those supplied by Pope Bros., is greatly to be preferred and imparts a romantic and semi-Byronic appearance highly desirable in an artist.

I am a railway porter with a good bass voice, and having read that the great Russian singer who has been appearing at Drury Lane began life in that position and is now paid at the rate of £400 a night I am anxious to follow his example, if I can obtain

adequate guarantees of success.—CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

ANSWER.—It is always dangerous to generalise from exceptional individual cases. Are you over six feet high, and have you corn-coloured hair and blue eyes, like CHALIAPINE? Again, Russian railway porters are in the habit of shouting the names of stations, not only in a loud voice, but with scrupulously clear articulation. Do not rashly abandon your career on the railway on the off-chance of a vocal Bonanza. Remember the words of the poet:—

O, ever since the world began,
There never was and never can
Be such a very useful man
As the railway porter!

My voice is of good compass and volume, but it is lacking in the "rich fruity tone" which, according to popular novelists, is indispensable to the exertion of a magnetic influence on the hearer. Is it possible by diet to remedy this deficiency?—CONTRALTO.

ANSWER.—The use of an emollient diet is recommended by some authorities with a view to improving and enriching vocal tone. You might try a course of Carlsbad plums, Devonshire cream, and peach-fed Colorado ham. But it is easy to overdo the plummy tone, which is apt to become cloying.

Kindly explain the following terms taken from an article on SCRIABINE which recently appeared in a leading daily paper: *Psychical conjunctivitis*; *Katzenjammer*; *Cephalædematous*; *Hokusai*; *Asininity*. What is the difference between the portamento and "scooping"? Why do opera singers show such a marked tendency to embonpoint? Am I wrong in preferring the cornet to any other wind instrument?—ANXIOUS ASPIRANT.

ANSWER.—This is not a general information bureau, but we will do our best.

(1) *Conjunctivitis* is properly a disease of the eyes; "psychical conjunctivitis" would be a sort of mental squint. "Katzenjammer" is the German for "hot coppers." "Cephalædematous" is not in the New Oxford Dictionary, but apparently applies to a sufferer from swelled head. HOKUSAI was a Japanese artist, and "asininity" is the special quality of the writer of the article from which you have taken these words. (2) "Scooping" is the vulgarisation of the portamento. (3) Operatic singers grow stout because they drink stout; also because much singing tends to expand the larynx, pharynx and thorax, as well as the basilico-thaumaturgic cavities of the medulla oblongata. (4) There is nothing criminal in preferring the cornet to any other wind instrument. Many pious people prefer MARIE CORELLI to MILTON.

THE DOUBLE LIFE.

WHEN Araminta said that I must speak to the man next door about his black cat, I was greatly perturbed. It appeared that the animal had acquired the habit of spending the night in our house, and that Harriet didn't like it. I said that black cats brought good luck, and, anyhow, by night all cats were grey. Araminta replied that this one was as black as a bilberry and took fish. Walking out into the garden I began to meditate deeply.

Perhaps you do not immediately grasp what a terrible and dangerous thing it was that Araminta had requested me to do. Between next-door neighbours in the area of Greater London there subsist relations of an infinite delicacy. They resemble the bloom upon a peach. They combine a sense of mutual confidence and esteem with absolute determination not to let it get any further. Mr. Trumpington (Harriet vouched for his name) and myself were certainly acquainted. In a sense you may even say we were friends. If I happened to be murdered or assaulted by a footpad there was not the smallest reason to suppose that Mr. Trumpington would refrain from giving the police every assistance in identifying the criminal. Similarly, if Mr. Trumpington's house caught fire, it was certain that I should be one of the first to offer him the loan of our garden syringe.

As things were, what happened was this. Twice or thrice a week we nodded pleasantly to each other over the wall that divided our demesnes, through the interstices of our respective hollyhocks; once, only once, in a mad burst of irresponsible gaiety, Mr. Trumpington had gone so far as to murmur, "Good aft—" to me, and I had responded effusively, "—ernoon."

And now all this atmosphere of quiet sociableness was about to be destroyed through the paltry misdemeanours of a subfusc cat. For I had not the smallest doubt as to what would happen. Mr. Trumpington was a mild amiable-looking man. There was not the faintest prospect of his flying into a rage. He would not say, "What right have you to interfere with the private affairs of another man's domesticated fauna?" He would not ask me why I had inveigled his beautiful black cat on to my poisonous premises. No, we should talk together reasonably, amicably, and as man to man. Mr. Trumpington would promise to do all he could to give his cat pleasant, cheerful evenings at home, and I should agree that it was very hard to prevent a young cat from wanting to see a bit of life.

"Cats," we should say, nodding our heads wisely, "will be cats."

And then from cats we should pass on to dogs, to sport, to politics, to business, to heaven knows what. And the next day we should be compelled to pick up our conversation where we had dropped it. We should discuss our gardens and our family affairs. Things would go from bad to worse. All our privacy and peace would disappear. We might almost as well break down the wall that divided us at once. Possibly (thought of horror) his wife would call on Araminta . . .

Still pondering ruefully, I turned round at the bottom of the garden path, and behold, sitting on the party-wall between Mr. Trumpington's garden and mine, was the debateable cat. An impulse of murderous rage possessed me. I took an old golf-ball from my pocket and hurled it as hard as I could at the potential destroyer of my peace. The black cat was no sportsman. It dodged, and disappeared hastily on the Trumpington side. At the same moment from behind a large clump of hollyhocks I heard the sudden cry of a strong man in pain, followed by a stifled oath. I squatted down instantly behind a thick rosebush; then, rising to peer cautiously, I saw a most painful sight. I saw the horrible transformation which may be caused in the features of an ordinary and amiable man by an access of sudden rage and the impact of a brambled golf-ball on the end of the nose. I squatted again.

"Confound the infernal fool! Who did that?" said the face of Mr. Trumpington, looking through the hollyhock peepholes, the buds of which rapidly began to turn from a lightish pink to deep rose.

It is always a more dignified policy to ignore a man in a temper, so it was not until about ten minutes had elapsed, and silence reigned, that I crawled painfully away into safety.

About five minutes later a note was brought round by hand from next door. It ran as follows:—

"Mr. Trumpington will feel greatly obliged if Mr. Brown will prevent his black cat from constantly straying upon his, Mr. Trumpington's, flower-beds. He also requests that when Mr. Brown wishes to persecute his black cat he should not do so when the animal is sitting on Mr. Trumpington's wall, as this practice is attended with considerable risk to Mr. Trumpington's life and limbs."

I sat down and wrote a reply.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "greatly regrets that a golf-ball playfully thrown at Mr. Trumpington's black cat whilst sitting on his, Mr. Brown's, wall,



Customer. "BUT THAT'S A FEARFUL PRICE FOR SHRIMP-PASTE."

Grocer. "AH, BUT THESE ARE NORTH SEA SHRIMPS, MADAM."

should have caused annoyance to Mr. Trumpington."

When I went out into the garden on the following day I could see Mr. Trumpington's head, tastefully framed in pink hollyhock buds, apparently following the spoor of a green-fly. He looked up almost at once and caught my eye, but made no sign of recognition. I breathed a sigh of relief. Thank heaven, I thought to myself, the worst has not happened. The danger that I feared yesterday has blown over. There is no immediate prospect of Mr. Trumpington and myself becoming boon companions. I strolled a little further down the path, and, still occupying its old strategic

position on the party-wall and licking its fur in the sun, I beheld the black cat.

As I approached him he smiled an ambiguous smile, and jumped down once more upon Trumpington soil. A wave of great friendliness for the unhappy quadruped swept over me. "Persecute," I thought; "not likely." I went indoors and, after a short consultation with Harriet, came out again carrying a small round fish-cake on a spoon. I lobbed it far and wide over the wall, and it fell noiselessly and quite in the middle of Mr. Trumpington's most buttony calceolaria-bed. Some time later I was rewarded by the sight of a black cat stealing with a look of grateful memory on its face towards the Trumpington back-door.



"I'D GIVE THE GERMAN EMPEROR WOT; I WOULD, STRAIGHT. I'D PULL EVERY FEATHER AHT OF 'IS 'ELMET."

THE RESTORATIVE POWER OF MUSIC.

My house, though in the eyes of the rate-collector fully occupied, has now for several weeks stood with an unmistakably vacant stare. My cook alone, with a young lady friend for company, dwells there. What our great ballad-writers call the patter of tiny feet is stilled. The seaside has demanded its toll, and I have for a time accompanied the evacuating host.

The other day, for a brief space, I returned home—a home which at the first glance seemed to be as I had left it. But as I approached I was confronted with a change. The gate, which in

normal times used to swing shakily on its hinges and keep on chattering against its post (in the vain effort to shut) whenever the wind was in its teeth, now leaned against an adjacent bush in listless inaction. One of its hinges had been broken. I learned the details of the tragedy from the gardener.

It was one of them I-talians, I gathered. Seeing, with the nice instinct of their race, that my house must be the abode of music-lovers—detecting this from various subtle signs invisible to me—they had drored their horgan through the gateway and up the grand carriage sweep which, leading to the handsome

portico entrance, is one of the outstanding features of all that well-situated and desirable double-fronted brick and carved stone residential property which recently I was wise enough to acquire for a mere song. Well, these I-talians had drored their instrument up the drive and played to the front door for ten minutes. The cook and her friend, I learned afterwards, heard them and, being satisfied to enjoy the entertainment without payment, had remained out of sight. For ten minutes they played, the man turning the handle, his wife smiling and bowing to the windows. Then, in the fine frenzy known to all great artists who are unrecognised, they drored it down again to the gate. The fine frenzy was proved by the fury with which the woman flung wide the portal that the horgan might be drored out. She flung it back too far, and the hinge, a soulless thing of cast-iron, snapped.

The gardener—no musician—who had happened to see them arrive, and, anticipating trouble, had been watching unperceived, hurried to the scene of the catastrophe.

"I knowed they was a-goin' to do it," he said, "the 'inge bein' in a bad way already. It's lucky there was a policeman 'andy. I said you'd 'ave the law of 'em."

"But I don't want the law of them," I protested.

"Well, they're going to pay for a new 'inge any'ow."

"Rather hard luck on them, isn't it? I can't make them do that."

"Don't you worry your 'ead, Sir," said the gardener. "It don't come out of their pocket. All these I-talians is run by one man. Millionaire, so they tells me. Any'ow, it's settled now."

"Well, perhaps it'll teach them to be more careful."

"I 'ope not, Sir," said the gardener. "'Ave another one or two of 'em in 'ere, and we'll get the gate so as it won't bang."

Science for the Young.

"Aunt Phemie" in *The Globe*:—

"A hen is a bird and not an animal."

This official statement will come as a great surprise to all our feathered friends.

"He no longer on his return would proclaim to his brother that he had beaten old Major Waggett (his especial foe) by two up and three to play."—*Methuen's Annual*.

And why not? Because his brother had just bought a shilling book called "Golf for the Beginner." However, he could still tell his Aunt Lavinia, who knew no better.



FOR FRIENDSHIP AND HONOUR.

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 3.
—WHEN EDWARD GREY stood at Table to make momentous statement on position of Great Britain confronted by spectacle of Europe in arms, he faced a memorable scene. House crowded from floor to topmost range of Strangers' Gallery. LANSLOWNE, "BOBS," GEORGE CURZON and other Peers looked on and listened. Amongst them LORD CHIEF JUSTICE for first time obtained view of House from novel point of vantage.

Owing to spread of complications, supply of Ambassadors accustomed to repair to Diplomatic Gallery restricted. No room for Germany to-day. Absent, too, the popular figure of Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, familiar these many years in London Society. Russia, Spain, Sweden and Greece were there in the persons of their representatives; and Belgium, conscious that words about to be uttered were big with her fate.

The sight they looked down upon was strange and moving. Setting of scene worthy of drama which finds no full parallel in world's history. Keen eyes accustomed to study potentialities of nations discerned in the gathering a new portentous fact. A week ago to-day political parties in House of Commons preserved customary attitude of hostility. Across the floor they snapped at each other distrust and dislike. Long-brooding revolt of armed forces in Ireland had leaped into flame. Mob and military had come to blows. Victims of the affray lay dead in the streets of Dublin. In the House rancour between Unionists and Home Rulers increasingly bitter.

Here was opportunity for loyal and trusted friend on the Continent to play long-planned game. England's difficulty was Germany's opportunity. Swiftly, unscrupulously, taken advantage of.

Foreign Representatives to-day beheld a startling transformation. Party lines obliterated. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, whose conduct throughout crisis has been splendidly patriotic, rallied his forces to the side of Ministers.

"Whatever steps they think it necessary to take for the honour and security of this country," he said amid burst of general cheering, "they can rely upon the unhesitating support of the Opposition."

This attitude, in full accordance with highest tradition of British Party

politics, not unexpected. Glad surprise followed when JOHN REDMOND assured the Government they might forthwith withdraw from Ireland every man of their troops.

"The coasts of Ireland," he added, "will be defended from foreign invasion by our armed sons. For this purpose Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join hands with armed Protestant Ulstermen in the North."

"The last time I saw rows of chairs brought in and set down on floor of the House for convenience of Members who could not find room elsewhere," mused the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking

the coming war, and will fulfil her Treaty obligations to Belgium.

Tuesday.—Rising from Treasury Bench PREMIER walked down House as if he were about to leave it by glass door. Reaching the Bar he halted and turned about to face crowded benches watching him with quickened anxiety. Grave events have within the last few days made him the Herald of War. What might be this new missive he held in his hand?

"A message from HIS MAJESTY," he said, "signed by his own hand."

Advancing to Table he handed document to the Clerk who passed it on to SPEAKER. All heads were bared as Message was read. It announced that Proclamation would forthwith issue mobilising the Regular Army and embodying Territorial Forces.

This the significant supplement to statement made by PREMIER immediately on SPEAKER taking the Chair. It told how telegram had that morning been sent to German Government demanding assurance of maintenance of Belgian neutrality.

"We have asked," said the PREMIER as quietly as if he were mentioning request for early reply to a dinner invitation, "that a satisfactory answer shall be given before midnight."

House knew what that meant. On the stroke of midnight Great Britain and Germany would be at war.

A cheer almost fierce in its intensity approved the epoch-making challenge. The House knew that England's hands were clean; that she was spotlessly free from responsibility for the

slaughter and sorrow, the destruction of prosperous cities, the devastation of fruitful lands, the breaking-up of Empires, that might follow on Germany's final jack-booting of the emissary of peace.

Since the danger-signal was flung out by thrusting to the front the puppet figure of aged AUSTRIAN EMPEROR making ponderous attack on little Serbia, EDWARD GREY, representing a Ministry supported by a loyal Parliament and a united Kingdom, has night and day been tireless in effort to avert war. If yielded to, such interference would be fatal to plans, diligently elaborated in the dark over a period of months, probably a full year, by our old friend and frequent guest, the GERMAN EMPEROR.

Accordingly, after maintaining till last moment favourite disguise of peace-maker "on easy terms with Heaven,"



IN A JUST CAUSE.
(SIR EDWARD GREY.)

on from one of the side galleries, "was in 1886, when GLADSTONE introduced his first Home Rule Bill. Twelve months earlier, under guidance of Land League, Ireland was in a parlous state. Coercion Act in full force. Jails thronged with patriots convicted under its rigorous clauses. Still there were left at liberty enough to maim cattle and shoot at landlords. If Germany had happened to step in at that epoch it would have been a perilous time for England. The House of Commons after many years' hesitation has offered to bestow Home Rule upon Ireland and this is Ireland's first articulate response. Her Nationalists range themselves with Ulster by the side of Great Britain threatened by a foreign foe."

Business done.—FOREIGN SECRETARY, amid prolonged cheers, announces that England means to stand by France in

WILLIAM, innocent sufferer by "the menace of France," throws aside the cloak.

House of Commons' immediate response was to pass in five minutes all outstanding votes for Army, Navy and Civil Services amounting to £104,642,055.

Business done.—PREMIER announces dispatch of ultimatum to Berlin and imperative demand for answer before midnight.

Wednesday.—Benches less crowded than hitherto during week of tumultuous interest. Explanation forthcoming in fact that something like a hundred Members belonging to Territorial Service have buckled on their armour and responded to call of mobilisation.

PREMIER'S announcement that "since eleven o'clock last night a state of war has existed between Germany and ourselves" hailed with deep-throated cheer. Its volume nothing compared with that which burst forth when he concluded statement with casual remark that to-morrow he will move a Vote of Credit for one hundred millions sterling. Had he mentioned the sum as an instalment paid in advance by Germany on account of war indemnity House couldn't have been more jubilant.

BYLES of Bradford uneasy in regard to Bill introduced by HOME SECRETARY authorising imposition of restrictions upon aliens in time of war or great emergency. Thinks it might cause inconvenience to worthy persons. Otherwise Government receive unanimous support for various legislative proposals rendered necessary by state of war.

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER reports conclusions arrived at in conference of leading bankers and manufacturers met at the Treasury to consider best way of grappling with unprecedented financial situation created by events of past fortnight. Happy thought to include in invitation his predecessor at the Treasury. In accordance with patriotic spirit obliterating party animosity, SON AUSTEN promptly accepted invitation. Gives valuable assistance to LLOYD GEORGE in recommending proposals to appreciative House.

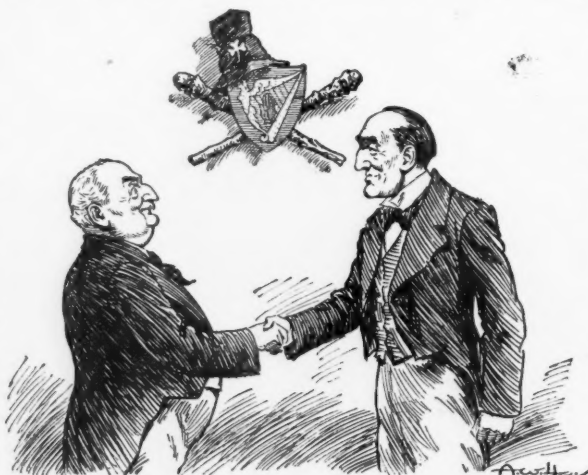
In short, whatever may be happening in Belgium or the North Sea, Millennium reigns at Westminster.

Business done.—Many Bills advanced by various stages.

Thursday.—In moving Vote of Credit for one hundred million sterling PREMIER wholesomely lets himself go in comment on the "infamous proposal" of Germany that for a mess of pottage (extremely thin) England should betray her ally, France. Crowded House loudly sympathised with righteous indignation.

Fresh burst of cheering when he pays finely phrased tribute to EDWARD GREY, as the "Peacemaker of Europe."

Captain LORD DALRYMPLE of the Scots Guards lends opportune gleam of martial splendour to bench where he sits arrayed in khaki uniform that has seen service in the Boer War. The PREMIER'S eye catching a glimpse of it, he with great presence of mind



"ONE TOUCH OF POTSDAM . . ."

Sir EDWARD CARSON. "A marvellous diplomatist, this German KAISER."

Mr. JOHN REDMOND. "Yes, he's made comrades of us when everybody else had failed."

asked for authority to strengthen the army by an additional half-million of men.

In its present mood the House denies him nothing.

Business done.—Vote of Credit for £100,000,000 granted with both hands.

Monday, Aug. 10.—House adjourned till Tuesday the 25th.

The Mad Dog of Europe.

"The dog, to serve some private ends, Went mad and bit the man."

* * * * *
The man recovered from the bite;
The dog it was that died."

GOLDSMITH.

"SCHOOL PLAYGROUNDS.

THE PROPOSAL TO DECREASE THEIR SIZE TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES."

The Times.

And to increase it, we hope, to Mr. CHESTERTON.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

(Constructed after the best models.)

I.—AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

(Concluded.)

[SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT:—Ralph Wonderson, the famous athlete, while on a mountaineering expedition in Switzerland, encounters Lady Margaret Tamerton, whom he has not seen since childhood. With her are her brother, Lord Tamerton; her cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener; and three Swiss guides. They combine to make an ascent of the Wetterhorn under Ralph's leadership. Early in the climb Ralph discovers that Sir Ernest Scrivener is none other than his own mortal foe, Marquise Moorsdyke. A perilous traverse of a glacier has to be undertaken. All cross in safety except Sir Ernest, who makes imprudent remark which causes a line of overhanging seracs to collapse upon him and sweep him down the glacier. Ralph dives unhesitatingly to the rescue of his deadliest foe.]

RATHER than face a second traverse of the awful glacier the remaining members of the party continued the ascent. With shaken nerves they pressed on to the best of their ability, but it was nearly dark when they at length reached the summit, hoping to find another and easier route to the foot.

But luck was against them. A devastating blizzard enveloped them, and they lay huddled together behind a rock, chilled to the bone by the driving particles of ice and snow.

"There is no escape," said Lord Tamerton mournfully to his sister, Lady Margaret. "We must prepare to meet our deaths like true mountaineers."

"True fiddlesticks!" replied Lady Margaret with spirit. "Ralph will come back to us."

"Do you love him, Madge?" asked her brother.

"Yes," she replied simply.

"Then he will surely come back."

Even as he spoke a tall figure loomed out of the blizzard and raised his hat with cold formality.

"Your cousin is safe in the hospital at Interlaken," said Ralph, addressing Lord Tamerton with marked constraint. "He has merely sustained a fractured patella. With your permission we will now descend."

"What is the matter, Ralph?" cried Lady Margaret pleadingly; but, ignoring her question, he busied himself in tying on the rope.

The descent which followed is still spoken of with bated breath by the

Swiss guides, than whom there is no more generous body of men in the world.

Unerringly Ralph led his companions through arêtes, glissades, bergschrunds, rücksacs, gendarmes, vorwaerts, couloirs, aiguilles, never hesitating, never flinching from any obstacle, heedless, it seemed, alike of the raging blizzard and the ever-thickening darkness. At times he was obliged to carry the others one by one along razor edges of hard blue ice. At times he would cling precariously by one hand to a projecting splinter of rock, while with the other he lowered them all bodily into the depths of a crevasse, gripping his ice-axe meanwhile steadfastly between his teeth. Once at least he was compelled to hang downwards by his toes while he hewed steps beneath him in a perpendicular wall of ice. And through it all his face retained its stern impassivity and he addressed no word to his exhausted companions.

At length the most wonderful feat in the history of climbing was finished, and the party, weary but thankful, stood at the foot of the mountain.

The three guides fell on their knees before their rescuer, but he ignored them and turned his cold, hard gaze upon Lady Margaret.

"You are now safe," he said icily. "My presence is no longer necessary. Take the third turning on the left, the second on the right and the fifth on the left, and then ask again. Before I leave I ought perhaps to congratulate you upon your approaching marriage to your—er—amiable cousin;" and without waiting for a reply he was gone.

Alone, Ralph Wonderson sat upon a rock and reflected that no food had passed his lips since that hurried breakfast in the Fahrjoch Hut. Wearily he drew out a packet of sandwiches from his pocket.

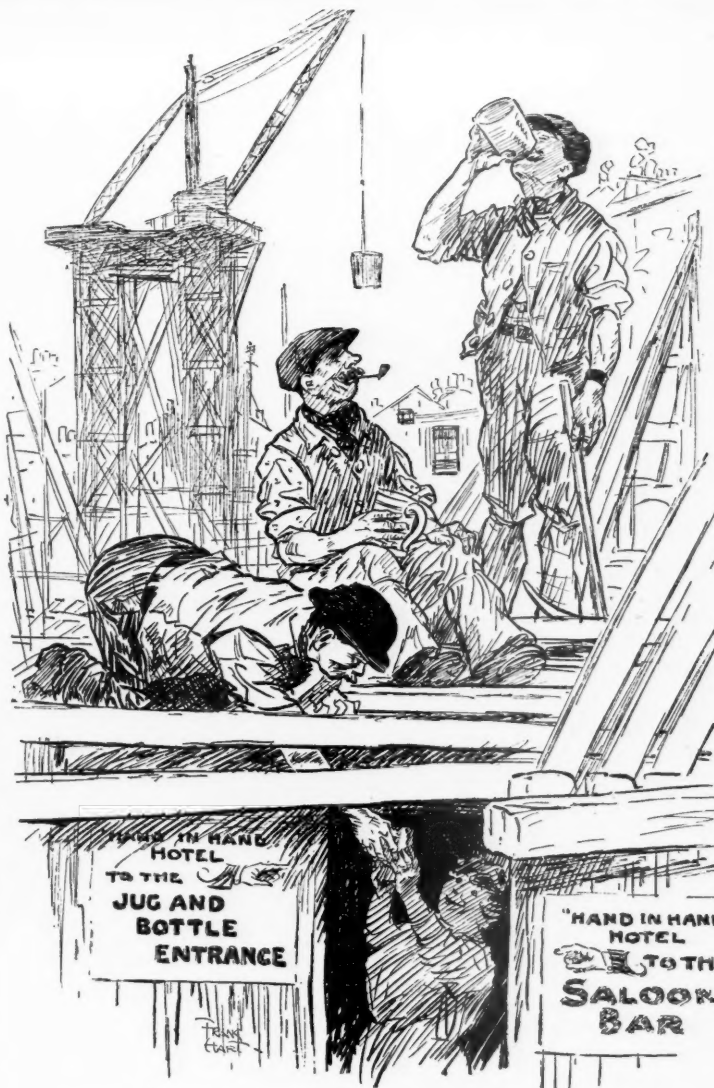
A moment later he was racing back to his former companions. In his day he had been half-mile champion, but now he knocked a full minute off his previous best time.

He found the others as he had left them. Lady Margaret looked up with a glad cry as he flew round the corner.

"Madge," he cried, waving the piece of newspaper which had been wrapped round his sandwiches,—"Madge, you can't marry him!"

Lord Tamerton leaped forward with a white face. "What do you mean?" he hissed. "You are mad. She must marry him, or the family is ruined."

"She can't marry him," repeated Ralph calmly. "Sir Ernest Scrivener alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke is married already! Read this."



"BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS."

And he thrust the fragment of newspaper into Lord Tamerton's hand.

With a low cry of content Lady Margaret fell into her lover's arms. "Oh, my dear!" she murmured.

And as they stood clasped in a close embrace the clouds parted and far, far above them appeared the beautiful white summit of the Wetterhorn shining dazzlingly in the sunlight.

Spit for Spat.

Orator, in Hyde Park:—

"An' when the German Ambassador left St. Petersburg 'e spat in the Russian Ambassador's face. An' the Russian Ambassador in Berlin 'e spat in the German Ambassador's face."

In Order of Merit?

"Full reports of the Petersfield Gymkhana, Eastmon Show, and Liphook Horticultural Exhibition and Sports, will be published in to-morrow's issue of the 'Hampshire Telegraph and Post,' which will contain also a complete record of news of the Great European War."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

The following letter was addressed to a Hong Kong chaplain by his orderly:—

"Pleas sur excuse me this morning for I ham sitting for my examining asion at the peak schools for my certificate sur and I will be down as soon as possible sur to deliver the letters sur And if I ant there before you go away sur put the keys under the steeps sur."

We feel confident he passed all right.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

EVERY August Bank Holiday we have a short Mixed Open Tournament at our lawn-tennis club. It's quite a small, homely affair, but as our President, Sir Benjamin Boogles, always offers two valuable prizes (hall-marked), every member who can possibly enter does so. Each year hitherto the Tournament has been finished in the one day; but this year it is not finished yet—in fact, in one instance the first game of the first set is still undecided, and the winners in the other sets are anxiously awaiting the result in order that the second round may proceed before the end of the season. As I am one of the actors—I might almost say the protagonist—in this protracted drama, I will explain the position.

Wilbrooke, our crack player, who can easily give most of us forty and a bonus of five games in the set, and still beat us, recently became engaged to Pattie Blobson, who is a hopeless rabbit at the game, this being her first season. Not unnaturally she insisted on his entering the Tournament with her. I always enter with Joan, and though we are neither of us exactly rabbits it would be rather hard to find a zoological term that would fittingly describe our standard of play. Of course there is no handicapping in "Opens," and Joan and I usually reckon to be knocked out in the second round at latest, though we did once get into the third round owing to one of our opponents, a doctor, being summoned to a case in the middle of play.

Now this year we both thought our tennis would be over for the day after the first quarter of an hour, as we were drawn to play our first round against Wilbrooke and Pattie. However, I won the toss, and to that fact the subsequent *impasse* may be attributed. I elected to serve first, leaving Wilbrooke the choice of sides. The sun was not shining, so there was little in it from the point of view of light; but the east end of the court is just a trifle higher than the other, so he chose that.

I served first, and though I never peg them in to rabbits, I felt justified in sending down a medium-paced ball in my partner's interests. It pitched correctly, broke (unintentionally) and buried itself in Pattie's skirt.

Fifteen-love.

I banged my first ball to Wilbrooke with all my might. It fell within the Club precincts, but that's the best I can urge for it. My second was an easy lob, which he smashed, and, in spite of my efforts to give it a clear path, it caught me in the small of the back.

Fifteen-all.

My next serve to Pattie was a fault, which I followed up with an ordinary "donkey" drop, towards which she rushed in the impetuous fashion characteristic of the genuine rabbit, with the result that it bounced scathless over her head.

Thirty-fifteen.

I then got a fast ball over to Wilbrooke, but returning it was child's play to him, and he drove it like lightning down the centre-line before I had time to call "Leave it to you, partner."

Thirty-all.

Again I served Pattie a fault. At the second attempt the ball performed Blondin tricks on the wire of the net, and for one of those "moments big as years" I feared we had lost the game, the service to Wilbrooke being a mere formality; but fortunately the ball fell the other side of the net, and my third delivery Pattie tipped to the wicket-keeper.

Forty-thirty.

I now determined to send two—if necessary—fast ones to Wilbrooke on the chance that one might shoot and be unplayable. But my first ball went into the net, and the *locale* of the second can only be dimly surmised, for it went over the fence into the open country.

Deuce.

It was at this point that I began to realize that so long as I did not serve a double-fault to Pattie, Wilbrooke could never win the game, and when we had played nine more deuces I communicated the intelligence to Joan. Meanwhile, the other sets had all finished, and the players came up to see why we were still hard at it. At the twenty-fourth deuce the Tournament secretary remarked: "Last game, I suppose? Hurry up, we can't get on." I explained to him that this was only the first game of the set, and that similar prolongations were likely to recur when my partner served in the third game and I again in the fifth.

The news spread rapidly, and for a time we were the most unpopular quartet in the Club; but by the time we had reached our eighty-third deuce, and luncheon (the gift of Lady Boggles) was served, hunger and anger began to abate simultaneously, and the situation was discussed with humour to the exclusion of all other topics. At the end of the morning's play I was certainly feeling a trifle done up, but it says much for the recuperative properties of chicken galantine and junket that after the interval I felt quite invigorated and good for service *ad infinitum*. Efforts were made to induce us to toss for the set, but neither of us would consent to this, Wilbrooke maintaining that under

normal conditions I could not possibly win the game, and I arguing that under existing conditions—with which I was more intimately concerned—I could not possibly lose it, and therefore to toss would be a mockery. Thus there was no alternative but to play on.

I suggested to Joan that as her presence on the court was not strictly essential she should join in a friendly set with some of the other unemployed. But she would not hear of it. She wanted to be in at the finish, if there was ever going to be a finish, she said; and so we continued.

When we were summoned to tea (kindly provided gratis by Miss Vera Boogles) we had amassed 265 deuces, and though my right arm ached and my service was a trifle wobbly I was still scoring the vantage point (and losing it at once) with the utmost regularity. But the temporary cessation of hostilities, associated with about half-a-pound of Swiss roll and three Chelsea buns, served to restore me, and after tea we went at it again until half-past seven, when, with the score at 394 deuces, the net got tired and collapsed, and we adjourned.

We have since met on every available evening in our endeavours to bring the game to a conclusion; but the score is still deuce, and at that it will probably remain unless one of the following contingencies arises:—

(1) Pattie may improve so much with the constant practice that she will be able to return my service; in which case it will settle the game, for wherever we put the ball Wilbrooke is bound to get hold of it and drive or smash it so that we can't return it.

(2) I may serve Pattie a double-fault. But I am now in splendid training; my right biceps is like a cricket-ball, and I feel that I could serve all day without tiring. Besides, the quality of my service is improving, which counteracts, in a measure, the possible improvement in Pattie's game.

(3) We may get a bright sunshiny evening, when the sun will be straight in Wilbrooke's eyes; in which case, with my improved service, I may possibly get a fast ball over which he will be unable to see.

Anyway, it is now certain that I belong to the Bulldog Breed.

Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON as reported in *The Evening News*:—

"The last articles which we took on board were two gramophones with a large number of records and a case of hyacinth blubs."

The last-named are often mistaken for spring onions by those who come too near with their lachrymal nerves.



A SONG FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As in the enervating luxury of peace, so in the stern stringency of war we have always a use, and a good use too, for the humourist. But he must be a jester of the right sort; not bitter nor flippant, not over boisterous nor too "intellectual." Humour for humour's sake is what we want, and in these anxious hours something to make us laugh quietly and unhysterically, if only by way of temporary relief. Mr. IAN HAY hits the mark about eight times in every ten in *A Knight on Wheels* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), which is not at all a bad proportion for three hundred and nineteen pages. He has some delightful ideas, which, happily, he does not overwork: a case in point is the brief but rapid career of *Uncle Joseph*, who employs the most criminal methods in order to attain the most charitable ends. The story is a simple one—youth, laughter and love; and the motor car plays an important but not a tiresome part in it. The author's attitude towards women is slightly cynical but very light-hearted, and clearly he loves them all the time: indeed, I think Mr. HAY, while alive to existing faults, loves everything and everybody. In return most people will be prepared to love him. And he deserves to be loved for the sake of a book which has a happy beginning, a happy middle and a happy end, together with lots of incidental laughter.

"There is a teacup storm in the Close, I hear. The Dean altered the time of closing the Minster for summer

cleaning or some such trifle, and did not consult the Chapter, which had already made its holiday arrangements." This sentence, chosen at random from *Quisquilie*, the diary of *Henry Savile*, will do well enough to support my contention that *Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours* (MURRAY) is going to be a great boon to the cathedral cities of our Midland shires. Under the form of a narrative of social life in Sunningwell, Dr. WARRE CORNISH has elected to arrange his views on religion, art, literature, politics and the questions of the day, sometimes putting them into the mouths of his characters and sometimes into the note-book of the afore-mentioned *Henry Savile*, a leisured cripple whose disquisitions on letters and on people are, if a trifle rambling, at any rate delightfully critical and much more interesting and profound than certain others which flow periodically from the windows of cloistered retreats. Mr. *Henry Savile* quotes from the Classics perhaps a little too freely for the taste of a decadent age, and his friends, *Dr. Ashford*, *Lady Grace*, the bishop's wife, *Olive*, her niece, and *Philip Daly*, nephew of an archdeacon and parliamentary candidate for Sunningwell, would be a little more amusing if they were treated in a more Trollopian manner, and did not so faithfully discuss the burning controversies of the time. But, after all, the great excitement in *Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours* (and I really cannot advise any resident in—shall we say Mercia?—to be without it) is the chance it affords for such questions as: Who is the Dean? Does the author really mean Canon X? Are we living in Sunningwell, or it it L—? Even I myself, in this metropolitan backwater, have made one or two ingenious guesses, but wild taxicabs would not drag them from me.

At this time of day to attempt criticism upon a new novel by Miss RHODA BROUGHTON seems almost impertinent. The tens of thousands to whom she has given such pleasure before now would probably be willing to read anything that was put before them with the guarantee of her name. Fortunately in the case of *Concerning a Vow* (STANLEY PAUL) this confidence would be by no means misplaced. I can say at once, with my hand upon my reviewer's heart, that in freshness and vivacity and power of sprightly character-drawing here is a story that need fear comparison with none of its most popular predecessors. The vow of the title was that exacted by *Mez Champneys* on her death-bed from her sister *Sally*, binding the latter not to marry *Edward Branley*. *Edward*, in some fashion that was never made quite clear to me, had previously jilted both the sisters. But this all happened before the beginning of the book. In it poor *Edward* is made so pitiable and heart-broken a figure that I found it hard to credit his previous infidelities. However, most of the other characters detested him, and said that nothing was too bad for him; and as they themselves were delightful and quite human people I am ready to suppose that they had their reasons. Of course *Edward* and *Sally* were really in love all the time, and of course too they find resistance to this impossible; though I must own that their method of circumventing the vow reminded me dangerously of the young man who used a cigarette-holder because he had been told to keep away from tobacco. I speak flippantly; but as a matter of fact the story of *Edward* and *Sally* is not free from tragedy, very simply and movingly told. If *Concerning a Vow* does not add to Miss BROUGHTON's popularity it will only be because this is impossible; it certainly will do nothing to lessen it.

I think that Mr. W. R. TITTERTON is a little late in the day; his book, *Me as a Model* (PALMER), recalls happy memories of that past and already romantic period when *Trilby* was the talk of the hour and Paris the centre of all Bohemian licence. Mr. TITTERTON has the DU MAURIER manner, but his jocular skittishness, aided by asterisks, exclamation marks and suspensive dots, has curiously little behind it. It is not enough to-day to paint the gay inpropriety of models and the devil-may-care penury of lighthearted artists. *Trilby* began the movement, *Louise* ended it, and Mr. TITTERTON is behind his day. I am glad, however, to learn that he was so splendid a model. The students at JULIEN's fall back aghast before his magnificent figure, and now, in every gallery in Europe, sculptures and paintings of Mr. TITTERTON are to be seen by the vulgar crowd, very often for no charge at all; and that, of course, is delightful for Europe. And, according to his title, that is doubtless the final impression that the author wishes to convey. I intend on my next trip abroad to search for Mr. TITTERTON in all the galleries. My only means of discovery are the pictures of the author with which his book is filled, and here, if the illustrator (a very clever fellow) is to be trusted, I am frankly puzzled by the attitude at JULIEN's

towards their model. There is very little in these illustrations to justify it.

If I am not mistaken, *The Jam Queen* (METHUEN) marks the first incursion of Miss NETTA SYRETT into humorous fiction. In that, or any, case, she has written a story which deserves a considerable success. *The Jam Queen* is to a large extent what would be called in drama a one-part affair. There are plenty of other characters, many of them drawn with much unforced skill, but the personality of the protagonist, the Jam Queen herself, overshadows the rest. *Mrs. Quilter* is an abiding joy. There have been plutocratic elderly women, uneducated but agreeable, in a hundred novels before this; but I recall few that have been treated so honestly or with so much genuine sympathy. Mind you, Miss SYRETT is no sentimentalist. Ill-directed philanthropy,

Girtonian super-culture, the simple life with its complexities of square-cut gowns and bare feet—all these come beneath the lash of a satire that is delicate but unsparing. Yet with it all she has, as every good satirist should have, a quick appreciation of the good qualities of her victims. Even *Frederick*, the pious, as contrasted with the flippant, nephew of aunt *Quilter*—*Frederick*, with his futile institute for people who want none of it, his blind pedantry, and his actual dishonesty in what he considers a worthy cause—even he is punished no further than his actual deserving. Perhaps in telling you that *Mrs. Quilter* has two nephews, an idle and an industrious one, I have told you enough of the scheme. It is, after all, no great matter. *Mrs. Quilter* must be the reason for your reading the book, and your reward. She is real jam.



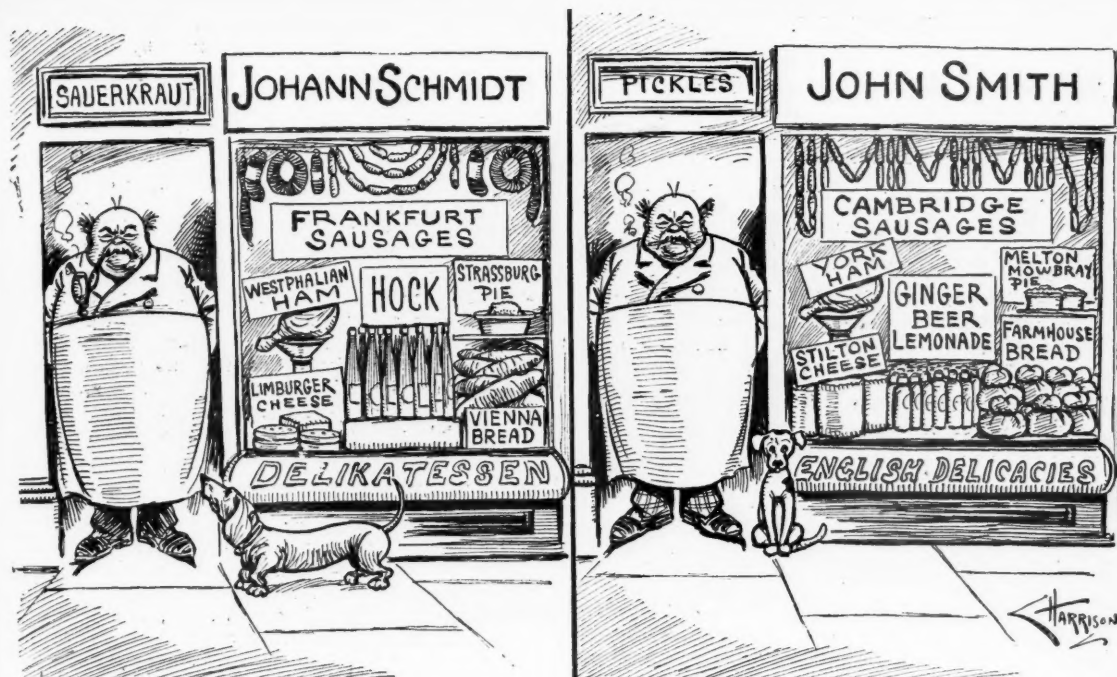
Barber (to victim). "WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE AEROPLANE AS A MILITARY ASSET?"

The tales Miss ETHEL DELL includes Within *The Swindler* (UNWIN) pleased me, Not by their thrills or interludes Of tenderness—these hardly seized me;

Not by their people, though the pack Were amiable and pleasant creatures, Barring the villains who were black And villainous in all their features.

By none of these my pulse was jerked Out of its normal calm condition, But by the plots, with which I worked A quite exciting competition; A point was mine if, at the start, I guessed the way a yarn was tending; Miss DELL's, if by consummate art She failed to use the obvious ending.

The first two tales she won on; 'three And four were mine; five hers; six, seven And eight I got hands down; and she Got square with nine and ten. Eleven Is still unwritten, and I bide Impatiently its birth, for that 'll Finally, so I trust, decide The issue of our hard-fought battle.



A QUICK CHANGE OF FRONT.

THE NATURE OF A MORATORIUM.

"It's a big ship" (I could overhear Ethel's voice through the open nursery window). "I know perfectly well it is. It's one of the Cunarders."

"Well, you're quite wrong then" (this from Jack). "It was passed through Parliament. You can't pass a ship through Parliament."

"It's the sister ship to the *Lusitania*—so there!"

Joan's thoughtful voice intervened.

"I can tell you what it is," she said. "It's a place for burying people—a sort of big tomb where they put dead kings. There's one at Windsor."

Curiously enough I was myself at the moment rather puzzled as to what it was and how it worked.

"Do you know, William," I said to my host, "that you are owing me ten pounds and I've got to get home to-day, and I've no money?"

"Oh, but I shan't pay it now," he replied shamelessly.

"Why not?"

"I'm going to put a Moratorium on you. I don't know, of course, if that's quite the correct phrase. The thing is new to me. But at least I can see how it works. You had better try James. He owes you five, and he never reads the papers, so he may not have heard of it."

I went at once into the library, where I found James making up a parcel of three half-sovereigns to send to his bank. No one is going to accuse James of hoarding gold.

"About that fiver," I began.

"Ah, yes. I was just coming out to talk to you about that before you went," said he. "Now that I'm sending all this stuff to the bank—I'm just afraid I may be a bit short. I'll tell you what I think we ought to do, you and I. I think we ought to enter into a temporary Moratorium. All the best people are doing it. Of course I don't know if that's the right phrase. But I begin to see how it works."

"It doesn't apply to sums under five pounds," said I severely.

"That's true. I admit it's a pretty narrow squeak. I just managed to get on board, so to speak. Still, as the debt is five pounds——"

"I'll take £4 19s. 11d.," said I, and held out my hand.

"That's not playing the game," said James. "Can't you see you're going to encourage all sorts of panic if you go about reducing debts in that sort of way? What is to become of British credit if a man in your position shows himself willing to accept sweeping reductions for the sake of getting hold of cash? I'm just a little ashamed of you."

"Well, I've got to get home to-day. The ticket costs over five pounds, and I've only got sixteen shillings."

"Nothing simpler, my dear fellow," said James cheerfully. "You ask the booking-clerk for a ticket—pick it up—cover him with a Moratorium (if that's the proper phrase) and hop into the train. The sixteen bob will come in for tips."

I went back to William and sat down. "The upshot of it is, William," I said, "that I can't go. You had better consider pretty carefully what you're doing. I don't think the Moratorium was intended to work in this sort of way. I've got to report myself at the War Office, and I can't go. You may think you're acting as a good citizen should. You may not be hoarding gold or hoarding food, but you are hoarding me."

"It doesn't apply to National Insurance payments," said William brightly, "if that's any help to you."

"It only goes on till the 4th of September," I reminded him, "and the bank rate was recently as high as ten per cent. and may easily go up again. You've got to pay interest on it, you know."

That was where I had him. "How will you take it?" he asked, thrusting a hand into his pocket.

"In new pound notes," said I.

DIES IRAE.*To the GERMAN KAISER.*

AMAZING Monarch! who at various times,
 Posing as Europe's self-appointed saviour,
 Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes
 By your behaviour;

We nursed no malice; nay, we thanked you much
 Because your head-piece, swollen like a tumour,
 Lent to a dullish world the needed touch
 Of saving humour.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with warrior gear,
 Your gander-step parades, your prancing Prussians,
 Your menaces that shocked the deafened sphere
 With rude concussions;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale
 Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette,
 And could at any moment, gloved in mail,
 Smite like a mallet;

Master of all the Arts, and, what was more,
 Lord of the limelight blaze that let us know it—
 You seemed a gift designed on purpose for
 The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an end;
 Into our open hearts you found admission,
 Ate of our bread and pledged us like a friend
 Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle eyes;
 You moved among us cousinly entreated,
 Still hiding, under that fair outward guise,
 A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you stand
 Known for a King whose word is no great matter,
 A traitor proved, for every honest hand
 To strike and shatter.

This was the "Day" foretold by yours and you
 In whispers here; and there with beery clamours—
 You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew
 Of loud Potsdamers.

And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern,
 When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice' token,
 Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn
 Yourself be broken. O. S.

A DETERMINED ISLAND.**II.**

I CONTINUE this record of our daily lives at Totland Bay on August 12th. Before it appears in *Mr. Punch's* columns great and decisive events may have happened, but at present, except for such slight distractions as I shall relate, we are still calm and peaceful. When we think or speak of Belgium our faces glow, and we are all resolved, should the need arise, to do as Belgium has done, and to do it in the same resolute and unconquerable spirit. In the meantime we rush for the newspapers with a constantly increasing eagerness. At about 11 A.M. the whole of Totland Bay is filled with people reading their papers in the open air. Everybody bumps into everybody else, but nobody minds. A gentleman the other day set out in a canoe and read the morning's news to a party of swimmers, who appeared to be much invigorated by what they heard.

On Sunday night, just as we had finished dinner, we suddenly heard the report of a great gun from the fort at the Needles. The explosion was followed by three plaintive answering notes from a fog-horn. "They're firing at a ship," said someone, and out we all rushed to the nearest vantage-point, and even as we ran another gun went off and again the fog-horn answered with its bleat. The search-lights were striking great shafts of light along the Solent, and far away their beams outlined the shape of a big ship. She was still advancing on her course, when—Bang! another violent explosion shattered the night. This time it came from the fort just over the pier of Totland Bay. The echoes reverberated and rumbled, and the shot tore past close to the ship. Now she took the warning. There were no more appeals from the fog-horn. Slowly she turned and disappeared into the darkness. Possibly she had been at sea for a long time and knew nothing of the war. How she must have marvelled at this strange and dreadful welcome from the Isle of Wight. We went to our beds that night with a feeling of perfect security.

On land, too, we have had our excitements. Yesterday afternoon, when the heather-clad slopes of Headon Hill were crowded with picnickers, there was a sudden alarm of spies. Some men, reported to have been conversing in German, were said to have been peering into cracks in the ground and otherwise behaving in a most suspicious manner. The alarm was given, and almost instantly, springing as it were from the very bowels of the earth, came some half-dozen soldiers running with rifles and fixed bayonets. Amid the shouts of the children they spread about the heather in their hunt, but nothing came of it, for the "spies," though they were caught, turned out to be some Italians resident in Totland Bay and fervently British in their sympathies.

I mentioned last week that we had a children's maid, a German, in our household. Since then, in obedience to the Act, she has been registered as an "alien enemy." I took her by train to Newport for that purpose. On arriving at the station I hailed a fly. "Where to, Sir?" said the driver. "To the police-station," I answered, and the man broke out into a grin. "It isn't a serious offence," I added, but I doubt if he believed me. At the police-station, however, they were quite prepared for us, and in a very few minutes Maria Hasewitz—that is her eminently German name—had had all the particulars of her birth-place, her age, her height, and her personal appearance entered on a blue form by a jocose and affable sergeant. "Brown eyes, I think," said the sergeant; "height, five feet four inches; no beard or moustache, ha-ha. Now sign here and make a mark with your left thumb in this space. That'll pin you down; no escape after that, ha-ha." He produced a board covered with some black sticky substance, dabbed her thumb in it, dabbed it hard on the paper, and, lo, Maria Hasewitz had been registered and had undertaken not to move five miles from Totland Bay without a special permit.

At present this particular alien enemy is engaged, together with all the other available female members of the household, in making pyjamas for our soldiers. Wonderful deeds are being done all round me with scissors and needle and thread. A sewing-machine has been requisitioned. Button-holes are being manufactured with immense expedition. A good deal of "basting" is being got through. In my illimitable ignorance I had hitherto imagined that basting was something that you did to a joint of meat with a big ladle and some gravy. If you did it sufficiently the joint came out succulent, if not it became dry and you abused the butcher. However, we live and learn. Part, at any rate, of three suits of pyjamas that are to go to the Red Cross to-day has been severely and completely basted without either gravy or a ladle.

R. C. L.



WELL MET!

GREAT BRITAIN JOINS HER ALLIES IN THE FIELD.

CHARIVARIA.

EVEN war has its humours. "In the midst of perfect peace the enemy surprises us," is a sentence from a proclamation not by the King of the BELGIANS but by the GERMAN KAISER.

WILHELM II. is said to be extremely annoyed in his capacity as a British Admiral that he is not being kept fully informed as to the movements of our Fleet.

The danger, of course, of a fondness for a place in the sun is that one may get burnt.

The coming generation would certainly seem to be all right. Even children are taking part in the fray. The Boy Scouts are helping manfully here, and at Liège the Germans, we are told, used nippers for cutting wire entanglements.

A vivid idea of the horrors of the return journey from the Continent to England after the declaration of war may be gained from the fact that a lady, in recounting her experiences in a contemporary, states that she was thankful to get back to Battersea.

General VILLA, it is stated, has now virtually proclaimed his independence of General CARRANZA, and hostilities are said to be imminent. We caution these gentlemen, however, that we are not prepared at this juncture to take a great deal of interest in their little war, and, if they take our advice, they will postpone it.

At the present moment, fortunately, one does not hear much of the sex war, but sex-pride compels us to draw attention to an account in *The Liverpool Echo* of a recent agricultural show, from which we learn that "in a class for cows, in which there was a score of entries, Mr. S. Sanday won with pedigree dairy bulls."

The news that a large number of yachts had been placed at the disposal of the Admiralty was, no doubt, responsible for a statement in *The Birkenhead News* of the 8th inst., to the effect that the Hoylake Town Band, consisting of Bavarians, in a moment of patriotic



GERMAN KAISER. "Donnerwetter! No wonder I've missed my appointment. The silly idiots have given me an 1870 time-table."

fervour during the crisis struck up "Der Yacht am Rhein."

Overheard in the heather of a grouse moor:—"What ho! The Moratorium."

In feline circles it is being pointed

unnecessary conflict." The KAISER's address, KEIR, is Potsdam, Berlin (Germany).

We rejoice to hear that the thousand fresh herrings which a certain cosmopolitan financier purchased at the outbreak of the war to store up have one and all gone bad.

Paris now has a "Rue de Liège." And, in order to obviate any feeling of jealousy, a certain virulent microbe which has just been discovered by a Belgian scientist is, we hear, to be called the "Wilhelm Germ."

We trust that the Dutch are taking every precaution to protect the Palace of Peace at the Hague.

Brick-box, the Irish Guards' pet terrier, has been sent for the present to a dogs' home. In the event of their going abroad the Irish Guards hope to bring back with them a certain other dog who seems to have gone mad.

The British Isles have been defeated at Lawn Tennis, but we really shan't mind so long as we win the war.

"On shop after shop in Paris," says *The Evening News*, "is the notice, 'Maison fermée à canto du de départ du patron et les employés sous les drapeaux Français.'" Sorry, *Evening News*, but we cannot believe your statement in its entirety. We are afraid you did not get it confirmed by the Official Press Bureau.

According to the *St. Petersburg Gazette* the Germans have arrested the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE CONSTANTINOVITCH at Badwildungen. The Russian Government admits that the GRAND DUKE has published several volumes of verse.

According to a statement in *The Globe* "the German liner, *Belgia*, having run short of coal, put in at Newport (Mon.) to-day, and was seized as a prize. She has over £250,000 worth of food on board, including 400 tons of cheese, 73 German reservists, and also a large amount of specie." The last two items must, of course, be regarded as emergency rations.

An unfortunate misprint:—"WAR NEWS IN A FEW LIES."

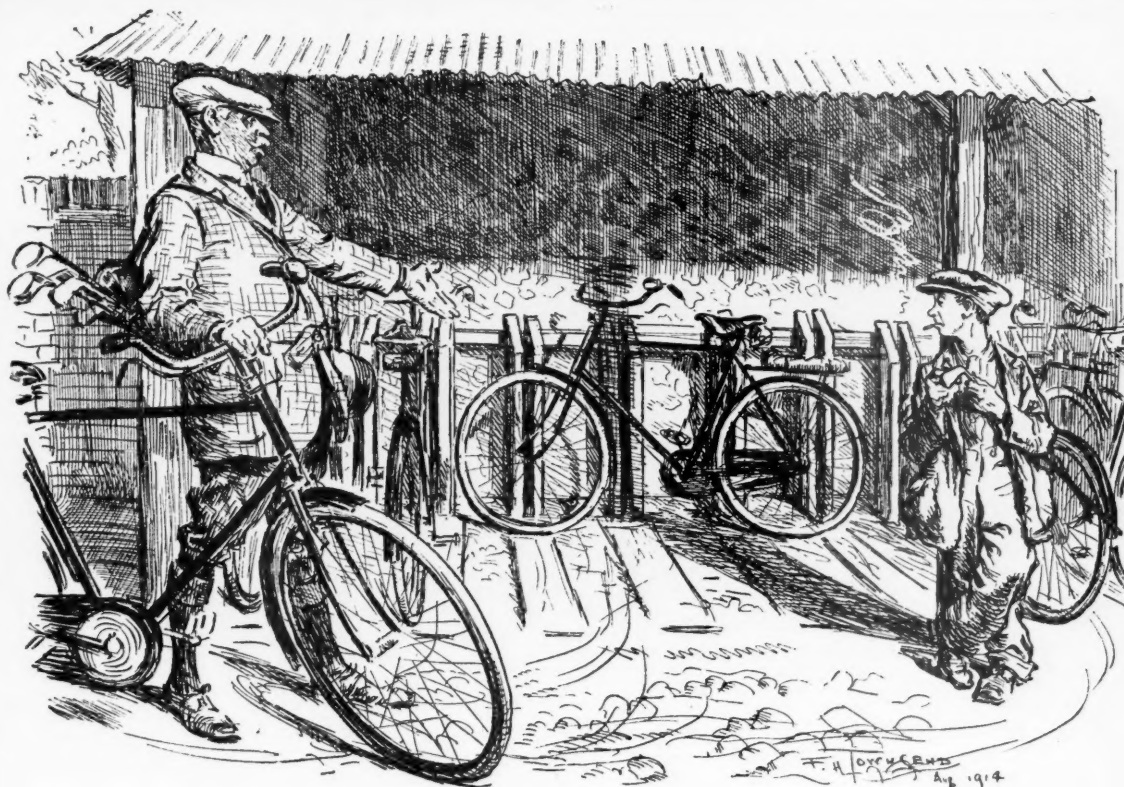


AT THE OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU.
Mr. F. E. SMITH (against his gallant instincts). "Permit me, Madam."

out with some pride that not only are there Dogs of Wars but that Active Service Kits are being advertised very freely.

"We, as a party," says Mr. KEIR HARDIE in *The Labour Leader*, "surely have a right to make a special protest against this altogether useless and

seized as a prize. She has over £250,000 worth of food on board, including 400 tons of cheese, 73 German reservists, and also a large amount of specie." The last two items must, of course, be regarded as emergency rations.



THE MONOPOLIST.

Late Arrival (wishing to put his machine in bicycle rack). "WELL, UPON MY WORD, THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! CADDIE, WHO PUT HIS BICYCLE LIKE THAT?"
Caddie. "CAN'T SAY FOR SURE, SIR. THE KAISER, I SHOULD THINK."

HOW WAR IS "MADE IN GERMANY."

(Extract from the KAISER'S Diary.)

LETTER captured bearing mark of Venezuela Consulate at Berlin. Stamp not put on straight. Insult to me—therefore to the flag. Proceed to issue ultimatum to Venezuela. Venezuela omits to concede one of the 421 points raised. Declare war on Venezuela and publish address to my people:—"Owing to this wicked and determined challenge to Our nation, We have been forced, greatly against Our wish, into a quarrel with a powerful and designing enemy," etc., etc.

Consignment of Chicago sausages, arriving Hamburg, is found to bear label "The Best." Deliberate blow at German supremacy. Germany is the Sausage Queen. Ultimatum to United States. Reply unsatisfactory, so declare war. Speech to my people:—"Owing to this wicked," etc.

Despatch from Pomeranian farming district to effect that a Cochinchina hen has pecked at representation of German Eagle in picture-book. At once

issued ultimatum to Cochinchina demanding humble and complete apology, otherwise war would be declared. Received immediate reply, stating that as Cochinchina belongs at present to France I may save myself the trouble of a fresh declaration of war. Do so.

Read statement that "heat in neighbourhood of equator surpasses that of any other part of the world." See in this a direct challenge to our sovereignty. We are the hottest stuff in the world. Declare war on all countries abutting on equator. Speech to my people:—"Owing to this wicked," etc.

Hear South Pole Republic showing signs of activity. Involves serious menace to our pacific plans. Issue ultimatum. Hear later that President is a penguin. As, however, withdrawal of ultimatum is out of the question, have despatched warships. Speech to my people:—"Owing to this wicked," etc.

Having five minutes before lunch, declare war on Spain, Portugal, Tibet, Lapland and the Principality of Monaco. Reasons and ultimatums to follow.

Declare war on Bosnia and Herzegovina, but subsequently remember that these territories were recently absorbed by my ally. Undignified to cancel ultimatum, so declare war on said ally.

Make painful discovery that, in spite of overtime at Imperial printing works, I am out of ultimatum forms. Urgent instructions have been sent to hasten delivery of forms, which are of course so printed that only the name of the offending country has to be filled in.

* * * * *
 Apparently no more countries remain to be challenged. Must find some at all costs.

Sudden inspiration. Have issued ultimatum to my own country that, if she does not find fresh countries for me to fight before midnight, war will ensue.

Midnight. No new countries found. I declare war on Germany.

The Journalistic Manner.

"Every inch of Belgium will be fought for foot by foot."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES.

A THOUSAND years ago I won a cup for jumping. It was not a very good cup, but then it was not a very good jump. Such as the cup is, however, it stands on a shelf in my library, and I have ways of directing the attention of visitors to it. For instance, if a collector of old prints is coming to dinner, I hang my oldest print just above the cup, ready for him; we take our—or better, his—cigars into the library, and I say, "Oh, look here, I picked this print up last week; the man said it was a genuine Eyre and Spottiswoode; you might give me your opinion." He gives me his opinion... and then his eye wanders down. I see him reading the inscription on the cup.

The inscription says: "Long Jump, 1739," or some such date. "First Prize, won by—" and then my name very big and splendid. Underneath comes the school crest, followed by the motto, "*Dat Deus Incrementum*," though I have never jumped any further since. Its shape is the ordinary sherry-glass shape. It is my only cup, and I am proud of it.

I look up as I write, and I see the—by the way, I don't know if you have ever tried "looking up as you write." It is a common thing for reflective writers to say they do, but you should never believe them. It is impossible to write properly when looking somewhere else. What we do is to stop and slew our necks round, and then take a fresh dip in the ink. Well, slewing my neck round as I stop writing, I see my precious cup standing on its shelf, and... horror! It is standing upside down!

This comes as a surprise to you, but it is no surprise to me. The thing has been going on for months. It is months ago that I first spoke to Celia about it.

"It's Jane," she said. "She always puts it like that when she's been dusting."

"Yes, but what for? Just to catch the eye?"

"I suppose because you always stand glasses upside down when you've cleaned them—to keep the dust out."

"But if she'd only think a moment she'd see that I don't drink out of this, and that glasses don't have 'First Prize, won by —'"

"Jane isn't here to think, she's here to work."

This seemed to be a distinction drawn between Jane and me.

"You see what I mean," I said, "don't you? It's very difficult to read the cup upside down. A stranger

mightn't know who—er—who had won it."

"But don't you always turn it back again? I do, if ever I see it."

"Yes, but—but— Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

I went back to the library. It was difficult to explain why I minded; because, after all, to fill a pipe, light it and sit down to work every morning is very little less trouble than to turn a cup round, fill a pipe, light it and sit down to work every morning. Anything regular soon gets taken for granted. And yet I was annoyed. I think it was the silliness of standing a First Prize upside down which annoyed me. That and the apparent difficulty of getting into communication with Jane about it.

For it was difficult. One day I went very humbly to Celia and said—

"I know I'm a baby about it. Forgive me. But it's getting on my mind. Do tell Jane about the cup."

"It's awfully hard," she said, after a little thought. "You see, it's such a very, very small thing that it never seems quite the right moment for it. And if, after I'd told her, she said 'What?' I couldn't possibly say it again."

"You must be very articulate the first time. Lead the conversation slowly round to long-jumping or the difficulty of reading on your head, and then casually but articulately—"

"Well, we'll see," said Celia. "Of course, if I ever caught her doing it, I'd tell her. Perhaps I shall."

Well, we saw. We saw that the thing still went on. The direct approach to Jane was evidently impossible. So I tried sarcasm.

Sarcasm, directed into the blue in the hope of hitting the person you want, may not be effective, but it does relieve the feelings. I had a thoroughly sarcastic morning all to myself. My deadly irony took the form of turning everything in the library upside-down. The cup was in position already; I turned up two pewter mugs (third prizes in Consolation Races), the flower bowls, the cigarette box, the lamp, a stool, half-a-dozen pictures, two photographs and the mahogany clock. They all stood on their heads and sneered at Jane. "Why don't you do the thing properly while you're about it?" they said to her. I felt extremely well after I had finished.

Celia stood in the door and gurgled to herself.

"You baby," she smiled.

"On the contrary," I said, "I have made a dignified yet subtle protest. You wouldn't move in the matter so I had to do something. I flatter myself

that a sense of her past silliness will rush over Jane like a flood when she comes in here to-morrow morning."

"If Jane's flooded at all," said Celia, "it will be with the idea that the master's mad. But I don't think she'll notice it particularly."

Next morning everything was right side up again—except the cup.

"It's no good," I told Celia; "she is obviously determined. Perhaps it means more than we think to her to have that cup upside-down. Its beauty, the memories it brings back, the symbolism of it, these things touch some hidden spring... Still I am master in my own house." And I turned the cup round again...

Another month passed and I could bear it no longer. Yesterday I made up my mind. I would speak to Jane myself. I turned my First Prize the right way up, and then looked for Celia.

"Celia," I said firmly, "where is Jane?"

"She's gone out," said Celia softly. "Her—her man goes off to-day."

* * * * *

An hour later, with bands playing and people cheering, they wheeled out of barracks, brown and businesslike. Jane was in the front somewhere, waving her handkerchief—not such a silly Jane, after all. And at the back, very proud for her, Celia and I stood silent, with a something in the throat that had come there suddenly...

And this morning the cup was upside-down again. Well, well, if she likes it that way, that way let it be.

But take warning, O Jane! When your man—here's luck to him!—comes back, then I shall assert myself once more. My cup, "Long Jump, 1739. First Prize," shall stand the right way up; either that or you leave my service. I am determined about this...

Meanwhile we can share the daily paper. A. A. M.

"Dear Mr. Punch,—You may remember that QUEEN VICTORIA recorded in her *Journal in the Highlands* that 'Vicky sat down on a wasps' nest.' 'VICKY,' of course, was destined later to be the mother of WILHELM II. Can we not see in the present situation rather a remarkable example of heredity?—Yours, etc., MEDICO."

From a *Daily Chronicle* special correspondent:—

"A little meat and plenty of vegetables take one a long way—lettuce, soup, eggs, en surprise, peas, dessert, voila—even the very poor can afford such a dinner in Brussels."

A seven-course dinner is certainly more than we can afford in England.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND . . ."

Old Cock Grouse. "I SEE THEY'VE ALL GONE SHOOTING EAGLES."

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

I TAKE train home every evening from one of our best stations. Crowned heads fairly tumble over one another there in their anxiety to get a first glimpse of London. Personages are matters of daily arrival.

The other night I reached my station just as a Personage was due. A drive led from his platform to the outside world. On one side of it were lined up the public six deep. On the other side of it was the left luggage office. Four policemen saw to it that no person crossed to the other side except on business.

I began crossing.

"Not that side," said Robert, "unless you want the left luggage."

"The left luggage," I explained, "is my one desire."

I crossed.

The clerk was unusually prompt.

"What's yours?" he said.

"Since you ask," I replied, "I could do with a small stout; or, alternatively, a sherry and bitters."

He kept silence, but with a touch of urgency in it. It is hard to temporize when confronted with a businesslike silence. Yet my view of the drive was worth fighting for.

"I might leave my watch," I continued after a brief hesitation, "but the fact is I left it last week with my only godson. Have you a godson? You know what they are—always wanting something."

"Come along, now," said the official brusquely. Robert, too, was becoming restive.

"Very well; I will deposit my hat. You will be careful with it, won't you?"

He accepted my hat untenderly.

"What name?"

"'George,'" I said; "but they call me 'Winkles' at home."

He was a man not easily moved. He wrote down "George" without hesitation on a bit of pink paper and asked for twopence as he gave it to me.

Just then, to my great relief, the Boat Express arrived. I searched in all my pockets and at last found half-a-sovereign.

I told you he was a man not easily moved. He gave me nine-and-tenpence without a word, but with more half-pennies than was quite nice.

There was a stir in the crowd. I must hang on yet a little, or give it up, or stand six deep. I cannot stand standing six deep. But it is the duty of every citizen to welcome Personages.

Then I bethought me of my pink paper.

I summoned the man who was not easily moved and presented it. "The deposit," I explained, "was a hat—a felt hat—I cannot be sure of the size, but at a guess I should put it somewhere between 7 and 8."

But he had already retrieved it.

I took it and replaced it on my head as I turned in the nick of time to take it off to the Personage. He gave me a very sweet smile, the memory of which I cherish so fondly that I am loth to attribute it to the fashionable dent I subsequently discovered in my bowler.

In the present restriction of Sport we sympathize with that section of the Press which makes it a speciality. However, there are outlets; and one of our Sporting contemporaries has burst forth into history, as follows:—

"Once again England is faced with a crisis. There has been nothing like it since Alexander the Great burned his boats and crossed the Rubicon."

An Infant Prodigy.

"Although only in his 41st year Mr. F. E. Smith is a Master of Arts . . ."

Pall Mall Gazette.



Medical Officer. "SORRY I MUST REJECT YOU ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR TEETH."

Would-be Recruit. "MAN, YE'RE MAKING A GRAN' MISTAKE. I'M NO WANTING TO BITE THE GERMANS, I'M WANTING TO SHOOT 'EM."

A FIRST CHARGE.

Mr. Punch's appeal is once more for the children. Most earnestly, and with great confidence, he begs his readers to care for those little ones whose fathers and brothers are serving under the Flag for our country's honour and the defence of our homes, or may suffer through loss of work. All gifts to the National Relief Fund should be addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, at Buckingham Palace.

A PLEA FOR PEGASUS.

YE mobilisers of that other arm

Whose might is famed superior to the sabre's,
Who furnish forth the wherewithal to charm

The Special Correspondent to his labours,
And by whose enterprise we're daily fed on
Reports of Armageddon,

List to my plaint. It is not that I tire

Of those despatches—picturesque effusions—
Which by the witness of a later wire

Are proved to rank among the Great Illusions;
Though much to be deplored, such news, I'm willing
Freely to own, is thrilling.

But when your pages, shrunk through the scare
Of that worst blow of all, a paper famine,
Dispense exclusively Bellona's fare,
And, failing battle tales, you simply cram in

Facts about spies, commodities and prices,
I writhe beneath this crisis.

I can support the other pains of war:

Transport disorganised and credit shaken,
The fear of hunger knocking at the door,
And threepence extra on a pound of bacon;
In fact, I'd be the most resigned of creatures
If you'd compose your "features."

Could you not lift a corner of the mask

That makes these solemn days so much more
solemn?

A very little ray is all I ask

To light the utter darkness—say a column
Of "stories" which your slang describes as "snappy";
With these I could be happy;

With these my topic Muse I might entice;

But war has left her mute, and me despairing.
They call for horses; must I sacrifice

The steed with whom I've taken many an airing?
Poor Pegasus—and none too well-conditioned!
Must he be requisitioned?

From parallel columns in *The Evening News*:—

"Haelen is forty-five miles north-west of Liège; it is fifty miles east of Brussels."

"The centre of the battle was at Haelen (thirty miles north-west of Liège and thirty miles from Brussels)."

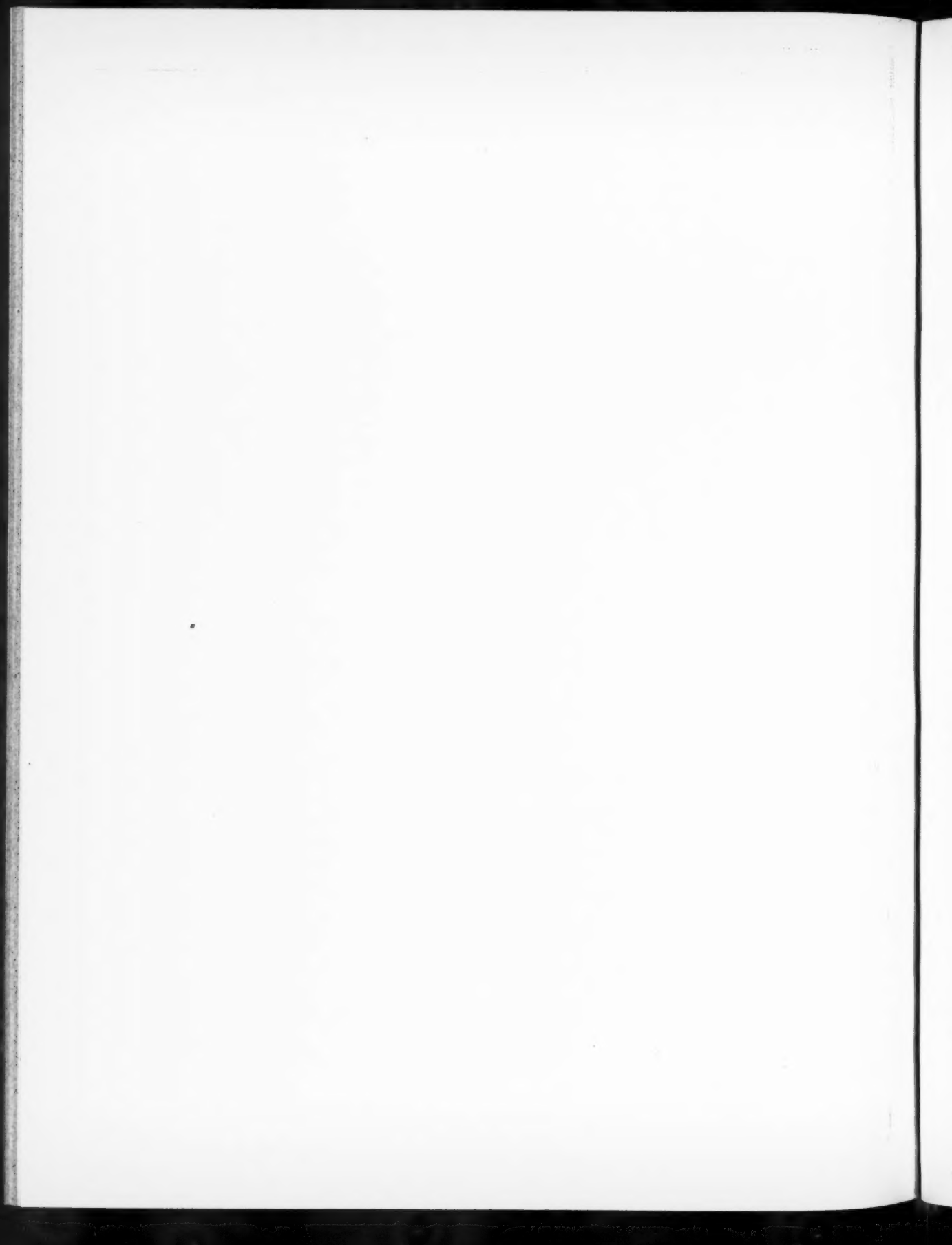
This is simply to deceive the Germans.



THE WORLD'S ENEMY.

THE KAISER. "WHO GOES THERE?"

SPIRIT OF CARNAGE. "A FRIEND—YOUR ONLY ONE."





Fond Mother (full of war news). "DON'T GO TOO FAR OUT, GIRLS. YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WITH ALL THIS FIGHTING GOING ON."

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

II.—THE ISLAND CUP RACE.

COWES week was drawing near to its brilliant climax. Through the blue waters of the Solent a swarm of palatial steam yachts, saucy outriggers, graceful cutters and wasp-like motor boats jostled one another in their efforts to gain safe anchorage after the strenuous excitement of the day's racing. Everywhere could be heard the clank of mooring chains, mingled with the full-flavoured oaths of sailor men.

Gradually silence fell upon the scene, broken only by the melodious murmur of numberless gramophones and the soft strains of the band of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

As the sun descended lower beneath the horizon the dusk deepened, and presently thousands of Chinese lanterns twinkled through the gloom from mast and yard-arm. Lady Margaret Tamerton, leaning idly against the barnacle of her brother's yacht, the *Seamaid*, drank in the beauty of the night with deep inhalations.

The voice of young Lord Tamerton at her side at last broke the spell of silence.

"Madge," he said softly, "Wonderson has not yet arrived. If he doesn't come, our chances of winning the Island Cup to-morrow are practically hopeless."

"Don't worry, Fred," replied Lady Margaret. "Ralph never fails . . . Listen, he is coming now."

And, indeed, the muffled beat of oars was heard approaching from the darkness. Soon a slim white boat came gliding up to the prow of the *Seamaid*. Ralph Wonderson, a tall athletic figure in his immaculate flannels and straw boater, poised himself on the gunwale, gathered himself for a spring, and leaped with the agility of a cat to the bowsprit of the yacht. Sliding rapidly down this, he nodded easily to Lord Tamerton and clasped the beautiful figure of Lady Margaret in his arms.

"S-sh!" he whispered warningly, laying his fingers on her lips, as she would have spoken. "Nobody must know I am here till to-morrow. That is why I came aboard like that. Listen. Your cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener, alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke, is here, and is plotting to kidnap you. There is a traitor somewhere on this yacht who supplies him with all information. The attempt is to be made to-night."

"To-night!" murmured Lady Margaret in horror. "What am I to do? His ingenuity is dev—er—fiendish."

"It shall be baffled," replied Ralph reassuringly. "I have thought it all out. It would be dangerous for you to leave the yacht because, in view of to-morrow's race, neither your brother

nor I could accompany you. There is only one place on board where you can pass the night in assured safety—the crow's-nest."

"The crow's-nest," repeated Lady Margaret, clapping her hands. "What fun! I shall be rocked to sleep beautifully, and of course they will never think of looking for me there."

"Come," said Ralph, taking her hand. "There is no time to lose, and none of the crew must be allowed to see you. We don't know whom we can trust."

Snatching her in his arms, he carried her easily up the frail rigging, his mountain training showing in every step he took. Five minutes later he returned alone and dropped noiselessly to the deck. He looked round cautiously; there was nobody in view except Lord Tamerton.

"It's all right, Fred," he whispered. "Let us turn in."

They descended the broad staircase arm-in-arm. No sooner had they disappeared than a dark figure crept with a low chuckle from underneath a coil of rope and dropped silently over the yacht's counter.

A phosphorescent gleam disturbed the darkness of the water.

Early next morning Ralph Wonderson ran nimbly up the rigging of the *Seamaid*, carrying a tray loaded with

toast, eggs, tea and marmalade. He tapped at the door of the crow's-nest. There was no response. After a pause he tapped again and cautiously pushed open the door. The crow's-nest was empty!

"Betrayed," cried Ralph, clapping his hand to his forehead. A moment later two soft-boiled eggs devastated the snowy whiteness of the *Seamaid's* deck.

Despite their precautions, Lady Margaret had been spirited away during the night. As soon as he had recovered from the shock of the discovery, Ralph ran to Lord Tamerton and acquainted him with the terrible news. There was a period of agonised and fruitless discussion.

"Wait! I have an idea," exclaimed Ralph presently. He pressed an electric bell, and a steward appeared almost simultaneously.

"Jenkins, fetch me a race card," said Ralph.

"Yes, Sir," replied the steward. "I anticipated your request and have it here."

Ralph and Lord Tamerton bent their heads over the card.

"See," said the former. "It is as I hoped. Among the entries for the Island Cup we have the *Watersnake*, owner Sir Ernest Scrivener. He will sail her himself, that is certain. It is equally certain that he has Madge on board. If I know anything of him he will not let her out of his sight. Fred, by yonder centre-board I swear that before the race is over we will win her back."

Bang! It was the signal for the competitors to line up for the great race for the world-famous Island Cup.

Of all the thousands who pressed themselves against the straining booms none realised that the race was for a prize far more precious than a mere cup of gold valued at two thousand guineas.

The *Watersnake* was in front, a clear hundred yards separating her from the pursuing *Seamaid*. All the other yachts lagged hopelessly in the rear.

Scattering the foam at their bows, the two boats rushed along the blue lane of clear water which lay between the booms. Ralph, at the wheel of the *Seamaid*, gazed anxiously forward. Could they do it?

"Let loose the spinnaker," he commanded gruffly. "Haul on the signal halyard. Lower the keelson."

The orders were swiftly executed, and the *Seamaid* leaped forward with a bound. The distance between the two vessels rapidly lessened.

"Fred," said Ralph, "you must take the wheel for a time. I'm going forward to board the *Watersnake*."

Lord Tamerton obediently grasped the wheel, while Ralph ran forward and crept along the bowsprit. The intervening space was now very small. Bracing himself for the effort, he shot through the air and landed upon the deck of the *Watersnake*. The first object which met his gaze was Lady Margaret, her wrists bound, lying beside the barnacle.

Sir Ernest Scrivener uttered a horrible oath as he recognised the features of his successful rival. For an instant he loosened his grasp on the wheel. The vessel yawed in her course and he was compelled to seize the spokes again.

Before Scrivener could command his

critical moment, Ralph, with a mighty effort, pushed down the wheel.

A bare three inches parted the *Watersnake* from the winning post when the slight shudder ran through her which told that the prow of the *Seamaid* had touched her stern. The bump had been made; the race was won.

Ralph Wonderson stood with the magnificent Island Cup in his hand, filled to the brim with bubbling champagne.

"To the restoration of the fortunes of the house of Tamerton," he said as he raised it to his lips.

THE VIKING SPIRIT.

"The week-end was dull and much rain fell, but this did not spoil the visitors' pleasure. The sight of the sea in a turbulent mood was a great attraction."—*Seaside note in daily paper.*

It has rained for a week down at Shrimpton;

'Tis zero or less in the shade;
You can paddle your feet in the principal street

And bathe on the stony parade;

But still on our holiday pleasures
No thoughts of discomfort intrude,

As we whisper, "This sight is a bit of all right,"

For the sea's in a turbulent mood.

There's nobody harks to the pierrots;

For music we don't care a straw;

And the "comic" in vain chants the usual strain

Concerning his mother-in-law.

Unbought are the beach's bananas;

Our souls are all far above food;
Not a man of us dreams of consuming ice-creams

When the sea's in a turbulent mood.

You may prate of the fervour of Phœbus
Of days that are calm and serene,

When a tint as of teak is imposed on the cheek

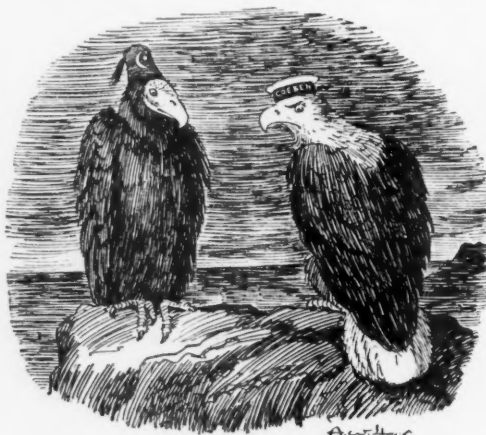
That is commonly pallid (when clean);
But *we* have a taste that's æsthetic;

Mere sunshine seems vulgar and crude,

As we gather to gaze with artistic amaze

On the sea in a turbulent mood.

The *Beekeepers' Record*, referring to the photograph of a group of prominent beekeepers, says:—"Mr. Dadant's well-known features are easily spotted." We are sorry, but a little cold cream will sometimes do wonders.



The Turkey Buzzard (to the Sea Eagle). "You may call yourself a Turkey Buzzard if you like, but they'll still know you by your white feather."

wits sufficiently to shout an order to his crew, Ralph had caught up Lady Margaret in his arms and dashed to the side of the vessel. Deprived of his skilled command, the *Seamaid* had dropped behind; it was impossible to leap back to her decks.

Without hesitation, Ralph dived into the water, and still supporting the now unconscious form of Lady Margaret, swam rapidly towards the yacht. Two minutes later he was gripping the wheel and concentrating all his immense will power upon the task of winning the race.

Inch by inch the *Seamaid* crept up to her rival. Despite all Scrivener's efforts, the gap grew less and less.

And now the winning post was close at hand. Could it be done? Could it be done? The frantic spectators behind the boom shouted themselves hoarse. Lord Tamerton bit his thumbs till the blood ran.

Nearer drew the *Seamaid*. Nearer and nearer. Nearer still. At the

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FOR NUTS."—The origin of this curious phrase to indicate incompetence in any pursuit or pastime—e.g., "He can't play for nuts," etc.—is obscure; but its antiquity is incontestable. Thus one of the fragments of ENNIUS runs: "*Nucibus non ludere possum.*" Perhaps the most plausible theory is that which views the phrase as a heritage from our simian ancestors, among whom nuts were the common medium of exchange. On this assumption a monkey—whether gorilla, chimpanzee, baboon or orang-utan—who was described as unable to do anything "for nuts," i.e., for pecuniary remuneration, was obviously inefficient. Another explanation, which we believe is supported by Mr. EUSTACE MILES, scouts the notion of an ancient origin of the phrase and fixes the terminus a quo by the recent introduction of vegetarian diet. Nuts being a prime staple of the votaries of this cult, a person who cannot do anything "for nuts" means, by implication, a carnivorous savage who is incapable of progress. Lastly, there remains the ingenious solution that the phrase as commonly employed involves a misspelling. It ought to be "four nuts," and playing four nuts was an ancient but simple game, which may be connected with the cognate phrase about knowing or not knowing "how many beans make five."

POLLY PERKINS: WAS SHE A REAL PERSON?—A careful search in the registers of Paddington in the early and mid-Victorian period reveals so many Mary Perkinses as to render the task of identification peculiarly difficult. It will be remembered, however, that the heroine of the famous ballad is described as not only "little," but "pretty;" indeed, she is spoken of as being "as beautiful as a butterfly and as proud as a queen." So far, however, these clues to her appearance have yielded no solid results. The representatives of the famous family of brewers have been unable to throw any light on the subject, and an application to the managing director of the London and General Omnibus Company has also proved unproductive. (Polly Perkins "married the conductor of a twopenny 'bus.'") Her brilliant appearance suggests a possible relationship with Dr. PERKINS, the famous pioneer of the aniline dye industry; but this, as well as the theory that she was a descendant of PERKIN WARBECK, is mere surmise.

THE FIRST MAN WHO ATE AN OYSTER.—The most widely circulated account of this feat is that which ascribes it to the notorious Roman epicure Publius



THE OLD REFRAIN.

First Old Lady. "MY DEAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS WAR? ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?"

Second Old Lady. "AWFUL! BUT IT CAN'T LAST LONG; THE POWERS WILL SURELY INTERVENE."

Esurius Gulo, who was nicknamed Bellipotens from the rotundity of his figure. According to the account given in the *Gastronomica* of Voracius Bulbo (ii. 18) Gulo was always making daring experiments, and, when bathing at Baiae on a very hot day, and seeing a bivalve which had rashly opened its jaws in the sun, he dexterously inserted a stone and conveyed the contents to his mouth on the point of the pin of his *fibula*. He was subsequently created a proconsul by NERO. The only drawback connected with this account is the fact that oysters were recognised as delicacies in Rome at least a hundred years before NERO. It is right to add that the genuineness of Bulbo's *Gastronomica* has been seriously impugned, the best authorities (including FRANCATELLI) being convinced that the treatise was the work of a sixteenth-century *farceur* who belonged to the royal house of Paphlagonia.

PARLOUR PATHOS, SPECIMENS OF.—The best specimens of this interesting emotional product are to be found in the words of Royalty Ballads. A good instance is to be found in the following choice quatrain:—

Nature cares not whence or how,
Nature asks not why;
'Tis enough that thou art thou,
And that I am I.

COMPARATIVE COUPLETS.—The correct form of this literary disease is as follows:—

A chair without a leg
Is like a hen without an egg.

But it is emphatically not to be encouraged, as excessive indulgence in the habit has been known to lead to the break-up of happy homes.

NAMES OF GOLF CLUBS.—The latest addition to the list is, so far as we are aware, the "Sammy," but efforts are being made to induce the St. Andrews authorities to sanction the "Biffy," a

combination of the jigger and the baffy, and the "Duncher," a powerful weapon for extricating the ball out of rushes, tar and other viscous lies.

THE JUGGINS FAMILY.—This family claims descent from Joskin ap Gwygfan, the last native prince who ruled in Dwffryn. The earlier lines in the descent are doubtful. The various families claiming to spring from Joskin adopted different patronymics in the fifteenth and succeeding centuries, amongst which may be noted Joskins, Gherkin, Guggenheimer, and Gaga.

They've got an awfully hot fast bowler. Bartram now tells me he can't possibly turn out, and you are the only really decent bat I know. We simply *can't* lose to Paddlewick again—we shall never hear the last of it. (No one need know that you don't play regularly for Middlecombe.) Do try your best, old man. Mightn't your Aunt Martha be seriously ill? Yours ever, PHIL.

V.

Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick
(wire).

Aunt Martha dying. All well. Boss

But if you should hear of a good berth going anywhere I should be extraordinarily grateful.

Yours ever,

CHARLIE HOLCOMBE.

P.S.—It was doubly unfortunate (in a way) that I should have scored a six and three fours in one over from his bowling.

OLD STYLE AND NEW.

I.—OLD STYLE.

He. Has anyone seen the paper?
She. I haven't.

He. Didn't it come this morning?

She. Very likely not. The boy often forgets it. You're the only person who ever looks at it.

He. Well, I suppose I must wait till I get to the Club; but I dare say there isn't anything that matters in it.

Or

She. Have you done with that paper, my dear?

He. Absolutely; there's nothing in it. There never is. I can't think why we waste money in taking it.

She. Then perhaps I may have it for a pattern?

He. Why, certainly. I've no use for it.

II.—NEW STYLE.

The whole family
(all together). { Has the paper come yet?
What's the news?
Where's the paper?
What about Liège?
I say, where's the paper?
Isn't the paper here yet?
What's the matter with the people?

Or

The whole family
(all together again). { I say, father, you might read quicker.
Can't you tear it in half?
Do tell us the news.
Do read it out loud.
What about Liège? Quick!
Oh dear, why don't we have ten copies of it?

The whole family
(all together again).

"The 'Daily Telegraph' Algiers correspondent, wiring yesterday, says news from Gibraltar reports a naval fight off the Canaries. One of the latter was sunk and the other captured and brought to Gibraltar."

Liverpool Evening Express.

Our own canary protests indignantly at this treatment of its allies.

In order to be in the very admirable fashion the L.C.C. has decided, we understand, to change the name of Jermyn Street to Jellicoe Lane.

MIDDLECOMBE v. PADDLEWICK.

I.

Philip Renwick to Charles
Holcombe.

Room 99, X.Y.Z. Offices,
Whitehall,
8th August, 1914.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Can you possibly turn out for us on Thursday next v. Paddlewick? We lost to them rather heavily in May last and are anxious to give them a sound beating. Their fast bowler is playing for them again, I hear, and we absolutely rely on your help. Can you get off for the day?

Yours ever, P. R.

II.

Charles Holcombe to Philip
Renwick.

Room 83, P.Q.R. Offices,
Lombard Street,
9th August, 1914.

MY DEAR PHIL,—Thanks for yours. Will try to manage it next Thursday, but am doubtful. My chief, though a capable official, is no sport, and I anticipate difficulties. I had a day off only two weeks ago for cricket. Will do my best. Thine, C. H.

III.

Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick.

P.Q.R.

10th August, 1914.

MY DEAR PHIL,—Awfully sorry; no luck re Thursday. Boss hopeless. I broached the matter this morning (without actually asking for permission), but I fear the worst. You had better get another man for the Paddlewick match. So sorry.

Yours ever,

CHARLIE HOLCOMBE.

IV.

Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe.

X.Y.Z.

10th August, 1914.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,—We shall be absolutely in the cart without you.



The Patriot. "HOARD MY GOLD! I'D STARVE FIRST!"

absent Thursday, so can explain to him afterwards. HOLCOMBE.

VI.

Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe
(wire).

Good boy. Funeral 11.30. Train
Paddington 10.5. Lunch 1.30. Draw
6.30. PHILIP.

VII.

Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick.

Room 83, P.Q.R. Offices,

14th August.

MY DEAR PHIL,—I regret that I was forced to leave somewhat hurriedly after the game last night. I have nothing to add to what I told you at lunch as to the identity of the Paddlewick Spofforth with my chief, of whose sporting talent I was in ignorance.



THE LOCAL TOUCH.

East Anglian. "TELL YOW WHAT THAT IS, SIR: THAT THERE KAISER 'E 'ONT NEVER BE SATISFIED UNTIL 'E'S RUINED MUDBOROUGH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. DORNFORD YATES, whose name I seem to recall as a contributor to the magazines, has written a book of the most agreeable nonsense which he has called *The Brother of Daphne* (WARD, LOCK). For no specially apparent reason, since *Daphne* herself plays but a small part in the argument, which is chiefly concerned with the brother and his love affairs. This brother, addressed as *Boy*, was a bit of a dog, and an uncommonly lucky dog at that. The adventures he had! He apparently could not go out for the simplest walk without meeting some amiable young woman, divinely fair and supernaturally witty, with whom he presently exchanged airy badinage and, towards the end of the interview, kisses. What distressed me a little at first, till I tumbled to the spirit of the thing, was the discovery that the charmer was always a fresh one, and in consequence that these osculations had, so to speak, no matrimonial significance. Perhaps, however, *Boy* recognised an essential similarity in each of his partners. He may, for example, have been deceived by the fact that they all talked exactly the same Dolly dialogue—light, frothy and just a little more neatly turned than is the common intercourse of mortals. You know the kind of speech I mean. It is vastly pleasant and easy to read; but I must decline to believe that any young man could have the amazing fortune to meet fifteen pretty girls who all had the trick of it. Still, that by no means lessened my enjoyment of an entertaining volume, notice of which would be incomplete without a word of praise for the illustrations of Mr. C. W.

WILMSHURST, a favourite black-and-white artist of mine, whose name is unaccountably omitted from the title-page.

IF DOROTHEA CONYERS knew as much about English syntax as she does about Irish, and were as certain in the handling of a story as she is in the conduct of a horse, *Old Andy* (METHUEN) might be taken at a single refreshing gallop. As it is, I advise the reader to tackle it piecemeal, a brisk run here and there, followed by a considerable breather. For the novel is put together in a scrambling fashion, being full of repetitions of almost identical scenes and making very little definite way in a forward direction. There are the usual Irish peasantry and farmers who worship the horse for pecuniary and sentimental reasons, as the Israelites worshipped the golden calf; the usual hunting people, who either ride straight and are grimly sarcastic or talk very big and go for the gates; and the usual English visitors, who astound by their guilelessness and simplicity when confronted by aboriginal horse-copers and native bogs and stone-walls. If cubbing be included, I should be afraid to say how many meets are described in this book, or how many hunt-breakfasts and heavy teas in Irish interiors—interiors of cottages, of course, I mean—resulting in how many tricky deals and harmless tosses in the heather and the mud. But if you follow my lead there is plenty of pure joy in *Old Andy*, and the most and the best of it perhaps is to be found in the remarks of grooms, servant-girls and casual country folk, who as often as not have no kind of connection with the thread of the tale. "If meself an' the Masther wasn't rowlin' rocks all the day yestherday, he would be within long ago," replied



A BRAVE MAN.

"LARGE LAGER, WAITER."

the covert keeper." "If there is one rabbit with a skinned nose there's a hundther, an' they runnin' by mistake to the door they're used to be at." Such scattered flowers of speech abound in a book whose very want of construction is perhaps symbolical and a reflection of the charming incoherence of the Irish mind.

It is my painful experience that, when a novelist sets out to write a tale of English country life, the better he is at the job the more sombre is the finished product. Mr. GEORGE STEVENSON is very good indeed at his job; he has sincerity and power, and a certain austere aloofness that will take him far; and the result is that *Jenny Cartwright* (LANE) is about as gloomy a story as ever I read. Above everything else, what I noticed about this book was its freedom from all straining after effect. Whatever takes place, I fancy Mr. STEVENSON saying, do not let us be sentimental about it. Half the characters in the book seem to come by violent ends; of the two chief women, one commits suicide and the other is hanged. Mr. STEVENSON, one can only suppose, speaks of life as he finds it. There are really two stories, that of *Beatrice Barrington*, the faithless wife of *Sir Philip*, and the dreary mockery of life up at The Court, with its hatreds and subterfuges, its crippled master, frightened children and spying servants. This is the county as the author sees it. Linked with this is the life of the farm, where *Jenny* is brought up by an uncle who hates her; where she tends his bedridden wife; where her cousin *Beatrice* goes wrong; where *Beatrice's* betrayer is killed in an accident, and her baby falls into the fire; and where finally the dour uncle himself, after shooting the young squire who has offered dishonourable addresses to *Jenny*, allows her to pay the penalty of his crime. There is undeniable strength about the book and it holds

the attention; but I dispute the right of anyone to call it cheerful.

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY has the writing quality in her; she can both see and feel; she can do man-talk with a plausibility beyond the reach of most of her sex; and she works with a refreshing dash and freedom. With a certain carelessness also sometimes; as thus: "The other, turning to run, got a shot in his leg that put him out of business, but in spite of which he managed to crawl away." And there are little kakophonies, such as: "He was loved, openly and gladly, back." The work is good enough to make worth while the cleansing of these defects. The author certainly puts into a short story more thought and characterisation than is common in these days of half-hours with even the best authors through the medium of magazine pot-boilers. *Wild Honey* (CONSTABLE) is the title of the first (not quite the best) of an excellent bunch. It sums up the bitter-sweet of South Africa, which is the setting of all these stories of love, adventure, horror and the wild. They give a strong impression of fidelity of draftsmanship, though here we know so little that is intimate of the dark continent that we cannot judge how far actual occurrences are based on fact or probability. But CYNTHIA STOCKLEY has some of the mysterious qualities of a possible South African laureate. Perhaps she will contrive to put away a little weakness for tall and scornful aristocratic women; but, in any case, I can commend her book confidently to all intelligent beach-haunters.

"The price of bread has just been fixed by the authorities at 32 centimes the kilometre."—*Globe*.

So you can get a couple of yards of French roll for about half-a-farthing. Not bad for war-time.

CHARIVARIA.

An eclipse of the sun took place on Friday last. It is supposed to have been an attempt on the part of the sun to prevent the Germans finding a place in it.

South Africa has now declared with no uncertain voice that she intends to fight under the British flag, and the KAISER'S vexation on realising that the money spent on a certain famous telegram was sheer waste is said to have been pitiable.

We hear, by the way, that HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY is also extremely annoyed that so many English people should be resuming their summer holidays at the seaside. This is considered a slight on the power and ubiquity of the German Navy.

Some idea of how well the secret of their ultimate destination was kept even from the soldiers of our expeditionary force may be gathered from the fact that their favourite song on arriving in France was "It's a long way to Tipperary."

The German newspapers no doubt perceive in this a reference to our Civil War in Ireland.

We are glad that the lie about the cutting-up of the Black Watch has been scotched. May they yet live to be "The Black Watch on the Rhine."

A gentleman writes to *The Observer* to mention that an American surgeon, on bidding him farewell the other day, remarked, "Blood is thicker than water." This statement, coming from a medical man, who ought to know, is extremely valuable.

"THE GOEBEN'S INGLORIOUS SCUTTLE."
Daily Mail.
Yes, and now full of Turkey's coal.

The London Museum is open again. The Curator, we understand, would be glad to add to his collection of curiosities any Londoner who is still in favour of a small Navy.

The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds have stopped hunting, and there is said

to be a movement on foot among the local stags in favour of passing a vote of thanks to a certain mad dog.

Which reminds us that that rare spectacle, a smile on the face of an oyster, may now be seen. It has been decided that the Whitstable oyster feast shall not be held this year.

The Duc D'ORLÉANS has sent back to the AUSTRIAN EMPEROR the collar of the Golden Fleece which His Majesty conferred on him in 1896. One can understand a Frenchman objecting to being collared by an Austrian.

It is, as is well known, an ill wind that blows no one any good. As a

"Cambridge public-houses," we read, "are to close at 9 p.m." Such dons as are still up for the Long Vacation are said to be taking it gamely in spite of the inconvenience of accustoming themselves to the new regulation.

Every day one has fresh examples of how the War is putting an end to our internecine rivalries. For instance, *The Daily Mail* is now issuing the "Standard" History of the War.

Some of our contemporaries are referring to the Germans as "Modern Huns." We would point out that, as a matter of fact, they are not real Huns. They are wrong Huns.

"Thousands of young men without ties," complains a writer in *The Express*, "remain indifferent to the call of their country." We are afraid that this is true not only of those without ties, but also of some who wear expensive cravats.

"The idea is to make it possible for every individual to register for himself a number at the General Post Office. . . . All you do is to address him, say: '105051, care General Post Office,' and the officials look up 05051's latest address and forward the letter."

We fear that this is just what they would do.

"The members of Caldicot Wesleyan Church Sunday School had their annual summer tea on Tuesday in a field kindly lent by Mr. W. Howard of Church Farm."

This comes under the heading "War Items" in *The Newport Evening Post*. On applying to the Official Press Bureau, however, we were unable to obtain from Mr. F. E. SMITH any confirmation of the rumour.

"The Chairman put the vote, and there being no answering cries of 'I' declared the vote carried *nenine contradicente*."
Birmingham Daily Post.

After which the proceedings closed amid approving shouts of "I-S."

"A large firm of contractors to hotels points out that a prominent form of waste is eating too much."
Times.

Conversely, eating too much brings on a prominent form of waist.

Motto for debtors: *Moratorium, te salutamus.*



FAIR LOOT.

John Bull, A.B. "WELL, I DIDN'T START OUT FOR THIS; BUT THERE CAN'T BE ANY HARM IN PICKING UP A GOOD THING."

result of the War the proceedings of the British Association are not being reported at their usual length in our newspapers.

Another little advantage arising out of the War seems to have escaped notice. Owing to the fact that such Germans as are left among us eat much more quietly than formerly in order not to attract attention to themselves, it is now possible to hear an orchestra at a restaurant.

The horse-race habit is, we suppose, difficult to shed. A news vendor was heard shouting the other day, "European War. Result!"

"An artist who called at a famous firm of etching printers," a contemporary tells us, "found the men were away printing bank-notes." We trust that they were authorised to do so.

THE CALL OF ENGLAND.

[Every lover of England is bound to give what he can spare—and something more—for the help of those who may suffer distress through the War. Gifts to the National Relief Fund should be addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, at Buckingham Palace.]

COME, all ye who love her well,
Ye whose hopes are one with hers,
One with hers the hearts that swell
When the pulse of memory stirs;
She from whom your life ye take
Claims you; how can you forget?
Come, your honour stands at stake!
Pay your debt!

By her sons that hold the deep,
Nerves at strain and sinews tense,
Sleepless-eyed that ye may sleep
Girdled in a fast defence;—
By her sons that face the fire
Where the battle-lines are set—
Give your country her desire!
Pay your debt!

He that, leaving child and wife
In our keeping, unafraid,
Goes to dare the deadly strife,
Shall he see his trust betrayed?
Shall he come again and find
Hollow cheeks and eyelids wet?
Guard them as your kith and kind!
Pay your debt!

Sirs, we should be shamed indeed
If the bitter cry for bread,
Children's cries in cruel need,
Rose and fell uncomforted!
Ah, but since the patriot glow
Burns in English bosoms yet,
Twice and thrice ye will, I know,
Pay your debt!

O. S.

A DETERMINED ISLAND.

III.

August 19th.

DURING this season of splendid weather you may be sure that we in Totland Bay have not been idle. We swim, men, women and children, and we perform great feats of diving from the moored rafts which the authorities have kindly provided for that purpose. And we toil off on the usual picnic parties and inhale great draughts of health as we lie on our backs on the heather-clad slopes of the hill. But even while we pursue these simple pleasures our thoughts are with the great warships in their ceaseless vigil in the North Sea or with the gallant fellows who slipped away under cover of the night and are now taking their place in the fighting line with our French and Belgian friends. England, too, it seems, can perform a great operation of war on sea and land, and can do it with a swiftness, a precision and a silence that no other nation could surpass. So we hold our heads high and are proud to reckon ourselves the fellow-countrymen of JELICOE and KITCHENER. We have begun well. May we have strength and resolution to endure without faltering to the end.

I am glad to say that the sewing brigade, which I mentioned in my last, shows an ever-increasing activity.

All good female Islanders are busy about the manufacture of pyjamas for the soldiery. One of the marks of patriotism amongst our ladies is the possession of a pair of pyjama legs. No picnic party is complete without them. When the men light their cigarettes the women bring out their pyjamas and add stitch upon stitch. Pyjama legs are awkward things in a breeze, being apt to flap about, but they are resolutely tucked round arms or otherwise restrained, and the needle continues its deft work in spite of all difficulties. Pyjama jackets, too, are of course made in the proper number, but they are not so dramatic in their movements as the legs, and I have not noticed them so much.

I revert once more to KITCHENER's triumphant feat in transporting our army to France. We are not very far from Southampton, whence some of the troops must have sailed, but beyond the merest vague rumours we heard nothing. One lady, a fortnight ago, had word from some one that a Belgian *padre* had seen trucks full of British soldiers in Belgium. A gentleman had heard from a school friend of his daughter that motor-buses of the General Omnibus Company had been seen in Brussels in all their bravery of scarlet, apparently bound (if their painted announcements might be trusted) for Criklewood *via* Brussels with a full complement of soldiery and stores. Another lady knew, she said, that her nephew, an officer, had already sailed for an unknown destination. These were the reports, and they left us all guessing.

I am still in trouble about my tame alien, the children's maid, Maria Hasewitz. Her permit, obtained at Newport with some labour, authorises her to reside at Totland, but not to move more than five miles from the limits of that place. Having decided to leave Totland with family and household on Monday I have suddenly been brought up against the stone wall of Maria's alienship. It was obviously necessary to secure permission for this forlorn German girl to travel home with us. The idea of dropping Maria into the sea five miles from here could not be entertained, in spite of the fact that she is technically an enemy. So I applied, stating the facts, to the Chief Constable, who, with a promptitude and a courtesy which I desire to acknowledge, sent a sergeant to interview me. Struggling against that sense of general and undefined guilt which the propinquity of a police officer always inspires and striving to assume an air of frank and confident honesty, I approached the sergeant and learnt from him that, this being a prohibited area, the Chief Constable could not give the required permission to travel without the express authority of the HOME SECRETARY, to whom he begged to refer me. I urged that it would be a profound relief to the Chief Constable to get rid even of an alien so harmless as Maria; but this plea the sergeant at once put aside. I have therefore written to the HOME SECRETARY. If he refuses I wonder what will happen to Maria.

P.S.—The Home Office has replied authorising Maria to embark at Ryde and land at Portsmouth. This is like telling a Londoner to embark at Hull and land at Bristol on his way to Windsor. I have telegraphed.

Later.—The Home Office permits Maria to embark at Totland and land at Lympington. All is at last well.

R. C. L.

Extract from "Notes from an Alsatian Valley" in *Chambers' Journal*:—

"As a last word about this charming country, may I point out its advantages as a holiday playground? It offers attractions of many kinds to the sportsman. . . . The climate . . . remains singularly warm right up to the end of October."

Rather *too* hot a playground for holiday-makers just now.



THE COMING OF THE COSSACKS.

WILHELM II. "WHAT IS THIS DISTANT RUMBLING THAT I HEAR? DOUBTLESS THE PLAUDITS OF MY PEOPLE!"



Zealous Policeman (on German Spy duty, having got motorist's name and address, etc., and received, in answer to his further question, "And is this lady your wife?" a torrent of oaths very much in the vernacular). "OH! PASS ALONG; YOU'RE A BRITISHER ALL RIGHT."

THE NEW NEWS.

WHILE cordially endorsing all the deserved tributes that have lately been paid to the tact and loyalty of our daily Press, we venture to express a hope that the practice of printing every kind of contradictory war report will not become of universal application to other forms of intelligence.

Imagine, for example, being confronted with this kind of thing in the Cricket specials:—

KENT v. LANCASHIRE.

THE GREAT MATCH BEGUN.

A telegram from Canterbury, dated 11 A.M., Aug 18th, states that the great match has actually begun. No details are given.

AMAZING LANCASTRIAN VICTORY.

Rumour's Agency learns that the resistance of Kent has everywhere been entirely overcome; no fewer than forty-three of the home side have been dismissed for sixteen runs. Twenty-nine wickets fell before lunch.

Maidstone, Aug. 19. [Delayed in transmission].—The team has arrived

in Canterbury. Captain TROUGHTON, in a stirring address, pointed out that hostilities had been forced upon the county, which however would not be found unprepared. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among the team, who are in capital health. WOOLLEY especially was never in better form.

STARTLING REPORT.

A private telegram received in Liverpool states that SHARP took seventeen wickets for no runs in eleven minutes. Up to the time of going to press this had not been officially confirmed.

Dover.—No credence is attached here to the reported success of Lancashire. It is pointed out that in any case the figures given must be greatly overestimated, not more than eleven men being employed on either side. Most probably the casualties include both umpires and spectators, and these losses would have no real effect on the game.

Manchester.—It is confirmed here that WOOLLEY has resigned.

Canterbury, noon, Aug. 18. (From our Special Correspondent).—At last I am able to send you definite informa-

tion. Amidst a scene of breathless enthusiasm the two Captains prepared to toss. A roar of cheering soon afterwards proclaimed that the coin had declared in favour of—

[Message breaks off here and has evidently been censored.]

Folkestone unofficial wires state that at lunch the scores stood—Kent all out 463: Lancashire 14 for 2 wickets (both taken by WOOLLEY).

STOP PRESS.

The Press Bureau have just issued a statement that no play has yet been possible in the Kent v. Lancashire match on account of rain.

"Pingoism in Japan may be matched by Jingoism here."—Pittsburgh Press.

Pingoism should be carefully distinguished from pongoism.

"SILENCE OF THE BRITISH VIRGIL.

The awful silence of the British virgil in the North Sea is unbroken still."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

We are glad to see our old friend VIRGIL spoken of as British. It is, no doubt, the writer's forcible way of indicating Italy's sympathy.

OUR WAR MAP.

I HAVE bought a war map. My newspaper told me to, and I did. It came yesterday with a host of little coloured flags on pins.

Helen and I surveyed it critically.

"Why, it's only an ordinary map of Europe," she said disgustedly.

"It won't be," I said, "when we've stuck the flags in."

I removed a picture and pinned the map to the wall.

"First of all there's Belgrade," I said.

"Where?" asked Helen eagerly.

"Er, er—somewhere round here, I know. . . . I do believe they've forgotten to put it in. . . ."

Gladys (who is only ten) found it for us eventually, and we arranged a very fine battle there with a river in between.

The Meuse was easier. We infested its banks with our hosts and fixed a splendid array of troops all along the Franco-German frontier. Next we invaded Germany and Austria from the other side with several Russian armies and put some local troops to meet them. Without boasting, I think I may say the result was very pretty. But to our dismay we found we had a number of armies left. Helen said they must fight somewhere.

"You can't keep all those troops idle," she said. "Look at the waste of good material."

"That's true," I admitted. "Perhaps my newspaper can help."

It did indeed contain enough rumours of battles to dispose of all our flags and a few dozen besides, but at the same time it urged me to accept unofficial statements with the greatest reserve. Mr. F. E. SMITH, it declared (it was a Liberal print; such are the vicissitudes of war) was the only reliable authority. Helen and I decided we could accept information from him alone. But Mr. SMITH gave us no help. I was worried for the moment, I admit; here were all these armies left in the envelope with nowhere to go to.

Then I had an inspiration such as comes to a man but seldom in a lifetime. The Fates should decide.

I pushed the furniture out of the way, led Helen to the other side of the room, blindfolded her, and thrust a British army into her hand.

"The idea is to walk across the room without looking and stick it



German Bird. "I SEE IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT EAGLES."

somewhere on the map," I explained. "Scandinavia and the Peninsula are out of bounds until we hear further from the KAISER. If you hit them you have another prod."

Helen planted her army near Moscow.



The Hohenzollern (metaphorically). "TAKE COURAGE, MY BRAVE GERMANS. YOUR KAISER IS PREPARED TO SACRIFICE A MILLION OF YOU."

I took a Servian flag and planted it in the North Sea.

The game was very exciting while it lasted. I consider that I won it by placing a French force in the environs of Vienna, an extraordinarily good move. My newspaper would have been glad of the suggestion, I am sure.

Gladys was handicapped by her height, but, taking everything into consideration, I think she arranged some quite nice struggles in Sicily and the Principality of Monaco.

Wilkinson came in after dinner. He collects the latest rumours and edits them really well. Usually Helen and I find it wise to accept all his statements without a murmur, but yesterday I disagreed with him.

"I'm sorry," I said gently, "but I don't think you've got things quite right. This is more like the position of things at present," and I waved my arm in the direction of our war map.

When at last he regained speech he made some remarks which might have given offence to people less sure of themselves than I.

"No," I said, "I do know the flags of the nations, and so does my wife. But I must beg you to keep that map a secret. You see, I have a friend in the inner circle who has given me some information of which the outside world knows nothing. I can rely on your discretion, I am sure."

"Of course, my dear fellow." He seemed dazed and strangely silent. He had one long last look at the map and departed muttering to himself: "A Belgian fleet off the Outer Hebrides! French troops in Nijni Novgorod!! A Montenegrin squadron menacing Mitylene!!!"

It is strange how strong the force of habit is. I went to the City as usual to-day. At lunch I met Collins, who told me he had it on very good authority that there was an Austrian fleet bombarding the forts along the Mersey and that a combined force of French and Russians had crossed the Dutch frontier from Arnheim and was advancing on Berlin.

I hurried home to record these new developments on my map, and was compelled, through shortage of flags, to displace the Servian fleet from the North Sea and Gladys's Belgian contingent from Monte Carlo.

Another Impending Apology.

"500,000 copies of 'With the Flag to Pretoria' were sold a few days after publication and thousands were disappointed."—*Advt.*

IN THE CITY.

BECAUSE beneath grey Northern skies
Some grey hulls heave and fall,
The merchants sell their merchandise
All just as usual;
Our cargoes sail for man's content
The same as yesterday,
And war-risk's down to 2 per cent.,
The underwriters say.

The clerks they sit with page and pen
And fill the desks a-row,
Because outside of Cuxhaven
There's them to make it so;
We go to lunch, as natural,
From one o'clock till two,
Because outside of Kiel Canal
There's those that let us do.

We check and add our pass-books up
Or keep our weekly Boards
Unhampered by the works of KRUPP
And all the KAISER'S swords;
At five o'clock we have our tea
And catch our usual bus—
So thank the LORD for those at sea
Who guard the likes of us.

THE COWARDLY CONSUMERS
CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY.

The C.C.C.C. has been formed to
provide for the wants of unpatriotic or
panic-stricken persons in all parts of
the country.

WRITE TO US TO-DAY.

WE HAVE MADE COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

A FULL DINNER-TABLE FOR YOU
WHILE OTHERS STARVE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.—Ensure your *hors d'œuvres* by allowing us to turn your bath into a sardine tank. Your basement too should make an excellent oyster bed. We would flood it for you.

SOUPS.—The mock turtles we supply are quite tame, and while waiting to be made into soup should keep your children amused. We also deliver Salted Oxtail by the furlong. Send for patterns.

FISH.—Try one of our Frozen Whales and assure your fish course for the next six months.

JOINTS.—Sheep-folds (with sheep) supplied at shortest notice to fit your tennis court, or you might order one of our Handy Styes, which have accommodation for half-a-dozen pigs (congenial company) and are suitable for erection in a corner of any flat or private residence.

SWEETS.—Our "one ton" plum puddings placed in position on your premises by our own cranes.

READ OUR TESTIMONIALS.

A Grateful Customer writes:—"Your trans-



A FAUX PAS.

London Hawker (addressing obvious Teuton). "WEAR YER FLAG, SIR."

formation of my boudoir into a hen-pen is quite admirable, and enables us to face the future with complete calm. As your circular reminds us, one feels more comfortable about one's country when one is safe oneself."

Another writes:—"Many thanks for prompt attention. The night-nursery makes an excellent cow-house, and the two cows used the passenger-lift with perfect success."

WRITE US FOR QUOTATIONS
FOR ANY QUANTITY OF PROVISIONS
REQUIRED.

So long as the order is large enough we will execute it. No orders for less value than £50 accepted.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our Hoarding Department has prepared a neat stocking capable of holding 750 sovereigns. Please ask to see one.

All goods are delivered in our own heavily armoured pantechnicons.

A charming miniature White Feather, suitable for personal adornment, will be presented to all customers.

Take no notice whatever of any warnings in the newspapers not to buy largely. Think of yourselves. It is only you who matter. Buy now; buy quantities.

From the regulations governing special constables:—

"A special constable guilty of misconduct may be suspended from duty, and, if so suspended, shall forthwith give up his warrant card, truncheon, armlet, and whistle to the police officer suspending him."

What tune must he whistle to him?

"Admiral Jellicoe has a reputation for thoroughness in the naval service, but a story which shows his kindly nature was told to me to-day (says 'F.' in the 'Citizen'). A defence boom was being constructed at Sheerness, and the admiral was dissatisfied with it. He told the officer in command of some defects, and said it was not so good as the boom at Portsmouth."

We feel sure there must be even better stories about him than this.

"THEY ALSO SERVE."

JEREMY threw away the stump of his after-dinner cigar and began to light another one.

"Where's the economy of giving up smoking when you've got lots of cigars in the house?" he asked.

"Oh, Jeremy," said his wife, "who says you ought to?"

"The Vicar. He only smokes one non-throat cigarette a day himself. I told him he ought to give that up, but he said it was different. I say, it will want rather a large soldier for that shirt, won't it?" He sat on the arm of his wife's chair and began to play with the sleeve.

"Jeremy, can't you find something to do?"

"Yes." He went out and returned with his golf clubs, which he began to polish lovingly. "I think I shall have a round to-morrow. If FRANCIS DRAKE played bowls when the Spanish Fleet was in sight, I don't see why Jeremy Smith shouldn't play golf when the German Fleet is out of sight."

"I thought you said you weren't going to till the war was over?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't. Golf keeps us fit, and it is the duty of every Englishman to be fit just now."

"But you really play golf because you like it."

Jeremy looked up at her in surprise. "Really," he said, "I don't see why I shouldn't like doing my duty."

"Oh, Jeremy!" sighed his wife. "You know I didn't mean that."

"I know exactly what you meant." He dropped his clubs and began to pace the room. "You're filled with the idea that the only way a man can serve his country is by doing something he absolutely detests. That's why you made me a special constable." He stopped and glared at her. "A special constable! Me!"

"Darling, it was your own idea entirely."

"You said to yourself, 'There are men who would make excellent special constables—men with red faces and angry moustaches who take naturally to ordering other people about, men who instinctively push their way into the middle of a row when they see one, men with a lust for gore, great powerful men who have learnt ju-jitsu. But the fact that they'd all rather like it shows that it can't really be their duty to join; they wouldn't be making a big enough sacrifice. The men we want are the quiet, the mild, the inoffensive, the butterflies of life, the men who would simply loathe being special constables, the men who would be entirely useless at it'—and, having said this

to yourself, you looked round and you saw me."

Mrs. Jeremy smiled and shook her head at her husband, sighed again, and returned to her work.

"And so now I'm a special constable, and I wear a belt and a truncheon, and what good do I do? Baby loves it, I admit that; Baby admires me immensely. When Nurse says, 'If you're not a good girl the special constable will be after you,' Baby shrieks with delight. But officially, in the village, I am useless . . . Oh but I forgot, I arrested a man this morning."

"Jeremy, and you never told me!" said Mrs. Jeremy excitedly.

"Well, I wasn't quite sure at the time whether I arrested him or he arrested me. But in the clearer light of evening I see that it was really I who was doing the arresting. At any rate it was I who had the belt and the note-book."

"Was it a German spy?"

"No, it was old Jack, rather drunk. I arrested him for being intoxicated on a bridge—the one over the brook, you know, by Claytons. He put his arm round my neck and we started for the Haverley police-station together. I didn't want to go to the police-station, because it's three miles off, but Jack insisted. . . . He had me tight by the neck. I couldn't even make a note."

"Wasn't he afraid of your truncheon?"

"My darling, one couldn't hit old Jack with a truncheon; he's such a jolly old boy when he's sober." Jeremy played nervously with his wife's scissors, and added, "Besides he was doing things with the truncheon himself."

"What sort of things?"

"Conducting the *Marseillaise* chiefly—we marched along in time to it." A smile spread slowly over Jeremy's face as the scene came back to him. "It must have looked splendid."

"How dared he?" said Mrs. Jeremy indignantly.

"Oh, well, if you make your husband a special constable you must expect these things. I consoled myself with the thought that I was doing my duty . . . and that there was nobody about. You see, we made a détour and missed Haverley, and when we were nearly home again he left me. I mean I released him. You know, I'm not what I call a good special constable. I did what I could, but there must be more in it than that."

Mrs. Jeremy looked up and blew a kiss to him.

"However," he went on, "I dropped in on him this evening and made him sign the pledge."

"Well, there you are; you have done some good."

"Yes, but I hadn't got my truncheon on then. I spoke as Jeremy Smith, Esq." He put a brasseé to his shoulder and said, "Bang," and went on, "I should be no good at all at the front, and Lord KITCHENER would be no good trying to paint my water-colours, but all the same I scored an inner last night. The scene at the range when it got about that the President had scored an inner was one of wild enthusiasm. When the news is flashed to Berlin it will give the GERMAN EMPEROR pause. Do you know that the most unpatriotic thing you can do is to make shirts for the wounded, when there are lots of poor women in the village who'd be only too glad of the job? Like little Miss Merton. And yet you think to get out of it by making your husband a special constable."

Mrs. Jeremy put down her work and went over to her husband and knelt by his chair.

"Do you know," she said, taking his hands in hers, "that there isn't a man, woman or child in this village who is idle or neglected or forgotten? That those who wanted to enlist have been encouraged and told how to, and that those who didn't want to have been shown other ways of helping? That it's all been done without any fuss or high-falutin or busy-bodying, and chiefly because of an absurd husband of mine who never talks seriously about anything, but somehow manages to make everybody else willing and good-tempered?"

"Is that a fact?" said Jeremy, rather pleased.

"It is. And this absurd husband didn't understand how much he was helping, and he had an idea that he ought to do something thoroughly uncomfortable, so he ordered a truncheon and gave up golf and made himself quite miserable . . . and then put it all on to his wife."

"Well, why didn't you stop me?" said Jeremy helplessly.

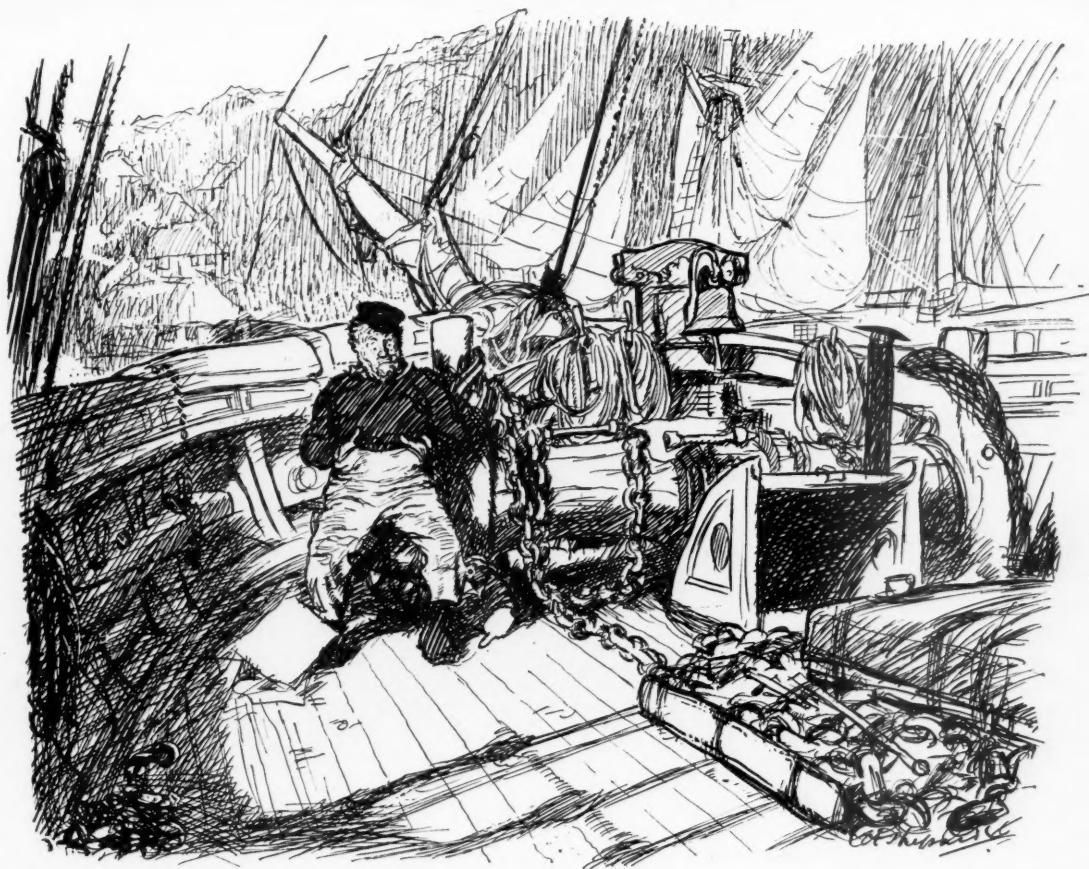
"I wasn't going to be a drag on you; if you'd volunteered for a submarine I should have said nothing."

"I should be useless in a submarine," said Jeremy thoughtfully; "I should only fall over the white mice. But I really thought you wanted—Why then," he cried happily, "I might play golf to-morrow, you think?"

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Jeremy.

Jeremy took up his brasseé and addressed an imaginary ball.

"Sir Jeremy Smith playing golf in a crisis," he said. "Subject for historical picture." A. A. M.



A DESPERATE MEASURE.

West Country Skipper (stationary in small Cornish port and ignorant of our Navy's control of the sea). "IF I PUTS OUT AN' GOES EAST I BE SUNK BY T' GERMANS, AN' IF I GOES SOUTH I BE SUNK BY T' AUSTRIA-'UNGRIANS. IT DU SEEM AS 'OW I WERE BEST TO BIDE WHERE I BE AN' GI' T' OLD SHIP A COAT O' PAINT!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

MY DEAR BILL,—It is now upwards of a fortnight since we were torn asunder, I being taken away to cope with the Germans and you being left at home to protect our property against the predatory attacks of our landlady. I imagine you would like to know how things are going with me, but please don't trouble to answer, for I don't in the least want to know how things are going with you. No one does, my boy; you are what we refer to as a *something* civilian. You must forgive us, Bill; it is one of the too few pleasures in the life of the mobilized Territorial.

Has that rosy, well-groomed body of yours ever sought repose on the tessellated floor of a public hall? Has it ever washed itself in an enamel mug? Has it ever set out on a round of visits with luggage limited to 35 lbs., inclusive of its bed? No, nor had mine before;

and yet it doesn't seem to suffer much harm from the experience. What is more, we are beginning to find scope for little luxuries even in this narrow compass; there are mess tins, for instance, of the larger sort in which one may, with a little ingenuity, have a complete bath.

When I set off last Tuesday week, with my chest out and my eyes right, I only got as far as the Infants School round the corner, where my company was foregathered. Here we spent our time, the hundred odd of us, getting together the necessaries of life: the most formidable of these was undoubtedly the housewife. I confess to a faint heart when I think of myself darning my socks in off moments between battles.

From the Infants School we went to the Town Hall to join the Battalion, and the thousand of us marched to our war station, some thirty miles away.

I hope I looked like a soldier as I stepped out, but I felt more like a general stores with all my stock hanging in my shop window. Next time I do this sort of thing I'm going to have a row of pegs on my back and an extra storey in my head-gear for oddments. There is no denying that the whole arrangement is an efficient one, the only failure being the cellar equipment. It seems to me that the War Office ought to have discovered some shady nook about the human body where one's drinking water could be kept cool. Also I think they have wasted space by not utilizing the inside of one's field-glasses for the carriage of something or other. A combination sword and razor would also be an economy.

We increased in numbers as we progressed. At our war-station we joined the Brigade, making us four thousand in all, and from there we joined the



HOW WE SAVED THE HARVEST AT SLOSHINGTON-ON-SEA.

Division, becoming about sixteen thousand. If we go on at this pace, we shall be getting into the millions soon, and then I think somebody's meals *must* be overlooked. There's bound to be some limit to the capacity of these organizing people, although it certainly hasn't appeared yet. They moved our Brigade two hundred miles by train with less shouting and fuss than is usual with the single British family mobilising for its seaside resort. Their system of train-catching however is worth mentioning.

Section Commanders were told to have their section ready by six-thirty. That was the order issued by us Lieutenants responsible for half-companies. We had been told to be ready by seven o'clock, under a threat of execution on the following dawn. Hence the margin of half an hour. We took our orders from our Captains, who had them from the Majors, who had them from the Adjutant, who had them from the C.O., who had them from the Brigadier, who had them from goodness knows where. Every rank is prepared to be shot, if need be, but desires, if possible, not to have it happen at dawn; so each officer, taking his order from his superior, puts on his margin before instructing his inferior.

The Brigadier came round this morning to have a look at a guard. He found our one and only T. B. Ponks doing sentry. "Turn out the guard,"

was the order. "Eh?" was the response. "Where is the guard?" asked the flushed suite. "A dunno," said T. B. The suite was inclined to be fussy, but our Brigadier is essentially human. "Where are the other lads?" he asked genially. "They 'm in theer," said T. B., pointing to the entrance with no particular enthusiasm. The Brigadier and his staff made as if to enter. "Ere, you," called T. B., now galvanized into activity, "you can't go in theer," and he barred the way. We have since been lectured on the elements of military ceremonial, but at the same time we have been asked to volunteer as a unit for the fighting line if need be. I think the Brigadier has his doubts as to how T. B. and his sort will impress the Allies, but feels quite confident of their manner towards the enemy. It was the same T. B. who, being sent by the magnificent Lieutenant d'Arcy to summon Lance-Corporal Brown, was overheard calling, "Hi, Mr. Brown, d'Arcy wants yer."

I must break off here, for I have had an intimation from Private Cox that now is my opportunity to see his bare feet. A fortnight ago I might have hesitated to accept this kind invitation; to-day I insist upon his bringing them along at once. In fact, my hobby in life is other people's feet; I have fitted a hundred pairs of them with socks and with boots, and I have assisted personally at the pricking of their blisters

and the trimming of their excrescences. What a fall from our intellectual heights! But so it is with us, Bill; if we can once get those boys' feet in sound marching order, all the nice problems of the human soul which we used to canvass may go to the— But I suppose that I must reserve that word for military use.

By the way, when the battalion was asked to volunteer, the men only raised one point. They didn't trouble themselves about the work or the risk of it, but they wondered whether anybody really *would* look after their homes and dependants when the excitement had died down a little. Their scepticism may be due to a certain music-hall comedian who used to declare as follows:—"And if, gentlemen, this glorious old country of ours shall ever be involved in war, I know, I say, gentlemen, that I know, there is not a man in this hall to-night who will fail to turn out and see the troops off."

But to-day things are different, and these boys of ours, a noisy, troublesome and magnificent crew, need have no fear about the homes they leave behind them.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"WANTED.—Girls to sort nuts."
Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."

The object is to find if there are any without grease on their hair.



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."

FELINE AMENITIES.

THANKS to the courtesy of the Editor we are able to publish the following selections from the stories about cats sent in for the prize competition organised by *The Scottish Meekly*. The first received a complete edition of the sermons of Dr. Angus McHuish, the second a mounted photograph of Sir Nicholson Roberts, and the third a superb simulation gold pencil-case.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A WILD CAT.

Here is a true story of a wild stray cat which I hope may interest your readers. Some years ago I lived with my parents (my father being a retired manufacturer of artificial eyes) on the banks of the river Dodder, near Dundrum. In the back-garden there was an old summer-house, where we used to store cabbages, disused kippers, Carlsbad plums and other odds and ends, and here a stray cat took up his abode in an empty porter cask during the latter part of January, 1901. He was of some rare breed and very beautiful in appearance—a blend between a marmadillo and a young loafah—but so savage that no one dared to touch him. During the cold months of the year we placed bottles of stout in the summer-house for him, the corks of which he drew with his claws, which were remarkably long. In the summer-time he used to forage for himself, subsisting mainly on roach, with an occasional conger-eel which he caught in the Dodder. One day early in April, 1902, the cat—whom we called Beethoven, because of his indulgence in moonlight fantasias—came to the back door mew-ing, and on opening the door my father found that it had lost an eye—probably in a fight—and evidently wished him to supply the loss artificially, which he did. I have never heard a cat purr so loudly as Beethoven did on that occasion. After that he completely lost his shyness and became quite one of the family, singing in the choir on Sundays and contributing to the larder during the week by his skill as a fisherman. He lived with us until a few months ago, when he unhappily died through inadvertently swallowing a cork. He is buried in our garden, and on the stone are inscribed the following lines composed by my mother—

Here lies Beethoven in his grave,
No earthly power could him save;
An envious cork blocked up his breath
And that was how he met his death.

MRS. PULLAR LEGGE.

Marine Villas, Brondesbury.

CAT OR CHAMELEON?

Piffles was a splendid pink Circassian

—perfect in colour and shape, with glorious topaz eyes. But the extraordinary thing about him was a gift that he had for changing his colour. Thus my uncle, an old Anglo-Indian who always drank a bottle of Madeira after dinner, declared that from 10 P.M. onwards Piffles invariably seemed to him to be a bright crimson with green spots. Another peculiarity of Piffles was that he always followed the guns out shooting, and used to retrieve birds from the most difficult places. He practically ruled the household, took the boys back to school after the holidays, attended family prayers, and was learning to play the pianola when he was unfortunately killed by a crocodile which escaped from a travelling menagerie.

(Miss) IVY WAGG.

The Oaks, Long Boughton.



THE MISFORTUNE OF WAR.

Tired Tim. "ERE, I DON'T ARF LIKE THE LOOK O' THIS, BILL."

Work-shy Willy. "NO, MORE DON'T I, MATE. CUSS THAT THERE KAISER!"

A FELINE PRACTICAL JOKER.

Last year I had a cat who, whenever she was offended, used to go to my bedroom and throw various articles out of the window. I was constantly finding purses, powder-puffs, artificial teeth, safety-pins, hymn-books, etc., on the lawn, and never suspected the culprit until she was caught in the act.

She also had a habit of sitting on the top of the front door and dropping golf-balls on the head of the postman, whom, either for his red hair or his Radical opinions, she disliked bitterly.

She would eat and drink anything, including ice-putting and green Char-treuse, and was always peculiarly cheerful on Thursday evenings, when *The Scottish Meekly* reaches our house.

D. MONK HOWSON.

Steeple Bank, Grogport.

THE SCRATCH HANDICAP.

"WHAT do you do?" asked Charles, "when people want you to play lawn-tennis?"

"Sometimes I play," I said. "Sometimes I send Sophonisba. Sometimes I tell them that my head-keeper is away and I am obliged to look after the top-ears. What happens to you?"

"Well, you know what lawn-tennis is like nowadays. In the bygone butter-

pat era I could hold my own with the best of them. Golf had hardly come in, and when one wasn't playing cricket, and the spilliken set had been mislaid, and tiddley-winks was voted too rough, a couple of sets or so was rather fun. Soft undulating courts, very hard to keep a footing on, and plenty of sticks and leaves to assist one's screws, and patches of casual whiting here and there so that you could say that it wasn't a fault but hit the line. Now all that is changed. Panther-limbed, hawk-eyed young persons leap about the lawn dressed in white from top to toe. They play on fast and level lawns, entirely circumscribed by a kind of deep-sea trawling apparatus. They want you to hit hard and well. I have only two strokes when I hit hard. One of them pierces the bottom of the seine or drag-net fixed across the fairway, the other brings the man round from the next-door garden but two to say that his cucumbers are catching cold. And then I do not understand their terms. What is a 'fore-hand drive'? It sounds like the coaching Marathon. And how do you put on top spin? Do you wind your racquet round and round the ball and then pull it away suddenly, or what? And cross-volleys—what in the world are they?"

"Goodness knows," I said. "My own volleys are the best-tempered little chaps alive. But, hang it! no one can force you to play lawn-tennis if you don't want to."

"Can't they?" said Charles. "That's just the point. They do. They say to me, 'You play golf and cricket; of course you can play tennis. Easiest thing in the world.' Swish! swish! they go, making a ferocious cross-hand

top-lead from baulk with their umbrellas. 'That's how to do it. You'll soon get into the way of the stroke.' 'That's just what I'm afraid of,' I say, leaping nervously on to the table. But it's no good. 'Come round next Saturday afternoon,' they say, 'we shall be expecting you,' and pass rapidly into the night before I can refuse."

"One can always have a sick headache," I reminded him.

with a dreamy smile. "You know the Jenkinsons. You know how keen they are on tennis and how proud of their court. I did everything I could to save them, but they would have me. I said I had no racquet except the one I had used for landing trout in the spring, and they told me I could get it re-strung. I said I had no shoes, and they told me any shoes would do. I couldn't tell them I had no flannels, because they wouldn't have believed

me. So I went. I wore an old blue cricket cap on the back of my head: I wore long white trousers not turned up, and I wore brown shoes."

"And your racquet?" I asked.

"I borrowed a real tennis-racquet," replied Charles; "one of those narrow, rather wistful-looking things, with a kink in its head. I thought it would complete the languid artistic effect and help to convince them. It had rained a good deal in the morning, and I rather hoped we might spend the time looking at the conservatory and have muffins for tea. But no. When I reached the house I found that they had decided to play. They laughed at me a good deal, of course—at my cap, and my racquet, and my trousers, and my brown shoes. When we had taken up our stations in the arena they told me I was to serve first. I sent the ball high up into the air underhand and ran swiftly to the net." He paused melodramatically.

"Go on," I said. "Was it the solar plexus or the eye?"

"No," he answered sadly.

"I was unwounded; but that was the last stroke I played. When I served that service they laughed at me again, but when I ran to the net they ceased to laugh. They said they could easily find someone else to complete the four. They pressed me to sit and watch for the remainder of the afternoon. Indeed, they were quite firm about it."

"I don't understand," I said. "Was it your face that frightened them in the blue cap?"

"Not so much my face," he answered gently, "as my feet."

"What was the matter with them?"

"There are big nails," he said softly, "in my brown golf shoes."



"BETTER 'AVE ONE AND READ ABOUT IT NOW, SIR; IT MIGHT BE CONTRADICTED IN THE MORNING."

"I did that once," said Charles. "I had been asked to play in a tournament, and at dinner the next evening I sat next to the girl who ought to have been my partner in the mixed handicaps, and we had meringues. No, it isn't safe, and besides one might always want to play golf. I think the best thing is to go once and trust to one's own skill not to be asked again. Anyhow, I don't believe the Jenkinsons will give me another invitation for some time."

"What happened?" I asked. "I suppose when they've sewn up the net and bought new balls—"

"No, it wasn't that," he answered,



Trooper. "COME ON BEHIND HERE AND TRAVEL WITH US, JIM!"

Jim (from horse-box). "NOT MUCH. NONE OF YOUR THIRD-CLASS FOR ME."

FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

It is a strange thing that, much as women have entered the writing lists with men, there is one branch of literature which they rarely attempt. Take away Mrs. BROWNING and CHRISTINA ROSSETTI and you will scarcely find a love poem by a woman, or, at any rate, a love poem which takes the woman's point of view. Probably many of the most cherished sentimental songs which wake the echoes of the drawing-room and conservatory are the work of women; but they write as men. It is always the masculine aspect which is set before the public; the beloved is always feminine. And yet marriage statistics show that precisely as many men have married as women. But during the preliminary period of exalted emotion any love poetry that was written was written by the men.

Surely, as the advancement of woman proceeds, and she adds territory upon territory to her kingdom, she will redress the balance and write love poetry too.

A very few changes in certain of the classic lyrics indicate how near the two varieties of love poems can be: male and female. Thus, why should not "he" as well as "she" have dwelt among untrodden ways? Why should not "he" have walked in beauty like the night? POE wrote magically about ANNABEL LEE; why should not one of his female relatives, for example, have written in a similar strain? Something like this:—

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a gentleman lived whom you may know
By the name of Hannibal Lee;
And this gentleman lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

Women must see to it that men do not have it all their own way for ever. LANDOR was moved to a perfect lyric by love of ROSE AYLMER. Is the following any less perfect?

Ah! what avails the sceptred race?
Ah! what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
George Aylmer, all were thine.

George Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

George is of course not the only name, nor is Aylmer. The adaptrix, however, must be careful that the Christian name is a monosyllable and the other a dissyllable.

Again, in the following feminine version of a Shakspearean song the name is subject to alteration:—

Who is Bertie? What is he
That all the girls commend him?
Handsome, brave and wise is he;
The heavens such grace did lend him
That he might admired be.

Examples might be adduced from many poets, but two more will suffice. A female TENNYSON might have begun a song in the following terms:—

It is the youthful miller,
And he is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the pencil
That trembles on his ear:
For 'midst his curls by day and night
I'd touch his neck so warm and white.

Finally, let us look at the very prince

of love poets—ROBBIE BURNS. Two of his most famous songs might as well have been written of swains as maidens. Here is one in which in the most natural way in the world lassie becomes laddie, and Mary, Harry:—

Go, fetch to me a cup o' tea,
And take it from a silver caddie,
That I may drink a health to thee,
A service to my bonnie laddie!
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Harry.

Is that injured by the change? Not a bit. And here is another in which we have successfully introduced a variation of the original name:—

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie laddie lives,
The laddie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and
rivers row
By mony a fleecy flock,
But day and night my
fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jock.

After reading these famous stanzas in their amended form our women poets may perhaps take heart and emulate them: to the immense delight of their fiancés, who like to be wooed as well as to woo, and have never shied very much at adulation.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

III.—THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY.

FOR weeks past the press had discussed little but the coming boxing contest between Smasher Mike and the famous heavy-weight champion, Mauler Mills, for a purse of £20,000 and enormous side stakes. Photographs of the Mauler in every conceivable attitude had been published daily, together with portraits of his wife, his two children, his four maiden aunts and the pink-eyed opossum which he regarded as his mascot. Full descriptions of his training day by day, with details of his diet, his reading, his amusements and his opinions on war, divorce, the clergy and kindred subjects, testified to the extraordinary interest taken by the public in the titanic struggle.

But with regard to Smasher Mike the newspapers were at a loss. *The Daily Flash* indeed declared him to be the son of a popular Cabinet Minister, and triumphantly published photographs of Downing Street, the Woolsack, the Ladies' Gallery and Black Rod. *The*

Daily Rocket, on the other hand, described him as a herculean docker, discovered and trained by a syndicate of wealthy Americans, and issued photographs of Tilbury Station, Plymouth Hoe and the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour. The fact remained that the identity of the daring challenger was a well-kept secret.

Mauler Mills was too experienced a pugilist to be perturbed by the mystery surrounding his adversary. The stakes had been handed in, and the purse of £20,000, in one pound-notes, had formed a full-page illustration in *The Trumpet*, with a photo of the Mauler eating gooseberries inset. Content with this knowledge, he trained faithfully and well, treated the interviewers with great courtesy, and publicly announced that

been their implacable and relentless enemy, and his desperate attempt to kidnap Lady Margaret had only been frustrated by the skill and courage of the famous athlete, Ralph Wonderson.

Lord Tamerton was seated at a grand piano, playing BACH and moodily reflecting on these matters, when Ralph Wonderson himself entered the room, vaulting lightly over piano and performer as he did so.

"What's the matter, Fred?" he asked. "You look blue."

Lord Tamerton dramatically threw £8 4s. 6d. on the table.

"This morning I pawned the Island Cup, which you won for us," he said bitterly. "That is the result, and that is what stands between me and starvation." His voice broke, "And—and between Madge and starvation," he added.

Ralph laughed gaily. "I'm not rich," he said, "and if I were I don't suppose you'd accept money from me. But I came here purposely to put you in the way of making it. Wager as heavily as you can on Smasher Mike. The odds are a hundred to one against him. I can introduce you to a man who will consider your name sufficient security for a loan of £5,000. That will bring you in £500,000, which should secure you at any rate from absolute privation. As for little Madge—well, I have a bare £8,000 a year, but if—"

A light step was heard behind him, and a small hand stole into his own.

"I would marry you," said Lady Margaret, "I would marry you if it were only £7,000."

As the lovers gazed fondly into each other's eyes, a sinister figure emerged from the grand piano and slipped out noiselessly through the open door.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Sad Case of Cannibalism by Robert.

"Milton scarcely heard her. He was too intent upon wondering how Robert came to be dining tête-à-tête with the one-time Adeline Goodrin, and—if the truth be told—upon that amazing woman, herself."

"Daily Mail" feuilleton.

From Chemistry of Plant Products:—

"D'Arbamon concludes that starch, and presumably also sugar, may or may not be essential for the formation of chlorophyll."

We came to the same conclusion long ago.



Burglar (to his mate). "SEE WOT PEOPLE GITS FUR BEIN' UN-PATRIOTIC! IT'S A PURE TREAT TO GIVE THESE 'ERE GOLD 'OARDERS A LESSON."

Smasher Mike would be knocked out early in the third round by means of a left hook to the jaw.

The betting on Mauler Mills was a hundred to one.

Young Lord Tamerton was in desperate straits. The estate to which he had succeeded at the age of ten had been administered during his minority by a fraudulent executor, who had absconded to South America with his ill-gotten wealth. Matters had since gone steadily from bad to worse, and the young peer was now face to face with utter ruin.

An effort had been made to retrieve the family fortunes by the marriage of his sister, the beautiful Lady Margaret Tamerton, to her cousin, the wealthy Sir Ernest Scrivener, but the providential discovery that the latter was already married under the alias of Marmaduke Moorsdyke had prevented the match. Since then Sir Ernest had



Excited Veteran. "THE ALLIES WILL PROBABLY REACH HERE



AND THEN SWEEP ROUND WITH A SUDDEN FLANKING MOVEMENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE heroine of *Alberta and the Others* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) was the eldest of an orphaned family of girls and boys who were finding life a little boring in an English village; and when an unexpected legacy made her mistress of a couple of town lots in a place called Sunshine, in Western Canada, nothing would content her but to emigrate with the whole tribe—reinforced by a delightful *Aunt Mary* and an animal known as the Meritorious Cat—to the Land of Promise. The book is the history of how they got on there. Naturally, from the circumstances of their start and the giddy altitude of *Alberta's* hopes, you will be prepared for its being, to some extent at least, a story of disillusion. Miss MADGE S. SMITH, who wrote it, says that it is all true; and indeed there is much in the tale that stamps it as the outcome of personal experience. This being so, I could wish that her attitude in the matter had been a little less uncompromisingly English. In many ways the language and general outlook of the daughter of an Oxford don will no doubt differ considerably from that of a Canadian-born inhabitant of a prairie township; but that is no good reason for assuming an air of patronage. However, this defect, though it exists, is not so pronounced as to spoil one's enjoyment of an entertaining record, written, as the publishers say, "in high spirits throughout," and having, I fancy, just this much fiction mingled with its obvious fact, that it ends with a general pairing off and the prospect of three weddings—which seems, as *Lady Bracknell* observed in a similar connection, "a number considerably above the average that statistics have laid down for our guidance." But at least it is the *amende honorable* to the Land of Promise.

From the cover of *A Tail of Gold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I gather with respectful interest that its author, Mr. DAVID HENNESSEY, recently won four hundred pounds with another story in open competition. I did not read the story in question, but in view of its satisfactory financial result I may be permitted to express a hope that it was considerably better work than the present volume. Let me be entirely fair. *A Tail of Gold* has some pictures of Australian mining life that are not without interest; but I am bound to add that a careful and sympathetic perusal has failed to disclose any other reason for its existence. The plot, so far as there is one, concerns the chequered career of a certain *Major Smart*, who seems to have been by no means all that a major should be. Amongst other unpleasing peculiarities, he was apparently possessed of a fetish that brought misfortune or death to all who were associated with him. These results were in the main involuntary; but it is only just to add that *Smart* was not above assisting nature to take her course. Thus, some years before the opening of the story, he had deliberately buried one poor lady alive in a cave containing sulphide of mercury. Never ask me why. I am as muddled by this as I am over his further conduct in leaving with the corpse every possible clue in the way of letters and ciphers that could bring his guilt home to him. In any ordinary novel he would have been convicted in a few chapters; but *A Tail of Gold* wags (if I may use the term) so leisurely, and its action is so much impeded by false starts and repetitions and general haphazardness, that there is no telling how long it might not have continued but for the limitations of volume form. No, I can't pretend I liked it much.

Madame ALBANESI, in *The Cap of Youth* (HUTCHINSON), cannot be accused of excessive kindness to her own sex, for



THE NORTH SEA PERIL.

"BY JOVE, I PITY THE GERMANS IF SHE GETS HOLD OF 'EM!"

the charming women of the book are almost snuffed out by two poisonous females, *Lady Bollington* and *Lady Catherine Chiltern*. Indeed these ladies are a little too much of a bad thing, and, not for the first time, I am left thinking how wonderfully *Madame ALBANESI'S* novels might be improved if she could persuade herself to bestow an occasional virtue upon her wicked characters. The heroine, *Virginia*, escaped from the hands of one of the pair only to fall under the thumb of the other. I must admit, however, that *Lady Catherine* had some reason to be angry at having *Virginia* suddenly dumped upon her as a derelict daughter-in-law. Why *Brian Chiltern* married in haste and then left his wife to endure such impossible conditions you must find out for yourself, but I fancy you will agree that his delicacy of feeling amounted to sheer stupidity. Nevertheless this story is bound to be popular, and I should have had no complaint to make if I did not feel that its author has it in her to do better work.

Even readers to whom American humour is generally a little indigestible may glean some smiles from *Penrod* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), provided that it is taken in small doses and not in the lump. If this book were to be considered a study of the normal American boy I should cry with vigour, "Save me from the breed," but as a fanciful account of a thorough and egregious imp of mischief I can, within limits, offer my congratulations to Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON. The triumph of *Penrod* lies in the fact that, although he brought woe and tribulation to his relations and exasperated his friends to the point of insanity, it is nevertheless impossible to suppress an affection for him. Ofttimes and hard his father chastised him with rods, but *Penrod* merely accepted these beatings as the price that had

to be paid for leading an adventurous life, and showed not the smallest signs of repentance. Yes, I like *Penrod*, though I have not any great desire to meet him in the flesh. It grieves me, however, that such a character as *Mr. Kinosling* should have been dragged in by the heels. If fatuous clerics are worth any novelist's attention they certainly are not worth Mr. TARKINGTON'S, and the only effect *Mr. Kinosling* had upon me was to fortify my conviction that it is far easier to begin a book of humour than to finish it.

EN PASSANT.

LOUD swells the roar of traffic in the street,
The motor-buses rumble on and wind
Their plaintive warnings as they come behind
Faint folk who dally, dazed by summer heat;
The reckless taxis seem a deal too fleet
To country cousins nervously inclined,
And raucous news-boys fret the curious mind
With spiey rumours of the foe's defeat.

But suddenly a hush falls everywhere:
Stopp'd is each taxi with its languid load,
And, as the City's silence deeper grows,
Only a barrel-organ churns the air
While Peggy (in the middle of the road)
Pauses to put some powder on her nose!

Mr. Chaplin as an Apache.

"RETIREMENT OF MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.
SAFETY OF THE STREETS."

The Times.

CHARIVARIA.

REPORTS still continue to come in as to the outbursts of rage which took place in Germany when the news of our participation in the War reached that country. Seeing that we had merely been asked to allow our friends to be robbed and murdered, our interference is looked upon as peculiarly gratuitous. *

We hear, by the way, that the Germans, who hold Kiao-chau on a long lease, appealed unsuccessfully to Leaseholders' Protection Societies all over the world to intervene in defence of their interests. *

We understand that a new version of the KAISER's famous "Yellow Peril" cartoon (it bore the inscription, "Nations of Europe, protect your property!") is in preparation at Tokio, in which a jaundiced KAISER is delineated as the Yellow Peril. *

Those persons who complain that the Allies are too frequently on the defensive forget that it is very difficult to be as offensive as the Germans. *

The report that among the troops which entered Brussels was a bear dressed up in infamous taste to represent the King of the BELGIANS is denied in Germany. It is quite possible that he was merely one of the Prussian officers. *

The *Giornale d'Italia* reports that, at a meeting of cardinals held at Rome, it was decided to issue an appeal to the belligerents to agree to a truce pending the election of a new Pope. It is thought, however, that the KAISER will refuse even such a reasonable request as this. *

It is rumoured that WILHELM II. has despatched all his British uniforms to KING GEORGE. This, anyhow, should be remembered to his credit. He did not wish to disgrace them. *

The temptation to call the KAISER names is, of course, almost irresistible, but we are rather surprised to come across the following head-lines in our serious contemporary, *The Observer*:—

"BRUSSELS—AND AFTER.
THE GERMAN SWEEP."

There would seem to be no end to the social horrors of the War. The Teuton journal *Manufakturist* is now prophesying that one of its results will be the substitution of German for French fashions. *

The title of "The King of Prussia," one of the oldest licensed houses at Barnet, is to be altered. Every effort, we understand, is being made in Germany to keep the news from the KAISER. *

People must not come down too heavily on KEIR HARDIE. We honestly

the Zoo at the White City by the military authorities. In Berlin, no doubt, this will be taken to signify that our heavy cavalry mounts are giving out. *

The Committee of the Masters of the Foxhounds Association have decided that, while regular hunting will be impossible, they consider it would be most prejudicial to the country in general if it were allowed to lapse altogether. In this, we understand, the Committee and the foxes do not see eye to eye, the latter taking the view that hunting men ought now to devote their entire attention to more important matters. *

"GERMANS DRIVEN BACK FROM ANTWERP" read an indignant old lady. "Driven, indeed!" she exclaimed; "I'd have made them walk!" *

The statement issued to the Press by Messrs. SUTTON AND SONS to the effect that large supplies of bulbs from Holland are now being delivered at Reading in as good a condition as ever has, we hear, had a distinctly steadying effect on the country at large. *

From Hoylake comes the news that certain persons who live in a street there called Prussia Road have petitioned the Urban District Council for a change of name—and it is rumoured that the Council, with a view to saving the ratepayers' pockets, have hit upon the ingenious idea of obliterating the first letter only of the present name—thereby also paying a well-deserved compliment to a

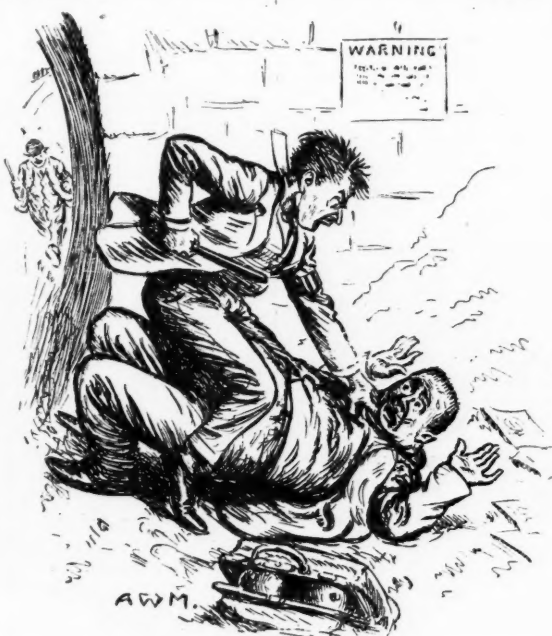
distinguished ally. *

A clerk who left a month ago for a week in lovely Lucerne and has only just been able to get back found his employer (a merchant with a strain of German blood in his veins) quite angry. "I have half a mind to dismiss you for exceeding your leave," he said. "However, you are useful to me. Only please understand that you have now had your holiday for the next three years as well."

"A sow has given birth to a freak of nature. The animal's face is almost human in appearance, it has neither eyes nor nostrils, but a nose like a fish."

Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

This is like none of our friends.



[“Special constables who can speak German are particularly required.”—*Daily paper.*]

Special Constable (having cornered his man). “SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?”
Suspect. “NEIN! NEIN!”

believe that he honestly believes that his little views are right. That's what makes his case so sad. *

The Dominican Revolution, it is announced, has ended. It is supposed to have been unable to stand the competition of the bigger war. *

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to whether those persons who are in want of a holiday should take it as usual or not. The “Take your Change” movement may be quite right for women and children; but the “Leave your Change” movement is better still. *

According to *The Evening News* three elephants have been requisitioned from

THE AVENGERS.

(To our Soldiers in the field.)

Nor only that your cause is just and right—
This much was never doubted; war or play,
We go with clean hands into any fight;
That is our English way;—

Not this high thought alone shall brace your thews
To trample under heel those Vandal hordes
Who laugh when blood of mother and babe imbrues
Their damned craven swords.

But here must be hot passion, white of flame,
Pure hate of this unutterable wrong,
Sheer wrath for Christendom so sunk in shame,
To make you trebly strong.

These smoking hearths of fair and peaceful lands,
This reeking trail of deeds abhorred of Hell,
They cry aloud for vengeance at your hands,
Ruthless and swift and fell.

Strike, then—and spare not—for the innocent dead
Who lie there, stark beneath the weeping skies,
As though you saw your dearest in their stead
Butchered before your eyes.

And though the guiltless pay for others' guilt
Who preached these brute ideals in camp and Court;
Though lives of brave and gentle foes be spilt,
That loathe this coward sport;

On each, without distinction, worst or best,
Fouled by a nation's crime, one doom must fall;
Be you its instrument, and leave the rest
To God, the Judge of all.

Let it be said of you, when sounds at length
Over the final field the victor's strain:—
"They struck at infamy with all their strength,
And earth is clean again!" O. S.

HOW GERMANY CAME OFF.

(Extracts from a diary kept at intervals by a very special correspondent in the Dardanelles.)

GOEBEN arrives Dardanelles. Announcement of sale to Turkey and of disembarcation of German crew.

Goeben still in Dardanelles. Having been disposed of to Turkey, the ship again disembarked her crew.

Goeben continuing in Dardanelles, the disembarcation of German crew, which was completed three days ago and again yesterday, began again to-day and was carried out successfully.

The *Goeben* still being at anchor in the Dardanelles, it was decided to carry out a disembarcation of her German crew on a scale surpassing all previous efforts.

The *Goeben* continues in the Dardanelles. Owing to the remarkable expertness which her crew has acquired, it was possible to carry out three disembarcations this afternoon. The officer commanding, indeed, proposes shortly to issue a challenge to ships of all nationalities for the Open Disembarcation Championship of the World.

The *Goeben* remains in the Dardanelles. In response to a pressing request from great masses of the Turkish population, who have been unable before to witness the ceremony, it has been decided again to disembark the German crew, and, beginning to-morrow at 10 A.M., the impressive spectacle

will be gone through at regular intervals of an hour throughout the day. All the railway companies have announced cheap excursions, and there can be no doubt that these disembarcations will easily surpass all earlier ones.

The German crew of the *Goeben* are agitating for an eight-hour day.

Instructions having reached the crew of the *Goeben* to return to Germany, a magnificent Farewell Disembarcation took place last night. At its conclusion sympathisers presented an illuminated address bearing the following inscription: "To the crew of the *Goeben* on the occasion of their final disembarcation before leaving for the Fatherland."

Later.—Arrival of the crew of the *Goeben* at Kiel. Great popular enthusiasm. KAISER orders a Special Disembarcation to take place before entire Fleet, a duplicate cruiser (in the regrettable absence of the *Goeben*) being lent for the purpose.

THE TRUCE.

PEACE reigns in the club-house on the links. The young men have nearly all gone, and Morris, our veteran "plus two" member, who generally only condescends to go round with the pro. and one or two choice players, is eager for a match with anyone. Only you must play for five shillings for his wife's branch of the Red Cross Society.

In the smoke-room over our pipes—cigars are considered wasteful and bad form—the old conversational warriors look at one another. I glance across at Sellars, a member of that loathsome, I should say highly admirable, institution, the National Liberal Club. It is not six weeks since I denounced him as a pestilent traitor because he demanded, for some reason that escapes me, the blockade of a city called Belfast. And, if I remember, he alluded to me as a traitorous tamperer with the Army. But now I praise the admirable patriotism of JOHN REDMOND; I eulogise the financial genius of LLOYD GEORGE; I grow fervid as I rhapsodise about WINSTON.

Then Sellars interposes, "My dear fellow, why do you forget the splendid abnegation of Sir EDWARD CARSON? As for LLOYD GEORGE he may have done well, but hasn't he AUSTEN at his elbow all the time? Talk about WINSTON if you like, but, after all, he has only muzzled the German fleet. F. E. SMITH has done a far more wonderful thing. He has muzzled the British Press."

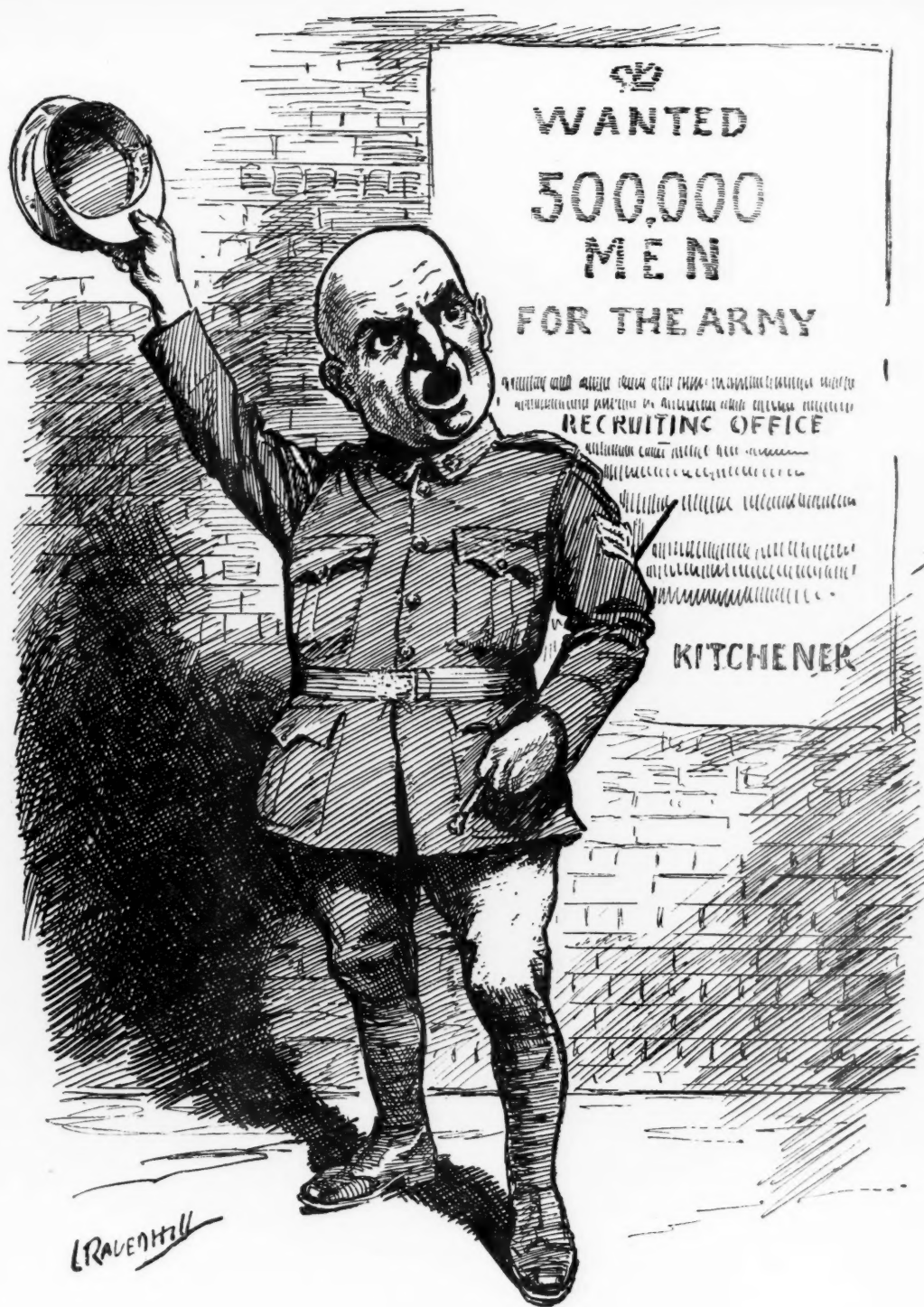
Peace! It is wonderful. Only at the back of my mind there is one sad thought which I strive to put away from me. Suppose a General Election comes whilst the war is still on. I, as a patriot, shall have to vote for the splendid Government. It will be Sellars' duty and joy to support our splendid Opposition. And, if we all act in the same way, we shall have those wretched — what funny slips one's pen makes! — those adorable Radicals back in power for another five years.

But when the war is over and we see a free Europe I promise myself one reward. The night when peace is proclaimed I shall seek out Sellars and tell him just what I think about LLOYD GEORGE; and I haven't the slightest doubt that he will celebrate the occasion by some venomous abuse of BONAR LAW.

You see at present we are handicapped; we are just Englishmen.

Another Impending Apology.

"The first editor of GOLFING was Mr. Thomas Marlowe, who is now editor of the *Daily Mail*. On the other hand, there have been several editors of GOLFING who have since risen to positions of distinction."—*Golfing*.



TO ARMS!

RECRUITING-SERGEANT PUNCH. "NOW, MY LADS, YOUR COUNTRY WANTS YOU. WHO'S FOR THE FRONT?"

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UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

"NOW MIND, MARY, IF A SENTRY ASKS YOU WHO YOU ARE, YOU MUST IMMEDIATELY ANSWER, 'FRIEND.'"

"YES, 'M, BUT WHAT AM I TO SAY IF HE ASKS ME HOW BABY IS?"

THE ATTACK ON GERMAN TRADE.

THOSE mistaken persons who maintain that "music has no frontiers" have been sharply rebuked by the patriotic action of the management of certain concerts, who boldly opened the season by expelling all German music from their programmes. It is all very well to say that this is confounding the Germany that we honour and admire with the Germany of the other sort, of which we have had more than enough. The step has been taken on the highest patriotic grounds, and although the ban has been partially removed since the season began, it is clearly indicated that this conciliatory attitude will only last so long as the main German fleet continues to skulk behind the defences of Kiel. If there is any aggressive movement, then let it be understood that TSCHAIKOWSKI'S *Pathétique* Symphony will be worn threadbare by nightly repetition sooner than that we should have any truck with BRAHMS, WAGNER or BACH.

Already the occupation of Brussels has caused the scratching (at the very last moment) of the SCHUMANN concerto.

Of course there is more in it than meets the eye. If all German music is eliminated there are bound to be prodigious gaps which must be filled up somehow. Very well. The result can only be a new state of activity in the home composing industry. This is no time for giving away secrets, but perhaps we may be allowed to say that the continued attendance last week of Sir HENRY WOOD at the offices of the Board of Trade can only mean that he too is taking his part in a comprehensive and well-considered plan for making war on German industries. Now is the time for the native producer to get to work. Germany must once and for all be ousted from this market. There need be no difficulty in obtaining samples, and we look to British industry and enterprise to do the rest.

We are not sure that neutrals should be allowed into this thing. An exception might be made in the case of Italy,

but, apart from her, we should limit the exotic features in our programmes to the works of our allies in the field. It might give a needed fillip to the national music of Japan.

How it strikes our Contemporaries.

"Yesterday's eclipse of the sun was itself eclipsed by the world shadow. Shortly after noon a large inky blot obscured nearly three-quarters of the sun's surface and a violet haze hung over London, but very few people were heeding the phenomenon in the sky. The hawkers, even, were too busy selling patriotic favours to offer smoked glasses."—*Daily Mail*.

"Londoners did not permit the war to eclipse the eclipse. The hawkers' cry, 'Smoked glass a penny,' was heard everywhere, and there was a ready sale for the pieces of glass which enabled one to view the darkening of the sun."—*Daily Mirror*.

The allies should come to a better agreement than this.

"Spies Output Down Again," says a contemporary, and we were just going to congratulate the authorities when we discovered that it referred to a Petroleum Company.

THE FATAL GIFT.

PEOPLE say to me sometimes, "Oh, you know Woolman, don't you?" I acknowledge that I do, and, after the silence that always ensues, I add, "If you want to say anything against him, please go on." You can almost hear the sigh of relief that goes up. "I thought he was a friend of yours," they say cheerfully. "But, of course, if—" and then they begin.

I think it is time I explained my supposed friendship for Ernest Merrowby Woolman—confound him.

The affair began in a taxicab two years ago. Andrew had been dining with me that night; we walked out to the cab-rank together; I told the driver where to go, and Andrew stepped in, waved good-bye to me from the window, and sat down suddenly upon something hard. He drew it from beneath him, and found it was an extremely massive (and quite new) silver cigar-case. He put it in his pocket with the intention of giving it to the driver when he got out, but quite naturally forgot. Next morning he found it on his dressing-table. So he put it in his pocket again, meaning to leave it at Scotland Yard on his way to the City.

Next morning it was on his dressing-table again.

This went on for some days. After a week or so Andrew saw that it was hopeless to try to get a cigar-case back to Scotland Yard in this casual sort of way; it must be taken there deliberately by somebody who had a morning to spare and was willing to devote it to this special purpose. He placed the case, therefore, prominently on a small table in the dining-room to await the occasion; calling also the attention of his family to it, as an excuse for an outing when they were not otherwise engaged.

At times he used to say, "I must really take that cigar-case to Scotland Yard to-morrow."

At other times he would say, "Somebody must really take that cigar-case to Scotland Yard to-day."

And so the weeks rolled on . . .

It was about a year later that I first got mixed up with the thing. I must have dined with the Andrews several times without noticing the cigar-case, but on this occasion it caught my eye as we wandered out to join the ladies, and I picked it up carelessly. Well, not exactly carelessly; it was too heavy for that.

"Why didn't you tell me," I said, "that you had stood for Parliament and that your supporters had consoled you with a large piece of plate? Hallo, they've put the wrong initials on it. How unbusiness-like."

"Oh, that?" said Andrew. "Is it still there?"

"Why not? It's quite a solid little table. But you haven't explained why your constituents, who must have seen your name on hundreds of posters, thought your initials were E. M. W."

Andrew explained.

"Then it isn't yours at all?" I said in amazement.

"Of course not."

"But, my dear man, this is theft. Stealing by finding, they call it. You could get"—I looked at him almost with admiration—"you could get two years for this;" and I weighed the cigar-case in my hand. "I believe you're the only one of my friends who could be certain of two years," I went on musingly. "Let's see, there's—"

"Nonsense," said Andrew uneasily. "But still, perhaps I'd better take it back to Scotland Yard to-morrow."

"And tell them you've kept it for a year? They'd run you in at once. No, what you want to do is to get rid of it without their knowledge. But how—that's the question. You can't give it away because of the initials."

"It's easy enough. I can leave it in another cab, or drop it in the river."

"Andrew, Andrew," I cried, "you're determined to go to prison! Don't you know from all the humorous articles you've ever read that, if you *try* to lose anything, then you never can? It's one of the stock remarks one makes to women in the endeavour to keep them amused. No, you must think of some more subtle way of disposing of it."

"I'll pretend it's yours," said Andrew more subtly, and he placed it in my pocket.

"No, you don't," I said. "But I tell you what I will do. I'll take it for a week and see if I can get rid of it. If I can't, I shall give it you back and wash my hands of the whole business—except, of course, for the monthly letter or whatever it is they allow you at the Scrubs. You may still count on me for that."

And then the extraordinary thing happened. The next morning I received a letter from a stranger, asking for some simple information which I could have given him on a post-card. And so I should have done—or possibly, I am afraid, have forgotten to answer at all—but for the way that the letter ended up.

"Yours very truly,

ERNEST M. WOOLMAN."

The magic initials! It was a chance not to be missed. I wrote enthusiastically back and asked him to lunch.

He came. I gave him all the information he wanted, and lots more. Whether he was a pleasant sort of person or not I hardly noticed; I was so very pleasant myself.

He returned my enthusiasm. He asked me to dine with him the following week. A little party at the Savoy—his birthday, you know.

I accepted gladly. I rolled up at the party with my little present . . . a massive silver cigar-case . . . suitably engraved.

* * * * *
So there you are. He clings to me. He seems to have formed the absurd idea that I am fond of him. A few months after that evening at the Savoy he was married. I was invited to the wedding—confound him. Of course I had to live up to my birthday present; the least I could do was an enormous silver cigar-box (not engraved), which bound me to him still more strongly.

By that time I realised that I hated him. He was pushing, familiar, everything that I disliked. All my friends wondered how I had become so intimate with him . . .

Well, now they know. And the original E. M. W., if he has the sense to read this article, knows. If he cares to prosecute Ernest Merrowby Woolman for being in possession of stolen goods I shall be glad to give him any information. Woolman is generally to be found leaving my rooms at about 6.30 in the evening, and a smart detective could easily nab him as he steps out.

A. A. M.

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

DEAR maiden of the sunny head
And cheeks of coral hue,
The lips of rarest ruby red,
The eyes of Oxford blue,
And other charms I've left unsaid . . .
Ah, how I envy you!

Heedless of half a world at war
You neither strive nor cry;
Though danger knocks at England's door

There's laughter in your sky:
You ask not what she's fighting for,
Nor reckon the reason why.

You little guess, you never will,
The force that nerves this fist
To toil away for you until
My mind is like a mist;
The lack of money for the mill,
The growing dearth of grist.

Ah, since amid a world grown wild,
And horrors still half told,
Peace has her palace round you piled,
By all the gods I hold
You are a very lucky child,
My little Nine-months-old.



Officer Commanding Squad (about to cross Waterloo Bridge). "ALT! BREAK STEP! LARGE COLUMNS OF TROOPS WHEN CROSSING BRIDGES IS COMMANDED TO 'BREAK STEP' SO THAT THE UNISON OF THEIR TREAD MAY NOT DANGEROUSLY THREATEN THE STERILITY OF THE BRIDGE."

A CANDIDATE FOR THE FORCE.

"I WANT to enrol myself as a Special Constable," I said to the man in mufti behind the desk.

"Well, don't let me stop you," he remarked. "The Police Station is next door. This is a steam laundry."

A minute later I began again:—

"I want to enrol myself as a Steam Laund—that is to say, as a Special Constable."

"Certainly, Sir," said the Inspector in charge. "Your name and address?"

I opened my cigarette-case and placed a card on the desk.

"The name of the house is pronounced *Song Soocce*," I said, "not, as spelt, Sans Souci."

The Inspector handed me back the card. It was a cigarette-picture representing the proper method of bandaging a displaced knee-cap. I rectified the error, and he entered the information in a book.

"I must ask if you are a British subject?" he inquired.

"You might almost describe me as super-British," I replied. "There is

a tradition in my family that my ancestors were on Hastings Pier when the Conqueror arrived."

"Thank you. That will be all."

"You don't want me to give references, one of which must be a clergyman or a J.P.? You don't require me to state previous experience, if any, or any details of that sort?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "That'll be all right. You are no doubt familiar with squad drill?"

"Splendid! I had no idea it was used in the Force."

"Right turn—left turn—about turn—form fours—and so on?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but what did you call that?"

"Squad drill, Sir."

"O-o-h! I thought you said 'quadrille.' But I know the turns. Right turn, I turn to the right; left turn, I turn to the left; about turn, I turn just about, but not quite; form fours, I form—excuse me, but how does one man form fours?"

"There will, of course, be others," replied the Inspector. "You'll soon pick it up. And please state at what

hours of the day you would be prepared to take duty."

"Well," I said, "I've practically nothing to do from the time I get up—half-past ten—until mid-day. I could also manage to spare half-an-hour between afternoon-tea and dinner. And I could just drop in here about eleven at night to see if things were going along all right. Now, if you'll kindly fetch me a bull's-eye lantern, a life-preserver, a bullet-proof tunic, some indiarubber boots, a revolver, and a letter of introduction to some of the most skilful cooks in the neighbourhood I can put in one crowded hour of joyous life before I'm due on the links."

"Just a moment," said the Inspector. "I don't want to discourage you, but kindly cast your eye over these paragraphs;" and he handed me a printed circular. "You will see that it will be necessary for you to perform four consecutive hours' duty."

"Good heavens," I exclaimed, "I don't think I shall be able to manage that. I'm in the middle of an important jig-saw; I'm expecting a new motor-car to arrive any minute; and I

have a slight head-cold. However, if my country calls me, I will see what can be arranged."

I noticed the Inspector's look of admiration at my bull-dog resolution, so to hide my blushes I perused the circular.

"I see," I said, "that we are each supplied with 'one armlet.' What's an armlet?"

"A badge that goes round your arm."

"Of course! How stupid of me! Just like a bracelet goes round one's—no, that won't do. Just like a gimlet goes—no, that doesn't either. I can't think of a simile, but I quite understand. Then we have 'one whistle.' What's that for? To whistle on if I feel lonely?"

"To summon assistance if you should require it."

"I have an idea that my whistle will be overworked. Shall I be able to get a new one when the original's worn out?"

The Inspector thought there would be no difficulty in my getting re-whistled.

"One truncheon," I continued. "That, of course, is to trunch with. One truncheon, though, seems rather niggardly. I should prefer two, one in each hand. 'One note-book'—is that for autographs and original contributions from my brother Specials?"

"For noting names and addresses and details of cases," explained the Inspector. "For instance, if, when on duty, you saw Jack Johnson committing a breach of the peace you would—"

"Blow my whistle hard—"

"Certainly not. You would take his name and address and note it down."

"And if he refused it I could then whistle for help?"

"No, you would at once arrest him."

"What's the earliest possible moment at which it would be etiquette to blow my whistle?"

"When he offered resistance. Then you could whistle."

"No, I couldn't," I said, "not unless my equipment included one pair of bellows. Do you mean to tell me that I should be expected to arrest a man of infinitely superior physique to my own with no other weapons than one armlet, one whistle, one truncheon and one note-book? Surely I should be allowed to run for the Mayor and get him to read the Riot Act? If not, I can only say a policeman's lot is—"

"Not a happy one?" put in the Inspector.

"I was going to say a policeman's lot is a lot too much. Would you kindly cross my name off your list?"

"I crossed it off some minutes ago," replied the Inspector.

THE WATCH DOGS.

II.

DEAR CHARLES,—Another letter from the back of the front for you. You will be glad to hear that your Terrier is settling down in his temporary kennel and sharpening his teeth in due course. The time will come when you may look your gift dog in the mouth and be not disappointed, we hope, by the view.

We received orders a day or two ago to take up our beds and walk; that is, a couple of officers and a hundred odd of the men were told off to execute a flank movement on a neighbouring township where there is a range, and do our damndest with the poor old targets. So we put our oddments in our pillow-case, rolled up our bedrooms into a convenient bundle and trekked. We were assured that we should be back at our base within the week, but we have learnt to take no chances. We have but one form of movement, the *tout ensemble*.

It is quite refreshing to step, over a hundred strong, into a village with no pre-arranged scheme of board and lodging. Like every other wanderer in a strange part, we turn first to the policeman. We march towards him at attention; we call a halt at the base of his feet, and then, with the courtesy of the gentleman and the brevity of the soldier, we inform him that we have arrived. The next development is up to him.

It is not to him, however, that we owe our temporary rest. It is to that irrepressible and indefatigable unit, the Boy Scout. Charles, I believe we'd all be lying out in the rain at this moment but for that assistance. The equipment of the Boy Scout on billeting duty consists of a piece of white chalk and a menacing demeanour. Thus armed, he knocks at every likely door, wishes the householder a good morning and registers on the door-frame the number of men that may be left till called for within, even while the policeman is still endeavouring to explain the international situation and the military exigencies to the slow-thinking rustic. Many formidable obstacles lie in our path, we know, but we are comforted by the thought that the Boy Scout isn't one of them. If, in the next generation, Britain continues to exist as a nation and not as a *dépôt* for the training of waiters in the Berlin restaurants, then indeed we shall have something to rely on in these adaptable young fellows.

The host upon whom we officers were thrust was quite polite as long as our Boy Scout stood by, but, left to himself, turned out crusty. He was

rather too old to turn into the perfect hotel proprietor all in a minute, and, as he put it, "he couldn't see his way" to do this and that for us. He was prepared to do all he had to do, but no more. Unfortunately we were not as well up in the regulations as our youthful and now departed protector. So we went out and did a bit of billeting on our own. It is an odd experience, this knocking at somebody's door and, upon being asked what one has come for, answering, "To stay." For ourselves we thought that the Rector would be a good man to experiment on. These parsons are used to being victimised and are known not to be too harsh upon the delinquent. So off we went to the Rectory, significantly handling our hilts and twirling our military stubbles. But the essence of war is surprise, and it was the Rector's wife who confronted our attack.

I said, upon enquiry, that I couldn't say what we wanted but placed myself unreservedly in my colleague's hands. I then took a pace to the rear and prepared to retire in good order. Robertson's whole efforts were concentrated on refraining from taking off his cap, as behoves a gentleman, but not an officer, and the Rector's wife remained amiable but on the defensive. Charles, our position was a hopeless one and our careers had concluded then and there but for the arrival of the ally. Boy Scouts are as tactful as they are forgiving; he accepted our explanation and apology to himself and he explained for us and apologised to the Rector's wife. It was little he had to say, for never was a less reluctant and more efficient billettee. This kind lady has not only made our sojourn one long series of simple luxuries, she has been through the whole of our kit and washed and repaired the lot. Think what you may about the Church when you are a civilian in affluence, but when you are a soldier in distress turn to it first for succour.

Lastly, a minor incident of a regrettable nature. Halting on the march yesterday for our transport to catch up (our transport is known as Lieutenant Pearson's Circus) I discovered one of our dusty thirsty warriors having made his illegal entrance into a public-house by an emergency door. There he stood with a glisten in his eyes and his hand just about to grasp the pewter pot! Out he went under sentence of death by slow torture, and there was I left, with a thirst such as I have never before believed to be possible, alone with a pewter pot, with the foam just brimming over the top . . . alone, unseen, undiscoverable . . .

Your fallen Friend, HENRY.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE HOUR.

Irate Lady (firing Parthian shot after marital misunderstanding). "YER—YER BLOOMIN' OOLAN!"

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Autumn publishing season will undoubtedly be affected by the war, several firms having decided to withhold most of their forthcoming books. Messrs. Odder and Thynne, however, being convinced that the reading public cannot subsist entirely on newspapers, have with great public spirit resolved to publish their full programme, which is unusually full of works of interest.

The foremost place in their list is allotted to Principal Toshley Potts's volume of essays, which bear the attractive title of *The Hill of Havering*. Principal Potts was recently hailed by Sir NICHOLSON ROBERTS as "the Scots A. C. Benson," and this felicitous analogy will, we feel sure, be triumphantly vindicated by the contents of this epoch-making work, which by the way is dedicated to Dr. Emery Cawker, of the University of Brashville, Ga.

Another work of outstanding signifi-

cance is a volume of poems, entitled *Kailyard Carols*, from the accomplished pen of Mr. Alan Bodgers, whom Mr. DAVID LYALL, in a three-column article in the *Penman*, recently declared to be the finest lyric poet since SHELLEY, and Mr. LYALL seldom makes a mistake. Mr. Bodgers, it may be added, is the sub-editor of the *Kilspindie Courant*, and has a handicap of twenty-two at the local golf club.

Very welcome also is the announcement that Professor Hector McGollop has undertaken to edit a series of Manuals of Moral Uplift, to which he will contribute the opening volume on *The Art of Uction*. Other contributors to the series are Dr. Talisker Dinwiddie, Principal Marcus Tonks and the Rev. Bandley Chadd.

In the department of fiction the most remarkable of the novelties promised by Messrs. Odder and Thynne is *The Nut's Progress*, by Mr. EWAN STRAW. It will be remembered that in a four-column review of Mr. STRAW's last

book, *Nothing Doing*, which appeared in the Xmas number of the *Book Booster*, Sir CLEMENT SHORTHOUSE declared that this talented fictionist combined the lilt of FRANK SMEDLEY (the author of *Frank Fairleigh*) with the whimsicality of BARRIE and the austere morality of ANNIE SWAN. Otherwise we may be sure the firm of Odder and Thynne would never have published a work with so risky a title.

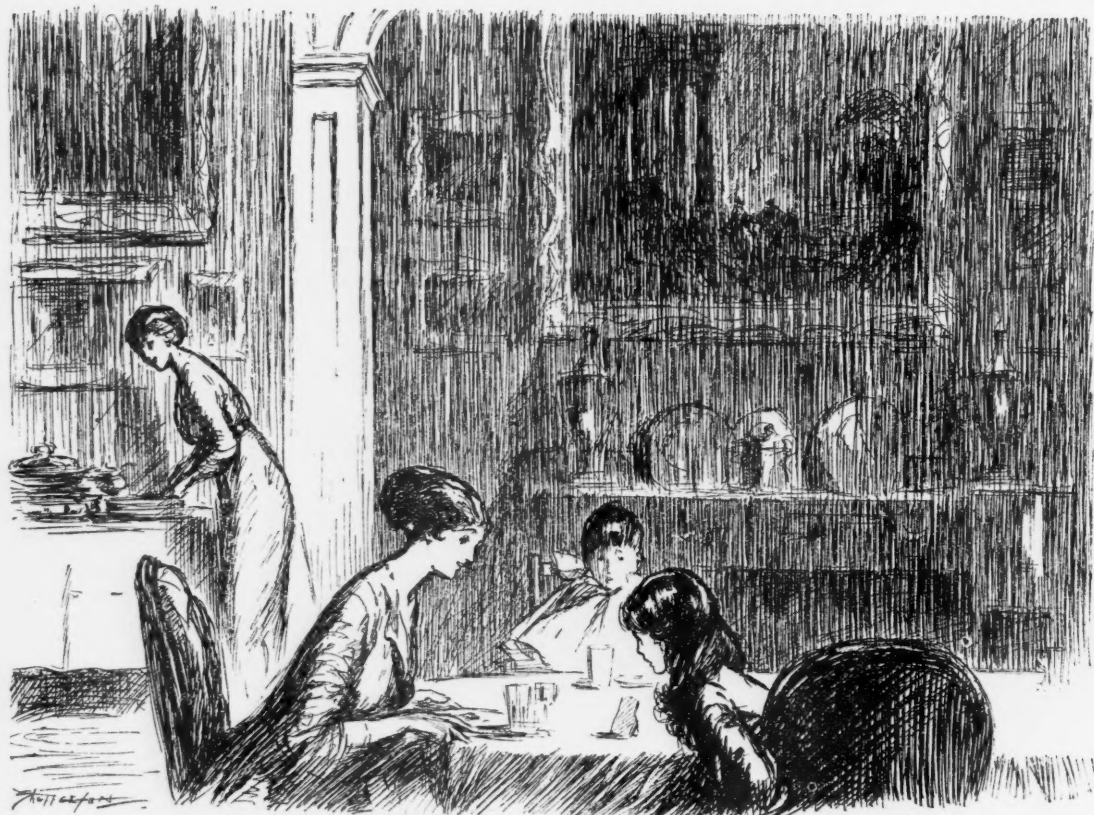
Perhaps.

Of wolves that wear sheep's clothing
The world has long been full,
But I've a special loathing
For one in Berlin wool.

Although t'ie wool may cover
Not more than half the beast,
Perhaps when all is over
He'll be entirely fleeced. W. W.

"MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST TO THE LOUVRE.
Sunspot Visible to the Naked Eye."
Times.

France seems to have acquired Germany's spot in the sun.



Ethel (in apprehensive whisper which easily reaches her German governess, to whom she is deeply attached). "MOTHER, SHALL WE HAVE TO KILL FRAULEIN?"

REASONING IN THE RANKS.

[Several journals have pointed out that the type of recruit now offering himself is in a high degree capable of reasoning and initiative.]

"Now I want any of you who are puzzled about anything to ask questions about it," said the instructing sergeant-major. . . and anon:

"Right about, Number 3 of the front rank! There is no such thing as left about turn. Squad, form—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Number 3, "but why do you say that there is no such thing as left about turn?"

"Because there isn't," said the sergeant-major unsympathetically.

"But, my good man," urged Number 3, "there must be. I've just done it. Why, look here!"

He did it again.

"Such a movement is not in the drill-book," said the sergeant-major curtly.

"But," protested Number 3, "you told us yourself only yesterday that very few of the total possible commands are in the drill-book. For instance, there

is no provision for lining a railway embankment, often, I understand, a salutary and even vital evolution."

The sergeant-major considered.

"There's no use," he said at last weightily, "'avin' two ways of doin' anything when one will do. It is generally considered that right about turn is enough ways of turning about for any one man."

"By all means," admitted the recruit generously, "let us be frugal. Frugality is the mainspring of efficiency. One way of turning about is ample for me. But why right rather than left?"

"Because right's right, and that's all there is to it," said the sergeant-major, who was tiring of the argument.

"Exactly," admitted Number 3, "and left's left, and *that* leaves us just where we started. Now if the War Office had tossed up and made a general decision in favour of right I could understand the position. But my impression is that this is not so. Thus, if I were to step off with the right foot—"

"Shut your face," said the sergeant-

major, "and do what you're told. Squad! A-bout—Turn!"

"Reasoning," observed Number 3, "is lost upon yonder survival of the old school of stereotyped militarism. The hour for initiative has arrived."

And by way of protest he executed a neat left about turn.

GUNS OF VERDUN.

Guns of Verdun point to Metz
From the plated parapets;
Guns of Metz grin back again
O'er the fields of fair Lorraine.

Guns of Metz are long and grey
Growling through a summer day;
Guns of Verdun, grey and long,
Boom an echo of their song.

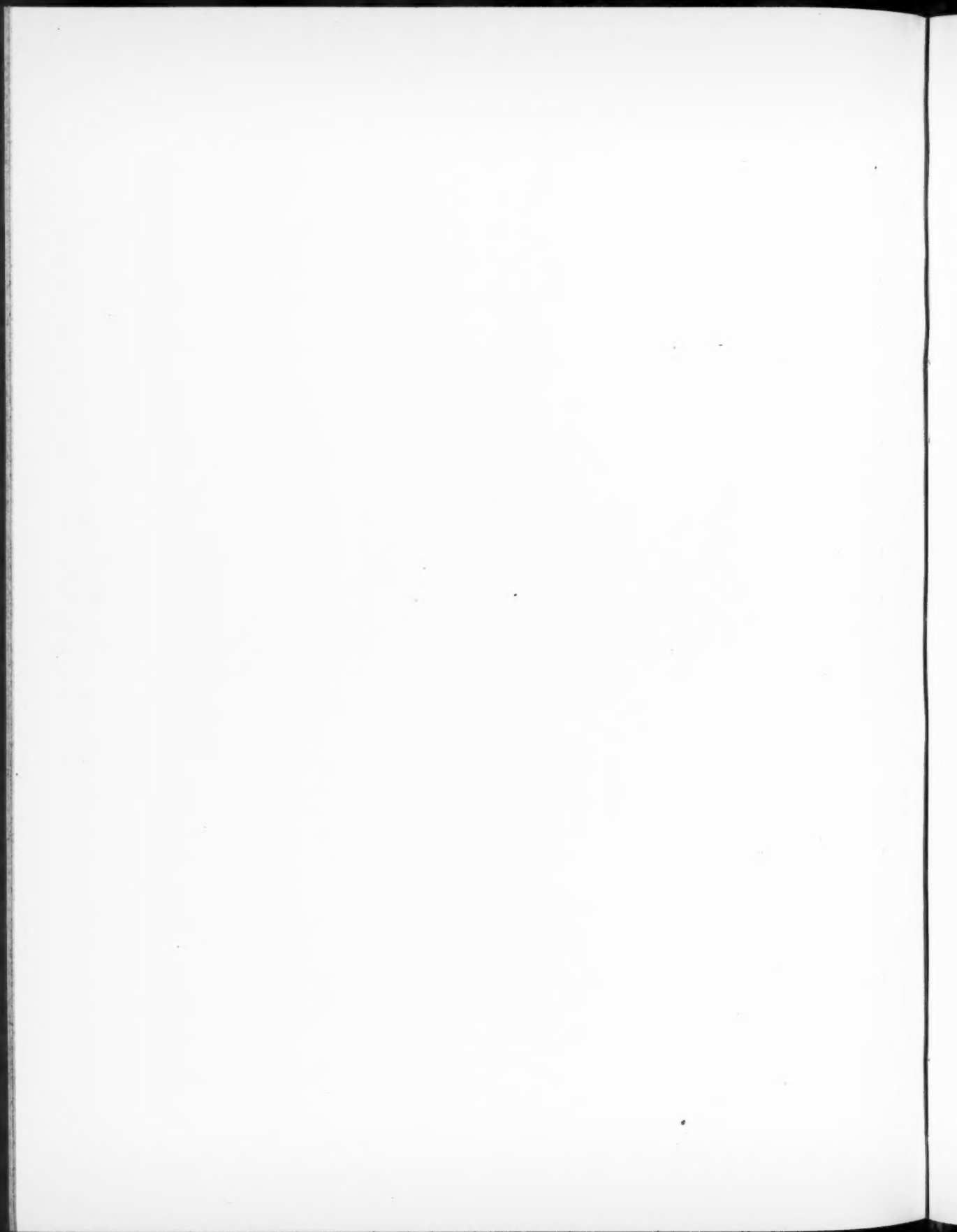
Guns of Metz to Verdun roar,
"Sisters, you shall foot the score;"
Guns of Verdun say to Metz,
"Fear not, for we pay our debts."

Guns of Metz they grumble, "When?"
Guns of Verdun answer then,
"Sisters, when to guard Lorraine
Gunnery lay you East again!"



AT THE POST OF HONOUR.

LIBERTY (to Belgium). "TAKE COMFORT. YOUR COURAGE IS VINDICATED; YOUR WRONGS SHALL BE AVENGED."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, Aug. 25.—After fortnight's recess Parliament meets again. Scene mightily changed. At time of adjournment country on brink of war. Now in thick of it.

Contrary to custom interest centred in Chamber at this end of corridor. Man of the moment is the tall strongly-framed figure that enters on stroke of appointed hour and marches with soldierly step to Ministerial Bench. This is KITCHENER, Secretary of State for War, primed with message from the Army which, making its first stand at Mons, had a baptism of fire that lasted thirty-six hours.

With characteristic modesty the new Minister seated himself at lower end of Bench. CREWE presently arriving signalled him to come up higher. Accordingly seated himself next to LEADER OF HOUSE. Thence rose at half-past four to make his maiden speech, a deliverance effected under rarely momentous circumstances. Brought with him one of those "scraps of paper" which the KAISER scorns when they contain such trifling matter as a solemn treaty with a neighbouring nation. On this KITCHENER, more at home on the battlefield than in a place where a man's business is to talk, had written his speech.

It was brief, manly, simple. Made haste to point out that, though associated with the Cabinet, holding high office in the Government, his appearance on the Ministerial Bench did not imply that he belonged to any political party.

"As a soldier," he said, "I have no politics."

House startled to hear him add that his occupation of the post of Secretary of State for War is temporary. Terms of his service are those of the recruits for the new Army. He is engaged to serve during the war. If it lasts longer than three years, then for three years only.

Faced by grim suggestion that the war just opening may last for three years, a deeper gravity fell over listening House. KITCHENER pre-eminently a man who knows what he is talking about. And here he was in level tones, unruffled manner, taking into account the contingency of the war lasting three years.

That this was no idle conjecture, rather a well-thought-out possibility intelligently provided for, appeared when he went on to describe how the contingency must be faced. The enemy had already brought his full resources into the field. It was a maximum which,

after a succession of days like last Sunday, must necessarily diminish. On the other hand, whilst we have put a comparatively small force afoot, there is behind it, at home and in the Colonies, a vast reserve which, diligently trained and organised, will steadily reinforce the fighting line. In the course of six or seven months there will be a total of thirty divisions, continually kept up to full fighting strength.

Nor was that all.

"If," said the soldier-Minister, "the war be protracted, and if its fortune be varied or adverse, exertions and sacrifices beyond any already demanded will



ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER."
(K. of K.)

be required from the whole nation and Empire."

Ominous words increasing prevalent gloom. At least satisfactory to know that in his official communications KITCHENER will always cheer us by presenting to closest view the worst that has actually happened or is possibly in store.

Business done.—KITCHENER makes his maiden speech.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—No one looking in on House this afternoon would imagine that the country is engaged in an armed fight, issues of which will in one direction or another transform the aspect of Europe. Atmosphere unruffled. "Business as usual" the order of the day.

Pretty full attendance considering House has with brief intervals been in session since February and meets again at what in normal times would be period of full recess. PREMIER ON

Treasury Bench at opening of sitting. Having answered a few questions, withdrew to his private room and was no more seen.

LOYD GEORGE, left in charge, moved through various stages series of emergency measures.

On Currency and Bank Note Bill question of design of new twenty-shilling and ten-shilling notes came up. Some disrespectful things said of it. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER admitted its imperfection but pleaded that in the hurried circumstances of the day it was the best that could be done. Exception especially taken on score that the design made forgery easy. Here the CHANCELLOR differed.

"I have been told by an expert in these matters," he said, with the pleased air of one recalling the dictum of a respected friend, "that the plainer the design on a note the more difficult it is to forge it."

All the same the notes are to be called in and replaced.

Business done.—Second reading of Bill giving Government blank cheque for meeting expenses of war carried without debate or division.

Thursday.—PREMIER'S surpassing gift of speech, equally concise and eloquent, never more brilliantly displayed than this afternoon. Proposed Resolution conveying expression of sympathy and admiration for heroic resistance offered by the Belgian Army and people to wanton invasion of their territory. In speech that occupied less than ten minutes in delivery the PREMIER, himself moved to loftiest pitch of righteous indignation, touched deepest feelings of a crowded House.

Referring to Great Britain's intervention in "a quarrel in which it had no direct concern," he pointed out that the country threw away the scabbard only when confronted by necessity of choice between keeping and breaking solemn obligations, between the discharge of a binding trust and a shameless subservience.

A deep-throated cheer approved his emphatic declaration, "We do not repent our decision."

Cheers rang forth again when in another fine passage he said, "The Belgians have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease, to security, even to life itself. We are proud of their alliance and their friendship. We salute them with respect and honour. We are with them heart and soul."

Difficult to follow outburst of genuine eloquence like this, delivered with thrilling force. BONAR LAW in equally brief speech voiced hearty acquies-

cence of Opposition in Resolution. JOHN REDMOND, associating Ireland whole-heartedly with it, made practical suggestion, that, instead of lending Belgium ten millions as proposed, we should hand the money over to her as a free gift, an instalment of a just debt.

Business done.—More Emergency Bills advanced by stages. Ominous hint of fresh taxation dropped by CHANCELLOR.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE WAR SPIRIT

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There was a big party of us at the Clackmannans' Scotch place, Blairbinkie, when all these fearful things began to happen—and now where are we all? The Flummery boys and ever so many more of the party are at the front with their regiments. The Duke of Clackmannan is at the head of the Clackmannan Yeomanry. Norty's gone off to help take care of the East coast, and it's lucky to have him helping to protect it and keep watch, for if there's *anybody* who could see things coming sooner than anybody else it's Norty!

Stella, Beryl, Babs and your Blanche are all back in Town, and when we're not taking lessons in nursing we're sewing at flannel. I make Yvonne do my hair quite, *quite* plainly, and I'm giving my jewels to my country. I've already given my dear collar of pearls. I gave that first because I love it best of all my jewels, because it can *never* be replaced, and because pearls suit me better than any other stone.

All our first fingers are covered with pricks and look immensely horrid, but we glory in it and won't even put any cold cream on them! As I said yesterday afternoon, when we were all sewing away at flannel, if *any* woman, I don't care *who*, offered me her hand and I saw that the first finger was *smooth* I'd refuse to take it! Beryl must needs weigh in with, "But, my dear Blanche, she wouldn't offer you her *left* hand! It's the *left* forefinger that gets punished in needle-work." "The principle

is the same," I answered coldly. "And besides, some people are left-handed." Beryl has decent qualities, I know, and one doesn't want to find fault with anyone just now, but she was



GERMAN KAISER. "We are not satisfied with Our moustache; it seems to need support on the Eastern side."

always like that—and her *hemming*, dearest!

Babs is wild to go to the front, but I say she'd be only a nuisance until she knows more about nursing. Someone told me the other day, *a propos* of untrained women going to the front and hindering instead of helping, that during the last war a poor dear in one of the hospitals had his hair parted *fifty* times in an hour by *fifty* different people, and nearly got brain-fever.

There was a man in the party at

Blairbinkie who, before we were at war, talked *fervidly* of what he should do for his country if trouble came. I had not liked Hector Swankington the least little bit before that, but when he

said that, in the event of war, he would raise a troop at his own expense, call it "Swankington's Horse" and lead it himself "wherever the fighting was hottest," I thought I'd not done him justice. So I listened to him and approved and encouraged the plan. And then the storm burst and we all scattered. The other morning I met him in the Park when I was taking my early walk. He asked if I would dine with him some evening at the "Iridescent," and I said it was not a time for dining at restaurants. "No," he agreed, "it certainly isn't now all the French cooks are gone; and what an idiotic idea this is about reducing the number of courses at dinner! Silly rot, I call it!"

I ignored this and asked, "What about 'Swankington's Horse'?"

"Oh! that's all off," he said huffily. "I wrote to the authorities

about raising the troop, asked what State recognition I should get, and enclosed a drawing of the hat I meant to wear as leader—a ripping scheme, turned up at one side and with a bunch of feathers. All the answer I got was a few brief words of acknowledgment and a request to set about it at once and report myself somewhere or other. Not a word of the State recognition I was to receive, and the drawing of the hat returned with 'Not approved' scrawled across it.

So I've chucked the whole business. And now don't let us talk of *that* any more!"

I gave him my freezing look (you've never seen my freezing look, dearest—it's *terrible*!) and I said with a little calm deadly manner that I very, *very* seldom use, "I've no wish to talk to you of *that*—or of anything else—ever again." And I left him.

The party at Blairbinkie that scattered almost as soon as it assembled was by way of being a farewell to the old place, for the Clackmannans had virtually sold it to a



FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION.



The Lady of the House. "JUST THE PERSON I WANTED TO SEE. I'VE STARTED TEN COMMITTEES IN CONNECTION WITH THE WAR AND I WANT YOUR HELP." Visitor. "MY DEAR! I'VE JUST STARTED TWELVE AND I SIMPLY COUNTED ON YOU!"

Mr. Spragg, of Pittsburg. He was going to have the old castle taken across in bits and set up again in Pennsylvania; and he was taking all the family portraits, the mausoleum, the old trees in the park and the stags at a valuation, as well as the village itself with all its cottages and people, in order that the castle might have its proper *setting* out there. There were two more things he wanted included in the bargain—a village idiot and a family ghost ("hereditary spectre," he called it).

Ah, my dear! all this belongs to the happy old days of a hundred years ago, when we were all three or four weeks younger. The man from Pittsburg, so far from being able to buy Blairbinkie, hardly knows where to look for his next meal, and as for shipping castles and trees and mausoleums and village idiots and family ghosts across the Atlantic he only wishes he could get *himself* across, even if he had to work his passage!

Josiah is at the uttermost ends of the earth. He went in June, about

rubber-mines or oil-concessions, I'm not sure which. I had a cable from him the other day from a place that began with "Boo" and ended with "atty"—I forget what came between. He told me not to be anxious, that he'd get back when and how he could. My answer was, "Not anxious. Wherever you are you'd better stay there, or you may get taken prisoner by those creatures, and then I'd never forgive you!"

Talking of prisoners reminds me of a rumour about the Bullyon-Boundermers. They were cruising somewhere in their new big steam-yacht when war broke out, and now there's a report that the enemy have taken the yacht and turned it into a cruiser; that the Bullyon-Boundermere people are prisoners on board, and that they're making *her* wash dishes and forcing *him* to work as a stoker or a bulkhead or some fearful thing of that kind! This is not *official*, my dear, but I give it you for what it's worth.

I called a little meeting here yesterday about a scheme of mine. Beryl

and Babs and your Blanche and several more of us are really *crack* shots, and I want to form us into a band of rifle-women and ask the Powers that be to let us guard some important place—a bridge or a bank or a powder magazine. We should wear a distinctive uniform, and we wouldn't let anyone come *near*! Babs said she hoped the uniform would be smart and becoming, but I soon shut her up. "This is not a time to think of cut or colour," I told her. "Myself, I shouldn't care *how* my uniform was cut—even if the *shoulder* seams were at the *elbows*. And as for colour I'd wear *grass-green*, though it's a colour in which I look a mere *fieid*, if it would help my country!" And Beryl and Babs cried and kissed me. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The Suez Canal has brought St. Helena much closer than in Napoleonic days." *T.P.'s Weekly.*

In the same way the opening of the Panama Canal has made Heligoland much more adjacent than in Lord SALISBURY's days.

ODE TO JOHN BRADBURY.

(The new notes for £1 and 10s. are signed by
JOHN BRADBURY.)

WHEN the Red KAISER, swoll'n with impious pride
And stuffed with texts to serve his instant need,
Took Shame for partner and Disgrace for guide,
Earned to the full the hateful traitor's meed,
And bade his hordes advance
Through Belgium's cities towards the fields of France;
And when at last our patient island race,
By the attempted wrong
Made fierce and strong,
Flung back the challenge in the braggart's face,
Oh then, while martial music filled the air,
Clarion and life and bagpipe and the drum,
Calling to men to muster, march, and dare,
Oh, then thy day, JOHN BRADBURY, was come.

JOHN BRADBURY, the Muse shall fill my strain
To sing thy praises; thou hadst spent thy time
Not idly, nor hadst lived thy life in vain,
Unfitted for the guerdon of my rhyme.
For lo, the Funds went sudden crashing down,
And men grew pale with monetary fear,
And in the toppling mart
The stoutest heart
Melted, and fortunes seemed to disappear;
And some, forgetting their austere renown,
Went mad and sold
Whate'er they could and wildly called for Gold!

"Since through no fault of ours the die was cast
We shall go forth and fight
In death's despite
And shall return victorious at the last;
But how, ah how," they said,
"Shall we and ours be fed
And clothed and housed from dreary day to day,
If, while our hearths grow cold, we have no coin to pay?"

Then thou, where no gold was and little store
Of silver, didst appear and wave thy pen,
And with thy signature
Make things secure,
Bidding us all pluck up our hearts once more
And face our foolish fancied fears like men.
"I give you notes," you said, "of different kinds
To ease your anxious minds:
The one is black and shall be fairly found
Equal in value to a golden pound;
The other—mark its healthy scarlet print—
Is worth a full half-sovereign from the Mint."

Thus didst thou speak—at least I think thou didst—
And, lo, the murmurs fell
And all things went right well,
While thy notes fluttered in our happy midst.
Therefore our grateful hearts go forth to thee,
Our British note-provider, brave JOHN BRADBURY!

R. C. L.

"BELGIUM.—Can any member let me know as to what kind of weather to expect in Belgium towards the end of October, and as to the condition of the roads? I and my wife propose going a tandem tour at that time in the Ardennes, Luxembourg, etc. Are most of the hotels shut for the season at that time? Would the north of France be preferable?—G. J."—*C. T. C. Gazette*.

This gentleman is evidently particular. We are half afraid he will not get quite what he wants.

THE COLUMN OF ADVENTURE.

EVEN *The Times*' "agony column," my staple reading during toast-and-marmalade, suffers from the all-pervading war. Old friends have dropped out of the column on its war march. No longer does the Young Gentleman yearning for the idyllic life call on the charitable to provide him with a year of perfect ease, comfort and luxury. I had hoped to meet him some day, to draw out his confidences, perchance to edit his memoirs. "My Cheek is My Fortune" would be a catchy title. But apparently the War has put him out of business. The idyllic life has gone. Another victim.

His place is being filled by the Sportsman, eager to be up and shooting—partridges. "Either singly or with a house party," he offers. He asks only for board, lodging and ammunition. These provided, he is willing to go for the enemy all September and October.

Another Sportsman, humbler in aspiration, is prepared to specialise on rabbits. He is ready to continue the fight until "Peace terms dictated in Berlin by Allies."

There has also arisen the Professional Rescuer. He offers to go abroad—for a cash consideration—and smuggle back stranded relatives. He does not give particulars of personal appearance, but one may imagine him as essentially Williamlequeuish—small dark moustache, super-shrewd eyes, Homburg hat, a revolver in every pocket, speaking six languages more fluently than the natives, and on terms of intimacy with half the diplomats of Europe. He would open his conversation with a casual: "The last time I was chatting with the KAISER (I shall, of course, cut him in future). . . ."

Another occupation has been called into being by the War. It is that of Berth-Snatcher. He is apparently a City man who has realised all his securities and invested them in berths and staterooms on Atlantic Liners. These he now offers "at a small bonus"—exact amount unstated.

Also interesting is the occupation of Amateur Adviser. He has much well-intentioned advice to offer to all and sundry: "To the War Office. It is hoped that something is being done regarding," etc. Or: "Japan, our Ally, could easily lend us half a million men."

Presumably the Amateur Adviser has been denied place in the correspondence columns.

The Young Hungarian Nobleman, whose remittances have been stopped by the war, is reminiscent of the original yearner for the idyllic life. "Is supposed to be of good appearance," he states with obtrusive modesty.

But the romantic halo around these young aristocrats is rather tarnished by the Young French Vicomte. When he advertises that he "would thankfully accept some clothes from English or American gentlemen," one suspects a snug little second-hand business somewhere in savoury Soho.

From a letter in *The Bristol Evening Times* :—

"Only last evening I was passing through one of our main thoroughfares, and saw seven or eight Territorials taking refreshment in a the backbone. I ask in fairness, Is this the backbone. I ask in fairness, is this patriotic?"

In fairness we reply, It is neither.

"The old Latinist has it, 'Deos vult pedere prius dementas.'"—*Manx Chronicle*.

How one's Latin slips from one with advancing age! But he must have been very old.

"The Scheldt can easily be damned."—*Daily Chronicle*.
So can the KAISER, but it isn't enough to say so.

THE HEROES.

ONCE upon a time, many years ago—how many I cannot say, but certainly it must have been before the Christian era—there lived a sublime Emperor. After being for long the warmest, if platonic, friend of Peace, and forcing the world to listen to his loud protestations of fidelity, he suddenly surprised his hearers by declaring war.

It was shortly after the opening of hostilities that he was seated on his throne presenting awards of merit to the bravest of his brave soldiers. The hall was filled with martial enthusiasm, and the memorable scene was one in which splendour, animation and the confidence of rectitude were equally notable.

The Emperor's noble Vizier, to whose massive mind treaties were of no more consequence than waste paper, stood at the side of his Imperial Master to act as introducer of the gallant soldiers whose exploits (with which the world was ringing) it had been decided to reward although so early in the campaign—*pour encourager les autres.*

"The first decorations," remarked the Vizier, "are for deeds of signal courage."

He motioned to a stalwart warrior. "This noble son of the Empire," he said, "with his own bow shot six non-combatants within as many minutes."

Loud cheers rent the air.

"Three of them," the Vizier continued, "were women."

Louder cheers.

"The other three were old men over seventy."

Immense enthusiasm.

"This determined hacker-through," the Vizier continued, as another giant stood forth, "shot an unarmed priest."

More enthusiasm.

"And," added the Vizier, "burned his temple."

Amid the plaudits of the flower of the State the monarch affixed the cherished tokens to the heroes' breasts. "My Braves!" he exclaimed. "In the name of the Fatherland I thank you."

Another warrior stepped out and saluted.

"And what, my friend," asked the monarch, "did you do?"

"Nothing, Sire," he replied with the unaffected simplicity of the man of action; "I merely stamped on some little children—twins, I think."

"Two medals for that," said the Emperor with ready wit, and there was not a wet eye as he placed them in their proud position.

The Vizier beckoned to a youthful officer on whose lip the down was hardly yet visible. But though young



Ex-Teuton (to landlady). "ACH! MADAME, EET IS ALL RIGHT! I VOS ENGLEESH NOW! I HAVE TO-DAY MEIN PAPERS OF NATIONALIZATION TO YOUR HOME OFFICE SENT OFF. DERE VOS SEVERAL OATHS BY HALF-A-DOZEN PEOPLES TO BE SVORN. IT VOS A TREMEMDOUS AFFAIRS!"

in years he was already every inch a soldier of his country.

"This gallant gentleman," said the Vizier, "unaided, and at great personal risk, shot a baby in arms."

"In arms?" asked the monarch sharply. "Surely that mitigates the heroism?"

"I meant in its mother's arms," the Vizier hastily explained.

"Ah!" said the Emperor with a sigh of relief, "that reassures me." And amid profound excitement he embraced the soldier, pinned the coveted badge to his breast and bade him quickly return to the front to carry on the great work.

"The next reward is for resource in

emergency," said the master of ceremonies an hour or so later.

He beckoned to a superb officer, splendid in his trappings—a blue-eyed colossus of nearly six-feet-six.

"This highborn Captain," said the Vizier, "snatched some women from their beds and pushed them before his men so that the enemy should not shoot."

The hall resounded with applause. "Twas a brilliant thought," said the Emperor. "Not only will we decorate him for intelligence, but for valour."

"The last is for chivalry, Sire," said the master of the ceremonies, indicating the remaining award.

An officer stood forth.

"This warrior," said the Vizier,

"ordered his men to trample down some public flower-beds in the enemy's capital."

"Bravely done," said the Emperor. "A great and imaginative lesson. We'll learn them to resist invasion!"

Amid renewed demonstrations of loyalty and fervour the Emperor brought the proceedings to a close.

"Among so many deeds of valour," he said, "I find it impossible to say which is the most splendid. All are glorious. I am in a position to assure you that Heaven is proud of you. The Fatherland also is proud of you, and, above all, I am proud of you. May the blessings of Heaven continue to fall upon our great and merciful campaign for the right!"

With these words the proceedings terminated and the heroes hurried back to the fighting line, eager to win more laurels by similar feats of culture.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR.

It is frequently remarked that the present war will be far-reaching in its consequences. The truth of this is apparent from the following notices, gathered at random from the column of "Personal Paragraphs" which the Editor of *The Shrimington-on-Sea Gazette* publishes weekly, without charge, thereby earning the reputation of a patriot:—

IN CONSEQUENCE of the present crisis in the Money Market, Mrs. Pincham desires to give notice that she hereby disclaims all liability for any debts contracted by her at Bridge, and the same will not be paid.

THIS IS TO SAY THAT, owing to the war and my pocket-money being stopped because I broke the dining-room window, if Jackson Minor does not pay me the balance of sixpence remaining for his half-share of the white rabbit we both bought last term, his half of the rabbit will be sold and the proceeds kept by the undersigned, SMITH TERTIUS.

LADY STRAITER regrets to be obliged to announce that, in consequence of the perilous financial situation in Europe, she will be forced to discontinue her subscription of 2s. 6d. per annum to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Dustmen.

MR. ALURED DE MORTIMER TALBOT-HOWARD-ST. MAUR begs to inform his many friends and the general public that the above is his real name, and that he is proud to say he is by birth and descent an Englishman. The spiteful rumours which allege that he originally kept a pawnbroker's shop in Hamburg, where his name was Wilhelm

Guggelheimer, are merely the inventions of malicious persons who are envious of his property and social position.

As the Shrimington-on-Sea Golf Course has been entirely ploughed-up (with the exception of the greens) and planted with onions, turnips, cabbages, and beetroot, to increase our national food-supply, all members are requested to play in rubber-soled shoes only during the next two months, so as not to damage the growing crops.

AT THE PLAY.

"MY AUNT."

REALLY, the only question to ask oneself of this adaptation from the French is "Is it funny enough?" With so much being offered by the



SHOULD THE TELEPHONE BE USED EXCEPT UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE?

Mrs. Martingale .. Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Dr. Sweetle .. Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE.

newsboy outside the Vaudeville that is not at all funny, it would be pleasant to find inside the doors a little relief from the world.

I will give the authors the benefit of any doubt I may have felt now and then, and say that *My Aunt* serves its purpose. In places it made us all laugh a good deal, and I don't think we were prepared to be easily amused; although (for a reason which still escapes me) there was a sudden burst of clapping when *Aubrey Braxton* announced that he had received an "ultimatum" from *Suzanne*. The latter part of the Second Act is particularly well worked up, and one remark of *Aubrey's* to *Leslie Tarbolton* brought down the house. ("You are the sort of man who would go to call on a sick friend . . . and eat his grapes.") The Third Act is terribly padded with things which are not really funny, but it gives us an opportunity

of seeing a little more of Miss LOTTIE VENNE, to whom the authors had not previously been generous. (I love Miss VENNE's voice and I love her manner of waving her arms in the air. It was delightful to see and listen to her again.)

For the best parts of the first two Acts, then; for Miss LOTTIE VENNE's voice; above all, for Mr. A. W. BASKCOMB's face, *My Aunt* is worth while. As *Aubrey Braxton* Mr. BASKCOMB—the never-to-be-forgotten *Slightly* of so many Christmases—goes through all the many troubles of a hero of farce with his own inimitable air of hopeless resignation. I hope that his efforts will not be unrewarded, and that the management will find that, without rivalling the success of that other aunt, *Charley's*, they will yet for some time be able to play to good "business as usual." M.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

III.—THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY.

(Concluded.)

[SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT:—The great boxing boom is at its height. A fight arranged between Smasher Mike and the famous heavyweight champion, Mauler Mills, is arousing intense excitement throughout the country. Nothing whatever is known of the Smasher, and the betting is therefore 100 to 1 against him. Young Lord Tamerton is at this time in desperate financial straits. His bosom friend, Ralph Wonderson, who is in love with his sister, the beautiful Lady Margaret Tamerton, prevails upon him to wager heavily on Smasher Mike, and undertakes to put him in the way of obtaining a loan of £5,000 for this purpose. Their conversation is overheard by an agent of Sir Ernest Scrivener, alias Mar-maduke Moorsdyke, who is the mortal enemy of Wonderson and is plotting to get Lady Margaret Tamerton in his power.]

THE vast area of Corinthia was crammed with eager spectators, whose eyes were concentrated with feverish intensity on the raised platform in the centre of the hall. In the seats near the ring, for each of which a hundred guineas had been charged, sat the cream of Britain's aristocracy, including Lord Tamerton and Lady Margaret Tamerton, for whom two tickets in a plain envelope had been left that morning.

At last the preliminaries came to an end and Smasher Mike, clad in a claret-coloured dressing-gown with yellow facings, crawled through the ropes and went to his corner. As he raised his face to the lights a murmur of amazement ran through the hall.

"It's Ralph Wonderson!" Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till the perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"It's Ralph Wonderson!" The

whisper passed from lip to lip, merging presently into a burst of cheering as Mauler Mills scrambled up to the platform, wearing an electric-blue dressing-gown with green facings and pink sash.

Ralph sat motionless in his corner, watching his gigantic adversary with a pleasant smile and softly whistling the air of a popular song. At length the referee leisurely entered the ring. As he did so, Ralph gave a violent start and Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till his teeth chattered. *The referee was not the popular Algernon Mittens, as had been announced, but Sir Ernest Scrivener!*

Lord Tamerton stared up at the ring with ashen lips. With such an official in charge nothing but a miracle could save Ralph Wonderson from being disqualified in the first round. The House of Tamerton was more utterly ruined than ever.

But in thirty seconds Ralph, trained in many sports to meet all emergencies, had summed up the situation and decided upon his course of action.

The gong sounded and the two pugilists advanced warily towards each other. Suddenly Ralph lashed out a terrific right which, as he intended, missed the Mauler by a foot. Unable, apparently, to retain his balance, he swung completely round with the impetus of the blow, and his clenched fist landed squarely upon the referee's jaw. Sir Ernest shot high over the ropes and crashed down on the Dowager Duchess of Cumbersea, whence he rebounded with terrible force into the arms of the Marquis of Meltington.

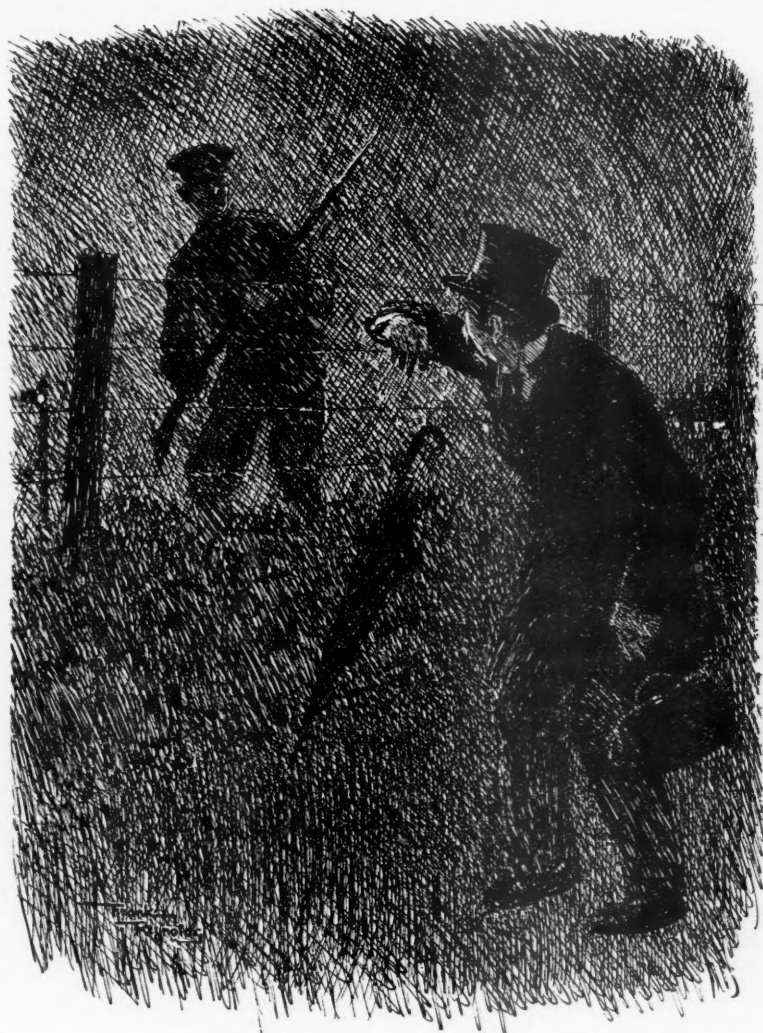
After a brief delay all three were removed to the hospital.

The fight, under a new referee, was in its twentieth round. Not a sound could be heard beyond the shuffling of the pugilists' feet and the thud of fist on flesh.

Feinting with his left, the Mauler clinched heavily with his right, but Ralph foiled the attack with a clever half-nelson. Again Mills swung his right, and again Ralph parried the blow, this time by sending his left to the funny-bone and thus paralysing the arm. He then dashed in and uppercut his opponent severely on the occiput. Mauler Mills staggered to the ropes, to which he clung frantically in order to preserve his balance.

A savage roar went up from the crowd, roused now to a pitch of frenzied excitement. "Now you've got him! Finish him! Put him out!" they shouted.

But Ralph, chivalrous as always, drew back, bowed formally to his opponent and quietly awaited his recovery.



Sentry (suddenly appearing). "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"
Brown. "ER—SEASON!"

Presently, after a courteous enquiry and an assurance from the Mauler that he was quite ready, the pair exchanged a warm handshake and renewed their combat.

Taking a deep breath, Ralph advanced with cat-like tread and flashing eyes upon his adversary. Knowing from painful experience what to expect, the latter circled cautiously away, covering his face with his hands. But Ralph, realising that time was short, determined not to be baffled. Combining the agility of the chamois with the ponderous strength of the hippopotamus, he crouched low and sprang like a tiger through the air upon the unhappy Mauler, striking him full on the solar plexus. White to the lips, the Mauler fell squirming to the floor, while

Ralph nonchalantly adjusted a lock of hair which had floated loose.

"One—two—three . . ." the voice of the referee was like the voice of inexorable Fate . . . "four—five—six . . ." Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till his hair stood on end . . . "seven—eight . . ." The Countess of Snecks fainted with a loud shriek . . . "nine—Out!"

The great fight was won. The House of Tamerton was saved.

Clad in his claret-coloured dressing-gown, the new champion pressed his fiancée against the yellow facings and stroked her fair hair fondly with his boxing-gloves.

"My little wife!" he whispered.

And the vast area of Corinthia rang with emotional cheers.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FAR too rarely does the conscientious reviewer enjoy such a chance as has come to me now, a chance to let himself go in the matter of praise without stint or reservation. As a reward doubtless for some of my many unrecorded good deeds, there has come into my hands a slender volume called *Naval Occasions* (BLACKWOOD), which seems to me to be the most entirely satisfactory and, indeed, fascinating thing of its kind that ever I read. The writer chooses for his own sufficient reasons to disguise himself as "BARTIMEUS," and under that name I have to ask him to accept my very sincere gratitude: The little book contains twenty-five sketches, mostly quite short, relating to (I quote its text, taken from the Articles of War) "the Navy, whereon, under the good Providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend." Never surely did a book appear so aptly. At a moment like this, when the dulllest collection of naval facts can stir the pulse, such pages as these, full of the actual life and work of the men who are safeguarding us all, deserve a public as vast as the Empire itself. The appeal of them is amazing, for their art is of so concealed a quality that the writing seems simplicity itself. To say that they bring the atmosphere of salt winds and the tang of the sea, is nothing; a skilful novel about Margate sands would deserve this praise; it is in their humanity that the charm lies, the sense of courage and comradeship and high endeavour that is in every one of them. You will laugh often as you read; and sometimes, quite suddenly, you will find yourself with a prickly feeling at the back of the eyes, because of the tears that are in these things; but they are the proud kind, never the sloppily sentimental. And at the end I am mistaken in you if you do not close the book with the rare and moving sensation that you have found something of which you can say, as I myself did, "This is absolutely It!"

Amongst the thousands of helpful suggestions for the conduct of war which have recently filled the columns of the daily press, I do not remember having seen any scheme for supplying the officers of the Allied Armies with an Irish terrier apiece. And yet if MARIE VON VORST is to be trusted, this is a very serious omission, for, had it not been for *Pitchouné*, I fear that the gallant hero of *His Love Story* (MILLS AND BOON) would have perished in the Sahara and never have won the lady of his heart. The *Comte de Sabron* was forbidden by his military orders to take a dog with him to Algiers, but *Pitchouné* ran all the way from Tarascon to Marseilles and jumped into the boat. Subsequently, when his master was lying wounded in the desert, he tracked down the nearest native village—twelve hours away—and barked till they sent out a relief expedition. A boy scout could not

do more, and, though my own experience of Irish terriers has led me to think that they do not spend over much time in the study of ordnance maps, yet for sentiment's sake, and because *His Love Story* is a charmingly written romance, I am ready to believe in all the feats of *Pitchouné*, and even to hope that he will not after all be *de trop* now that *M. le Comte* is happily wedded, but may have another brilliantly successful campaign in front of him.

Although Mrs. PENROSE's new novel, *Something Impossible* (MILLS AND BOON), gaily admits in its title its difficulties, I cannot pretend that I consider her to have made the most of her opportunity. There are at least two classic examples of her theme, Mr. ANSTEE's *Vice Versa* and Mr. DE LA MARE's *Return*. Mrs. PENROSE cannot approach either the charming humour of the one or the delicate beauty of the other. On a lower plane her story has its amusing moments, and

there is a vein of real tenderness in her picture of the relations of her hero and his faithful lady—a happy relief after the monotonous repetition of matrimonial infidelities dealt out to us by the average novel. It will be a consolation also to many readers to discover that plain people are far more popular than handsome ones and that to "have features of classical beauty" is the most unfortunate of handicaps in the race for comfort and success. Mrs. PENROSE, like many other women novelists, is very cruel to her own sex and never misses an opportunity of exposing its shallow sentiments and transient affections. But why are all novelists of to-day so merciless to the provincial town? There must be some pleasant people in Cathedral cities. I am weary of retired colonels with port-stained faces, and vinegary old maids, and unctuous

canons. Mrs. PENROSE has shown in her earlier books so real a sense of beauty and so touching a spirit of kindness that I am bound to confess that, with the exception of her treatment of her hero, this rather acid and ironical piece of nonsense is a disappointment.

From the Emperor of AUSTRIA's telegram to WILHELM II.:

"Words fail to express what moves me, and with me my army, in these days of the world's history."

The word "Servia" might express what moves his army.

The Scotsman on the condition of things in Norway:—

"Food supplies and rents are controlled by the Government, and spirits and wines cannot be purchased. Most of the English people have now left Norway."

For other reasons, we hope.

"PLEASURE TOURS.—St. Petersburg from London *via* Kiel Canal." *Adet. in "Times."*

Take your camera with you, and snap the jolly little German battleships as you go past. The result of the recent fight off Heligoland should increase your popularity.



The Small Man. "If I WAS AS WELL SET UP AS YOU I'D GO AND FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY, I WOULD!"

The Large Man. "No GOOD, MATE, I'VE TRIED IT. TOLD ME AT THE WAR OFFICE I WOULD SPOIL THE UNIFORM APPEARANCE OF ANY REGIMENT, SO I'M WAITIN' TILL THEY RAISE A CORPS OF CINEMA GUARDS."

CHARIVARIA.

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* says:—
"Our present war with England shall not be done by halves; it is no war to be stopped by 'notice,' but by a proper settlement. Otherwise the peace we all desire would be both rotten and dangerous." Your wish shall be respected, *Deutsche Tageszeitung*.

The fines which Germany has been imposing so lavishly on towns and provinces will, a commercial friend informs us, ultimately prove to be what are known in City circles as "temporary loans."

By the way, *The Globe* tells us that the KAISER was once known to his English relatives as "The Tin Soldier." In view of his passion for raising tin by these predatory methods this title might be revived.

The German threat that they will make "*Gurken-salad*" of the Goorkhas, leaves these cheery little sportsmen undismayed.

We give the rumour for what it is worth. It is said that, overcome with remorse at the work of his vandals at Louvain, the KAISER has promised when the war is over to present the city with a colossal monument of himself.

Meanwhile President WILSON is being urged by innumerable tourist agencies in his country to stop the war before any more historical buildings are demolished.

A number of the more valuable of the pictures in the Louvre have, with a view to their safety, been placed in cellars. *La Gioconda* is to be interned at an extra depth, as being peculiarly liable to be run away with.

Strangely enough, the most heroic single-handed feat of the war seems only to have been reported in one paper, *The Express*. We refer to the following announcement:—

"AUSTRIAN WARSHIP SUNK
By J. A. SINCLAIR POOLEY
Express Correspondent."

It is stated that the German barque *Excelsior*, bound for Bremen with a valuable cargo, has been captured by

one of our cruisers. It speaks well for the restraint of our Navy that, with so tempting a name, she was not blown up.

A proposal has been made in *The Globe* that all "alien enemies" in this country shall be confined within compounds until the end of the War. Suggested alteration in the National Anthem: "Compound his enemies."

"Carry on" is no doubt an admirable motto for these times, but the Special Constable who was surprised by his



The Thinker. "YOU SAY THIS WAR DON'T AFFECT YOU: BUT 'OW, INSTEAD OF A BRITISH COPPER SAYIN', 'GIT AHT OF IT,' WOULD YER LIKE ONE O' THEM GERMAN JOHNDARMS TO KEEP PRODDIN' AT YER WIF 'IS BAYNIT?'"

wife while carrying on with a cook (which he thought to be part of his professional duty) complains that it is misleading.

We hear that some of our Nuts have volunteered to serve as regimental pets.

Partridge shooting began last week, but poor sport is recorded. The birds declare that it is not their fault. They turned up in large numbers, but there were not enough guns to make it worth while.

The Gibraltar Manner.

"GIBRALTAR LIFE NORMAL.
Ladies Making Garments."

THE TWO GERMANIES.

MARVELLOUS the utter transformation
Of the spirit of the German nation!

Once the land of poets, seers and sages,
Who enchant us in their deathless
pages,

Holding high the torch of Truth, and
earning
Endless honour by their zeal for learning.

Such the land that in an age uncouth
Bred the soul-emanipating LUTHER.

Such the land that made our
debt the greater
By the gift of *Faust* and
Struwwelpeter.

Now the creed of NIETZSCHE,
base, unholy,
Guides the nation's brain and
guides it solely.

Now MOZART's serene and
joyous magic
Yields to RICHARD STRAUSS,
the hæmorrhagic.*

Now the eagle changing to
the vulture
Preaches rapine in the name
of culture.

Now the Prussian *Junker*,
blind with fury,
Claims to be God's counsel,
judge and jury.

While the authentic German
genius slumbers,
Cast into the limbo of back
numbers.

* Great play is made in STRAUSS's
Elektra with the "slippery blood"
motive.

The Late "Kaiser Wilhelm
der Grosse."

First Student of the War.

Why did they call it "Kaiser William
the Grocer?"

Second Student. Don't know. I
should have described him as a Butcher.

"PETROGRAD.

NEW NAME FOR THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

PETROGRAD (St. Petersburg), Tuesday.

By Imperial order, the city of St. Petersburg
will henceforth be known as Petrograu."

Evening Standard.

It looks more like three new names.

Q. I hear the Sugar Refiners are
raising cane?

A. That's because they haven't yet
got the German beet.

[Awarded Gold Medal and Banana
Skin for worst joke of the war.]

FOR THE RED CROSS.

Ye that have gentle hearts and fain
To succour men in need,
There is no voice could ask in vain
With such a cause to plead—
The cause of those that in your care,
Who know the debt to honour due,
Confide the wounds they proudly wear,
The wounds they took for you.

Out of the shock of shattering spears,
Of screaming shell and shard,
Snatched from the smoke that blinds and sears,
They come with bodies scarred,
And count the hours that idly toll,
Restless until their hurts be healed,
And they may fare, made strong and whole,
To face another field.

And yonder where the battle's waves
Broke yesterday o'erhead,
Where now the swift and shallow graves
Cover our English dead,
Think how your sisters play their part,
Who serve as in a holy shrine,
Tender of hand and brave of heart,
Under the Red Cross sign.

Ah, by that symbol, worshipped still,
Of life-blood sacrificed,
That lonely Cross on Calvary's hill
Red with the wounds of CHRIST;
By that free gift to none denied,
Let Pity pierce you like a sword,
And Love go out to open wide
The gate of life restored.

O. S.

The Red Cross Society is in need of help. Gifts should be addressed to Lord Rothschild at Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

"I THINK we may advance to attack," said the Prussian Commander, folding up the *Berliner Tageblatt* War Map.

"One moment, Sir," interposed the Chief of Staff, "the supply of captured alien women and children is exhausted."

"Then," said the Commander, "we shall be forced to confront the enemy's fire without the usual screen."

"Why not advance under a flag of truce?" suggested the Chief of Staff.

"I am loth to violate the canons of civilized warfare," said the Commander, "but really there seems no other way, unless—unless—Here! Hand me a telegram form. I have an idea."

The Commander wrote rapidly for a minute. "Send this at once," he said, "and pre-pay the reply."

In an hour the answer arrived. The Commander tore it open with eager haste. "We are saved!" he cried. "The advance commences at daybreak to-morrow." He tossed the telegram over to the Chief of Staff, who read:—"Am forwarding immediately per special train 1,000 foxes as requested.—Hagenbeck, Hamburg."

And the KAISER, reading the Commander's despatch later in the day, mailed his Super-strategist the insignia of the Order of the Double-faced Vulture.

DIARY OF A KAISER.

Sunday.—To-day has witnessed another triumph for the high-souled German army. Ten Belgian villages have been burnt. Some of the inhabitants have been also burnt; the rest have been driven out to starve. This will teach Belgium not to build villages in the way of a possible German advance. General von Schweinehund was in command of the noble German column. Have telegraphed my supreme congratulations and have conferred upon him the Iron Cross. How splendidly God is behaving in these days.

Monday.—It is stated that in East Prussia a village has been burnt by the Russians during a battle. This is monstrous, and must be stopped at once. Have sent a protest to the Tsar and have telegraphed to neutral countries pointing out that Russia is spreading barbarism, whereas Germany is spreading civilisation and culture. A reply has come from America; it contained only one word—"Louvain." That may be meant for humour, but I do not understand it. The Americans must not forget that Louvain was burnt by German troops, and that being so there can be no complaint. Have told my Court Chaplain, Dr. Meuchler, to draw the Divine attention to this infamy on the part of the Russian Huns.

Tuesday.—Six Belgian mayors and five hundred selected Belgian villagers have been shot by my gallant troops. One of them had sneered at Lieutenant von Blutgierig as he sat at breakfast. The Belgians are indeed a stiff-necked race, but with God's help they shall be made to understand the sympathetic gentleness of the German character. But to sneer at a man in uniform is an inconceivable crime worthy only of an Englishman. The lieutenant has had to go into hospital to recover from this shameful treatment. He is a true German and shall be rewarded.

Wednesday.—Ordered three cathedrals to be razed to the ground. Forget how many ordinary churches have been destroyed. All Belgian and French universities are to be at once bombarded and burnt for failing to recognise superiority of German intellect. Have just read noble book by Professor Lumpenthor, who proves that CÆSAR, HANNIBAL, ALEXANDER, HOMER, VIRGIL, SHAKSPEARE, NAPOLEON, ATILIA and GENGHIS KHAN were all Germans. He seems to fear that we modern Germans are too merciful. This is no doubt true, for the Belgians are not yet reconciled to us as their God-appointed masters.

Thursday.—Our wonderful navy continues its magnificent deeds. Two Danish boats and an English trawler have been sent to the bottom by mines in the North Sea. Have commanded religious services to be held in all German churches to thank God for all His mercies.

Friday.—Have arranged everything with Turks, who will shortly intervene with their army to help Germany to spread civilisation and the Gospel. Hear that England is about to use Indian troops. This, being an attack on German culture, cannot be allowed. Unless something is done about it shall countermand religious services.

Saturday.—Have ordered all remaining Belgian villages to be burnt and inhabitants to be shot. This will please my glorious troops. The Divine blessing is evidently on our cause.

"The Rev. N. J. Poyntz, M.A., is appointed a chaplain on the Bengal Establishment.

Add to European Crises."—*Pioneer*.

It can't be as serious as that.

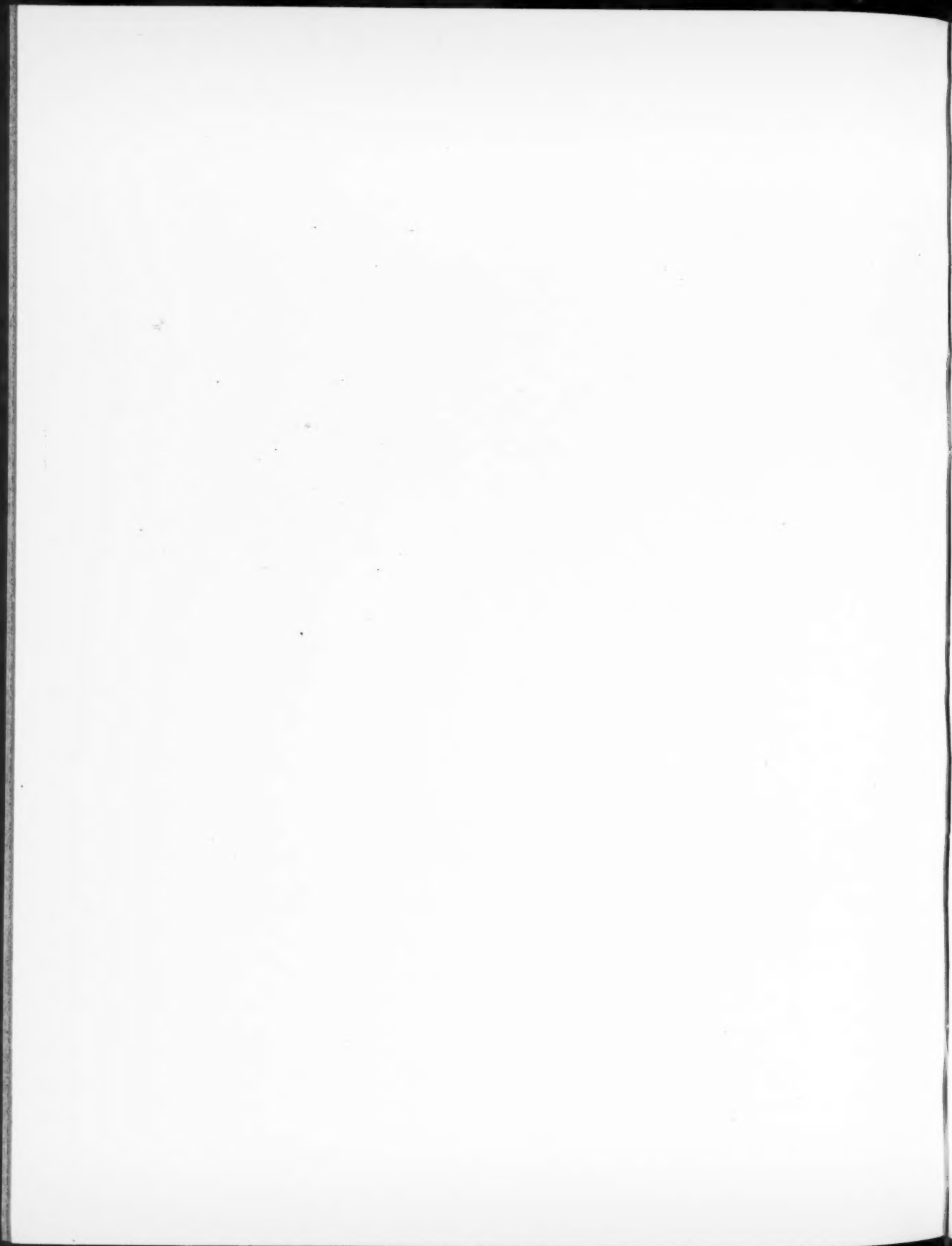
"Lost, Appendix, heart shaped, short chain attached."

Sunderland Daily Echo.

It must be a very fierce one to have bitten through its lead.



INDIA FOR THE KING!





SCENE—Louvain.

Imperial Patron of Art. "DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS; JUST GET A BROAD EFFECT OF CULTURE."
[A well-known battle painter of Düsseldorf has been commissioned by the KAISER to make studies of the present campaign.]

HIS FIRST VICTORY.

"Yes, I like the kit," she said, "and I'm glad you came to show yourself, because I've got a little present for you." He winced.

"I ought to say," he remarked, "that I have already received five barbed-wire-cutters, three vacuum flasks, eleven comforters, six writing blocks——"

"Oh, but *this* won't take up any room," and she held out a woollen helmet of the popular colour.

"Thanks awfully," he replied, drawing back, "but I never wear them."

"Of course you don't," she said; "they're not meant for tennis tournaments or the opera, but for the campaigner whose lodging is on the cold bare ground. In fact when once he gets it on he never wants to take it off again."

"From the look of it," he remarked, "it will be a case of Hobson's choice. You've underrated the size."

"I took your measurements last week," she said coldly.

"But that was before I joined the colours. You forgot to allow for subsequent developments."

"In any case the wool stretches," she observed. "Are you going to try it on?"

"It will play the very deuce with my hair," he objected.

"Very well," she said. "Dick shall have it."

"Never," he exclaimed, and snatching up the woollen object, began to ram his sleek head into the small aperture at the bottom.

Halfway through, apparently yielding to panic, he sought to return to fresh air and the light of day, but her hands ruthlessly seized the elaborate crochet edging, and pulled and tugged it down mercilessly towards his shoulders until his distorted features appeared at the hole in front with a pop, and she clapped her hands in delight.

"It fits you like a glove," she cried, "and though your nose is a bit red you look quite handsome."

"I'm being strangled," he gasped, clutching at his throat; "take it off!"

"In time of war," she observed, "we all have to put up with a little inconvenience. I shall soon be living on turnips, for instance, and you know how I hate them."

With a strange gurgling in his throat, he collapsed on the Chesterfield. His face grew purple, his eyes bulged and rolled, his veins swelled, his head dropped forward. She grew alarmed.

"Are you really choking?" she exclaimed. "Here, take your hands away. Let me help! Good gracious! *Darling!* Oh! Whatever shall I do?" She sprang for her scissors, and in a moment the helmet lay on the carpet hopelessly mutilated.

"Thanks," he replied, smoothing his ruffled hair. "In another minute the Germans would have missed their billet."

"Neither you nor Dick will be able to wear it now," she said, and her lip trembled.

"Dick won't," he said, "and as a matter of fact I'm going to."

"How *can* you?" And there was a catch in her voice.

"Not on my head perhaps, but on my heart—or rather," he added, slipping a khaki arm round her, "on the place where my heart used to be."

Next morning, on parade, his chest measurement was the object of universal envy.

THE TWO RECRUITING SERGEANTS.

UPSTAIRS, Baby, after many false starts, had finally settled into sleep. Downstairs, the little maid, alternately rattling knives against plates and saying "S'sh" to herself, had cleared away dinner. John, who had been strangely silent during the meal, was in his deep arm-chair, smoking. It was Mary's peace-hour.

She lay on the sofa, for she was always tired by now, reading the morning paper—her first chance at it. As she read, she made little comments aloud, as that the Germans were beasts, or that it was splendid about the Russians doing so well; and this was the signal for John to join in with the latest strategic gossip from the City.

Only to-night he didn't. He just sat smoking and thinking . . . thinking.

"I suppose the French," said Mary, lazily, "are going to—John!" She looked across at him suddenly, realizing all at once that he had answered none of her questions, knowing all at once that something was the matter.

"Yes?" he said, coming out of his thoughts with a start.

"John, you—," she sat up with a jerk and craned her head forward at him—"you haven't been dismissed?" She clenched her hands tight for the answer. Sometimes at night, when he was asleep and she wasn't, she would wonder what they would do if he were dismissed.

"Silly, of course not," said John with a laugh.

She gave a sob of relief and went over and sat on his knee and put her arms round his neck.

"Oh, John, I was so frightened. But what is it? There's something."

He smoked rapidly for a little. Then he put his pipe down, kissed her, and lifted her off his knee.

"I want to tell you something," he said; "but you mustn't look at me or I couldn't. Sit down there." She curled herself up on the floor, leaning back against his knees. "Mary"—he swallowed something which had stuck in his throat—"Mary, I've got to enlist."

She was round in a flash.

"What do you mean you've got to?" she cried indignantly. "That beast going to make you?" The beast was John's employer, a kindly man, whose fault it was to regard John as one only among many, a matter on which Mary often longed to put him right.

"No," said John. "But—but I've got to."

"Who's making you, then?"

"I don't know . . . I suppose the GERMAN EMPEROR really."

"There's lots that ought to go before

you go. You've got a wife and a child. Let those without go first."

"I know," said John doggedly. "I've thought of that."

She threw her arms round his neck in a sudden passion. "You *can't* leave me, John, you *can't*! I couldn't bear it. Why, we've only been married eighteen months. How can you want to go away and leave me and baby and—Why, you might get killed!" Her voice went up to a shriek.

"I don't want to leave you," said John, a strange, terrifying, rapid-speaking John; "I hate it. I hate war, I hate fighting, I hate leaving you—oh, my God, how I hate leaving you, my darling! I've prayed to God all day to stop the war before I have to go, but of course He won't. Oh, Mary, *help* me to go; don't make it harder for me."

She got off his knee; she brought a chair up opposite to him; she sat down in it and rested her chin on her hands and looked straight at him.

"Tell me all about it," she said. "I'm quite all right." So he told her all about it, and she never took her eyes off his face.

"A man came into the office to-day to talk to us about the war. The Governor introduced him—Denham, his name was . . . I knew he was all right at once. You know how you feel that about some people . . . He said he thought perhaps some of us didn't quite know what to do, and he wondered if he could help any of us . . . Said of course he knew that, if we thought England was in danger, we'd all rush to enlist, but perhaps we didn't quite know how much England *was* in danger, and all that England stood for—liberty, peace, nationality, honour and so on. In fact he'd come down to see if any of us would like to fight for England . . . Said he was afraid it was rather cheek of him to ask us to defend him, because that was what it came to, he being too old to fight. Said he knew some of us would have to make terrible sacrifices, sacrifices which he wasn't in the least making himself. Hoped we'd forgive him. He couldn't say that if he were as young as us he'd enlist like a shot, any more than he could say that if a woman jumped off Waterloo Bridge on a dark night he'd jump in after her. On the whole he thought it would be much easier to pretend he hadn't noticed. In fact that's very likely what he *would* do. But if someone, say the mother of the girl, pointed out the body to him, then he'd have to come to a decision. Well, he was in the position of that mother, he had come down to point out the body. He confessed it wasn't the job he liked best, pointing out bodies for other people to

save, but he was doing it because he thought it might be of some service. That was what we all had to realize, that it was a time when we had to do things we didn't like. 'Business as usual' might be a good motto, but 'Happiness as usual' was a thing we mustn't expect . . ."

John fell into silence again.

"What else did he say?" asked Mary, still with her eyes fastened on his face, as though she were looking at him for the last time.

"That was how he began. I can't tell you all he said afterwards, but I felt as if I'd just fight for *him*, even if there was nobody else in England . . ."

"Aren't there lots of people who wouldn't mind going as much as you?" said Mary timidly. "I mean men with no wives or children. Oughtn't they to go first?"

"I suppose they ought. But, you see, you'd never get anywhere like that. A would wait for B who was married but had no child, and B would wait for C who wasn't married but had a mother, and C would wait for D who was an orphan, and so on. That's what Mr. Denham said."

"I see," said Mary miserably.

"I don't quite understand what we're in the world for," said poor John, "or what the world's for at all. But I suppose the great thing is that—that good ideas should live and bad ideas should die . . . I haven't done much for good ideas so far, I'm not the sort of person who could . . . just one out of thousands of others . . . But I could do something for good ideas out there. I could help beat the bad idea of War . . . Mr. Denham says if we win there's lots of men, all the best and cleverest in the country, who are pledged to see that there shall be no more war. Well, that's what I call a good idea . . . only we've got to win first."

"I know it sounds a wretched thing to say, but what about money?" asked Mary hesitatingly.

"Mother would take you in; there'll be enough to pay her something. We might try and let the house."

And then all the memories of summer evenings and happy Sundays rushed upon Mary and she broke down.

"Our little garden of which we were so proud!" she sobbed.

"The Belgians," said John sadly, "were proud of their little gardens."

So far Recruiting Sergeant Denham. Meanwhile Recruiting Sergeant Flossie had also got to work. Flossie, awaked by the shock of war to the surprising fact that, after twenty-two years of vain, idle and inglorious life, she was



Old Servant (to lady who has just returned to her week-end cottage). "DREADFUL THIS NEWS ABOUT THE WAR, MUM; AND YOUNG MR. KENNETH AWAY WITH THE FLEET, AND ALL THE GENTLEMEN ABOUT HERE RECALLED TO THEIR REGIMENTS, AND THERE'S BEEN A DISASTER I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT. THE MOths HAVE GOT INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM CARPET, MUM."

now of the most complete unimportance to her country, had (for the first time) a sudden longing to "do something." And so, being unfitted for needlework, nursing or the kitchen, she adopted eagerly the suggestion of some stupid and unimaginative old gentleman, and constituted herself (under God) Supreme Arbiter of Men's Consciences for the South-West Suburbs of London. Patriotically aglow, she handed out white feathers to all the un-uniformed young men she chanced to meet . . . the whitest of all coming to John, as he made his way next morning to the recruiting office.

A. A. M.

HOW WILL YOU TAKE IT?

I SOMETIMES doubt whether my bank takes me really seriously. Not that it isn't businesslike. They let me know to the minute when I have overdrawn my account by five and elevenpence; but they cash my cheques with a certain air of patronage, whereas, if you look at things properly, the patronage is all on my side.

Every Saturday morning a man comes to my bank to cash a cheque for a

hundred and fifty pounds. (How he gets through all that money in a week I have never had the courage to ask him.) Every Saturday morning I come to my bank to cash a cheque for—well, whatever it happens to be, you know.

The trouble is that we nearly always coincide; only the other man always seems to coincide first. And, as he takes his hundred and fifty on a selective principle, I am beginning to know from bitter experience what he will ask for and how long he will take to get served. He begins with a note for fifty and goes on with fifty in fivers. Then he has twenty sovereigns, and so on, down to the pound in copper. He and the cashier chat airily the while of cabbages and kuisers. Then at last he goes away full, and the cashier turns to me.

The Saturday before last I ventured to ask whether, if the hundred-and-fifty pounder always insisted on arriving two seconds before me, it wouldn't be possible to cash my cheque, which is a simple little thing, in one of the intervals during which, after sending to the cellars for more gold, they relapse into easy conversation; or, alternatively, if it was really necessary to pay a cus-

tomor exactly the complicated bunches of monies he demanded; and, if so, whether it couldn't be done any quicker.

The answer proving unsatisfactory I determined to arrive earlier last Saturday. I made no mistake. I hung about the door of the bank for a quarter of an hour till I saw my rival approach. I came in just ahead of him, and presented my cheque. The cashier received it with his usual little smile and turned it over. Then his usual little smile left him and he set sadly to work.

The hundred-and-fifty pound man chafed and stamped his feet behind me for ten minutes, while I gloated. It was my day—my Tag.

I think you may like to know just in what shape I demanded the payment of my modest fifty shillings:—

£	s.	d.	
1	0	0	in one pound notes.
0	10	0	in ten shilling notes.
0	10	0	in gold.
0	5	0	in shilling postal orders.
0	2	0	in threepenny bits.
0	0	9½	in halfpennies.
0	1	10½	in farthings.
0	0	4	in silver, if possible (otherwise stamps).
0	0	0½	in pins.
2	10	0	

WAR DECLARATIONS.

"No, I don't mean that at all," said my wife hastily. "You quite misunderstand me. Of course everyone is to have as much, quite as much, food as he wants."

"Stop a bit. Does that mean as much as he likes?" I asked.

"Or as much as his system requires?" suggested the Reverend Henry.

"Or as much as he can contain?" demanded Sinclair. "It may seem to be a fine point, but I think we ought to have it cleared up."

The hostess resumed: "Everyone is to have as much as he likes, certainly. Of course he is. We are not going to be inhospitable. On the contrary, we are prepared to share our last crust. But there must be absolutely no waste."

There was a short pause. No one was inclined to demur to that proposition. The Reverend Henry alone had doubts.

"It is difficult at a time like this, you know," he began mildly, "to be quite certain that you are doing the right thing. If you stop all waste in your household are you sure that you may not be encouraging unemployment? If you don't waste biscuits it follows that fewer biscuits are made and therefore——"

The Reverend Henry was adjudged to be on the wrong tack and his protest was swept aside.

"Breakfast now," my wife began briskly, bringing into action her block of notepaper and fountain-pen. "All that I want to know—I wouldn't dream of stinting you—is—how much do you intend to eat?"

She looked round expectantly, the pen poised in her hand. There was rather an awkward pause. The question seemed at first blush a little indelicate. Sinclair tried to temporize.

"But wait a bit," he said. "Can't the servants manage to consume——"

"The servants breakfast long before you are up, Mr. Sinclair," my wife reminded him.

"It's perfectly simple," said I, suddenly taking the floor; "I think it an admirable idea, the essence of good citizenship. What we have got to do is to declare our appetites overnight so that every man eats the food he has booked and we make a clean sweep. Book me for two eggs and a kipper."

"Sorry there are no kippers tomorrow," said my wife. "Boiled eggs, bacon and kidneys and mushrooms."

"It would be wrong to suppose that I do not consider it a wise and indeed public-spirited idea in every way," said the Reverend Henry after some reflection, "but it is a little difficult, you

know. It depends so much upon how one sleeps and what one feels like, and what sort of morning it is, and the letters that come, and the war news."

"And on the temperature of one's tub," added Sinclair. "For my part I eat a lot at breakfast. I don't feel that I have the face to advertise the whole catalogue in this sort of way. It's too cold-blooded. Besides, I fluctuate like anything."

"Come on," said I. "You fellows are simply trying to shirk the thing. I declare two eggs, no bacon and three mushrooms, assuming an average size



GERMAN KAISER. "LET US PREY."

for mushrooms. One cup and a half of coffee. Three lumps in all."

"Well, that's a fairly good lead," said Sinclair. "I propose to double you on mushrooms and I should like to be put down for a kidney. What about you, Henry?"

"Nothing but one rasher of bacon, please," said Henry meekly. "I am never hungry in the morning and I have always wanted to know how much bacon there is in a rasher. A single cup of tea, no sugar, but plenty of cream."

My wife had been writing busily. Now she looked up. "What about toast?" she enquired.

"You are going into details," said Sinclair approvingly. "Doesn't it rather depend on the size of the slice? You may enter me for a couple of slices, three by two. And jam—no, marmalade. An ounce of marmalade."

"Do be quiet while I add it up,"

said my wife, for Sinclair was causing a lot of confusion by trying to barter a brace of mushrooms against my second egg (or at least to hold an option on the egg) in case he changed his mind before the morning. "And now I'll just send this to the kitchen, and then I'll go to bed."

It never really panned out well. On the first morning a very awkward thing happened. My wife, in her zeal to provide for her guests, had omitted to count herself in. We had to make a subscription for her, and it must be said that a splendid response was forthcoming, Sinclair nobly renouncing his kidney. But the result was that lunch had to be put half-an-hour earlier, and the day was disorganised.

On the second morning, the Rev. Henry was down early and bagged all my toast, while Sinclair, who had slept badly, refused to meet his obligations in the matter of kedjeree.

By the third day there was a good deal of unseemly barter and exchange going on, and Sinclair made a corner in eggs. "The trouble is," he explained, "that you never really know how good a thing is till you see it. Overnight a sardine on toast means nothing to me; and it was never announced that these eggs were going to be poached."

On the fourth day the scheme was tottering. Sinclair had actually been for a walk before breakfast and was consequently making an unsuccessful tour of the table in quest of extra toast. He then looked for the second time under the little blue blanket that keeps the eggs warm and peered disconsolately into the coffee pot. And then he struck.

"I'm afraid we shall have to chuck it," he announced. "We mean well, but it doesn't work."

My wife was a good deal taken aback, but Sinclair went on to prove his case.

"We are trying to avoid waste," he said. "Well, we may have eliminated a certain amount of—let us say *material* waste, but we are causing, on the other hand, the most deplorable moral waste. Henry and I were simply not on speaking terms yesterday after he scooped my marmalade under my very nose, and as for Charles" (that is myself) "he is simply out for loot. He gets down before the gong. And this is essentially a time to heal all differences and stand shoulder to shoulder."

"But I can't have waste," said my wife, who likes to stick to her point. "If things are left over there is no one to eat them."

"It will give me great pleasure," the Reverend Henry broke in eagerly, "to present you with a couple of live pigs—the animal kind, I mean."

THE CENSOR HABIT.

NOT the least disastrous circumstance for which this war must be held responsible is a certain misunderstanding arrived at between Phyllis and myself. Fortunately the sky is clearer now, but there was a time when the situation looked extremely ugly.

This is a copy of the letter I received from Phyllis a few days ago:—

"DEAR JACK,—So sorry for you that you couldn't pass the doctor. Have just heard from Leo for the first time. He left — on the —, and after a satisfactory passage arrived at —. They entrained soon after and are now in the neighbourhood of —. What do you think? The —s have occupied —. Captain — sends his regards to you. Yours, with love,

"PHYLLIS."

I only know one man in the regiment that Phyllis's brother adorns, and his name is Captain Nares. Even supposing that the name had been censored in Leo's letter, there could be no doubt as to the identity of the person to whom the writer referred.

So far as I could see there was one of two possibilities. Either Phyllis was involuntarily developing the Censor habit, or she was treating the exigencies of correspondence in war-time with a levity that in a future wife I firmly deprecated. Humour of this kind is all very well in its place; but these are not days in which we must smile without a serious reason. I determined to teach her a lesson.

"DEAR PHYLLIS," I wrote,— "Many thanks for Captain —'s regards. I don't remember the name, but possibly we are acquainted. By the way, you remember that bracelet you so much admired in the window in — Street? I really could not let you go on breaking the Covet Commandment for ever, so I bought it yesterday. I don't like sending it through the post at this critical time, so if you will meet me at the corner of — Circus and — Street at — o'clock, on — night, I will bring it along.

"Yours ever, "JACK."

Knowing her as I do, I thought that this, if anything, would bring Phyllis to her senses. On the other hand, she appeared to look on it as a kind of challenge, and sent me the following reply:—

"DEAR JACK,—Thanks very much for your nice thought. But you must have mistaken the shop. I'll tell you why. Only this morning I was gazing at the very bracelet, when who should come up but—. He's an awfully nice fellow,



CLOTHES OF THE PERIOD.

"I WANT SOME SMART COLLARS."

"YESSIR. MR. SIMPKINS, JUST BRING ME DOWN AN ASSORTMENT OF 'DIRIGIBLES' AND SOME 'SUPER-DREADNOUGHTS.'"

and very determined. When I told him what I was looking at, he actually suggested buying me the bracelet. Of course I said that no lady would dream of accepting a present like that, but he wouldn't hear of a refusal and simply pushed the darling thing into my hand. I am meeting him at the —'s at luncheon on Friday. So sorry you won't be there.

"Yours ever, "PHYLLIS."

In reply to which I wrote:—

"DEAR PHYLLIS, — You'd better marry —. "JACK."

Phyllis wrote back:—

"Sorry, shan't be able to now. — has just been called up, and sails from — for — on —. So perhaps you and I had better be engaged again. I'm longing for a bracelet.

"PHYLLIS."

There was only one way of answering this superb piece of impudence. I en-

closed a blank sheet of paper to Phyllis, signifying my complete indifference.

Her still more negative answer was an envelope addressed to me with no enclosure at all.

To this I replied by not replying.

And here, by all the laws of sequence, our correspondence should have been brought to a standstill. I calculated, however, that when the postman delivered my phantom communication next morning Phyllis would not remain twiddling her thumbs for long.

Sure enough, about 9 A.M. I received this wire:

"Regret your letter of apology intercepted by Censor. Will take same for granted in consideration of war-time. All is forgiven. Call here this evening with bracelet.—PHYLLIS."

New Wisdom for Old.

Grattez le Prusse, et vous trouvez le barbare.



THE SUSPECT.

INFANTRY.

IN Paris Town, in Paris Town—'twas
neath an April sky—

I saw a regiment of the line go march-
ing to Versailles;

When white along the Bois there shone
the chestnut's waxen cells,

And the sun was winking on the long
Labels,

Flic flac, flic flac, on all the long
Labels!

The flowers were out along the Bois,
the leaves were overhead,

And I saw a regiment of the line that
swung in blue and red;

The youth of things, the joy of things,
they made my heart to beat,

And the quick-step lilting and the tramp
of feet!

Flic flac, flic flac, the tramping of
the feet!

The spiked nuts have fallen and the
leaf is dull and dry

Since last I saw a regiment go march-
ing to Versailles;

And what's become of all of those
that heard the music play?

They trained them for the Frontier
upon an August day;

Flic flac, flic flac, all on an August day!

And some of them they stumbled on
the slippery summer grass,

And there they've left them lying with
their faces to Alsace;

The others—so they'd tell you—ere the
chestnut's decked for Spring,

Shall march beneath some linden trees
to call upon a King;

Flic flac, flic flac, to call upon a
King.

AT THE PLAY.

"OUTCAST."

It is very fresh and delightful of
Mr. H. H. DAVIES to regard seriously
the love of a man for a maid. North
of the river and west of Temple Bar it
is the intrigues of the highly com-
promised middle-aged which are sup-
posed to be most worthy of attention
on the stage. But Mr. DAVIES (luckily)
is never afraid of being young. So he
starts us off with a picture of *Geoffrey*
in the clutches of drink and drugs just
because *Valentine* has jilted him. True
that when *Valentine* is finally married
to another man *Geoffrey* is still in love
with her, and receives her at midnight
in his rooms; but by this time Mr.
DAVIES has given us three excellent
Acts in his own best manner.

And these Acts are hardly concerned
with the love of *Geoffrey* for *Valentine*
at all, but with the relations between
Geoffrey and *Miriam*, a woman of the
town. She is, like *Geoffrey*, an outcast;
but she has all the good qualities which
he lacks, and she is brave and loving
enough to drag him from the pit into
which he was sinking. He rewards
her by chasing after *Valentine* again
(now tired of her husband)—and also
by getting Mr. DAVIES, as I thought,
a little way out of his element.

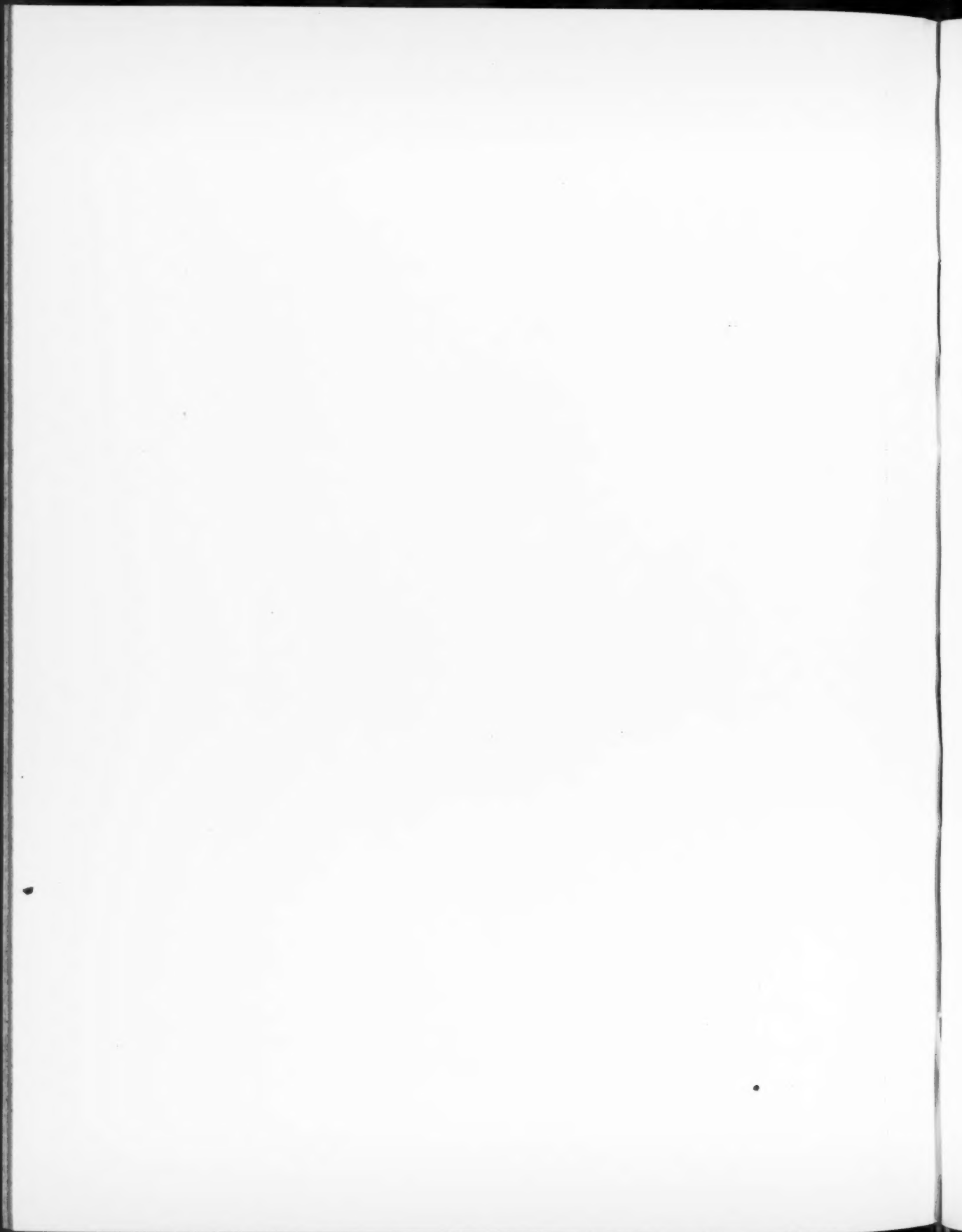
The solution of this less common
triangle—man, mistress, other man's
wife—I must leave to the author to
reveal to you. Meanwhile I thank him
for an absorbing play, in which the
two chief characters were extremely
well worked out. Perfectly played by
Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER and Miss
ETHEL LEVEY, they were two very
human people.

By the way, in one respect *Outcast*
must easily break all records. Never
have so many stage cigarettes been lit
(and thrown away) in the course of an
evening. I wish that somebody who
reads this and is tempted to pay a
visit to Wyndham's would let me
know the full number. I began
counting too late. M.



GOD (AND THE WOMEN) OUR SHIELD!

STUDY OF A GERMAN GENTLEMAN GOING INTO ACTION.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 31.—The peace in the Parliamentary arena which passed the understanding of the KAISER and went far to foil his plans, is temporarily broken.

Moving adjournment PREMIER reminded House of actual situation concerning Home Rule Bill and Welsh Disestablishment Bill. But for the outbreak of war Parliament would have been prorogued at least a fortnight ago and, by automatic procedure under Parliament Act, these measures would have been added to Statute Book. On outbreak of war political parties, amid plaudits of the Country, patriotically put aside partisan tactics and presented a united front to the common foe.

As PREMIER reminded House this afternoon, three weeks ago he declared desire that no party in any quarter of the House should gain advantage or should suffer prejudice from the temporary suspension of domestic controversy. When this was resumed, matters should be taken up and proceeded with exactly at the point and under the conditions at which they were left. The main feature of such conditions was the avowed intention of the Government to place the two Bills on Statute Book, hope being cherished of arrival at friendly settlement by means of Amending Bill.

This simple uncontrovertible statement of familiar facts quietly listened to. No note of contradiction broke the silence. BONAR LAW frankly accepted the situation as set forth by the PREMIER. Expressed hope that in the interval between adjournment and resumption of sittings some means would be found of avoiding renewal of controversy which he described as "a disgrace to the House," adding, amid general cheers, "The country will not readily forgive those who are responsible."

JOHN REDMOND assumed that if the proposal to reach a friendly settlement failed the intention of the Government to place the two Bills upon the Statute Book remained in force. This obvious assumption, based upon reiterated statements from the Treasury Bench, drew assenting cheer from Ministerialists.

It was here PRINCE ARTHUR interfered. Amid angry interruption he asked Members opposite to "consider whether it is possible decently to introduce subjects of acute political discussion in the present circumstances." Lively talk followed, showing that the bitterness of Home Rule controversy is not dead or even sleeping.

What might have developed into dis-

**OUR VILLAGE INFORMATION BUREAU.**

Postmaster (to lady who has handed in a telegram in French to a friend in Switzerland). "WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO ACCEPT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS, MISS. THERE'S A WAR ON—ON THE CONTINENT."

credible scene of the kind deprecated by PRINCE ARTHUR was averted by interposition of the PREMIER. In gravest tone, "with all the solemnity I can command," he besought the House to bring the discussion to a close.

Appeal irresistible. House turned to disposal of remaining business, remaining at work till half-an-hour after midnight.

Business done.—Adjourned till Wednesday in next week.

Heavy Work at the Front.

"I had been snatching an hour's rest after a tiring day in the shade of a great pear tree."
—"Evening News" War Correspondent.
(Italics by Mr. Punch.)

"How much the bravery of the Belgians is appreciated has found practical expression in — [London]. A Belgian hairdresser, who has been many years in business here, has found a very considerable increase in his turnover during the past week or two."

West London Gazette.

One customer showed his appreciation by having his hair cut three times last week. But a subscription to the Belgian Relief Fund is perhaps the better way of doing it.

"Lord Hatherton has placed Teddesley Park at the disposal of the Penkridge Rifle Club, and offered himself as instructor in the use of the rifle."—*Standard.*

The heading "Peer's House as Hospital" is perhaps a trifle offensive.

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One Shilling per packet.

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One Guinea.

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THE GOREY GALLERY, BOND STREET.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT
ENDOWMENT SCHEME.

JANE'S uncle—Jane is my daughter—came to me one day and said, "What do you think of my giving Jane a camera for her birthday? Wouldn't she be pleased? The advertisement says, 'Any babe can do it,' and she'll be ten."

"I have no doubt she'd be delighted," I said, "but there's a but. If you give it you must endow it."

"What do you mean?" said Jane's uncle.

"The camera's the least part of it," I replied. "For half-a-guinea you can cast a camera upon the world, but have you given a moment's consideration to that camera's means of support? No, I thought not. One more proof of the happy-go-lucky spirit of the present day. Yet you know that a camera has to be fed on plates, that it consumes quantities of poisonous acids, and expresses itself on reams of paper. It is altogether a desperate and spendthrift character. On whom do you suppose the cost of all this will fall?"

"On the employer, I should think," said Jane's uncle. "Doesn't Jane get pocket-money?"

"Threepence a week," I said. "Barely her share of the camera's insurance stamp. Jane being under age, any debts she may incur will devolve on me, and I am really not in a position to take on this responsibility. No, I repeat, if you give it you must endow it."

Jane's uncle meditated. Then he said, "Very well, I'll endow it to the extent of £1 a year, to be paid in quarterly instalments of 5s. each."

Jane was delighted with the scheme. She had never had five shillings to spend before, and was enthralled to find that it would buy not only paper and poisons and plates, but also a mackintosh coat for her camera. Then she took snapshots indoors and outdoors, at all times and in all weathers, with catholic indifference to subject and suitability.

"The book says one has to learn by experience," she said, showing me a pile of under-exposures. "This one of

you is very good—the only pity is that I didn't get your head into the photo."

This was one of many small details.

Jane looked forward feverishly to the payment of the second instalment.

"You'll have to put it by," I said. "You have plenty of paper and things left, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I want a dormouse."

"Oh, but that wouldn't be legal," I said. "That would be a misappropriation of trust funds."

"What's that?" said Jane.

"Well," I said, "don't you see that the money's given to endow your camera, and must be spent on that camera and nothing else?"

"But there's nothing more to get for it," urged Jane.

"Then the money must accumulate interest until there is," I said.

Women have no heads for the law. I could not make Jane see that to buy a dormouse with the funds of the camera would be an irregular and punishable proceeding. Finally, in despair, I had to promise to ask her uncle if he would recognise the application of one quarter's payment to the purchase of a dormouse. He acceded to the somewhat unusual request with his customary good-nature.

"But remember," I told Jane, "the next instalment must be spent on the camera."

Slowly but surely, however, the camera fell into disuse. I was asked more rarely, and more rarely still, to look through prints. At last I was asked no more.

Then the third instalment arrived.

"You want some more paper and things by now, I suppose?" I said encouragingly.

"The light hasn't been good lately," said Jane evasively. "I've not been taking many photos."

"Then what are you going to do with the money?"

"Ask Uncle if I may buy a stamp-album."

Shortly after this, Jane's uncle's birthday came round. I passed a shop in the City which had recently had a fire. Five hundred silver cigarette-cases had been pluckily rescued from the flames and, to celebrate their escape, were being offered for sale at a remarkably low figure. One of these survivors was dispatched to Jane's uncle.

He dined with us the next evening, and was more grateful than I could reasonably expect. He handled the cigarette-case quite fondly.

"But what about its endowment?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Well, isn't a cigarette-case as eligible

as a camera?" he said. "Its needs are, I consider, even greater. Presumably this gift is meant to facilitate my smoking, but an empty cigarette-case offers me nothing to smoke—it implies the heavy responsibility on an already overburdened man of keeping it filled. Now, suppose you complete the gift, as I did Jane's, by at least a year's endowment?"

I began to wish that the cigarette-cases had perished, but after his kindness to Jane I could hardly refuse.

"Well, what would it cost?" I said.

"That's easily reckoned," said Jane's uncle. "Say I smoke on an average fifteen cigarettes a day—that's 105 a week—that's— Have you a piece of paper?"

It worked out at just under 5,500 cigarettes a year. At 8s. a hundred, twenty guineas would just cover the year's endowment. It seemed out of all proportion to the cost of the case.

"It's a good deal more than Jane's camera got," I protested.

"I told you its claims were greater. Of course you can't expect to get off as cheaply with a fixed habit of maturity as with the passing caprice of a kid. On the other hand you might have done worse. Suppose you had given me golf-clubs—there'd have been golf-balls, caddies, club subscription, lunches, fares and postage on correspondence with *The Times*. Compared with that, what is a paltry five guineas a quarter?"

On reflection I found that very few presents would have escaped the endowment scheme altogether, and that the cigarette-case was really a comparatively modest pensioner, and I felt a little comforted.

For four quarters I remitted five guineas to Jane's uncle.

My present seemed to change his nature. Whereas he had been a man rather to ignore the claims of clothes than to consider them, I now noticed that he looked more prosperous and was better dressed than I had ever seen him before. Once, when he appeared in a new lounge suit—the second new one within my knowledge in six months—I could not refrain from remarking on it.

"One has to dress up to a silver cigarette-case, old fellow," he said, and the subject was dismissed.

The year was on the point of expiring. One day I was talking with Jane's uncle and another man at the Club. The other man offered me a cigarette, and to my amazement passed Jane's uncle over with these words:—

"No good offering you one, I know, poor old chap. When is your doctor going to give you a reprieve?"



First Lady. "I SEE THE MASTER CUTTING A DASH THIS MORNING. NOBODY WOULDN'T THINK HE WAS HARD UP."

Second Lady. "LOR' BLESS YER, NO! SINCE THIS 'ERE MERRYTORIUM COME IN HE WALKS DOWN THE HIGH STREET IN FRONT OF ALL THE SHOPS AS THOUGH HE DIDN'T OWE 'EM A PENNY."

"I don't know," he said sadly, taking a pinch of snuff.

"What does this mean?" I said when we were alone. "What about the endowment at the rate of fifteen cigarettes a day?"

"A parallel case to Jane's," he answered. "There seems something fatal about these endowments. Three days after you had agreed to endow the cigarette-case my doctor forbade me, on pain of some awful 'itis,' to exceed three cigarettes a day. With the first instalment you had provided me with cigarettes for the year. So what should

I do in these circumstances but follow the precedent set by your family? Only, instead of a dormouse and a stamp-album, I chose to purchase smartness. I spent the three remaining instalments on my wardrobe."

* * * * *

It was my birthday yesterday. Jane's uncle sent me a handsome silver-mounted walking-stick. "It is the only thing I can think of that requires no endowment," he wrote. "Pavements are supplied by the County Council, and you have an umbrella-stand."

I should like to use it across his back.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

IV.—IN THE HIGHLAND FORESTS.

(In the approved manner of the *Sporting Feuilleton*.)

ALONE in a first-class compartment of the Scotch Express Ralph Wonderson, athlete and sportsman, journeyed northwards for the grouse hunting. He was surrounded by gun-cases and cartridge-belts, and, as the train flashed through the summer landscape, he reflected pleasantly that "Grey Bob," his magnificent hunter, was snugly ensconced in the horse-box adjoining.

It was dusk when they arrived at the little Highland station. As he stepped out of the carriage with jingling spurs he was greeted by Grey Bob, who stood impatiently pawing the platform. Flicking a speck of dust from his favourite's glossy neck, Ralph leaped lightly into the saddle and cantered out of the station towards Clancrachan Castle.

As he rode through the gathering darkness he caracoled with an enviable lightness of heart. Was not his host for the next three weeks his bosom-friend, young Lord Tamerton? And was not the beautiful golden-haired Lady Margaret Tamerton with her brother? Little marvel that Ralph tossed his rifle high in the air and caught it again and again from sheer exuberance of spirits.

When he reached the ancient castle he found dinner over and the guests, among whom were some of the keenest sportsmen in Britain, assembled in the gun-room.

"In the nick of time, Ralph!" exclaimed Lord Tamerton, clasping his hand warmly. "We are trying to create a mediæval atmosphere in keeping with our surroundings, and as host I was about to announce in the approved manner of Chivalry that the Champion of to-morrow's hunt shall be rewarded with the hand of my only sister, Lady Margaret. It is for you to do your *devoir* like a *preux chevalier*."

There was a chorus of laughter and applause. Only Ralph remained serious. His fingers tightening on those of Lady Margaret, he plunged his eyes earnestly into hers. Doubtless he read there what he had hoped to see.

It was a merry party which set out next morning, and, as each cavalier

passed Lady Margaret, who stood on the terrace, he playfully pledged himself to do his knightliest.

Soon they parted, each taking his own route. Ralph, urging Grey Bob to his best paces, plunged straight into the heart of the forest, his loader running sturdily at his stirrup. A curious, taciturn fellow, this loader, with a tangled mass of flaming red hair and a bushy red beard which almost obscured his features and hung below his sporran.

Arrived at what appeared a suitable spot, Ralph tethered Grey Bob to a sapling and took up his position behind a massive oak. He was extracting the

could not forbear a grim smile as he did so. He had written the single word, "Rats!"

It was received with a loud exclamation of protest. Ralph ducked and turned in one catlike movement and hurled himself upon the loader. The rifle flew away, discharging itself uselessly into the branches of the oak. Claspings his adversary by the throat Ralph pushed him backwards to the ground, and the pair rolled over locked in a deadly embrace. Then suddenly the loader relaxed his grip and lay limp and still.

Breathing heavily, Ralph raised himself to his knees and pulled away the false wig and beard of his prostrate foe. Not altogether to his surprise he beheld the features of Sir Ernest Scrivener, *alias* Marmaduke Moorsdyke.

A low gasp of relief made him glance up. Seated on her black palfrey was Lady Margaret, who had been watching the struggle with breathless and agonised anxiety.

"Madge!" cried Ralph, rising to his feet. "What are you—"

Her quick cry of warning came too late. Wheeling round, Ralph found that the treacherous baronet had seized a second rifle and had levelled it directly at Lady Margaret's heart.

"I rather think," said the slow, sneering voice, "that I am now in a position to enforce my commands. You will walk steadily backwards for two miles. If you refuse I shall shoot Lady Margaret. And I shall shoot to kill."

His nerves as steady as steel in this desperate crisis,

Ralph swiftly analysed the situation. If he backed away as commanded, Sir Ernest would then mount Grey Bob and ride off with Lady Margaret, and Ralph realised that even her death was preferable to this. If he made a dash at the assailant, the latter, to save his own skin, would almost certainly fire. But Ralph knew that Sir Ernest, in spite of his threat, had no intention of shooting Lady Margaret if it could possibly be avoided.

He determined to remain perfectly still. The probabilities were that Scrivener, realising he had been outwitted, would sooner or later turn his rifle suddenly on Ralph, and Ralph, in all the pride of his magnificent physical powers, knew that in that brief moment he could hurl himself upon the other.



THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.

Germany. "PERMIT ME TO RECOMMEND THESE GLASSES, MADE IN GERMANY, AND GUARANTEED TO GIVE AN UNUSUALLY WIDE AND LUMINOUS VIEW—SAME, IN FACT, AS MINE."

Italy. "VERY KIND AND THOUGHTFUL, I'M SURE; BUT I CAN SEE QUITE NICELY, THANK YOU. I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU, FOR INSTANCE, WITH THE NAKED EYE. GOOD MORNING."

field-glasses from the case at his side when his pulses contracted as he felt a cold rim of metal pressed suddenly against the back of his neck. In a flash he realised that it was the muzzle of a rifle. There was a grim, tense silence for a full minute.

"Take these," said the cold, drawling voice of the loader, "and write as I dictate."

Ralph took the paper and fountain-pen which were thrust over his shoulder and prepared to write.

"Commence," continued the voice. "I—Ralph Wonderson—hereby confess—that I poisoned—the late Lord Tamerton.—I also hereby renounce—all pretensions—to the hand—of Lady Margaret Tamerton. Now sign it."

In obedience to a further command Ralph handed back the sheet. He



LATEST WAR NEWS.

"WE'LL SOON 'EV THE KAISER FINCHED NAH. THE COPPER'S GORN FROM OUR COURT!"
[The Press Bureau does not guarantee the accuracy of this statement.]

But Sir Ernest knew it also.

Ralph stood motionless. Lady Margaret, playing her part bravely, sat motionless on her palfrey. Sir Ernest lay motionless, his rifle pointed inflexibly at her heart. No word was spoken.

A grouse in the oak-tree croaked jeeringly.

* * * * *

An hour passed. Two hours. Three. Four. There was not the tremor of a muscle among the three.

Five hours passed. Six. Seven. Then Ralph felt that the strain could be borne no longer. He resolved to count a hundred and at the end of that time to rush desperately forward, hoping against hope that the murderous bullet would not find its billet.

Ninety-seven . . . ninety-eight . . . ninety-nine . . . Ralph caught his breath sharply. The finger on the rifle trigger had relaxed.

Sir Ernest had fainted.

In thirty seconds Ralph had bound him hand and foot. With a long, quivering sigh of relief Lady Margaret slid from her horse and threw herself

into her rescuer's arms. Ralph crushed her to his breast in a passion of gratitude.

But Lady Margaret quickly disengaged herself. "What about the grouse?" she exclaimed.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Ralph, snatching out his watch. "It's four o'clock! I have only one hour, and the others will have had eight."

He seized his field-glasses, sprang into the oak and swept the surrounding country. There was not a grouse in sight. He gave vent to an exclamation of despair.

"Follow me!" said Lady Margaret. "I know their sanctuary. You can do it yet."

Snatching up the rifles, Ralph followed the girl as she threaded her way through the trees. At last she halted abruptly. "Look!" she whispered. "There they are."

And, indeed, Ralph saw that all the trees around him were congested with grouse. He levelled his rifle and fired.

Bang! A grouse fell at his feet. He snatched the second rifle from Lady Margaret, who had assumed the rôle of

loader. Bang! Another fell. There was no escape from that deadly eye.

Lady Margaret had been brought up to sport from her earliest youth. As a child she had watched many of the finest shots in Europe. But she had never seen anything like this. Such unerring precision enthralled her.

And she played her own part nobly. Almost before Ralph had surrendered the empty rifle the loaded one was in his grasp. And when the barrels grew red-hot, her quick wit saved the situation and she thrust them into the stream which trickled at their feet.

Bang! . . . Bang! . . . Bang!

* * * * *

Again the guests were assembled in the gun-room.

"Oyez! Oyez!" cried Lord Tamer-ton merrily. "I proclaim the champion to be Ralph Wonderson, with a total bag of two thousand brace."

Amid a clamour of laughter and congratulation Lady Margaret came shyly forward and laid her left hand on Ralph's shoulder.

On its third finger glittered a magnificent hoop of diamonds.

THE FIRST BLUNDER.

How I succeeded in getting this interview I should very much like to know. But I did. Let that suffice.

When I entered He was standing before His mirror fumbling with His moustache, which seemed unwilling any more to point upwards, but had a persistent droop. "*Donner und blitzen!*" He exclaimed irascibly as he added more and more stiffening paste.

Observing me He paused and sat down, motioning me to do the same. Then, after taking a tablespoonful of the blood-and-iron tonic in a bottle beside Him, He bade me be quick with my questions as He was busy.

I explained my visit at once. "It says in the paper," I said, "that your Majesty's troops are being withdrawn from the North of Belgium."

He nodded.

"And that," I continued, "the province of Antwerp is free of them."

He nodded again.

"But," I said, "surely that is a mistake—an error both of tactics and judgment of the greatest seriousness?"

"How?" He asked.

"This chastisement of the world," I said, "which you are to inflict——"

He smiled agreement.

"This spread of *Geist*——"

I continued.

He beamed.

"How can it be thorough if you shirk your duty?" I added.

He bade me explain myself more fully.

"Take Louvain," I said, "as a start. That was splendid."

"Wasn't it?" He replied. "Hoch!"

"That's the way," I continued. "Destroy the gems of architecture. Burn the priceless and unique manuscripts. Wreck the seats of learning. That will teach the world what you really mean, what you really stand for."

His eyes glistened. "We do our best," He said. "Hoch!"

"But why be half-hearted?" I went on. "That's the folly. It seems to me that some one among your generals must be blundering very badly if Antwerp is to be so scandalously neglected. The lesson that it might teach if properly handled! The enormous value of its example to those parts of the civilised world that are still on the fence!—Holland, for instance, Italy, Bulgaria."

"But the blunder? For God's sake—I should say for My sake—tell Me

quickly," He said with his hand on the telephone.

I drew from my pocket a packet of picture postcards and showed him one.

"How beautiful!" He said. "Where is it?"

"Antwerp Cathedral," I replied.

"What a lovely spire!" He remarked wistfully. "So tall and slender. It looks as if it would fall so easily."

I showed Him another.

"That is charming," He said. "Where is that?"

"Antwerp again," I said. "The Plantin museum. The most interesting printing establishment in the world. So quiet, so serene—in short, perfect and irreplaceable."

The last word seemed to strike Him.



Turkey. "LOOKS VERY TEMPTING AND FRUITY; BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHO'S GOING TO PAY THE DOCTOR'S BILL IF COMPLICATIONS ENSUE?"

He repeated it once or twice.

"And these are at Antwerp?" He asked again.

"Yes," I said. "And these"—showing Him more photographs—"are at Bruges. And," I added meaningly, "still standing."

"Yes, you are right," He exclaimed. "It is outrageous. What fool ordered the withdrawal from Belgium, I wonder—with all this work for culture still to do!"

He was furious.

"Not a stone should have been left," He said. "The true *Geist* must prevail. Every opportunity of proving our enlightenment should have been taken. There will be trouble over this, I can promise you. Leave me now. I must think."

He turned again to the blood-and-iron tonic, and was once more at the mirror when I left. His moustaches had come undone again. Both ends now pointed resolutely to the carpet.

THE COUNTING OF CHICKENS.

For business reasons I had to take my holiday alone this year, after my wife and children had come back from Cornwall.

While I was away Peggy wrote to me and said that Evangeline, her favourite Minorea, had laid eleven eggs. Whereupon she, Evangeline, had become broody and refused to be comforted; so Peggy said she had added two eggs that Clara, one of the Cochins, had laid and was saving up, and put them under Evangeline, who had sat on the lot for the regulation period, the result being ten of the dearest little fluffy chickens you ever saw. My first reflection was that there they were, ten of them, eating the bread of idleness, and in war-time, too, with so many other more useful mouths to fill.

But Peggy's last paragraph was consoling. She informed her father that she intended to collar some of the alien trade, and had made a good start with her ten chickens, in addition to the three Minoreas, five Cochins, and two Pedigree - unknowns, which were all laying eggs like anything. Another of the Cochins, Maud Eliza, was beginning to get broody, and was being trained for her sitting-Marathon on a box of my best golf-balls, and altogether things looked rosy—from Peggy's point of view.

I replied by return of post that she was really trying to ruin a neutral Denmark, and

that to compete with the hated foe she must induce Evangeline, Clara & Co. to turn their attention to laying sausages, the brass collars of electric-light bulbs, toys and small hardware; but, so as not to discourage her, I added that the chickens would make splendid table-decorations later on, and would keep down Williamson's absurd bills for meat.

I came home yesterday; and after tea Peggy presented me with a sheet of paper covered with figures—a set of multiplication sums in fact. There was a column for each of the hens and their possible offsprings, and the grand total, expressed in terms of chickens, was stupendous.

"What," she said, "is a chicken worth when it's ready to cook?"

"It depends," I said, "whether you are buying or selling it."

"Selling," she said.

"Oh; say 2s. 6d."

"Then to be on the safe side," she



TRAINING IN THE PARK.

OLD GENTLEMAN ENGAGED IN QUIET SIESTA IN KENSINGTON GARDENS SUDDENLY WAKES TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE ABOVE ALARMING SITUATION AND HASTILY CONCLUDES THAT THE GERMANS HAVE ARRIVED.

said, "we'll call it 2s. That makes twice 1,121 shillings. How much is that?"

I found a stump of pencil, and an empty corner of *The History of the War*, and worked it out. "£112 2s. 0d.," I said at last.

"Not so bad, Daddy, in twelve months."

"Marvellous!" I said; "colossal! But you haven't allowed for the chickens we shall eat."

"No," she said, "but we shall save 2s. on each one we eat, so it's the same thing in the end."

I admitted the plausibility of this calculation.

"But," I said, "you're not allowing for deaths and bad eggs."

"Oh yes, I am," she said; "I've only allowed half the eggs to become chickens."

"You'd never make a company promoter," I said.

"I'm going to be a hospital nurse, thank you, Daddy," she said with her nose in the air. "Do come and see Evangeline's family."

So we strolled into the garden and down to the poultry run, taking the multiplication sums with us.

Evangeline, the optimist, was busy scratching up the more or less kindly fruits of the earth for her family and didn't make the slightest sign of recognition, though I coughed twice.

"She's much too busy," said Peggy, "to notice that you've come home. Aren't they darlings?"

"They're certainly a healthy-looking lot. Two of them I recognise as Clara's contribution. Doesn't she mind?"

"I don't think so," said Peggy; "she's busy too. She's been sitting now for nearly a fortnight, and Maud Eliza's on eggs as well."

"I hope none of my golf balls are added," I said. "I want to have a round to-morrow afternoon."

"Of course not. I've washed them all and put them back again."

"Good egg!" I said.

Suddenly I had an unhappy thought.

"Where," I asked, "are the figures relating to this lot of Evangeline's?"

"Here," she said, "under 'E.' Five

chickens. I've allowed five to die, though I'm sure they wouldn't if they knew what they're wanted for."

"I'm afraid you'll have to work it all out again."

"Why?"

"Look here," I said, "five chickens, and each going to lay at least enough eggs to sit on, and half of the sitting to mature, as it were; that sounds fair enough, but not more than three of this lot will lay eggs at all."

"Oh! why ever not?" she said.

"Nature's limitations," I explained. "Seven of them are cockerels."

Our Latest Cinema Film.

"The Boa Constrictor, 3,500 feet."

Adet. in "Cape Times."

There must have been some centipedes in the family.

"I received orders from my employer," he said, "to go to —," but found that the train service was stopped. I had to do many miles on my bicycle."—*Yorkshire Evening News*.

We trust that he did not scorch very badly on his arrival at this unmentionable destination.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOME people have all the luck! Fancy preparing for publication this summer a novel whose scene is laid in Belgium. The picture of Bruges Tower on the cover of *The Belfry* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) should alone be enough to sell it like the hottest of hot cakes. Of course it would be rather too much to expect the story to treat of the Belgium we all love and admire to-day. Indeed, MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS, writing in the old times of six weeks ago, permits herself some good-natured humour at the expense of the little red-trousered army. To-day it sounds oddly archaic. But, this apart, there is enough topical and local colour in the setting to secure success, even without an interesting story such as is told here. One may perhaps fairly easily detect its inspiration in certain actual happenings. It is the story of a woman, *Lucy Briarwell*, clever and gifted with personality, the grass-widow of an apparently incurable lunatic who, living in Bruges, falls under the influence of a Belgian poet-dramatist. Together—for *Lucy* is shown as his collaborator and source of inspiration—they evolve a wonderful new form of miracle play in which she presently captivates London and Paris as the reincarnate *Notre Dame de Bruges*. So much of the tale I indicate; the rest is your affair. It is told in a pleasant haphazard fashion, enriched with flashes of caustic wit and disfigured with a good deal of ungrammatical and slovenly writing. I think I never met a novelist who did more execution among the infinitives. Also I suspect that Mrs. SAUNDERS' zeal for theatrical setting outran her knowledge of it, otherwise she would hardly have permitted a dramatist to speak of his "caste," or the leading lady to leave the theatre (even under circumstances of faintness) in her stage costume. But for all that my congratulations to her on a good story.

My impression of *Behind the Picture* (WARD, LOCK) is that it would be better worth reading if it contained less of the tale—which, to speak quite candidly, is parlous nonsense—and more of the trimmings. The trimmings are mostly concerned with art bargain-hunting, and are excellent fun. Most of us have the treasure-trove instinct sufficiently developed to like reading about a young man who picks up Gainsboroughs for a tenner, or unearths lost masterpieces of TURNER on a clue supplied by an old letter. The young man in question was *Hugh Limner*, and in his off moments he fulfilled perfunctorily the duties of hero of the story. But I can't help thinking that Mr. M. McD. BODKIN, his creator, liked him best as an expert. Certainly I myself did. *Hugh*, as I say, found his buried Turner on the authority of an autograph letter from the artist, which in its turn he had found in a volume entitled "Turner's Poems," that proved to have belonged to RUSKIN, the whole purchased off a stall for ten shillings.

That was the kind of expert *Hugh* was. When he had dug up the picture he exhibited it in a private gallery, where "each day an eager crowd freely paid an entrance-fee of half-a-guinea." How, when he could achieve that kind of luck, could he be expected to take more than a languid interest in a tale where the most impossible people behave most impossibly; where, for example, a missing peer posts a letter to his wife at the back of a picture-frame for no earthly reason; where the villain, younger brother of the long-lost, comes into the heroine's drawing-room and says, "You must allow me to introduce myself. I am Frederick Ackland, Earl of Sternholt"? We were only beginning the second chapter, but my wonder is that a fellow like *Hugh*, who was within hearing, didn't throw up his part at once. He would have had my sympathy.

The public is quite content to have any amount of trite philosophy passed off upon it as new goods by the author who has a gift for dialect and uses an American negro as

mouthpiece. Miss DOROTHY DIX employs a black laundress of the name of *Mirandy* (SAMPSON LOW) for philosopher; and cheerfully persisting with the "yessum's," the "wid's," the "dat's" and the "becaze's," tells us with incessant humour many things we all knew before about husbands, their little idiosyncracies and weaknesses and the methods by which they may be best caught and trained for their purpose in life. Now and then *Mirandy* gets away from matters matrimonial, and it is upon these too rare occasions that she is at her best. I was particularly moved by her views on the just rights of the invalid, summed up in the urgent demand that those on the sick-bed should (omitting

the lingo) "be allowed to enjoy being ill in their own way, without being persecuted by their friends and their friends' doctors, pet remedies and religions." On the whole, I may quite safely recommend these two hundred and fifty pleasantly written and delightfully printed pages to readers who like to muse quietly on the elementary principles of love and life without risking the surprise of startling or revolutionary lines of thought. There is nothing peculiarly good or bad in the many comic illustrations by Mr. E. W. KEMBLE.

Mr. *Punch* regrets that in his last week's notice of MARIE VAN VORST's delightful romance, *His Love Story*, he spoiled her good Dutch name by calling her Marie Von Vorst. He offers his best apologies.

The Touch of Nature.

"Turkey is our natural Ally."—General von Bernhardt.]
"Hoch! Die Kultur! High Heaven speed the work!"

Thus cries the aspiring Teuton to the Turk.
Creation echoes with the glad refrain,
Deep calls to deep, Armenia to Louvain.



A PATRIOT.

The Visitor. "BUT YOU DON'T IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU COULD SINK A BATTLESHIP WITH THAT, DO YOU?"

Patriotic Seaside Villa Resident. "NO, I DON'T THINK IT WOULD CARRY FAR ENOUGH; BUT AT ANY RATE IT MIGHT DRAW THE ENEMY'S FIRE!"

CHARIVARIA.

"OUR future lies upon the water," once boasted the KAISER. "And our present lies in it," as the German soldier remarked when the Belgians opened the dykes near Antwerp.

The mass of the German people would seem to be extraordinarily ill-informed in regard to the War and to stand sadly in need of enlightenment in some respects. For example, their ebullitions of rage against everyone and everything English shows that they are ignorant of the fact that we are a decadent nation and a negligible quantity in the War.

Many of the little scraps in which the Germans were reported by their Press to have been victorious now turn out to have been merely scraps of paper.

According to *The Times* one of the first acts of the new Pope will be to urge the Powers at war to desist from hostilities in the interests of humanity. It is rumoured that Austria-Hungary thinks this a capital idea.

Our readers will, we are sure, be sorry to hear that the lady who, as reported in our pages the week before last, in the course of a difference with her husband, called him "a bloomin' Oolan," has once again had words with him. This time, the husband complains, she shouted after him, "You 'Un!"

An appeal has been made for magazines for the men at the front. The following extract from a letter touches on the subject:—"On Wednesday heavy German cavalry charged us with drawn sabres, and we only had a minute to prepare to receive them. We left our entrenchments and, rallying in groups, emptied our magazines into them as they drew near."

We regret to hear that, owing to so many persons failing to go out of Town this year, there is considerable distress among London burglars. The oldest among them do not remember a duller season.

A dear old lady writes to say that she is delighted to hear that the Crystal

Palace has been taken over by the Admiralty, as she loves the place, and it is so brittle.

Another dear old thing suggests that, in order to facilitate the work of the police, all spies should be compelled to wear a distinctive dress.

With the object of benefiting the local branch of the National Relief Fund there has been published at Brighton the first number of a paper called *The Ally*. Our contemporary, *Ally Sloper*, has generously decided in the circumstances to take no proceedings with a view to protecting its title.

"Why," asks a lady, "should not

THE CHALLENGE.

"Arthur," I said, "you are not handsome, but you have sterling qualities and know a thing or two."

"You are not exactly a mezzotint yourself," Arthur retorted, "and I'm not sure that you have any particular qualities yet. What does this lead up to?"

"This," I said. "Suppose you are a sentry, outside barracks or an encampment of some kind."

"I'm supposing," he said.

"And suppose," I went on, "you don't know me."

"I've supposed worse things than that," said Arthur with decision.

"And try further," I said, "to imagine that it's a dark night, and I come along and don't notice you. You'd say, 'Halt, who goes there?' wouldn't you?"

"I should if I remembered my lines, I suppose."

"Very well," I said.

"Then I should say, 'Friend.'"

"Well," said Arthur, "where's the catch?"

"There isn't a catch," I said. "What I want to know is, how do we go on after that?"

"I should ask you if you'd got such a thing as a cigarette about you," said Arthur.

"You might do that," I said, "but it doesn't sound helpful. The reason I ask is because I've read the instructions several times in the papers on the courtesies

to be observed when meeting a sentry; but the scene always ends at this point—'Friend.' What happens next?"

"Perhaps the right thing," said Arthur, "would be for you to ask after the Colonel's wife. But I might not let you get as far as that. The odds would be in favour of my not believing you when you said 'Friend,' and in that case I should either shoot or pink you. The choice between these two processes would lie with me."

"But wouldn't that be rather sudden? Surely you make another remark first. I seem to remember something about 'sign and countersign.'"

"You're thinking of trigonometry, aren't you?" said Arthur.

"Perhaps I am," I said. "Anyway it's awkward not knowing what happens next."

"I know the best way to find out," said Arthur suddenly. "Get your boots on. We'll go and enlist."



THE HUNTER HUNTED.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. J. C. DOLLMAN.]

waitresses take the place of the German waiters whose services are now being dispensed with?" Possibly we may be wrong, but we seem to remember once having seen an announcement on the placard of a feminist journal to the effect that:—

WOMEN
CAN NOT
WAIT.

Lord ROSEBURY, speaking the other day at Broxburn, said that defeat for us would not mean foreign tax-gatherers in the country. We are glad of this. It would be deplorable if the tax-gatherer were ever to become an unpopular figure with us.

The Fog of War.

"A final shell struck the Laurel amidship-enveloping her in a dense certainohst! thesmac recmscvtn mecevscovc."

Glasgow Citizen.

LEAVES FROM AN IMPERIAL NOTE-BOOK.

As I have taken occasion to tell them from time to time, God is sparing no effort in favour of My brave armies. The noble courage with which they have crushed a defenceless peasantry (who, by the way, do not seem to share My recognition of the Deity's support of Our methods) has proved them to be the authorised medium of the Divine vengeance. I am very pleased with both them and God.

The destruction of Louvain, seat of a culture wholly distinct from the Prussian ideal, was an inspiration, in which I once more detect the Hand of Heaven. Unfortunately it has been misunderstood in neutral countries; and, to appease their protests, I have had to explain that this feat of righteous wrath has given me an attack of bleeding heart.

I am despatching an Imperial telegram to the President of the Oxford University Boat Club to say that when My armies reach that city I may possibly spare Oriel for the sake of My Rhodes Scholars. This generous thought occurred to Me in church when I was returning thanks for the demolition of the library of Louvain.

I have also instructed My intrepid aviators to reserve a pew for Me intact among the ruins of Notre Dame de Paris—for thanksgiving purposes.

I have repeatedly warned NICHOLAS that God is against him. It is like his impious self-assurance to imagine that One whose services I have exclusively secured for My side could for a moment entertain the idea of supporting My enemies. I confess, however, that I had expected FRANZ-JOSEF, as My ally, to receive a larger portion of the Deity's favour than has so far fallen to him. From what I hear of the Lemberg affair, it looks as if his independent arrangements for Divine support had been inadequate. I am afraid I must leave him to get on without it as best he can. I shall want all I've got for my own use.

I see that a new Pope has been elected at Rome. At any ordinary moment this world-event must have attracted the attention of Heaven. But the present attitude of Italy towards the Triple Alliance naturally precludes any Divine cognisance of her concerns. On the other hand I have Myself thought it expedient to address congratulations to the Italian who now occupies the Pontifical Chair, and have ordered the fact to receive due publicity as part of My subsidised Press campaign.

In order that the organisers of this campaign may the better persuade neutral countries to accept My version of the justice of Our cause, I have given directions for them to appeal throughout to the God of Truth. We were, as usual, first in the field, and the Father of Lies has a lot of ground to make up.

My dear son WILHELM tells Me that his own army has a tough proposition in front of it. I sometimes fear that he lacks the unquestioning piety of his Imperial Parent.

I note that services are still permitted to be held in the English church at Dresden, but that no prayers for the success of British arms are allowed. In view of My monopoly of Divine protection I regard this precaution as unnecessary.

Some blundering operator in Berlin has circulated the ridiculous report of a disaster to My army in France. I have ordered the fear of God to be put into him.

Even I cannot be in two places at once, and I am too busy in exchanging felicitations with My Creator in the background of Our western sphere of operations to be able to give My benediction in person to the brave defenders of My beloved Prussia. My lack of the gift of omnipresence has always been rather a sore point with Me in My otherwise co-equal relations with the Almighty. I hope in course of time to have this corrected.

O. S.

THE NEW NOAH'S ARK;

OR, A WORD TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND ON THE IMPORTANCE OF SEA-POWER.

[As a part of our campaign to capture Germany's trade, it has been suggested that Noah's Arks should in future be made in this country.]

REMOVE yon odious concern

That once outrode the mimic storm,
And deep in darkest shelves intern

Her captain and his pirate swarm:

Sweep, sweep, that *Dreadnought* from the seas

Of England's carpets, if you please,

And set no more by two and two

On Sabbath days her bestial crew,

That mask with peace the Prussian uniform.

I seem to see the War-Lord's lace

Bedeck that bosom mild and stout;

Athwart yon patriarchal face

The Kaiser-like moustaches sprout;

The wideawake becomes a helm,

The staff a sword to overwhelm,

Hypocrisy stands writ and cant

On yonder pale-blue elephant

Tusk-less (Maud did it when Mamma was out).

What makes he with a lilac dove

This Corsair desperate and daft?

Behold the conning tower above

The big stern chasers pointing aft!

This is not he that saved mankind

With pards and pigs from tempests blind,

But rather he that forged a flood,

And not of water but of blood,

And filled with worse than wolves his impious craft.

But come, we'll build a larger boat

Of English breed, no Teuton shams,

Where sheltered animals shall float,

The lion couchant with the lambs:

See from the cabin's open door

What mild-faced dromedaries pour!

What SHEMS are these? what host arrives

Of gentler JAPHETS with their wives?

What antelopes? what un-Westphalian HAMS?

And sometimes, should the pageant cloy,

Supposing Nurse has left the room,

We'll take again that outcast toy

From the deep cupboard's inmost gloom;

We'll shell that buccaneering barque

With the good guns of England's ark;

We'll chase it flying like a rat

For some fort-guarded Ararat,

And leave it flotsam for Jemima's broom.

EVOE.

Peace: Old and New Style.

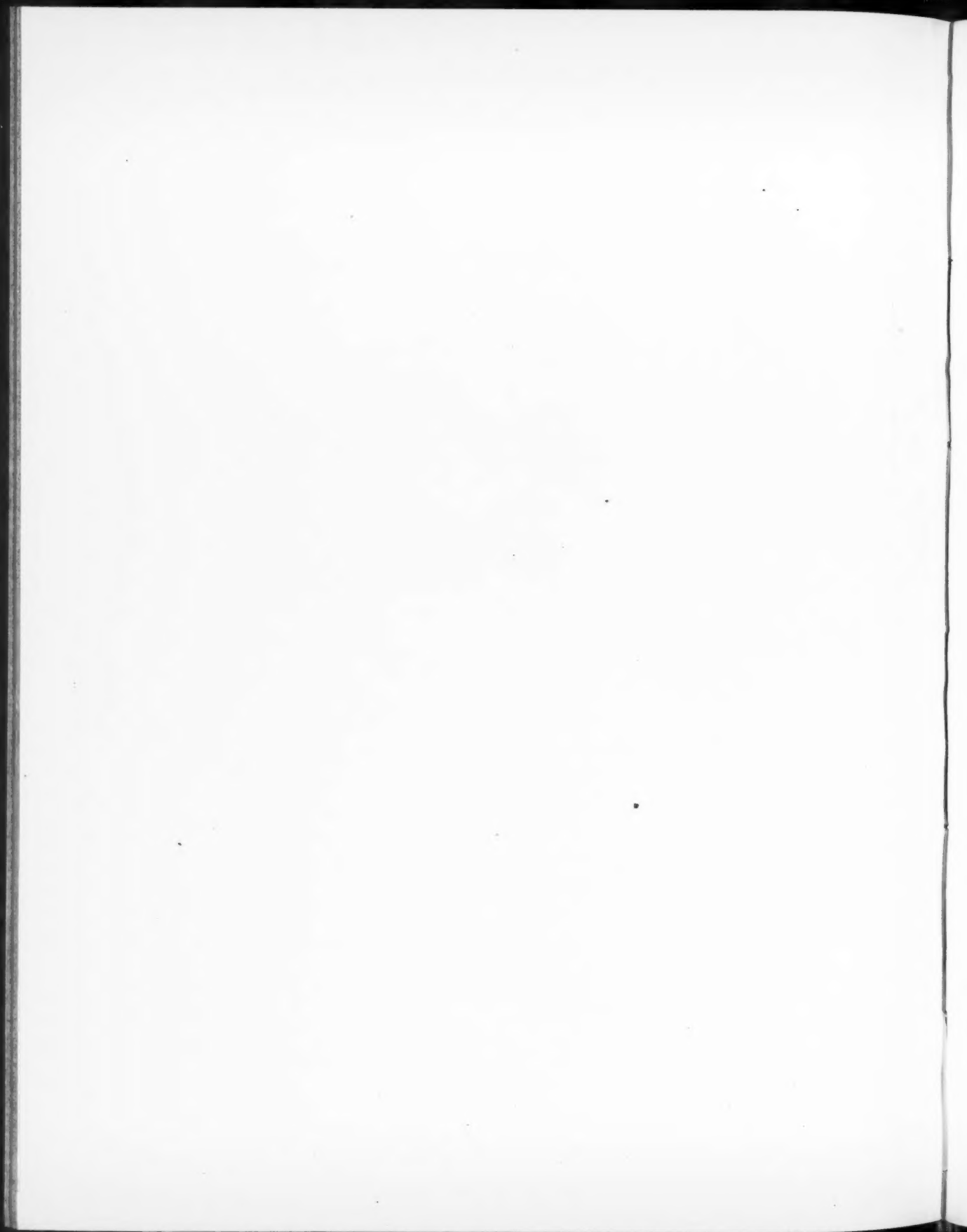
Now that the Allies have all agreed not to make separate peaces, we can look forward to the War stopping all at once, and not just a bit at a time, though of course the calendar of the Russians will allow them the option of keeping at it for twelve days after the others have finished.

"GLORIOUS COMPEAGNE.—For ever memorable in the annals of the country will be the name of Compeigne."—*News of the World*.
Nor shall Compiègne, we hope, be utterly forgotten.



MADE IN GERMANY.

KAISER. "I'M NOT QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE SWORD. PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, THE PEN IS MIGHTIER!"



DISPOSITIONS.

My wife was certainly ruffled, and, more than that, she was mystified. She could not understand it at all.

"And this is the second time," she said.

"Have you questioned the servants?" I asked.

"It is not likely that my servants would amuse themselves by throwing lumps of coal on the drawing-room carpet," she replied, "not being lunatics. But as a matter of fact I have questioned them."

"It is the sort of thing a playful kitten might do," I suggested. "Or a puppy perhaps."

"No, they couldn't have lifted the tongs, and the tongs were in it too, and three walking-sticks. It must have been children, I suppose; but I don't think there have been any children in the house."

I found her the same afternoon studying some scratched hieroglyphics on the gravel in front of the house. It was quite an elaborate design with squares and circles and curving lines, and with a wobbly streak running through it. And that evening she announced once and for all that the house was bewitched and she gave it up. She had found a loofah, two sponges and some cakes of soap elaborately arranged in a pattern on the bathroom floor.

She had not yet gathered, as I had, that it was Sinclair and the Reverend Henry. I do not think that these two can have been properly trained in their youth to put away their toys when they had finished with them, as all tidy children should. They had no right to go out suddenly and play tennis, leaving the drawing-room carpet in that condition.

I had seen it coming on for some days. As soon as Henry has spent his first half-hour on the newspapers he is ripe to explain in detail the exact disposition of the Allied forces and "what they are evidently driving at." And the thing is getting very complicated. He cannot make you understand. He tries to draw maps on the back of envelopes, but his drawing is pitiable, and then naturally he reaches out at any object that happens to be lying on the table, planks it down for Paris or Verdun, and gets seriously to work. He and Sinclair were sitting before the unlit fire in the drawing-room when Sinclair put forth his brilliant hypothesis about a flanking movement on Von Klück's right. Henry was quite certain it was wrong. He was down on his knees in a moment grabbing pieces of coal.

"Look here," he said. "There's Châlons; and that shovel is Soissons.



Belated Reveller. "YOU A SPESHUL CONSHTABLE?"

Special Constable. "YES." (Long pause.)

B. R. "WHAT ARMS 'AVE YER?"

S. C. A TRUNCHEON AND A WHISTLE, AND (suddenly inventive, in view of reveller's superior physique) A SIX-SHOOTER."

B. R. "AH, WELL, I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY FORTRESHES TO-NIGHT."

You must not forget that the Ardennes lie in behind here"—realistically represented by a heap of logs from the wood-basket—"and that is the Meuse. Of course it isn't quite so straight as that really"—he put the poker in position—"but that is the line of it. Very well. Can't you see that what he is at is to nip this force here between two fires? By Jove, the tongs will do splendidly for that. Might have been made for it. So. Well, if JOFFRE is any good—Stop a bit"—he filled both hands with coal—"move your chair back. There,

that's Paris, and the edge of the fender is the Marne. Well, if JOFFRE is not asleep his game is obviously——"

"Stop a bit," said Sinclair. "You've left out the CROWN PRINCE."

"No, I haven't. That's him there in the work-basket. And you must remember that there are Uhlans all over the place." (I think that it must have been the Uhlans that chiefly exacerbated my wife when she came to clear up. They did reach pretty far afield, and there was quite a lot of them under the sofa.) "This is the

Allied front"—Sinclair had brought him several walking-sticks by this time. "Now suppose we were to swing round like this—I say, do move your chair. Like this. Confound it, I didn't notice that little table was in the way. Why do people put silly little vases of flowers on tables? Mop it up, will you? Of course FRENCH is here. You must keep your eye on FRENCH. But—"

"What about these lines of communication?"

Henry paused. "Well, there's always the Belgians. I'm afraid we'll have to move the piano. Just give it a heave at the other end, will you? That'll do. Those pianola records are just the thing. No, not so near together. So. Now you see how it works. The whole thing from here to here moves sideways."

"Stop a bit," says Sinclair. "You're moving Paris sideways. Whatever they may do to it when it falls—if it ever does—I don't think they'll move it sideways."

Now that the Reverend Henry is no longer permitted to play with coals in the drawing-room or make maps on the gravel he has found an outlet on the breakfast-table. But he is not allowed to start till after the meal is over, ever since he got down early one morning and had the whole place laid out in army corps and fortresses, with a horrid tangle of knives and forks, cruet-stands, rolls, egg-cups, plates and coffee-pots, at the point where the main action was going on in the centre.

But he is not at all satisfied with the breakfast-table. He has to crowd things terribly close together at one end in order to have room for the Eastern theatre; and Posen (a toast-rack) keeps falling off the edge.

The Kirkintilloch Herald describes the manoeuvres of a submarine thus:—

"Without its presence being detected, it approached within a few hundred yards of a German Dreadnought, at which it discharged two torpedoes. In order to escape attack the submarine was then obliged to sing."

Suggested song: "Get out and Get under."

"We will overhaul the chassis . . . if you let us undertake the work now. The War will probably be over by the time the Car is ready for use."—*Advt.*

We cannot decide whether this is an example of Commercial pessimism or Military optimism.

THE PACIFICIST.

THE Pacificist was very worried about it all. In the first place it worried him (quite honestly) that his country should ever go to war at all. In the second place it vexed him profoundly that the war should be against an enemy whose pure-souled benevolence he himself had proclaimed and written about for years. Most of all, perhaps, was he secretly irritated that these untoward events should coincide with the beginning of his own annual holiday at Shrimphorough.

A few mornings after war was declared, the conductor of the Shrimphorough orchestra (a genius of cosmopolitan extraction) rose nobly to the



"MRS. SMITHERS, IF YOU ARE UNPATRIOTIC ENOUGH TO HOARD YOUR FOODSTUFF, THAT IS A MATTER FOR YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE; BUT PLEASE REMEMBER IN FUTURE NOT TO GIVE ME A HOARDED EGG FOR BREAKFAST."

occasion. From his demeanour and a certain flurry amongst the musicians, the Pacificist, seated prominently in the two-penny chairs, had about three minutes' warning of what was coming, so that when the conductor swung round with uplifted baton, and the audience, thrilled but a little self-conscious, climbed to its collective feet as the band crashed into the opening bars of the *Marseillaise*, the Pacificist had already decided upon his conduct. He sat still, even for a few moments he feigned to be absorbed in his favourite newspaper, but almost immediately gave this up as unconvincing and remained staring straight before him.

It was perhaps not a very impressive protest. It was obviously, under the special circumstances of the case (which need not detain us), an entirely foolish and mistaken one. But he made it. He alone in that audience of several hundreds did not rise. A little to his

secret disappointment the hundreds made no apparent counter-demonstration. An enthusiastic humming rose from them, mingled with a few easy French words happily introduced when occasion seemed to serve. They were far too preoccupied to trouble about the Pacificist. He had been prepared for every kind of martyrdom, for abuse, hustling, even for blows. All he got was a few looks of embarrassed concern from his immediate neighbours.

To his excited imagination the tune seemed to go on and on for hours. As a matter of fact the genius of cosmopolitan extraction (who had not been extracted quite far enough to be sure of British tastes) gave the audience four verses where one would have been better. And all this time the anger of the Pacificist grew. His cheeks burned, and the excited pounding of his heart was like to stifle him. He knew himself one, alone, against hundreds; impressing them, no doubt (despite their pretence of indifference), with the courage of a right cause. To face odds like that! It was intoxicating.

At last he could bear it no longer. Just as the band ceased and the rest of the audience subsided again to their morning papers, the Pacificist rose. He walked a little unsteadily. The light of battle flashed from his eyes, meeting and beating down what he took, erroneously, to be the glare of a hostile mob. (As a matter of fact no one noticed him any more). Stumbling, white-faced, with set lips and the face of a visionary, he gained the turnstile. This, this, was victory! One against so many! He had proved himself. He had conquered!

The battle-spirit—for, despite his honest conviction, his forebears had been soldiers and sea-dogs—surged up within him. How splendid it was, this fighting down opposition! What was life, after all, but a fight? He had never realized that before. But now he knew. The flame that burnt in his blood demanded other foes, other worlds to conquer. It had become an urgent need with him to continue fighting; almost anyone would do.

Immediately opposite to the turnstile was the open door of a large building; flags surmounted it, and at each side was a large proclamation in red and white. With shoulders squared, flashing eye, and the demeanour of NAPOLEON at the head of the Old Guard, the Pacificist entered the recruiting office. "I have come," he said fiercely, "to enlist!"

SUPER-SYMPATHY.

"THE crumbling towers, the shattered
fanes,
The havoc of the Belgian plains;
Dead mothers, children, priests and
nuns,
Who fall before My conquering Huns—
Believe Me, friends, these grievous woes
Deprive Me of My due repose,
And, though enforced by higher need,
Make My Imperial bosom bleed."

As the fat spider wipes its eye
Over each strangulated fly;
As ABDUL HAMID once was fain
To weep for the Armenian slain;
As HAYNAU felt his eyelids drip
When women cowered beneath his
whip;
As TORQUEMADA doubtless bled
With sorrow for the tortured dead—
So in his own peculiar style
Weeps the Imperial Crocodile.

THE IMPERIAL PRUSSIAN
COLLEGE OF CULTURE.

Telegrams: "Kultur, Berlin."

Principal Dr. von Hackheim, assisted by a
large staff of University Professors.

BRUTALITY is acknowledged by the
most distinguished Teutonic psycholo-
gists to have an important place in
modern warfare, as serving to maintain
a properly submissive attitude on the
part of the unarmed enemy, and the
College has been established to com-
plete this side in the training of cadets
for the Imperial German field army.

TRAINING BY GRAMOPHONE.

Many difficulties have had to be
surmounted. For instance it was found
that, in spite of training students, pro-
ceeding to the front showed hesitation
in the execution of non-combatants,
and grew pale on first hearing the cries
of women and children. This difficulty
is being obviated by means of gram-
ophone records taken in Belgium, which
serve to inure the novice to the sounds
of anguish. By the time he proceeds
to the front no cries for mercy have
any power to move him.

LITERÆ INHUMANIORES.

The curriculum is extensive. In
addition to regular musketry practice at
moving and stationary Red Cross wag-
gons, hospital bomb drill, etc., courses
of lectures are being given by thinkers
of the first eminence. Some of the most
celebrated names on the contemporary
record of German culture are to be
found in our staff list. During the
coming term, for instance, Dr. Junker,
of the BERNHARDI School of Philosophy,
will give a series of discourses on "The
Evolution of the Doctrine of Blood
and Iron," "Infantile Mortality and



Teutonic Barber. "SAFE, SIR?"

Customer. "YE-ES— THAT IS, NO!—I THINK I'LL TRY A HAIR-CUT."

its Promotion," "Philosophic Doubts
regarding the Value of Mercy," illus-
trated by photographs taken in Louvain;
and a course of lectures on "The Debt
of Art to Atrocity" will be delivered
by Professor Blutwurst, who occupies
the ATILA Chair of Anatomy in the
University of Leipzig.

RECREATION.

The proper recreation of students is
not neglected and sports are encouraged.
Paper chases are held frequently, the
paper torn up for the trail being pro-
vided by the courtesy of the Foreign
Office, who supply the College with all
treaties found upon their shelves.

RECORDS IN BRUTALITY.

The Principal desires it to be known
that he will always be glad to hear
from past students now serving with
the Imperial Forces who have per-
formed any notable act of inhumanity
towards non-combatants.

THE OUTPOST.

The lurid sunset's slanting rays
Incarnadine the soldier's deed;
His rugged countenance betrays
The bulldog breed.

Not his to shun the stubborn fight,
The combat against heavy odds,
Alone, unaided—'tis a sight
For men and gods!

And now his back is bowed and bent,
Now crouching, now erect, he stands,
And now the red life blood is spent
From both his hands.

He takes his punishment on trust,
As one who sees and yet is blind,
For every lacerating thrust
Comes from behind.

The twilight creeps, the sun has gone,
But triumph fills the soldier's breast;
He's sewn his back brace-buttons on
While fully dressed!

JAMES FEELS BETTER.

THE Sergeant-Major was speaking. "Company—'shun!'"

We 'shunned. We stood motionless (all but one of us) waiting for his next words. Then he spoke again.

"Blank blanket," he yelled, "what the blank are you doing?" He was looking at me, and my heart was in my mouth. "Blanket," he went on, "if you want to scratch your nose, step out here and scratch it. My blank!" My heart dropped back again. He must be talking to James behind me. I longed to look round and watch the generous waves of colour stealing over James's classic features, to fix with a reproachful eye that Roman proboscis which he had been grooming; but duty, or natural integrity of character, or fear of the Sergeant-Major, or something, held me fast.

"Company—dis-miss!"

We turned to the right and I took James affectionately by the arm. "How's the neb?" I said.

And then James told me what he thought of the Sergeant-Major.

"Pretty good rot," he said, "talking like that to a man in my position. Cursing a married man with a family as if he were a rotten schoolboy. If I met him in ordinary life he'd say 'Sir' to me—probably ask me for a job, and go about in a holy fear that I was going to sack him."

"Discipline, James," I said. "Think how good it is for you to be ordered about for a change. And think how jolly it must be for the Sergeant-Major to swear at well-known public men. Don't grudge him his little bit of pleasure. And finally, think how stimulating it is for the rest of us. I assure you, James, there's nothing more bracing to a man than to hear another man being cursed."

James muttered to himself. We lit our pipes and sat down among some other members of our platoon. James was silent, but we others talked eagerly about the difference between "Right form" and "On the right form company," and other matters which had suddenly become of great importance.

"Let's go and have a little private drill," said one of the keen ones.

"It'll only turn into a rag," I said.

"But of course we shall have to agree to take it seriously and obey orders. Who'll come?"

About ten of us offered ourselves. I looked at James; to my surprise he jumped up quickly. We went off to a corner of the field, and lined up two deep.

"And now who'll drill us?" said James.

We all hung back nervously. To obey an order as one of ten is so much easier than to give an order as one of one.

"I will, if you like," said James doubtfully, "but I'm not sure if——"

"Go on," we all said; "have a try."

James stepped out of the ranks and faced us.

"Cover off, there," he said briskly.

"Squad—'shun!" We were five files, and I was No. 3 in the front rank.

"Stand at—case . . . Number Three, what the blank are you smoking for? Number Three—the stout one in the front rank. Put that pipe away, Private Haldane. Blanket, Sir, this isn't a Cabinet meeting; you're drilling."

"Steady, James, old man," I said.

"Silence in the ranks! Two days cells for Private Haldane—both of them week-days. 'Shun! Number! . . . Form fours!"

We formed fours. Of course it is absurdly easy, even with an odd number of files, but it is also absurdly easy to forget.

"As you were!" shouted James. "The last file is always an even number. Surely you ought to know that by this time, Private Kitchener. The fourth file—Private Asquith and Private Tree, chest out, Private Tree—the fourth file stands fast. Form fours! Right turn! Form two deep! 'Bout turn! Form fours! I thought so; Private Tree is wrong again. Silence, Private Haldane! Private Haldane will be shot at dawn to-morrow. Private Tree will be shot at dawn on the day after, this giving him time to prepare his farewell speech. Right turn! Where are you, Private Carson? Try and remember that you're not reviewing troops just now; you're attempting to decide as quickly as possible which is your right hand and which is your left. You'll find it a much harder job. The Army Corps will advance. By the right, quick march! Step out, Private Tich, my lad, step out."

James was now thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Left incline! Theirs not to reason why, Private Kipling; if I had meant 'right incline, and stop at the canteen,' I should have said so . . . Tut-tut, Private Tree, 'left incline' doesn't mean 'advance like a crab' . . . Right incline! And now where are you, Private Masterman? Left behind again. Halt! Dress up by the right. Blanket, Private Haldane, you're still talking. Private Haldane will be blown from the guns at dusk. As you were. It's no good taking half measures with Private Haldane; kindness is wasted on him. Private Haldane will be stopped jam for tea this afternoon."

And then a smile came over James's face. He repressed it, drew himself up, and surveyed us sternly.

"Squad, 'shun! Scratch—'noses!"

* * * * *
"Thank you, I feel much better," said James. A. A. M.

DISCOVERERS' RIGHTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Unless the black-berrying season is to be utterly ruined and thousands of homes thus rendered poisonously unhappy, something must be done to make people play the game.

Why is it that this simple little fruit should have such a bad influence on otherwise nice persons? But it has. It makes them utterly selfish and inconsiderate.

Take our experience last week on the Common. We went out with baskets—three of us—Elsa, Dolores, and me, and, after hunting about for some time and getting fearfully scratched, we came upon a perfectly priceless group of bushes which no one had discovered.

The blackberries were there in millions, ripe too, and all sparkling in that patent-leather way which makes the mouth water and prevents as many getting into the basket as ought to. We were of course fearfully buckled by finding such a spot, and began at once in earnest. Judge then of our dismay when another party of blackberries, attracted, I imagine, by our cries of rapture, came up and began picking too! These were the two Misses Blank, whom we know very slightly. They ought, of course, to have gone right away and done their own discovering. Instead of that they just nodded, and then snatched away at our bushes as though they were in their own garden. One of them even came up to a bush on which Elsa was engaged. What was she to do? She could not remonstrate, as we knew them so slightly, so she abandoned the bush with a gesture of contempt which should have made a dummy blush, but had no effect whatever on these thick-skinned Prussians, as we now believe they must be. Probably their real name is Fressen, Elsa thinks.

Common decency (I don't mean this for a joke, but I suppose it is one) should prevent anybody from going to a place discovered by somebody else; and why I write is to ask you if there is not an unwritten law against such conduct, and if so will you make it widely known?

It would be dreadful if all the black-berrying parties during this September and October were to be ruined by people like the Misses Fressen.

I am, Yours faithfully,
FAIR PLAY.



BY REQUEST.

Visitor (to Percy of "The Mauve Merriments"). "WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE TO SING 'IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY' INTO AUNTIE'S EAR-TRUMPET?"

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE formal declaration of war (altogether unexpected by the best minds of the community, though the opposing armies had been mobilised for a month previously), came like a bolt from the blue on September 1st. In an instant the whole country was engaged in sanguinary conflict. We give with reserve the following reports which have reached us from our correspondents at the front:—

CIVILIANS IN THE BATTLE LINE.

On the north-eastern frontier a keen encounter occurred between the famous Albion South End Corps and an invading division of the redoubtable Cockspur troops. Fifteen thousand spectators from posts of vantage round the field witnessed the fearful onslaught of the enemy. Civilians were so moved by the imminent peril of the home troops that, arming themselves with stones and bottles, and shouting "——" (excised by Censor), they flung themselves on the wings of the invading army and utterly routed them. It is rumoured that the Cockspurs contemplate reprisals. In the event of the South End Corps invading their country it is believed that all civilians will fight to the death against the invader.

THE OLD BRITISH SPIRIT.

Thrilling scenes were witnessed at the opening of the Ealham Thursday campaign. A huge crowd, thirsting for a sight of the conflict, gathered in the confines of the battlefield. A force of blue-clad mercenaries held them in check for a time. But thirty thousand volunteers are worth more than a hundred paid men. With magnificent unanimity the Britons formed in column. The dense black mass pressed forward. For a moment the conflict was fearful. Then the thin blue line of the mercenaries gave way and they fled in disgraceful rout. A moment later thirty thousand unconquerable Britons, laden with booty from the pay-boxes, stood triumphant on the shilling reserved mound. That wonderful charge had captured the position.

OUTRAGES ON NON-COMBATANTS.

We record with deep regret a violation of the laws of war by the General of the Shatterham Wanderers army. In the heat of the combat with the Notts Strollers brigade he ignored the whistled appeal for an armistice to pick up the wounded. Proceeding steadily he fired a deadly shot into the enemy's fortifications. A neutral officer, under the protection of the Red Cross, courageously protested against this

infamy. In an excess of military fury the General smote the neutral officer to the earth. It is believed that, unless the offending General be instantly submitted to a regular court-martial, the Shatterham Wanderers' army will be solemnly declared outside the pale of humanity. (NOTE.—The Censor allows the foregoing account to be printed but disclaims all responsibility for its correctness.)

BRILLIANT RECRUITING CAMPAIGN.

Great weakness has been observed amongst the advanced sharpshooters of the Bullington Arsenal corps. "We must have men at any cost," said their determined Secretary. A cheering crowd attended him to the station as he set out for — (excision by the Censor), accompanied by two commissioners bearing armoured bags of bullion. A rumour reaches us that at the cost of four thousand pounds the Secretary has secured two famous shots. Great anxiety is felt in Bullington. Crowds gather round the headquarters of the corps and ask, "Will they come in time?"

LATER.—A wire from Scotland confirms the news. The Union Jack is flying over the headquarters. It is felt that the great recruiting campaign has saved Britain.



"HELLO, MARIA! STOPPED SEWING FOR TO-DAY?"
 "YES, SAMPSON. I THINK THERE IS MORE NEED OF MEN THAN OF PYJAMAS. I HAVE DECIDED TO PART WITH YOU, AND SHALL GIVE YOU TO LORD KITCHENER—MYSELF! GET YOUR HAT ON."

THE TIRPITZ TOUCH.

(A new nautical ballad.)

THEY faced the winds, the waves, the fogs,
 For they were a gallant band,
 And they ventured forth, the bold sea dogs,
 From the bight of Heligoland.

Six ships of war they steamed along,
 Audacious and yet discreet,
 When lo! on the skyline, fifteen strong,
 They sighted another fleet.

Oh! theirs was indeed a perilous choice,
 'Twas a case of fight or flee,
 When the captain cried in a resolute voice,
 "Let us fight, my lads," cried he.

"Long have we panted to come to grips,
 And here we shall gain our wish;
 Moreover, I fancy that yonder ships
 Have nothing on board but fish."

Then up spake a grizzled Goeben lad,
 "We be far from land or fort;
 I should feel more safe if I knew we had
 A battleship in support."

"There be six of us, and fifteen of them;
 Have a care while the odds are thus;
 We may rake 'em with shell from stern to stem,
 But they might throw herrings at us."

The captain he said, "Take heart of grace;
 There's many a risk to run;
 A herring's an awkward thing to face,
 But it's not so bad as a gun."

"My mariners all, be not afraid
 To venture on bo'd designs;
 Remember ye come of the stock that made
 The North Sea stiff with mines."

"So clear the decks for a scrap, my braves,
 Since fight ye must and shall,
 Like sons of the men who rule the waves,
 The waves of the Kiel Canal."

So all that day they fought and drank
 Of the battle's fierce delight,
 And blazed and blazed away till they sank
 Those trawling boats ere night.

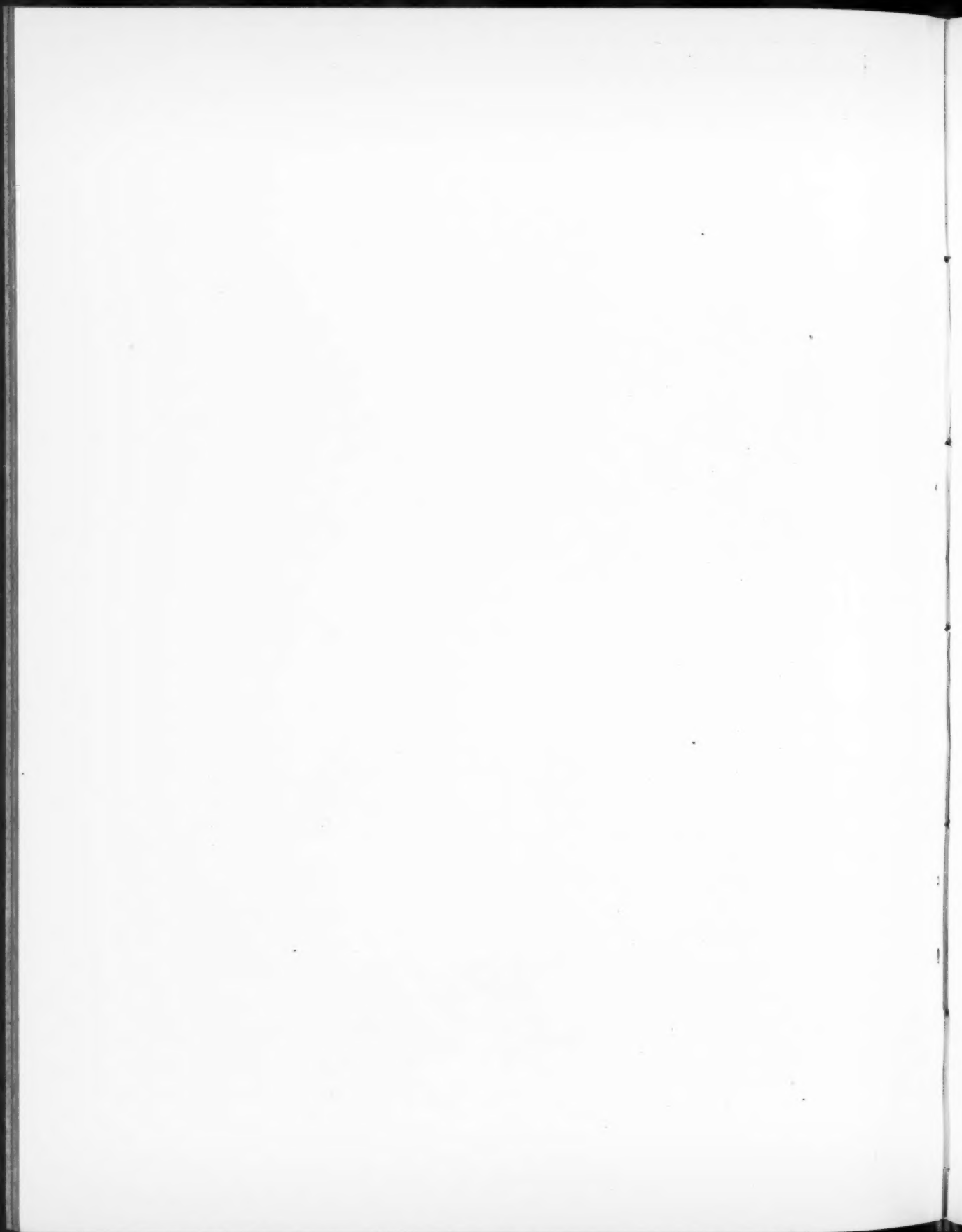
Then they steamed away, Yeo ho! Yeo ho!
 Brave men who had gained their wish,
 With lots of captives of war in tow,
 And any amount of fish.

The Distinction.

"The members of the Cheltenham Club do not play on Sundays;
 the ladies and gentlemen of the Cotswold Hills Club do play on the
 Sabbath."—*The Homefinder*.



HAIL! RUSSIA!





THE LAST OF THE NUTS OF SANDY COVE;

OR, HOW TO MAKE USE OF OUR STAY-AT-HOMES.

Lady in the background (also engaged in making night-wear for the wounded). "I SAY! I WONDER IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO LEND HIM TO US WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH HIM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TODY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Wednesday, Sept. 9.—Parliament met again after brief recess. Compared with recent rushes at critical epochs, attendance scanty. Among absentees the SPEAKER, who has well earned the holiday deferred by exigencies of war.

PREMIER in place at Question time. Did not stop long. Expected to make statement on position and prospects of Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills. As his magnificent speech at Guildhall testified afresh, when occasion arises he can say the right thing in perfect phrase. Constitutionally is disinclined to talk.

No absolute need to make preliminary statement. Everyone knows these matters are settled; nor are details of settlement a secret. Prorogation will be decreed early next week, and, in accordance with provisions of Parliament Act, Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill

will be added to Statute Book. But an interval will elapse before they become operative, an opportunity to be used for final effort to arrive at compromise between conflicting parties.

Proceedings, in the main formal, varied by reading of statement from VICEROY describing how chiefs and people of India are each all one in

enthusiastic loyalty in the hour of England's need, and how lavish are their offers of help. Reading of Eastern story received with outbursts of cheering.

"No one to say a good word for the Scourge of Louvain. But let us give the —, I mean the KAISER, his due. At a stroke he effected the long-time impossible feat of welding Ireland into

a loyal entity enthusiastically ready to draw the sword in aid of its long-estranged Sister across the Channel. Less than a year ago India was in state of ominous unrest that found partial expression in attempt on life of VICEROY. The KAISER, secretly plotting treacherous design on a friend and neighbour accustomed to lavish hospitality upon him, took note of these things. Confidently counted them in when reckoning up his game, and arranging time and opportunity for opening it. And lo! when he stands unmasked, he finds among the trustiest wings of the Empire's Army those supplied by India and Ireland."



THE RT. HON. JOHN BURNS FAILS TO RECOGNISE HIS PORTRAIT AS PAINTED BY A GERMAN PRESS AGENCY ARTIST.

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK mused on his way to the Club to read the latest telegrams from the seat of war.

Business done.—Various emergency Bills advanced a stage.

Thursday.—Five weeks ago, when Declaration of War with Germany boomed across Europe, PREMIER asked the Commons to sanction increase of Army by half-a-million men. Reply enthusiastically affirmative. To-day comes down again and, like a young person who shall here be nameless, "asks for more."

National response to recruitment of first batch most gratifying. Save 60,000 men the half-million already enrolled. At present rate of progress another couple of days or so will see number completed. Meanwhile PREMIER asks for another half-million.

These forthcoming, and in present mood of nation there is no doubt on subject, "We shall be in a position," he added, "to put something like 1,200,000 men in the field," a sight that would make WELLINGTON, not to mention MARLBOROUGH, stare.

With that patriotic zeal that has marked attitude of Opposition since war began BONAR LAW warmly supported proposal. Vote agreed to without debate or division.

Business done.—Having voted additional half-million men for Army, House adjourned till Monday.

AT THE PLAY.

"BLUFF KING HAL."

THE arrangements for the production of Mr. LOUIS PARKER's pageant-comedy had of course been made long before war was contemplated. The completion of Mr. BOURCHIER's beard in itself points to a comparatively remote date for the play's inception. Certainly there is nothing very apposite in its theme at the present juncture; for HARRY OF ENGLAND, suffering from the gout, blustering into a sixth marriage, and haunted by the ghosts of four dead wives and the wraith of the sole survivor, is not a figure precisely calculated to inspire patriotic fervour. Still, the circumstances of the play are sufficiently national, and it should serve well enough as a permissible distraction for non-combatants.

You need not be terrified by the complexity of the cast, which consists of twenty prominent characters, twenty-four in smaller type, four ghosts and a wraith, and a sprinkling of nameless "halberdiers, huntsmen, minstrels, servitors, etc." (The soldier-supers—a type not to be confused with the super-soldier—were a very scratch lot; and I must hope that this defect was due

to the enlistment of the more martial spirits in the profession.) The history of the period is made easy for all intelligences, and the relations of Katharine Parr with her lover, Sir Thomas Seymour, furnish a clear thread of human interest.

It was pleasant to make the acquaintance of two future Queens—*Mary* and *Elizabeth*—at the less familiar stages of girlhood. *Mary*, very nicely played by Miss MINA LEONESI, showed no sign of her subsequent taste for blood; but Miss KATHLEEN JONES, in the part of the pedantic little *Princess Elizabeth*, gave us some very happy premonitions of the domineering qualities of the Virgin Queen. The tiny *Prince Edward*,



"I DUNNO 'OO NANCY IS—BUT THAT THERE KAYZER CAN'T BE NO GENTLEMAN TO STAND BY AN' SEE 'ER KNOCKED ABAHT!"

too, who was prepared to compose an epithalamium for his royal parent's final wedlock, already gave promise of a scholarly career. Apart, however, from the charm of Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as *Katharine Parr*, and the gentle dignity of Miss ALICE LONNON as *Anne Askeu*, there was little distinction shown by the others, though the *Lord Chancellor Wriothesley* of Mr. HUMPHREYS, and Mr. BURTON's *Bishop Gardiner*, conducted their villainies with a proper restraint.

The honours of the evening obviously went to Mr. HUGO RUMBOLD, who devised the admirable scenery and costumes, and to Mr. BOURCHIER in the title-rôle. By nature and constitution he is clearly made for this part of all others. Occasionally, in asides, his voice was the voice of Mr. BOURCHIER, but for the rest he identified himself with the undefeatable *Hal*. I hope he may

be persuaded to retain the monarch's beard as a permanent feature; for, as a finished product, it suits him well in private life; and, if he is to make a practice of playing the part of *Henry VIII.*, whether to the words of SHAKESPEARE or Mr. PARKER, I would not, for his own sake and that of his many friends, have him renew the horrific processes of its growth. O. S.

"THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN."

The joy of *Tante* (from which novel Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS has adapted this play) was that many chapters went by before the reader realised that *Madame Okraska* was indeed an impossible woman. One began by liking her; went on to criticise; decided that she wasn't so nice as the author intended her to be; and then discovered suddenly that she wasn't intended to be a sympathetic character at all, and that, in fact, our changing attitude towards her had been just the changing attitude which would have been ours in real life. That was Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's art. She took her time. Mr. CHAMBERS on the stage has not the time to take.

And so "*Tante*" is shown to us at once as a histrionic vampire, feeding on the admiration and love of others. Gregory Jardine, in love with her ward, Karen, has already seen through her; we have seen through her; the question is, when will Karen see through her. Forget about the book and you have the foundation of a good play here, on which Mr. CHAMBERS has built skilfully. I gather from the fact that he took alone the call for "Author" that he would wish us to forget about the book. I cannot quite do that, but I can say with confidence that whoever has not read *Tante* will enjoy *The Impossible Woman* fully, and that the others will at least find it interesting.

Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY was a superb *Okraska*. Since she had to reveal herself plainly to the audience, the temptation to overplay the part must have been great, but she resisted it nobly. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, still a little apt to smile at the wrong moment, was a thoroughly efficient *Gregory*; but Miss HILDA BAYLEY did not give me a very clear idea of Mr. CHAMBERS' *Karen*, and was certainly not Miss SEDGWICK's. Miss MAY WHITTY and Mr. HENRY EDWARDS, in the small but important parts of *Mrs. Talcot* and *Franz Lippheim*, were of very great assistance to the play. M.

Motto for German sailors who have sunk several herring-boats:—*Nemo repente fuit Tirpitzimus.*



Member of Relief Committee (taking down "all particulars"). "THANK YOU, THAT'S ALL. OH, BY THE WAY, I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER."

TEETH-SETTING.

WHEN the thunder-shaking German hosts are marching
over France—

Lo, the glinting of the bayonet and the quiver of the lance!—
When a rowdy rampant KAISER, stout and mad and middle-
aged,

Strips his breast of British Orders just to prove that he's
enraged;

When with fire and shot and pillage

He destroys each town and village;

When the world is black with warfare, then there's one
thing you must do:—

Set your teeth like steel, my hearties, and sit tight and see
it through.

Oh, it's heavy work is fighting, but our soldiers do it well—
Lo, the booming of the batteries, the clatter of the shell!—
And it's weary work retiring, but they kept a dauntless
front,

All our company of heroes who have borne the dreadful
brunt.

They can meet the foe and beat him,

They can scatter and defeat him,

For they learnt a steady lesson (and they taught a lesson,
too),

Having set their teeth in earnest and sat tight and seen it
through.

Then their brothers trooped to join them, taking danger
for a bride,

Not in insolence and malice, but in honour and in pride;
Caring nought to be recorded on the muster-roll of fame,
So they struck a blow for Britain and the glory of her
name.

Toil and wounds could but delight them,

Death itself could not affright them,

Who went out to fight for freedom and the red and white
and blue,

While they set their teeth as firm as flint and vowed to see
it through.

R. C. L.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

[A German cargo of lead has been captured.]

It is not lost to you, so make no moan;

You shall receive it back, O Potsdam pundit;

We do but take a temporary loan,

Intending to refund it.

And goodly interest it shall not lack,

A generous rate per cent. for every particle;

We take the raw material, sending back

The manufactured article.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

V.—A HUNTING MORN.

(In the approved manner of the Sporting Feuilleton.)

SETTING his teeth determinedly, Ralph Wonderson swarmed up the Virginia-creeper until he reached the closely-shuttered window. Here he clung precariously with one hand while with the other he produced a gimlet and noiselessly bored two holes in the green shutters. Was he too late? The question shot through his brain. With a quick intake of breath he applied an eye to one hole and an ear to the other and watched and listened.

In the lighted room before him sat Sir Ernest Scrivener (*alias* Marmaduke Moorsdyke) and a brutal-looking stranger. Sir Ernest was speaking.

"Everything, I think, is ready," he said in his cold, level voice. "The wedding is to take place in the village church to-morrow at eleven. You, Ragley, will take up your position, disguised as a policeman, by the church porch, arrest Wonderson on a charge of arson, and detain him until I arrive, if I should not be already there. I have here the policeman's uniform complete. We are cub-hunting to-morrow morning, and at the proper moment I shall leave the hunt and make my way across to the church, provided with the forged warrant of arrest (which I shall, as a magistrate, hand to you), the forged death certificate of my present wife, and the forged special licence for the marriage of Lady Margaret Tamerton and myself. You will then rush Wonderson off in the motor which will be waiting, and I shall proceed to marry Lady Margaret. Yes—yes, everything is quite ready."

"There's just one thing, Sir," said Ragley, "if you'll excuse me mentioning it. Supposing as how the lady refuses like."

Sir Ernest tossed away his half-smoked cigar and smiled evilly.

"That has been foreseen," he said. "The shock of Wonderson's arrest will cause her to feel faint. I shall have ready a bottle of smelling salts. I need not go into details . . . drugs . . . loss of will power . . . you see. . ."

The blood boiling in Ralph's ears prevented him from hearing more. Only the sight of the two murderous-looking revolvers on the table and the knowledge that he could not afford to take risks at this juncture stopped him from tearing open the shutters and dashing into the room.

Sir Ernest rose to his feet and simultaneously Ralph slid down the

creeper and regained *terra firma*. His mind was working rapidly.

The meet of the Chingerley Hunt made a gay spectacle. The red coats of the men and the fascinating Parisian *toilettes* of the ladies shone resplendently in the morning sunshine, while the champing of the horses' bits blended harmoniously with the choiring of numberless larks. Through the brilliant throng moved the Master, Sir Ernest Scrivener, bowing his greetings right and left as he passed.

A few minutes before the hour fixed for the start the approach of a solitary horseman caused many eyebrows to lift in surprise, while Sir Ernest for an instant went white to the teeth. Then he laughed scornfully.

"Why, Wonderson!" cried one of the Hunt. "What on earth are you doing here? I understood you were being married this morning."

"That is so," replied Ralph easily. "But I see no reason why I shouldn't hunt first. DRAKE, you know, played bowls during a crisis, and NERO fiddled."

As he spoke he watched Sir Ernest narrowly. The Master was making his way towards the iron cage in which the fox cub was imprisoned. Ralph edged his horse insensibly nearer.

Amid the eager plaudits of the Hunt Sir Ernest leaned down from his saddle and raised the catch with a flourish. As he did so a packet of papers fell from his breast pocket.

In a flash the released cub had pounced upon the papers and carried them off in his mouth. With a savage oath Sir Ernest plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks and gave chase. Ralph, perceiving instantly what had happened and guessing the all-important nature of the papers, was by him in a stride. Side by side the pair thundered along, while behind them the hounds and hunters streamed out in a confused and glittering medley. They were off! The hunt was up.

Crouching low on the necks of their panting steeds, the two protagonists swept forward, plying remorselessly whip and spur, curb and snaffle. For a time neither gained an inch. Then, without warning, the fox doubled. With a single turn of his iron wrist Ralph wrenched his horse round without the loss of a second, but as he glanced back over his shoulder he perceived that the Master was only twenty yards behind. Ralph redoubled his efforts, his eyes glued to the white bundle clenched in the cub's dripping jaws.

Through field and farmyard, by barn and byre, over rick and river, they sped, and ever the gap between the fox and

Ralph lessened, while the gap between Ralph and Sir Ernest grew wider, and the savage baying of the hounds, mingled with the frenzied view halloos of the Hunt, receded further into the distance. Never had the Chingerley Hunt known such a chase.

At last Ralph recognized that his chance had come. Leaning over his horse's ears, he took careful aim and slashed out with his long whip. Unerringly the lash coiled round the papers and jerked them from the fox's mouth. A single glance showed him that they were, as he had anticipated, the forged documents.

Two minutes later Sir Ernest found the exhausted fox lying insensible by the roadside. Glancing up, he perceived Ralph vanishing over the crest of a hill.

"Curse him!" he muttered savagely. "Curse him! I must and will overtake him before he reaches the church or the game is up. If I take a short cut under the hill I can outwit him yet. Curse him again!"

Mercilessly lashing his foaming horse, he galloped in the direction of the church. As he rode a sense of the urgency of the situation grew upon him. If he arrived first, Wonderson could be arrested, if necessary at the pistol's point, before he entered the churchyard, and the papers recovered. If he was too late. . . He plunged his spurs an inch deep into his weary mount.

At length the desperate Mazeppa-like dash was over. As he shot through the lych-gate Sir Ernest breathed a sigh of relief. A policeman stood by the church porch awaiting him. Wonderson had been beaten.

With an ugly laugh of triumph he swung himself from the horse. Stolidly the constable turned to face him. Sir Ernest gave one startled exclamation as he saw, not Ragley, but a stranger. He had been forestalled.

The heavy hand of a second policeman fell on his shoulder from behind.

"Sir Ernest Scrivener," said a voice solemnly, "I arrest you on a charge of forgery, and I advise you to come quietly."

Sir Ernest glanced round and saw that he was completely surrounded by police.

As the handcuffs clicked over his wrists there crashed above him the joyous clamour of wedding bells.

Ralph Wonderson paused for a moment at the lych-gate, his lovely fair-haired bride clinging to his arm. Standing in the mellow beauty of the English landscape they made a memorable picture.

A red-coated figure, covered with the stains of hard riding, approached them, bowing low. In his hand he held a magnificent fox's brush.

"This has been unanimously awarded to you, Sir," he said, "as a memento of the finest ride in the annals of the Chingerley Hunt."

And, as Ralph and his bride raised the brush to their lips, from the admiring throng which pressed about them went up that thrilling immemorial hunting chorus, "Tally-ho! Yoicks forrard! Rah! Rah!"

ANOTHER MANIFESTO.

WE, the undersigned, having carefully considered the situation in all its bearings and applications, have come to the decision that it is no longer consonant with the self-respect of Englishmen to share a name with the great swollen-headed German aggressor—the despiser of treaties, the desecrator of Belgium and the foe of the liberty of the world. We therefore give notice that from now and henceforward we renounce the name of William in all its variations.

(Signed)

WILLIAM ARCHER.
WILLIAM ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.
WILLIAM BOOSEY.
BURGLAR BILL (Shade of).
WILLIE CLARKSON.
WILL CROOKS.
WILLIAM DE MORGAN.
WILL EVANS.
GULIELMO FERRERO.
WILLIAM GUNN.
WILLIAM KNIGHT.
WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
WILHELM MEISTER (Shade of).
BILLY MERSON.
WILLIAM OSLER.
WILLY POGANY.
WILLIAM RAMSAY.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (Shade of).
WILLIAM THE SILENT (Shade of).
WILLIAM STRANG.
BILL SIKES (Shade of).
WILLIAM WATSON.
WILLIAM WHITELEY, LTD.

IT'S AN ILL WIND. . . .

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I thought you would like to hear about the Intelligence Bureau which we have established at home since the War broke out. It is run on German lines and so far has been most successful, although there are serious risks.

Clarence thought of it. He is my cleverest brother. He got the idea from a newspaper. Before the War we weren't allowed to read anything in the papers but the cricket scores, but now we may read all.



A Pufflecombe Worthy speaks. "YOU BE TELLING US, JAMES BUZZICOTT, 'BOUT THIS 'ERE LOOVANE THERE'S S' MUCH TARK OVER IN THE PAPERS, AN' THE DESTRUCTION OF A GRAN' OLE BUILDING. BUT WOT DO EE ZAY, JAMES BUZZICOTT, 'BOUT PUFFLECOMBE AND T' OLD 'BELL AN' HORNS' IF US BE INVADED? WOT DO EE ZAY 'BOUT THAT?"

The Bureau works like this. Clarence goes to mother and says, "May we go fishing this afternoon?" Mother says "No," and hurries off to the sewing meeting somewhere. They are all making things for soldiers, and soldiers' wives and children, and Belgian peasants. Briefly, when she's gone, Clarence writes on a piece of paper the fact that Mother has no objection to our fishing, shows it to our governess, and off we go. Isn't that clever of Germany? When mother returns she forgets to ask of the governess what we have been doing, and it is all right.

The other week-end mother went away and wrote to Clarence that we

were to be sure to go to the children's service on Sunday afternoon. Clarence read the letter aloud, and when it came to that part he said, instead of "children's service on Sunday afternoon," something about a picnic on Monday. That is what he calls editing, which is the special duty of an Intelligence Bureau.

Hoping that other children may find our example useful,

I remain, Yours truly,
BETH MANN.

The Return to Culture.

"GERMANS FALLING BACK ON THE MUSE."
North Mail.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

I WAS working in the garden, tidying up after the weekly visit of the jobbing gardener, when Bolsover put his head over the hedge. "Heard about the Pottingers' governess?" he asked excitedly.

"The Pottingers' governess?" I repeated. "No; what about her? Has she given them notice?"

"Well, she's not exactly the Pottingers' governess," he replied, "but governess to some intimate friends of theirs named Ings living at Ponders End. Anyhow, I can absolutely vouch for the truth of the story."

"Get on," I said. "Don't keep me on tenterhooks. What's she done?"

"Why, the police have discovered that she's a German spy," said Bolsover mysteriously.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend!"

"Yes," he went on, "she had been with them three years, teaching the children '*Ich bin geworden sein*,' and '*Hast du die Tochter des Lützen gesehen*,' and all that. It appears that the police called at the house one night recently and insisted on searching her room and her trunks. Mr. Ings protested; said they'd made a mistake, pledged his word on her honour and integrity, but all with no avail. They searched and found—what do you think?"

"I'll buy it," I said; "Uncle Jasper's coming to lunch with me. What did they find?"

"It's no catch," protested Bolsover, "but the solid truth. They found in one of her trunks a German service-rifle and a quantity of ammunition."

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"Only once," retorted Bolsover.

"She's now in a Concentration Camp near Hendon."

I thought no more about the matter until midway through lunch. We were waiting for the *soufflé* when—

"Have you heard that story about a German?" Uncle Jasper and I began simultaneously.

"After you, Uncle," I said dutifully.

"What were you going to say?"

"I was about to ask you if you had heard the story of the Polworths' governess," he said.

"No," I answered. "Tell me. You refer to the Polworths of Croydon?"

"Exactly. Well, they—or rather some friends of theirs named Culverton, living at Purley—had a German governess who had been in the family for some years. A night or two ago the police—"

But I needn't repeat it. In all essentials it was Bolsover's story over again, the only differences being that they found three bombs and that the governess was incarcerated at Horsham.

In the afternoon I accompanied Uncle Jasper to the railway station. On my way home I met the Vicar, and we fell to discussing the war. Eventually the conversation got to espionage.

"That reminds me," said the Vicar, "of a very strange case in the household of one of my parishioners—or it would be more correct to say that what I am going to tell you occurred in the house of a friend of his at Canterbury.

to tell you is authentic, for the events actually happened to the man who told me—I daresay some of you know Bickerton?—or rather to an old friend of his, which, under the circumstances, is practically the same thing. Well, this friend of Bickerton's, whose name was—"

"Ings, Mullens, Doddridge, Finlayson," we all, except young Pitts, murmured *sotto voce*.

"... Petherby, lived at—"

"Ponders End, Woking, Cleckheaton, Norwich," we added in a similar manner.

"... Maidstone, and for some time had had in his employ a German governess."

And so the tale went on until the Colonel got to the searching of the trunk. "... and in it was found" ...

"A service-rifle, three bombs, a loaded revolver, plans of fortifications," we supplied as before.

"... incriminating letters showing clearly that for years the woman had been in communication with the German Secret Service Bureau," concluded our host.

Young Pitts left with me and walked to my house.

"I didn't hear any asides from you while the Colonel was repeating that hoary old yarn," I said as we reached the gate. "Hadden't you heard it before?"

"I heard it in the train this morning," Pitts answered.

"You don't believe it, surely?"

"Of course not. Amongst other reasons, because the man in whose house the events were supposed to have taken place happens, I know, to be a bachelor, and would not therefore require the services of a German governess."

"Who was the person referred to in the version you heard?" I asked.

"You," he replied.

Footwork.

"In a comparatively short time now, summer gardens will have to be overhauled, the bedding-out plants taken up, cuttings taken, and the ground prepared for next spring's display; all of which will be labour usually regarded as *manual*, but which is well within the capabilities of a strong intelligent woman."—*Country Life*.

Who would of course regard such labour as *womanual*.

"Forming a hollow square in front of Webbe Tent, Lord Grenfell addressed the corps, and complimented them on the work they had done and their smart appearance."

The Contingent.

After which the C.O., on behalf of the corps, complimented Lord GRENFELL on forming a hollow square.



London Scot (proud of his English). "AW'LL BE HAME ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK THE NIKT, AN'—"

Voice of Operator (obedient to Government instructions). "NO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, PLEASE." [Cut off.]

However, the *bona fides* of the facts is absolutely unimpeachable. It appears that—

And here followed another version of the governess episode, identical in all respects with those of Bolsover and Uncle Jasper, save only that the police found a loaded revolver and a plan of Chatham Dockyard, and that the woman had been deported.

That same evening I dined at old Colonel Jevers', and when the ladies had withdrawn to the drawing-room our host began—

"Talking about the war reminds me of a most extraordinary spy story I heard to-day about a German governess."

All the men exchanged glances and smiled. The Colonel continued—"I can say at once that what I am going



SEASIDE MINSTREL, SUSPECTED OF BEING AN ALIEN, IS MADE TO REMOVE THE BLACK FROM HIS FACE FOR PURPOSES OF IDENTIFICATION.

IMPERIAL FAVOURS.

WE read with very great interest the official and authentic information circulated by the Wolff Agency with regard to the status of the Austrian *Landsturm*. From this we learn that "on account of its gallant conduct" (attended apparently by disastrous results) the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has granted it permission to serve outside Austria. This is a gracious concession which will no doubt be very highly appreciated by the *Landsturm*; but one trifling difficulty seems to stand in the way. To be frank, we do not quite see how they are going to get outside. At least it would be well for them to take steps before it is too late. Events have not facilitated the journey *via* Lemburg, or that *via* Sarajevo. We know it would be a cruel disappointment if they found themselves debarred from enjoying this exceptional boon. Perhaps they might try the emergency exit to Italy, where a warm reception would await them.

Meanwhile the idea has been taken up by FRANCIS JOSEPH's brother Emperor, who never likes to miss a good thing. We understand that he has granted to the German Fleet—on account of its gallant conduct in the Kiel Canal—permission to serve outside

in the North Sea and also in the Solent. We need hardly add that the news has been received with the utmost geniality by the British Fleet.

Nasty Accident to Divine.

Cardinal Vanutelli, the doyen of the Papal Conclave, has had the misfortune to break his conclave."—*Liverpool Echo*.

Another Attack on the Press.

"The Antwerp correspondent of the 'Telegraaf' states that yesterday, between Termonde and Ghent, German soldiers fired upon a train full of Reuters."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

From a poster:—

"WHAT WE HAVE
TO OFFER
ITALY.
The Globe."

This is, of course, a rhetorical exaggeration. Actually it would be a small piece of Austria.

The Confession.

From a letter in *The Globe* on the liberty allowed to German prisoners:—

"With Portland and Weymouth almost within artillery range the thing seems monstrous. Who is responsible?—I am, &c., MIDDLE TEMPLAR."

Then we hope Middle Templar is ashamed of himself.

TO LIMEHOUSE.

EASTWARD the buzzing tram-car dips
Adown Commercial Road,
Till you may see the masts of ships,
With all their canvas stowed,
Stand o'er the house-tops, high
Against blue sky;
And thus Romance doth stray,
Mid work-a-day.

O drabdest of all penny fares!
Yet may you catch a glimpse
Of little dusty courts and squares
Where little dusty imps
Play by the plane-trees there,
Squalid, un-fair—
If these a child or tree
Could ever be.

The trams they go with hoot and lurch
Long miles, through glare and grime,
With here and there a dim cool el urch
Wide open all the time;
Where on this lovely day
Folk stop to pray
That wars, at length, may cease
And we have peace.

Stamping Out the Enemy.

"With German factories paralysed and the cold grip of the British Feet about her throat, Germany, it is argued, must bring the war to a close before starvation conquers her."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CONFESS that I did not foretell the present state of affairs, and I refuse to believe anyone else who professes to have done so unless he can produce his prophecy in writing. *Germany and England* (MURRAY), however, puts the late Professor J. A. CRAMB definitely among the few and persistent prophets who should long ago have been very much more honoured in their own country. The book is a *résumé* of lectures delivered in London in the early part of 1913, and it was first published a few months ago. The present reprint proves the lecturer to have been wiser before the event than many of us are even while the event is happening. Had he lived to see "the day," he would certainly have revised his incidental opinions of French competence and Russian honesty, British resource, and the utility of the Territorial; he would have willingly praised what he has somewhat hastily derided. His theme, however, is not criticism of the Allies, but appraisal of Germany; and his arguments, simply but eloquently expressed, should be very closely regarded by those haphazard optimists who suppose this War to be the personal prank of a braggart Kaiser, doomed to an immediate failure for want of his subjects' support. I have devoured more pages of printed matter since this trouble began than I care to think about, but from the whole lot I have had less enlightenment than from this half-crown volume; I have learnt exactly what is taking place—and why—from one who, unhappily, died before any of the existing wars was declared. Clearly the days of miracles are not yet dead.

No doubt you already know the work of Mr. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY (FRANCIS PREVOST) in "another place," i.e., on the battlefield, where as a war-correspondent he has proved himself a keen observer and an accomplished master of style. But he can also write romances uncommonly well. His latest, *The Lure of Romance* (LANE), displays once more exactly the qualities that have brought its author previous renown—an appreciative eye and a ready pen for the dramatic and picturesque aspects of a big fight. He knows exactly what a bullet sounds like as it whistles over the head of the person to whom it was addressed; and as no doubt many of us are taking an unusual interest in bullets just now there should be a large public for a story that is so largely concerned with them. On its own merits as a tale it is bustling and picturesque enough. The scene of it is laid in a South American Republic (that useful variant on Ruritania), and the plot deals with the rescue of the charming daughters of a rapscallion President, threatened by local revolutionaries. Naturally, therefore, there is some shooting—in the American sense—all of which bears the sign of expert handling. The affair ends with a really thrilling climax, in which *Doyle*, the engineer and chief hero, confounds the politics of his enemies by letting loose a reservoir upon them. This is great fun. Especially as

the contents of the reservoir, on its way down through a mountain-jungle, brought along with it what Mr. BATTERSBY pleasantly calls "clattering carapes of gigantic crabs." A truly gripping finish!

It would seem a far cry from the clash of armies to the romance of a honeymoon spent on a raft *de luxe* drifting lazily down a river of Burma. That is the theme of *Love's Legend* (CONSTABLE), by Mr. FIELDING HALL, author of *The Soul of a People*. But there may be a war of sex with sex scarcely less tragic than the wars of men with men (or brutes). The author shows us an oldish husband—a civil servant—who surmounts, with not too much indelicacy, the primary difficulty of his young wife's ingenuousness in relation to the sacrament of marriage. But a further and worse difficulty is waiting for him when he comes to deal with the incompatibility of the sexes in the matter of

moral standards. The thing, of course, has been done once for all by LOUIS STEVENSON in *Virginibus Puerisque*. But he did it in essay form; here we have the piquancy of personal narrative and dialogue. Husband and wife in turn are responsible for the story, each assuming a partial attitude towards facts and opinions; or else it is one of his old friends (a source of foolish jealousy to the wife) who takes up the tale without warning when they meet at some riverside station. This means a pleasant variety of styles, and there is a certain childlike freshness about the method by which the husband adapts himself to his wife's intelligence, presenting his more difficult arguments in the form of fairy-tales—a habit which the

author may, for all I know, have assimilated through intercourse with the local native. All goes badly, and things began to threaten an *impasse*, when one foggy night the raft is cut in two by a paddle-boat and the pair get separated and nearly killed. They are so pleased to be restored to one another alive that they tacitly agree to waive their differences. It is perhaps rather a puerile *dénouement*, and not likely to be very helpful to the newly-wedded public. There must be very few couples who can count on having their elemental differences healed by means of a collision between a honeymoon raft and a paddle-steamer on a Burmese river. All the same I commend the book, for it has a charm of manner that will appeal to all. As for its matter, half of it will seem sound to you if you are a male, and most irritating if you are a female; and the other way about with the other half. Personally, being a man, I thought the woman wanted smacking.

The new German National Anthem (we hope):—*Deutschland unter Allies*.

We are living in unsettled times. St. Petersburg has become Petrograd, and now we read in *The Yorkshire Observer* that "The Bradford Baths Committee have decided to alter the name of the Central Baths to 'The Kursaal.'" What next?



THE PICNIC, SEPTEMBER, 1914.

Anxious Mother. "I HOPE WE'VE FORGOTTEN NOTHING, FRED?—SANDWICHES, SPIRIT LAMP, SUGAR, TEA, MILK, JAM, AMMUNITION, KNIVES, FORKS, REPEATING RIFLE, PICKLES, BARBED WIRE, &c., &c."

THE NEW RAKE'S PROGRESS



GERMAN KAISER. "LET US PREY."

Sept. 9, 1914.

Cartoons from "Punch"
Illustrating the Kaiser's Career,
1888-1914.

"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The New Rake's Progress.



A WISE WARNING.

DÆDALUS BISMARCK (*Political Parent of WILHELM ICARUS*).

"MY SON, OBSERVE THE MIDDLE PATH TO FLY,
AND FEAR TO SINK TOO LOW, OR RISE TOO HIGH.
HERE THE SUN MELTS. THERE VAPOURS DAMP YOUR FORCE,
BETWEEN THE TWO EXTREMES DIRECT YOUR COURSE.

"NOR ON THE BEAR, NOR ON BOÖTES GAZE,
NOR ON SWORD-ARM'D ORION'S DANGEROUS RAYS!
BUT FOLLOW ME, THY GUIDE, WITH WATCHFUL SIGHT,
AND, AS I STEER, DIRECT THY CAUTIOUS FLIGHT."
OVID, "*Metamorphoses*," Book VIII., Fable III.

October 6, 1888.

The New Rake's Progress.

May 10, 1890.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

CHORUS IN THE STERN. "DON'T GO ON LIKE THAT--OR YOU'LL UPSET US ALL!!"

* * The Kaiser begins to alarm his fellow Rulers.

The New Rake's Progress.



THE IMPERIAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Chorus (Everybody). "EVERYTHING IN ORDER EVERYWHERE! O! WHAT A SURPRISE! SOLD AGAIN!"

January 30, 1892.

. The Kaiser has a finger in every German Pie.

The New Rake's Progress.

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THE MODERN ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF SOUND.

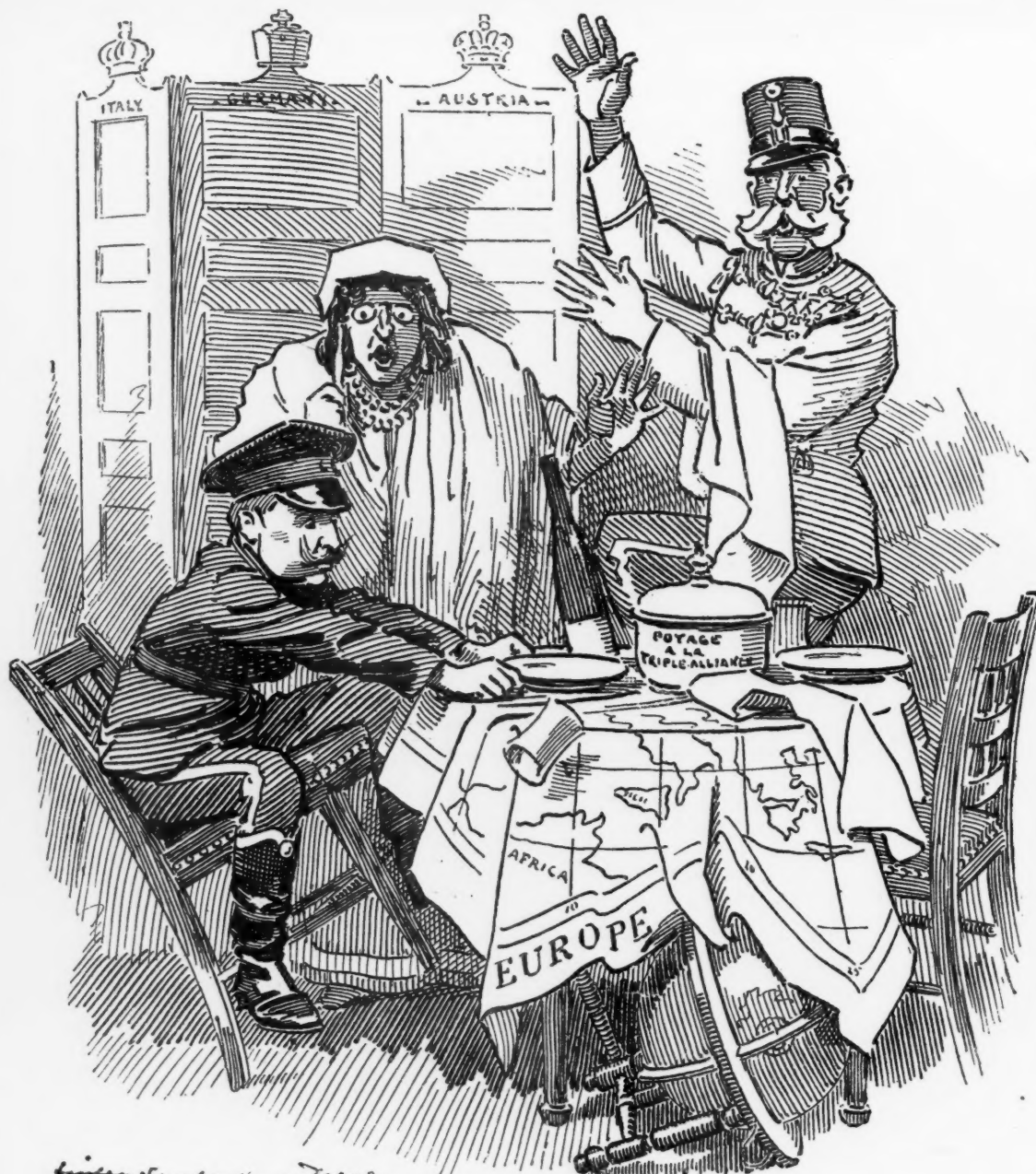
* * * * *
"WITH RAVISHED EARS,
THE MONARCH HEARS,

ASSUMES THE GOD,
AFFECTS TO NOD,
AND SEEMS TO SHAKE THE SPHERES!"

March 5, 1892.

* * The Kaiser feels his feet. This cartoon caused *Punch* to be excluded for a while from the Imperial Palace.

The New Rake's Progress.



THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(Up-to-date Version of "Struwwelpeter.")

"LET ME SEE IF WILHELM CAN
BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN;
LET ME SEE IF HE IS ABLE
TO SIT STILL FOR ONCE AT TABLE!"

"BUT FIDGETY WILL
HE WON'T SIT STILL."

JUST LIKE ANY BUCKING HORSE.

"WILHELM! WE ARE GETTING CROSS!"

February 1, 1896.

*. The Kaiser worries his friends of the Triple Alliance.

The New Rake's Progress.

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Lily S. 1914.

A NEW RÔLE.

Imperial "Manager-Actor" (who has cast himself for a leading part in "Un Voyage en Chine," sotto voce). "UM—HA!
WITH JUST A FEW ADDITIONAL TOUCHES HERE AND THERE, I SHALL MAKE A FIRST-RATE EMPEROR OF CHINA!"

January 15, 1899.

. The Kaiser prepares for China.

The New Rake's Progress.



COOK'S CRUSADER.

Imperial Knight Templar (the German Emperor—to SALADIN). "WHAT!! THE CHRISTIAN POWERS PUTTING PRESSURE UPON YOU, MY DEAR FRIEND!! HORRIBLE! I CAN'T THINK HOW PEOPLE CAN DO SUCH THINGS!"

October 15, 1898.

. The Kaiser sympathises with the Turk.

The New Rake's Progress.

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ON TOUR.

(Tangier, March 31.)

KAISER WILHELM (*as the Moor of Potsdam*) sings:—

“‘UNTER DEN LINDEN’—ALWAYS AT HOME,
‘UNDER THE LIME-LIGHT’ WHEREVER I ROAM!”

April 5, 1905.

. The Kaiser woos Morocco.

The New Rake's Progress.



Bernard Partridge. 6

NOT IN THE PICTURE.

SCENE—On shore, during the visit of the British Fleet to Brest.

Mr. PUNCH (Photographer, suavely, to the KAISER). "JUST A LEETLE FURTHER BACK, PLEASE, SIR. YOUR SHADOW STILL RATHER INTERFERES WITH THE GROUP."

July 12, 1905.

. The Kaiser (not for the first time) is out of it with England and France.

The New Rake's Progress.

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THE SOWER OF TARES.

(After Millais.)

August 23, 1905.

. The Kaiser as enemy of Europe.

The New Rake's Progress.



"ISOLATION."

PEACE (attending the Inter-Parliamentary Congress at Berlin). "EVERYBODY ELSE SEEMS TO BE MY FRIEND; WHY DO YOU STAND ALOOF?"

GERMAN KAISER. "BUT HAVEN'T I ALWAYS SAID THAT I WAS YOUR FRIEND?"

PEACE. "YES; BUT CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO PROVE IT?"

September 23, 1908.

. The Ka'ser as the platonic friend of Peace.

The New Rake's Progress.

13



THE TEUTONISING OF TURKEY.

GERMAN KAISER. "GOOD BIRD!"

October 5, 1910.

* * The Kaiser takes Turkey in hand.

The New Rake's Progress.



HARMONY.

[The GERMAN EMPEROR has been patronising the Centenary of KRUPP's Gun Factory.]

August 14, 1912.

* * * The Kaiser prepares for the Millennium (Prussian Version).

The New Rake's Progress

15



THE COMING OF THE COSSACKS.

WILHELM II. "WHAT IS THIS DISTANT RUMBLING THAT I HEAR? DOUBTLESS THE PLAUDITS OF MY PEOPLE!"

August 26, 1914.

* * The Kaiser deludes himself.

The New Rake's Progress.



THE WORLD'S ENEMY.

THE KAISER. "WHO GOES THERE?"

SPIRIT OF CARNAGE. "A FRIEND—YOUR ONLY ONE."

August 19, 1914.

* * The Kaiser as the foe of humanity.

Frederick Agnew & Co., Printers



THE ALIEN.

Chorus. "Bjo! 'oo kissed 'er 'AND TO THE KAISER LARST TIME 'E COME OVER? YAR! BLOOMIN' GERMAN!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER, we are told, travels with an asbestos hut. We fancy, however, that it is not during his lifetime that the most pressing need for a fire-proof shelter will arise.

"The Germans," said one of our experts last week, "are retreating to what looks like a bottle-neck exit." Their fondness for the bottle is, of course, well known and may yet be their undoing.

The *Times*, one day, gave a map showing "The Line of Battle in Champagne." It was, as might have been expected, a very wobbly line.

A somewhat illiterate correspondent writes to say that he considers that the French ought to have allowed the Mad Dog to retain Looneyville.

The German papers publish the statement that a Breslau merchant has offered 30,000 marks to the German soldier who, weapon in hand, shall be

the first to place his feet on British soil. By a characteristic piece of sharp practice the reward, it will be noted, is offered to the man personally and would not be payable to his next of kin.

With one exception all goods hitherto manufactured in Germany can be made just as well here. The exception is Lies.

We have been requested to deny the rumour that Mr. A. C. BENSON's forthcoming Christmas book is to be a Eulogy of German Culture and is to bear the title, *Some Broken Panes From a College Window (in Louvain)*.

A Corps of Artists for Home Defence is being formed, and the painter members are said to be longing for a brush with the enemy.

Cases have been brought to our notice by racing men of betting news having been delayed on more than one occasion owing to the wires being required for war purposes. We are

confident that if a protest were made to Lord KITCHENER he would look very closely into the matter.

Another item reaches us from the dear old village of Puffecombe this week. The oldest inhabitant met a stranger. "'Scuse me, Zur," he said, "but be you from Lunnnon town?" The visitor nodded. "Then maybe, Zur," said the rustic, "you can tell me if it be true, as I have heerd tell, that relations 'tween England and Germany be strained?"

"If every man and woman in the country were mated, the number of men who would still remain bachelors would more than equal the entire population."—*Daily News*.

The Press Bureau cannot guarantee the truth of this.

"Germans on board, who were arrested, stated that reports circulated in Hamburg declared that the British troops had been annihilated and Paris was in flames.

"Sixty-two British ships lie at Hamburg." They must have caught it from the Germans.

PROBATION.

(To a King's Recruit.)

Now is your time of trial, now
 When into dusk the glamour pales
 And the first glow of passion fails
 That lit your eyes and flushed your brow
 In that great moment when you made your vow.

The Vision fades; you scarce recall
 The sudden swelling of the heart,
 The swift resolve to have your part
 In this the noblest quest of all
 By which our word is given to stand or fall.

Your mother's pride, your comrades' praise—
 All that romance that seemed so fair
 Grows dim, and you are left to bear
 The prose of duty's sombre ways
 And labour of the long unlovely days.

Yet here's the test to prove you kin
 With those to whom we trust our fate,
 Sober and steadfast, clean and straight,
 In that stern school of discipline
 Hardened to war against the foe within.

For only so, in England's sight,
 By that ordeal's searching flame
 Found worthy of your fathers' fame,
 With all your spirit's armour bright
 Can you go forth in her dear cause to fight.

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. I.

(From HERR VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG.)

MAJESTY,—Though you will never receive this letter, I feel that I must write it if only to relieve my mind of an intolerable burden. There is no doubt about it, things are not going well with us, and we shall soon be in a situation of a most deplorable kind. Our armies have been driven back in France—this is what VON STEIN means when he declares that we have had "partial successes"—and Paris, which was to be captured weeks ago, seems to be as strong and as defiant as ever. The English are still unbroken and are pouring new armies into France. In Galicia the wretched Austrians are running like sheep; even Serbia has beaten them and is invading Hungary and Bosnia; and our wonderful fleet, which cost so much good money, is bottled up. Soon we shall have the Cossacks on our backs, and then the dance will begin in earnest.

But you don't care—not a bit of it. You've been prancing about and making speeches and showing yourself on balconies and congratulating God on being such a good German. Do for Heaven's sake give us all a rest. We are in for a frightful war, and untold miseries are sure to fall upon us. Do you suppose that we shall be helped to bear them if you continue to act like an inebriated madman in the sight of the whole world?

Of course I shall have to bear the responsibility. I know that well enough. So, while I still have the liberty to use my pen, I mean to make my protest and throw back the burden you want to put upon me. Let me tell you this: you can't go on bragging and trampling on others and glorifying your splendid and immaculate self without rousing anger somewhere. Other people have their feelings—I've got some left myself—and in the long run they're bound to get tired of being exposed to your insolence. We may be

miserable worms, but we don't want to be told so every day.

And then how wanton and silly the whole management of the affair has been. Think of our Empire so gloriously won, so magnificently established. France, no doubt, brooded over the possibility of a *revanche*, but no other country envied us our success or desired either to damage our *prestige* or to interfere with our growing commerce. Everybody was glad to hail us as friends. And now nearly the whole of Europe has been brought about our ears. Almost all countries wish for our destruction and are trying to bring it about. Italy deserts us. Even America, though you cringe to her, dislikes us and mentions Louvain when we speak of culture. What a masterpiece of folly and miscalculation and wasted opportunity it has all been. And the truth is that there's nobody to thank for it except your sublime self. Others have made mistakes, but you alone were capable of constructing this colossal monument of detestable blunders. Our fault has been that we did not attempt to check you when you pulled on your jack-boots and mounted your high-horse to ride rough-shod over the world, and that we pretended to believe you when you assured us that all was well because you had taken in the Almighty as a sleeping-partner in the business of governing a State. That fault in all conscience is big enough, but it becomes a mere speck when it is measured against yours.

I could add more, but what I have said is enough. At any rate I am now feeling better.

Yours, with all deference,

VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG.

THE EVANGELIST.

I HAVE found favour in the sight of God;
 From all His servants He selected Me
 To take His gospel, "God and Germany,"
 To Belgian heretics. Lo, I have trod
 Through Belgium terribly, and taught the pack;
 I put their ancient cities to the sack,
 I gave their men and women to the sword,
 I took their Belgian babes upon my knee
 And broke them to the glory of the Lord.

It may be that one Belgian kennel stands,
 One Belgian dog, not trampled into dust,
 Still battles on beside these hosts of Hell
 Who think to question the Most High's commands—
 God will forgive me one, for He is just;
 The blood of many thousands lights my feet;
 Calmly I step before the Judgment Seat—
 "Have I done well, O Lord, have I done well?"

A. A. M.

A Fable.

A SUFFOLK Sportsman, wandering out with his Gun to get what he could, once brought down a Pigeon.

It was a fine Bird, and he popped it in a Pie and made a hearty Meal of it.

And then he began to feel most horribly ill in his Stomach.

The Moral is that one should not eat German homers, for Evil Communications Corrupt Good Digestions.

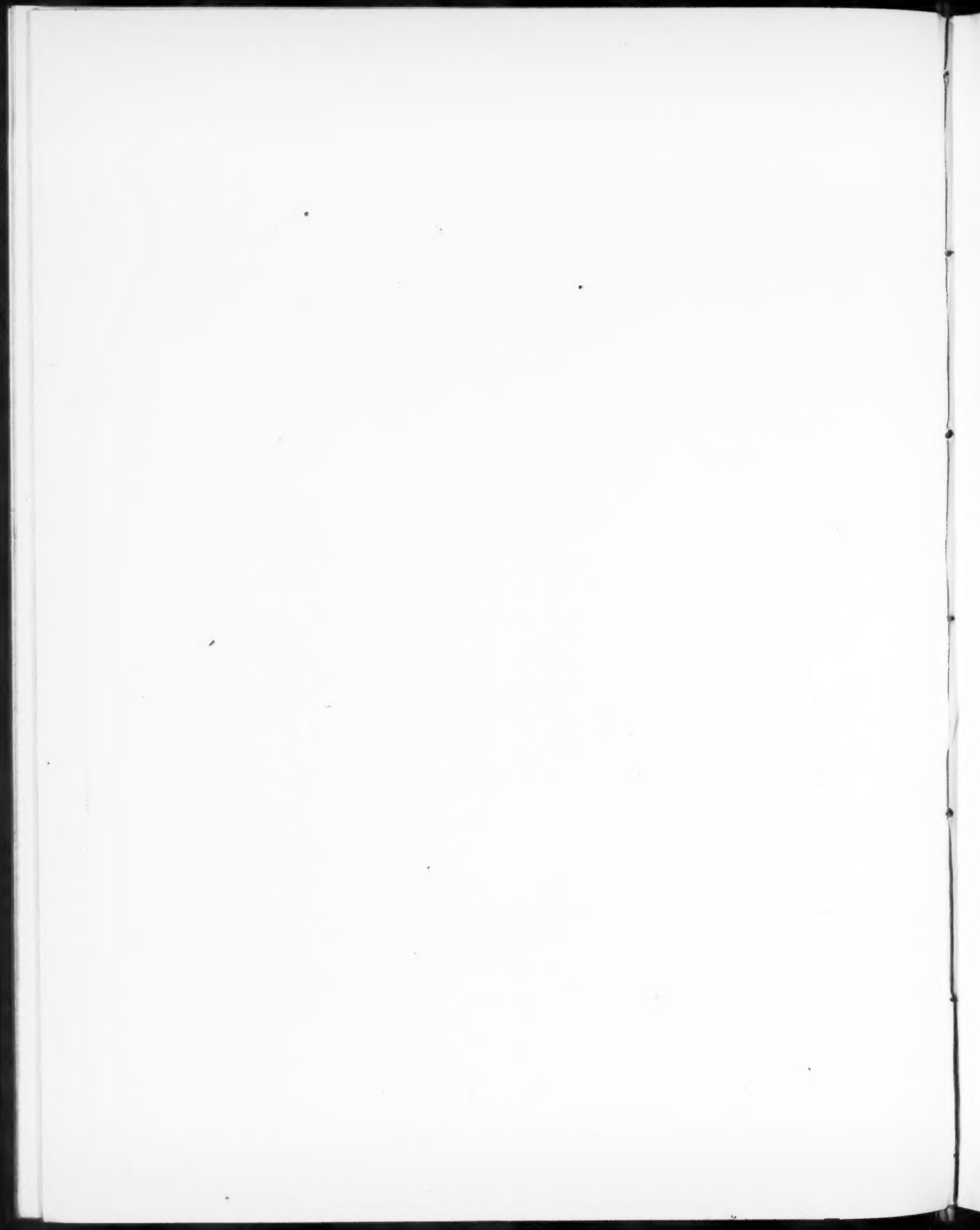
"Who has not read the humorist W. W. Jacobs? who has not spent many an enjoyable hour over his books, such as 'Three Men in a Boat'?"—*Timaru Herald*.

Obviously the writer of the above paragraph.



NOTHING DOING.

IMPERIAL DACHSHUND. "HERE I'VE BEEN SITTING UP AND DOING TRICKS FOR THE BEST PART OF SEVEN WEEKS, AND YOU TAKE NO MORE NOTICE OF ME THAN IF——"
UNCLE SAM. "CUT IT OUT!"





Territorial Sentry (by profession a telephone operator). "ARE YOU THERE?"

THE SPLENDID FAILURE.

I FOUND my old cheerful active friend in the depths of woe.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I'm done for, useless. You see I'm forty-six, and that's a devil of an age just now. You're as fit as you ever were in your life, but of course the War Office won't look at you. Forty-six is impossible! 'But I can walk thirty miles a day,' I tell them. 'Not with all the accoutrements,' they say. 'I'm a member of the Alpine Club,' I tell them. 'You're over age,' they say. 'I'm stronger than any of your twenty-year-old recruits,' I tell them. 'You're forty-six,' they say. And it's true!"

"Then the new regiment of Sportsmen came along," he continued, "and I tried them. No good. Forty-five is their maximum. So there you are! I'm done—useless. No one wanted to help more than I did, and I can do absolutely nothing."

"I'll bet you've done a lot," I said, "if you would only confess."

"I tell you I've done absolutely nothing," he repeated testily. "I'm no use."

"But surely you're on a dozen committees?" I said.

"No," he said, "not one."

"Then you have started a Fund? Some minor fund guaranteed not to divert any money from the big ones?"

"No."

"But of course you've written to the papers?" I went on.

"No."

"Not about anything? Not to make the Government buck up about blankets or squashing German lies, or allowing Correspondents at the Front, or anything like that?"

"No."

"But surely you have views as to the better management of things? The Press Bureau, for instance. Haven't you pitched into that?"

"No."

"Not even clamoured for all Germans in this country, even the naturalised ones, to be shot? Surely you've harried McKENNA a bit?"

"No."

"Well, you must at least have published a scheme for the partition of Europe after the war?"

"No; I never wrote to the papers in my life."

I shook his hand.

"Good heavens!" I said, "and this is the man who grumbles because he has done nothing for his country."

THE NEW SCHOOL OF DIVINITY.

[The most fashionable and eminent German theologians have enthusiastically endorsed the official view of Germany as the hierophant of Peace and Concord reluctantly forced into a defensive war by the perfidy of England. As worshippers in the new Temple of Teutonic Truth they may be imagined to express themselves much as follows.]

"As the ghostly adviser
Of WILHELM our Kaiser
I think this erection
Is simply perfection.
No censure can dim it,
Because it's the limit
In massive proportions
And splendid distortions.
To compare it with Ammon,
Whose temple's at Karnak,
Is the veriest gammon,"
Exclaims Dr. HARNACK.

"Since the days of my youth
I have laboured for Truth,
And, though keenly assailed
By the arrows of slander,
She has mostly prevailed.
But now that she's nailed
To our counter for aye,
Neither black, white nor Grey
Shall have power to withstand
her."

(Signed) DR. DRYANDER.

THE WATCH DOGS.

III.

DEAR CHARLES,—I hope you haven't been worrying yourself to death because you haven't heard from your Territorial for a fortnight. The Germans haven't got us yet, and what is more we haven't yet shot each other. There is a private who comes down into the butts under my charge who ought to be especially grateful to Providence on this account, for I cannot induce him to make use of the red "Cease Fire!" flag before he ascends from the safety-pit; even when he does, he drags it out behind him so that the first thing those on the firing-point see is himself, and the second thing is the flag. I think he must have been an ammunition-monger in private life and mixed with bullets in their less dangerous moods.

We complain of the work and we complain of the food, but really we are very happy. The great thing about our life is that there is nothing to bother about; someone is looking after us all the time, that is from 5 A.M. to 10 P.M. They fetch you out of bed, they exercise your muscles, they put food into you, tell you where to go, when to come back, how to fold up your kit, and when to go to sleep. The only thing they don't do is to come round the last thing and tuck you up in your little valise. You can strap yourself in, all but the head, and as to that there is a flap which anybody with a little gum could fasten down as an envelope. If, Charles, you hear a rumour that my battalion has been sent across Germany to join the Russians on the other side *by parcel post*, don't be too ready to dismiss it as an absurdity.

Everybody has got somebody to look after him here. There was an instance on the range yesterday. The men were firing their standard tests and there were rumours of an inspection. The N.C.O.'s in charge, being a bit anxious themselves, were seeing to it that the privates did their duty. Be sure we kept a relentless eye on the N.C.O.'s, and the Major in charge of the whole Musketry Detachment did not deal gently with us. Then the Adjutant loomed up, and the Major had to explain himself as best he could; next came the Brigadier, and the Adjutant was on his defence. Just as the Brigadier was getting into his stride, "The General, Sir," whispered the Brigade-Major, and it was then for the Brigadier to account for things being as they were and to promise that very shortly they should be otherwise. You'd have thought that a man so mature and beribboned as our Divisional Commander would be immune from

attack; but not so, for up rolled a motor which had come all the way from London and the War Office and even the dear old General was found to be capable of error. You may imagine that the five rounds which were being shot all this while by a mere private were somewhat spasmodic, especially as he was used by all parties as an illustration of their particular meanings. Standing by myself all the time while this unhappy man was severally instructed by N.C.O., Lieutenant, Major, Adjutant, Brigadier, General and Permanent Staff, I was a little amused to note that even so he failed to pass his test! And they all told him on no account to be nervous about it.

You know the song, "Where the wind blows, we'll go"? It is a great favourite on the march; and full marching kit, together with eighty rounds of ball ammunition carried by each man, cannot stop it. It is not a beautiful thing in itself, and it is not made more attractive by being sung when the band is playing something else. But it takes little to turn a bad thing into a good one. This morning Lieut. Wentworth, not usually mounted, took out a party for a route march, borrowing the Adjutant's horse for the purpose. As the party marched away at ease, some of their friends asked them where they were going. They answered to music: "Where the horse goes, we'll go." Wentworth tells me that this opinion was not ill-founded.

Food is my strong subject at the moment, for I have happened to be orderly officer once or twice lately; in other words I have been a sort of detective housekeeper. The first thing I have to do is to see that everybody gets up at reveille—a charity, Charles, which has to begin at home. But it is at the cookhouse that I am supposed to have my most deadly effect. You can see me paying visits *en surprise*, all the cooks springing to attention and the very potatoes in the dixies trying to look as if they weren't doing anything wrong! The pleasing sensation of importance having passed off, it is then time for me to do something intelligent. It is easy enough to tap a camp-kettle with a nonchalant cane and commence the removal of the lid, but it is much more difficult to cope with the pieces of boiled beef with which I am then confronted. As a subject of conversation boiled beef is not, in my opinion, a success: there are only two things to ask about it—"Is it beef?" "Is it boiled?" There is no way of finding out its merits except by eating it, and I simply cannot bring myself to steal my men's food! The temptation is to prod it with the cane, but when you've

done that once and the Adjutant has happened to be looking you don't do it again. So I turn to the "pontoon," a composite dish containing everything in the world which is edible and savoury, and I ask the Cook-Sergeant why we cannot get that sort of thing in peace time, pay what we will. Oh, yes, my boy, we in the officers' mess have long abandoned our chefs and caterers, and have taken to drawing out rations and, secretly, thanking Heaven for the same.

You want to know what is to become of us. I will tell you on absolutely reliable information. We are going to Cherbourg to stand by as a reserve force; to Paris to act as a protection against surprise attacks; to Ostend to relieve the Casino; to Antwerp to resist Zeppelins; to the French frontier to guard lines of communication; to Leicester to supervise German prisoners; to Africa to conduct a show of our own; to India, Malta, Gibraltar and Egypt for garrison duty; to the North of Scotland to protect coast towns (which abound in that part); and to the right of the Allies' first, the centre of the Allies' second, and the left of the Allies' third fighting line. That, Charles, is our official programme: when we have completed it we shall be getting near Christmas. Then, of course, we proceed for rest and recreation to Berlin; our one fear being that when we get there we shall be turned out to military police duty, and the protection of German women and children against their own men-folk.

Meanwhile to-morrow's programme is less dashing. It consists of Church Parade. The Musketry Detachment is at some little distance from the main body, so the Padre has arranged for a private parade of our own. An officer is to read the lessons and has been instructed for the purpose. "The Party," as we call him for convenience, "will move two paces forward and, upon the word 'one,' will take the Book smartly in the left hand. Upon the word 'two' he will raise his right thumb to his lower lip and moisten the same, thus enabling it to turn over the page efficiently. When this movement is complete, he will cut away the right hand sharply and proceed to carry out his duties." Don't suppose we are irreligious—far from it; but always we are disciplinarians. I believe there is somewhere in the *Infantry Training* a correct way laid down for blowing your nose to numbers.

Yours ever,

HENRY.

"TRADING WITH THE ENEMY BILL."

We prefer to say (less familiarly), "Settling accounts with the KAISER."

A FOOD WAR.

SOME folk believe that wars commence
From greed of gain or self-defence;
But Austrian sages have divined
Incitements of a different kind.

The Servian Army (so 'tis said)
Has run completely out of bread,
And every day the hungry souls
Fight Austria for Vienna rolls.

The Austrian battles with the Tsar
Because he dotes on caviare,
And must that monarch's realm invade
Because he likes it freshly made.

The Russians cannot do without
The soul-sustaining *sauerkraut*,
And march their armies to the West
Because Berliners make the best.

The German confidently thinks
That absinthe is the prince of drinks,
And therefore must attack the land
That keeps the most seductive brand.

The Frenchman, tired of his *ragoûts*,
Covets the meat that Teutons use,
And charges like an avalanche
For German sausage, not *revanche*.

The Briton, vexed by rules austere,
Has heard the fame of German beer,
And nought his onward march can
stop

While Munich holds a single drop.

The bold Italian stands prepared
With rifle loaded, sabre bared,
And to a questioning world replies,
"Who touches my *spaghetti*, dies!"

THE CATCH.

I HAVE a friend who is a Special Constable. He has had an experience which by no means casts any discredit upon him; but he would rather not write about it himself, he says; so I take up the pen on his behalf.

My friend is an artist, and as such is accustomed to use his eyes. The other day he saw a smartly dressed man whom he conceived to be a German spy, for, besides wearing an alien aspect, he carried a walking-stick which tapered suspiciously on the way down, and near the top of it was an obvious little catch. "A sword stick!" said the Special Constable to himself.

He followed the man. The man ultimately entered the purlieus of a police station and joined a queue of exotics who were waiting to be registered.

The Special Constable then accosted a pukka Police Inspector who was standing at the door and explained his suspicion as to the walking-stick and its probable contents. The Police Inspector also thought there might be

something in it. He beckoned to the German. The alien enemy, trembling palpably, came up to him.

"Any arms?" asked the Inspector.

"No," replied the alien enemy, still trembling.

"Undo the catch of that stick," commanded the Inspector. With fumbling fingers the alien enemy did so—and drew forth a silk umbrella.

Two consecutive advertisements in *The Portsmouth Evening News*:—

"Lost, Sunday, Ring, with G.H.E. stamped on it.

"Why Lose Articles? Name or initials engraved, 6d."

"Dash it," said G.H.E., one of the first to pay his sixpence, "I've been had."



First Golfer (to friend who has come from a distance to play with him). "BUT, MY DEAR CHAP, WHERE ARE YOUR CLUBS?"

Second Golfer. "HUSH! NOT A WORD! I'VE GOT 'EM DISGUISED IN HERE."

BOBS' WAY.

HE knew, none better, how 'twould be,
And spoke his warning far and wide;
He worked to save us ceaselessly,
Setting his well-earned case aside.

We smiled and shrugged and went our way
Blind to the swift-approaching blow;
His every word proves true to-day,
But no man hears, "I told you so!"

From a Territorial's letter in *The Huddersfield Examiner*:—

"We wash in a bucket—one bucket for eight men. We fall in when the bugle calls." And then climb out again and look for the towel.

AS ENGLAND EXPECTS.

WHEN the war broke out and Big Ben had boomed the hour which marked the rejection of the ultimatum, Bates was full of fire. He had bought a penny flag, and in a spirit of grim determination had walked the streets, processing with the processionists. There was no brag or bounce about him, no hideousness of noise or mafficking, no hatred of foreigners or cruelty of uncharity, but a grim steadfastness of determination which meant that, so far as he might, Bates would do or die.

He returned to his third-floor back in St. Pancras, and, lighting his lamp and a candle to ensure as much illumination as possible, looked with brooding earnestness at his reflection in the worn uncertain looking-glass. . . . He began to realise the truth of things. The flag was in his button-hole, his eye had a glint of lingering excitement, his brain was ruffled; he saw himself as he was. England must fight, Englishmen must help, for England could not fail. On her rested the truest and noblest concerns of humanity.

Bates removed his coat. He was five-foot two; his chest measurement was less than proportionate to his height. His muscles, so far as they existed, were flabby. He moved his arms to exercise their powers; then, realising his weariness, went slowly to bed. Bates was a little tiny man, but his heart was large.

He was restless throughout the night, rose but little refreshed, and breakfasted badly. He went forth to his labours—he was a ledger-clerk in some Stores—feeling greatly depressed. Gradually, however, that sense of oppression passed. The world was full of sunshine, and, though the faces of the passers-by were anxious and unsmiling, there was no despondency about them. Where no despondency is, there surely is hope. Bates began to feel hopeful. The sight of a Territorial with a kitbag completed his recovery. He strode out with an unusual vigour, squared his poor chest, swung his arms, and whistled softly to himself the chorus of some piece of music-hall patriotism—

"They can't build boys of the bull-dog breed!"

By the time he reached the office—well before the hour—he was a pugnacious and confident patriot for all his scarcity of feet and inches.

The days that followed were full of emotions and excitements. Three of Bates's colleagues went the Khaki way, and every hour brought some discussion of international problems. The counting-house thrilled with argu-

ments of high strategy. What KITCHENER should do, and where CHARLIE BERESFORD should be sent, were questions confidently settled. Bates, whose want of stature made him too insignificant to speak with confidence in these discussions, held his peace, but listened with both ears. What was the good of this talk? It was incumbent on Englishmen to do.

That night he was one of a multitude who stood at the entrance of the local drill-hall hoping to become Territorials. He rather expected to be chaffed for his pains, but, though there was plenty of jollity among those waiting, there was no unkindness; and at last, thanks to squeezing and patience, he was able to get within the charmed gate. So far and no farther; not so far even as to the medical officer. A watchful sergeant grasped him by the shoulder, and, smiling with earnest eyes, said:

"It's no use wasting your time here, young fellow-my-lad! You'd better shave your upper lip and apply to the Boy Scouts."

Bates turned on his heel and, sick at heart, went out by a side door. He was angry with himself, at his inadequate inches. What could he do for England? He was deeply grieved at his uselessness. He crept up to his room and sat in the darkness, brooding.

His spirits were low for some days, and the sight of regiments marching, of soldiers with their friends, of placards telling the truth and the not-so-truthful, made him feel very futile. He spent hours of every evening wandering through the streets, watching the lighted windows of Buckingham Palace, gazing at the policemen who guarded Downing Street. He wanted to do so much for England, yet he must stand and wait. He had left the mimic flag in his pin-cushion at home; he was in no mood for wearing it now.

Then an idea came to him. His spirits rose, his eyes brightened; he walked again with something of a martial swing, and whistled to himself softly and inoffensively that even a neighbour might not have heard.

Bates had found his way. He too could serve England. He sacrificed all but his bare necessities, and grew actually thinner and even less obtrusive. His outer insignificance shrank, but inwardly he was as happy as a warrior. Every week a postal order went to this relief-fund or to that. It was regularly acknowledged to "One of the Bull-dog Breed."

Bates wears his flag boldly and is confident that we shall win.

Old Proverbs re-made in Germany.

I. "*Vedi Parigi e poi mori.*"

KINGS FROM THE EAST.

CITIES of wonderment,
Pink as the morn,
There, of the sunrise sent,
Reigned the Sun-Born;
From the high heaven's gate,
Sprung from the flame,
Ere Nineveh was great,
Ere Thebes a name!

Emeralds, milky pearls
Plucked from blue seas,
Footfall of silken girls—
Such for their ease;
Shimmer and silken sheen,
Jewel and maid—
These but the damascene
Chasing the blade!

For on a royal day
Lost in the years
Chose they the Happy Way—
The way of spears;
Ere Rome's first bastionings
Climbed from the sods
In the old East were kings
Warring with gods.

Lo, through the eastern sky
Crimson is drawn,
Kings in their panoply
Ride with the dawn;
Sprung from high heaven's gate,
Sprung from the flame,
Ere Nineveh was great,
Ere Thebes a name!

The Hohenzollern Stiggins.

"'Oh, my young friend,' said Mr. Stiggins, 'here's a sorrowful affliction. . . . It makes a vessel's heart bleed.'"

Mr. Weller was overheard to murmur something about making a vessel's nose bleed."

Pickwick Papers.

A New Version.

When French joined FRENCH
Then was the tug of war.

Motto for the War.

ENGLAND MEANS "BUSINESS
—As Usual."

"Who that England know who only England knows.' We are not certain of the precise ver-
bality, but thus the poet sang."

"Leader," *B. E. Africa.*

The "precise ver-
bality" is merely a
private trouble of the poets.

From an official notification in *The Shanghai Municipal Gazette*:—

"Where mosquitoes cannot be exterminated by abolishing stagnant water or by the use of kerosine oil, or by reporting their presence to the Health Officer, the mosquito net should be carefully used."

Elderly bald Gent'eman (to mosquito):

"Now I've warned you once; and if you sting me again I shall report you to the Health Officer."



Old Lady. "I'VE BROUGHT BACK THIS WAR MAP YOU SOLD ME YESTERDAY, MR. BROWN. IT'S NOT UP TO DATE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL THE MORNING FOR ARMAGEDDON, AND CAN'T FIND IT MARKED ANYWHERE."

ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF WIRELESS VICTORY.

(An attempt, suggested by certain Marconigrams, to shed still further light on the nature of the principal Teutonic deity.)

WHAT to thee are marching legions,
Cannon smoke and sabre thrust,
Goddess of the cloud-rimmed regions
In whose might the Germans trust?
Though, however high and regal,
Kingly pomp may break and bend
Soiled with murder (labelled legal),
Thou, more active than the eagle,
Thou endurest to the end.

Thou wast not behind their banners
When they scoured the Belgian plain,
When they taught their Teuton manners
By the wreck of farm and fane;
Clear of battle's mire and fury
On those sightless feet and hid,
Thou wast wafted with the story
Saying this was German glory
To Chicago and Madrid.

Long o'er Paris heard the thunder,
Herald of the Uhlan's lance,
Thou wast making Stockholm wonder
At the dying flame of France:
Not on wires, with no word written,
Thou hadst trod thine airy track,

Faster than the mailed mitten,
And behold our fleet was smitten
Somewhere near the Skager Rack.

So. And when their lines are broken,
When their shrapnel falls less fast,
Shalt thou fail to send a token
Undeclared to the last?
Surely not. Red devastation
Still shall urge by land and sea
Every proud advancing nation
While Marconi's installation
Rules the skies of Germany.

Still when pagan peoples sever
Railway line and telegraph
Thou shalt keep thy staunch endeavour,
Thou shalt scatter us like chaff.
Still, O goddess of the Prussians,
Thou shalt sound thy trump of tin
Undeterred by rude concussions
While the Frenchmen hail the Russians
On the flagstones of Berlin. EVOE.

A German Motto:—"Gott mit Uns."



THE GREAT ILLUSION.

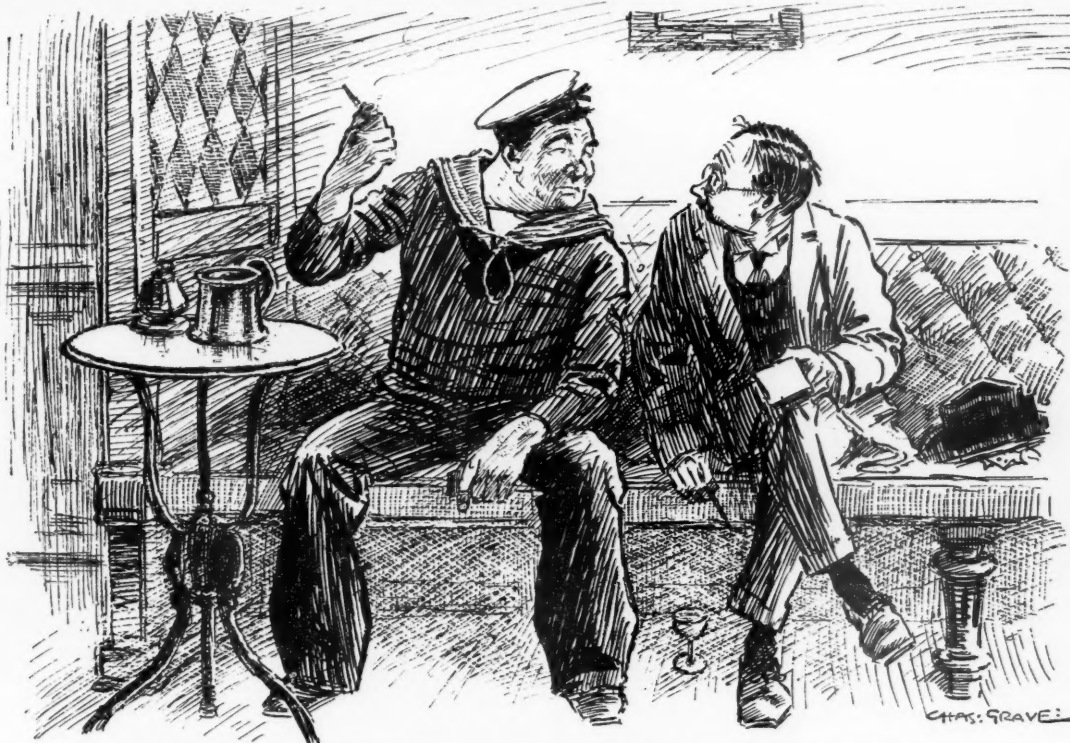
KAISER. "MY POOR BIRD, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR TAIL-FEATHERS?"

GERMAN EAGLE. "CAN YOU BEAR THE TRUTH, SIRE?"

KAISER. "IF IT'S NOT FOR PUBLICATION."

GERMAN EAGLE. "IT'S LIKE THIS, THEN. YOU TOLD ME THE BRITISH LION WAS CONTEMPTIBLE. WELL—HE WASN'T!"





FROM OUR SPECIALLY CREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT.

Stoker. "I SEE THE TORPEDO APPROACHIN' US; SO, WITHOUT WAITIN' FER ANY ORDERS, I DIVES OVERBOARD, JUST GIVES 'IM A FLICK ON 'IS LITTLE RUDDER, AN' OFF 'E GOES TO STARB'D AN' PASSES US 'ARMLESSLY BY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Sept. 14.—House met to-day with proud feeling of altered circumstance. A fortnight ago things looked bad in France. Allied Armies were continuing prolonged retreat not made more acceptable by being officially named "Retirement." A detailed narrative compiled in neighbourhood of the Army had described the little British Force, long fighting at odds of four to one, as "broken to pieces."

Seemed as if Paris were on verge of another triumphal entry by German forces: France on eve of a second Sedan.

To-day a more hurried retreat is daily accumulating speed. This time it is the invader who, in order to avoid final disaster, is racing back to the comparative safety of his own country, whilst French and British, elate with repeated victory, hang with uncomfortable closeness on his heels.

"In the matter of carefully planned advance and sudden withdrawal, we have," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "a parallel episode in our own military history. You remember how 'the gallant

Duke of York' on an expedition to Flanders had 'twice ten thousand men,' how he 'marched them up to the top of the hill And marched them down again'? The simple verse lends itself with easy adaptability to present circumstances of our old friend the EMPEROR WILLIAM:—

The gallant plumed WILHELM
Had twice a million men;
He marched them up to Paris town
And marched them back again."

As in depressing circumstances of a fortnight ago the House betrayed no sign of dejection or variation from resolve to see the fight out to a finish, so to-day it does not present itself in mafficking mood. It is nevertheless more than ever resolved, at whatever cost of blood or treasure, to make an end of the throned KAISER and his system of militarism, the curse of Europe these more than twenty years. Wherein it is truly representative of the nation.

Business done.—PREMIER announces that Prorogation will be accomplished before end of week, with incidental consequence of addition to Statute Book under Parliament Act of Bills establishing Home Rule in Ireland and disestablishing Church in Wales.

Tuesday.—A sitting of alarms and excursions, especially excursions.

PREMIER introduced Bill suspending for twelve months, or longer if War lasts, operation of Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Bill, which, in accordance with Parliament Act, will on Prorogation be automatically added to Statute Book. In speech which BONAR LAW described as "temperate and moderate," he defended himself from charges of broken pledges brought against him by gentlemen opposite.

"I shall endeavour to imitate him," said LEADER OF OPPOSITION.

Got along moderately well till, "resuming the offensive," as despatches from the Seat of War have it, he lapsed into comparison between conduct of PREMIER and the action of the KAISER in his "infamous proposal" that this country should connive in breach of common pledge to preserve neutrality of Belgium.

Here broke forth shouts of angry protest from Ministerialists. WINSTON, who can't abear strong language, rose from Treasury Bench and stalked forth behind the SPEAKER'S chair, example numerous followed above and below Gangway.

This excursion number one. Number

two, more exhaustive of audience, followed when BONAR LAW, having concluded his speech, shook from off his feet the dust of the House and walked out, accompanied by entire body of Opposition.

Mr. FLAVIN, not liking to see Front Opposition Bench desolate, moved down from accustomed seat in Irish quarter and temporarily assumed place and attitude of LEADER OF OPPOSITION.

BYLES of Bradford proposed to offer a few words of counsel and farewell. His interposition received with such shout of contumely from friends and neighbours that he incontinently dropped back into his seat.

PREMIER observed walking towards glass door under the Gallery. Surely he too was not going to leave us? No. Was merely acting in accordance with immemorial custom that when Minister or Member "brings in" a Bill he must start on his journey at the Bar. As he walked to the Table, a sheet of foolscap paper in right hand, Liberals and Nationalists leapt to their feet waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheering like madmen.

Business done.—Bill postponing operation of Home Rule and Welsh Church Acts till close of War carried through all its stages.

House of Lords, Thursday.—SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR takes kindly to new position. His statement to-day, explanatory of general military situation, a model of lucidity and brevity. Had much of the charm of FRENCH's historic despatch, the modesty and simplicity of which delighted everybody. One omission in the document KITCHENER generously supplied. FRENCH said nothing of his own share in accomplishment of feat of arms rarely paralleled. Amid cheers unusually warm for this Chamber, KITCHENER paid tribute to "the consummate skill and calm courage of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF."

Tribute also paid in another quarter, the more valuable as it came from a man of few words and no disposition towards flattery. "The Territorial Force is making great strides in efficiency," the WAR LORD said, "and will before many months be ready to take a share in the campaign. This force is proving its military value to the Empire

by the willing subordination of personal feelings to the public good in the acceptance of whatever duty may be assigned to it in any portion of the Empire."



Admiral of the Atlantic (to himself). "IT IS MY IMPERIAL PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THE ORDER OF THE MASTHEAD BROOM (FIRST CLASS) IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS IN SWEEPING THE SEAS."

Business done.—Suspensory Bill agreed to without insistence on ST. ALDWYN's Amendment to Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

House of Commons, Friday.—Circulation of Official Report of Commission

Nickleby and *Smikey* were for a time Members caused the insertion in a local paper of a paragraph stating "Mr. Crummles is not a Prussian," there was some obscurity about his object. It is now clear that his instinct was sure, his prevision acute. After experience of last seven weeks all decent-minded men would like it to be known that they are not Prussians.

Business done.—Parliament prorogued.

TO A NAVAL CADET IN THE GRAND FLEET.

[There are over 500 naval cadets, aged 15 to 17, at present in the Fleet, serving as midshipmen.]

YOUNG man, a little year ago
At Osborne (where the admirals grow)

I saw you fall on a mimic foe
With tackle and shove and thrust.

There by the jolly trim canteen,
Where the figure-head flaunts her golden sheen,

You fought, or cheered, for your Term fifteen,

As a fellow of mettle must . . .
Yet now those deeds seem
mighty small
You dared in the chase for a
leather ball—

Now that you trip
On His Majesty's Ship
Playing the finest game of all!

A year ago, a naval fight
Was a tantalising dim delight
That fed your dreams on a
Wednesday night,
When History prep. was
through.

Yet yours was a Destiny strong
and clear
That ever, unknown, was stalk-
ing near;
And now in a flash, it's here,
it's here—

Now are your dreams come
true! . . .
There are grey old admirals in
our land

Who never have stood where
now you stand,
Here on your feet
In His Majesty's Fleet—
With a real live enemy hard at
hand!



The Wolf. "GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE ME TO TELL YOU ONE OF MY PRETTY TALES?"

Little Miss Holland. "THANKS; BUT I'M NOT LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR FAIRY STORIES."

of Inquiry into Atrocities in Belgium creates profound sensation.

When the Manager of the Itinerant Theatrical Company of which *Nicholas*

Britannia to the French Generalissimo:—

"À l'honneur de nos deux nations
J'offre—cent mille félicitations!"



THE EGOIST.

Warlike Mistress. "DON'T YOU THINK, JAMES, YOU WOULD LIKE TO JOIN LORD KITCHENER'S ARMY?"

Peaceful Footman. "THANK YOU, MUM, BUT I DON'T SEE AS 'OW I'D BE BETTERING MYSELF. WAR'S FOR THEM AS LIKES IT, WHICH I NEVER DID."

DOUBT.

THE War has caused one thing (among others). It has filled me with an infinite distrust of human testimony. Were I on a jury I should find every one "Not guilty" now—unless, of course, the prisoner were foolish enough to bring evidence on his own behalf. It is not the German Press Bureau that has done this. It has maintained its customary high standard with magnificent consistency.

My faith in human testimony has been shattered by Mactavish's uncle, Bloomer's maiden aunt, and Wiggins' brother-in-law. I put on one side the statement of Mirfin's grandmother because her allegation that 193 trains passed her house one night might have been based on the shunting of a single goods train. One knows the fiendish persistency of the shunted goods train at night.

But let me take the bald statement of Mactavish's uncle. He is a baillie, an elder and a drysalter. He wrote to Mactavish:—"I regret that the attendance at the Kirk on Sunday was most unsatisfactory. The younger members of the congregation were all watching the disembarkation of the Cossacks. I

understand that the Established Kirk held no services at all. I did not feel it consistent with a proper observance of the Sabbath to go and watch them myself, so I only saw by chance, and not intentionally, the six regiments which marched past my house."

What could be more conclusive than that?

The very next day Bloomer met me and produced a much-crossed letter from his pocket. "Just read the last few lines," he said triumphantly.

I read with zest.

"Damsons are very cheap this year. I am jamming an extra quantity. Do you think pots of jam could be safely sent to the chaplains at the front? Kiss the dear baby for me. Excuse a longer letter, but I am quite worn out with handing hot meat pies to the Russian troops passing through here.

Ever your affectionate Aunt,

MILlicent Bloomer."

Not "meat pies," mark you, but "hot meat pies." Somehow that little touch won my absolute belief.

Now we come to the solemn statement of Wiggins' brother-in-law. He is, according to Wiggins, a patriot of the finest type—only prevented from going to the front by the claims of business,

a family of nine, and a certain superfluity of adipose tissue. "When guarding a railway bridge as a special constable a troop train stopped through an engine breakdown. Numbers of finely built men in fur coats descended on to the line. Two of them came to me and, making signs of thirst, said, 'Vodka, vodka.' They embraced me warmly after I had offered them my pocket-flask, and then, shouting 'Berlin,' rejoined the train."

I could quite believe that. Any brother-in-law of Wiggins would have a pocket-flask.

Yet the Press Bureau solemnly asserts that no Russian troops have passed through this country. I have now no faith in anyone's uncles, aunts nor yet brothers-in-law. I believe nothing. Is there a KAISER? Is there a War? Or is the whole thing a malignant invention of LLOYD GEORGE to save a tottering Government? But then again—(most terrible of all doubts)—is there a LLOYD GEORGE?

More Spirituous Hospitality.

From a German pamphlet quoted by the *Ipswich Evening Star*:—

"With German energy we are determined to win, and we invite Italians to gin with us?"

THE SILVERN TONGUE.

It was his vest-slip which chained my eye. Spats and the lesser niceties are common among the altruists who strive to set us to rights just by the Marble Arch, but a vest-slip was a new note.

His voice was like his hair, in that it was thin, undecided, not really assertive enough to be impressive . . . Ah, now I had the range of him.

"You may call 'im a benevolent despot. I *don't*. You may 'ave a tiste for aristocracy, plutocracy, orocracy. I *aven't*. You may prefer to 'ave a iron-shod 'eel ground on your fices. I *don't*.

"There was a professor at Kimebridge, some years ago, who said to me, when I 'come-up,' as they say, after tikin' my degree, 'My boy,' 'e says, 'when you git out into the world, when you desert these 'ere cloistered 'alls, these shidy lawns, these venerable cryp's, never you eat no dirt! Not for nobody, my boy! Remember your ol' collidge, think of your *awmer-miter*, think of 'istoric Trinity 'All, an' the pelloccid Isis, and never eat no dirt!'

"Yes, gents, they was 'is larst words to me, one of 'is faviourite pupils, if I may say so; 'is Pawthian shots. An' if that there estimable ol' man could look down on me now, as I stand 'ere fice to fice in front of you, 'e would candidly admit that I 'ave always bore in mind 'is fawtherly adjurations.

"I'll tell you what it is, gents. If you was to walk quietly into Buckin'am Pells at this moment, an' 'ave a friendly word with 'Is Mejisty, do you kid yourselves 'e would igspress any what I may call cuzzen-like feelin' for this—this perisite? Do you fan your ducks, in vulgar pawlence, that if the King's 'ands was free 'e would not 'asten to be the first to pluck the bauble from 'is cuzzen's fat 'ead?

"If there are any Germans present, is there one among them who will 'ave the 'ardi'ood to step forward now and say a word, one little word, gentlemen, one single bloomin' 'Och!' on be'alf of 'im? *Naow*, gents, *naow*! Ten thousing times *naow*!

"Eaven forbid that I should talk above your 'eads, my friends, but I say, an' I maintain, that this insolent upstawt, this pestilenshul braggadosho, this blood-suckin', fire-eatin', spark-spittin', sausage-guzzlin', beer-swillin' ranter, this imitashun eagle, with a cawdboard beak an' a tin 'elmet, this 'yppericritical 'umbug, 'as forfeited the larst shred of the respec' of any but the mos' sooperfishul stoovent of international affairs, or *welt-politik*, as the French would put it.

"I know what I'm talkin' abaout,

gents. I can call for my seven-course dinner, my little 'alf-bottle, my Larranaga or Corona, my corfy, my lickewer *an'* my tooth-pick, in the language of every capital in Europe.

"Well, gents, where did I get my information, my insight, my instine, on these things? 'Ow came it to be that I can walk into the private offices of the biggest bankers in Europe, knowin' full well what they would understand if I so much as suggested a pinch of snuff, or said it looked like rain, or asked if they 'ad seen the Shaw of Persha lately?

"You don't suppose I got my intimerery with questions what 'ave brought a Continent, ay, an' 'alf a world, to grips, by 'angin' round Embassies an' Consulites, and Chawncelleries, do you?

"There is always somethink *sub-rowsa*, somethink be'ind the scenes, somethink subtle, some unsuspected infloouence, what the outer world 'ardly ever 'ears of.

"An' what is it, in 'undreds of cises? Gents all, I will tell you, in the words of the gallant defenders of Leege—*Shurshy-lar-fam*! That little phrise, gents, in cise you may 'ave forgot your French or Belgian, as the cise may be, means 'Look for the woman,' gents.

"I may not look it now, my frien's, an' you may larf with scorn to 'ear an ol' feller speak the words, but there was a time, shortly after I come-up from the Varsity, an' just before I took my commishun in the dear ol' Tin-Bellies, when there was no man more popular than me in the *salongs* of Europe.

"Take my word for it, gents! Young, wealthy, not undistinguished in the matter of learnin', well-bred, nurehured in the lap of luxury, tolerably good-lookin', if not actually 'andsome, my way was easy, gents. It was child's play for me to get at the inside of things, to get under the surface, to see what was agitatin' the boorses of 'alf the Continent, to understand why big financiers was orderin'-in 'ams by the 'alf-'undred, religious scruples notwithstanding. Why, if I was to sit down an' put pen to piper I could sell my memo's of them days for a fabulous sum—if the biggest publishers in the land was not too bloomin' chicken-'earted to publish anythink so 'ot, gentlemen!

"Your ears would wag, my friends, if I told you one 'alf of the spells what some of them Continental society sirens wielded, an' but for my mastery over their 'earts what might we not have igspierenced years agow? An' this, gentlemen, at the biddin' or the innuendoes of vile bein's not fit to 'arthstone the door-step of the po'rest workin'-man

what plods 'is 'eart-broken way acrost this Pawk to-night!

"You 'ave no idear, I assure you, gents, what might not 'ave 'appened, what cruel, what damn . . ."

B 2471, who had gradually edged toward the stool on which he stood, stepped up to him and spoke softly. "That 's bloomin' well *torn* it, matey," said B 2471. "You've 'ad a good time all to your little self, but we 'ave to dror the line. You'll 'ave to 'op it, old sport!"

And, just as we were getting into his confidence, he of the vest-slip 'opped it, and we were left behind, without further clues to *Shurshy-lar-fam*.

The woman still remains a mystery.

CUTTING DOWN.

"EVERYBODY's doing it," I said, "so as to have more for the Funds. Also for other reasons. The only question is what?"

"Well," said Ursula, "let's make a beginning." She produced a silver pencil and some celluloid tablets that are supposed to look like ivory. "What first?" she asked, frowning.

I reflected. "Clearly the superfluties ought to go first. What about my sacrificing sugar-cakes for afternoon tea? And burnt almonds?"

"M' yes," said Ursula. "I was thinking myself about giving up cigars."

"Heroine! But let us be temperate even in denial."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I'm getting to detest almonds."

"And I simply loathe—I mean, I'm sure pipes are ever so much better for one than cigars."

"Good!" observed Ursula. "Cigars and almonds go out. Only if you have your pipe there ought to be some cheap and filling substitute for my almonds."

"Turkish delight," I suggested, "supposing it turns out all right about the *Goeben*."

"And, if not, I could get along with Russian toffee. That settles tea. How about other meals?"

"We're at the end of that Hock."

"I'm glad of it," said Ursula. "Nasty German rubbish. I wonder it didn't contaminate the cellar. Now we must drink something patriotic instead."

"What about good old English water?"

"My dear! With all those spies simply picnicing round the reservoirs! Goodness knows what they've put in. My idea was a nice, not too-expensive, champagne, like what they get for the subscription dances."

"Dearest! Ask me to go out into the road and sing the *Marseillaise*. Ask almost anything of me to display my

pride and affection for our brave allies, but do not, do not ask me to drink sweet champagne at lunch!"

"You shall choose it yourself," said Ursula, "and it isn't for lunch, but dinner. At lunch you will continue to drink beer. Only it will be English, not German."

"Glorious beer! *C'est magnifique!*"

"*Mais ce n'est pas lager!*" said Ursula quickly.

This was rightly held to constitute one trick to her, and we resumed.

"About clothes," I said.

"There was an article I read in some paper," observed Ursula, "pointing out that if everybody did without them no one would mind."

"Still, even in war time——"

"Of course I meant new clothes and fashionable things."

"An alluring prospect!" I agreed wistfully. "Fancy reading in the frock-papers that Ursula, Mrs. Brown, looked charming in a creation of sacking made Princess fashion, the *chic* effect being heightened by a bold use of the original trade-mark, which now formed a striking *décor* for the corsage."

Ursula did not smile. "No man can be amusing about clothes except by accident," she said coldly. "The article went on to advise that if new things were bought they should be specially good. It called this the truest economy in the long run."

When Ursula had sketched out a comprehensive wardrobe on truest economy lines, and I had mentally reviewed my pet shades in autumn suitings, there was a pause.

"What about the green-house?" I asked suddenly. "Do we need a fire there all winter just that John may swagger about his chrysanthus?"

John, I should explain, is the gardener who jobs for us at seven-and-six weekly, and "chrysanthus" is a perfectly beastly word that we have contracted from him. In summer John mows the lawn (*fortissimo* at 6.30 A.M.) and neglects to weed the strawberries. In winter he attends to what auctioneers would call the "commodious glass."

"M'yes," said Ursula reflectively. "But what about John himself?"

"My dear girl, surely it is obvious by the simplest political science——"

"Sweetheart!" interposed Ursula anxiously, "John isn't going to have anything to do with the Moratorium or hoarding gold, is he? Because, do remember how cross you got trying to explain that!"

"I remember nothing of the sort!"

"And, anyhow," she continued, "now we're saving in so many other things, I intend to pay John an extra half-crown, in case food goes up."



Father (who has been stung by a wasp on the back of his neck). "I DON'T CARE IF IT'S FULL OF GERMAN, I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK UP AT IT."

There was obviously only one thing to do, and I did it. I retired in fair order, abandoning to Ursula the task of preparing the schedule of our domestic retrenchment. At lunch she produced it.

"The bother is," she observed, "that what with truest economy clothes and champagne, and John, and some other things, it seems to work out at about two pounds a week more than we spend now."

"That," I said cuttingly, "is at least a beginning!"

However, since then I have discovered an article in another paper denouncing panic economies as unpatriotic. So we shall probably return to the old *regime*, plus John's half-crown. Even with this, it will mean a

distinct saving of thirty-seven-and-six on Ursula's proposals. It is not often that one gets a chance of serving one's country on such easy terms.

TO A POMPADOUR CLOCK.

Bright loves and tangled flowers
Adorn your china face;
You beat out silver hours
Within your golden case.

Still rings old Time's denial
Of respite in your tone;
But o'er your painted dial
Is built a little throne——

A throne so neat and narrow
Where, heedless of your chime,
Poising his gilded arrow
Sits Cupid killing Time!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SUPPOSE that never in the history of this nation did we harbour quite so many military experts. From the Service Clubs to the street corner their voice goes up daily in unceasing hortation. Therefore the moment seems specially apt for me to call your attention to a volume by a military man who really was expert, in other words to a new edition of PASLEY's *Military Policy of the British Empire* (CLOWES), brought up to date by Colonel B. R. WARD, R.E. I blush to think of the number of civilian readers to whom the name of PASLEY conveys nothing. I blush still more to reflect that I have myself only just ceased to belong to them. But, quite honestly, if you are at all concerned with the science and policy of arms (as who nowadays is not?), you will find this book of extreme interest. A few chance quotations will be enough to prove that the gallant Captain was a man who knew what he was writing about. In the year 1810, for example, he could look ahead far

enough to say, "Germany may become so powerful as to act the same part in Europe which France now does." It is perhaps on the ethical side of war that he is most impressive. Fair play, we all know, is a jewel; but many of us may have secreted an uneasy suspicion that the side that practises it suffers from a certain handicap. All those unpleasant persons whose names have become so uncomfortably familiar lately—

—CLAUSEWITZ, BERNHARDI, and their professional crew—have so vociferously preached the gospel of Might as Right, that it is refreshing to read here such maxims as "It is an advantage in war to show moderation and justice,"

and "A scrupulous adherence to the law of nations is the only sound policy." This is the sort of sermon—from an authoritative source—that we do well to lay to heart just now; while still retaining a fixed determination to exact for future assurance the uttermost penalty from an enemy that has broken every law of God and man.

In ordinary life it would be a distinct advantage for a man to become possessed of a spell which rendered him immune from death, pain or restraint, enabled him to pass through walls and floors and generally freed him from all those little restrictions which make life the tiresome and precarious thing it is. A man so constituted would conduct himself after the manner of his fellows from day to day and would resort to the use of his peculiar powers only when the necessity arose. But the hero of fiction has his duty always to perform, and he may well find that such transcendental gifts are apt to become a burden. He must for ever be turning them to account and finding new material to work upon. That the scope is limited anyone will at once discover who reads *The Great Miracle* (STANLEY PAUL). He may never do the same thing twice; once he has disappeared through a floor at a critical moment, floors are off. Each feat must be more astounding than the last:

when he has worked his way through a prison wall it would be an anticlimax to do a job with the wall of a mere dwelling-house, and, of course, he is absolutely precluded from the common use of doors. I am afraid Mr. T. P. VANEWORD's primary conception has been too much for him: he lacks the nice imagination of a WELLS to carry it off. Also he fails to deal with the humour of the position, whether in the madhouse, the court of justice, the manager's office or the palace, an elementary mistake which the most amateur conjurer will always avoid. It is rather the author's misfortune than his fault that his incidental picture of war, introduced only as a new field of operation for his prodigy, is rendered almost fatuous by the actual conditions at present existing.

When the father of *Patience Tabernacle* (MILLS AND BOON) suddenly left his books at the bank in a state of regrettable inaccuracy and went off to borrow the wig and other equipment of his elderly maiden sister I thought I was to have one of those jolly, naïve detective stories which

the feminine hand can best weave. But I was deceived, nor do I consider quite fairly. For how was I to know that such an incident had no essential relation to any other in this quiet story of the love affairs of *Patience* and the wrong boy rejected, and the right man discovered, in time; that it wasn't even introduced so as to throw light on the character of any one concerned? Now I would ask Miss SOPHIE COLES what she would think of me if I began my (projected) Sussex village epic with the blowing up of the local public-house by anarchists and contented myself with merely casual references to the matter, never really making it part of any design

or letting it modify any of my characters? And wouldn't it aggravate, not lessen, my artistic crime if I made the anarchists related to my heroine? Of course it would. Very well, then. And I am afraid our author can't claim the privileges of a lawless realism, for she distinctly doesn't belong to the photographic school.

THE CANDID ENEMY.

[It is stated that the Germans have forsworn the use of all words borrowed from the English, including "gentleman."]

THE Germans all English expressions eschew,
And on "gentleman" place an especial taboo;
Well, the facts of the case their decision confirm,
For they've clearly no more any use for the term.

"Harrods have exported their Chocolate to all parts of the universe and are now forwarding large consignments to the forces on active service."—*Adet.*

France is no distance after Mars.

A benevolent old lady writes to enquire whether any Relief Committee has been formed to deal with unemployment among those ambassadors who have been thrown out of work by the war.



Porter. "DO I KNOW IF THE ROOSHUNS HAS REALLY COME THROUGH ENGLAND? WELL, SIR, IF THIS DON'T PROVE IT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT DO. A TRAIN WENT THROUGH HERE FULL, AND WHEN IT COME BACK I KNOWED THERE'D BIN ROOSHUNS IN IT, 'CAUSE THE CUSHIONS AND FLOORS WAS COVERED WITH SNOW."

CHARIVARIA.

THE German troops which started out for a "pleasure trip" to Paris are now reported, owing, no doubt, to the influence of British environment, to be taking their pleasures sadly.

Several reasons have been given for the destruction of Rheims Cathedral. The real one is now said to be the following. Owing to the Red Cross Flag being flown from one of the towers the Germans thought the building was only a hospital.

A Scotsman gifted with much native humour wishes it to be known how glad he is to see that the Frenchmen have been getting their Aisne back.

It is reported that the KAISER is proceeding to East Prussia to assume the chief command there. In Petrograd the news is only credited by extreme optimists.

It does not say much for the enterprise of our English newspapers that we should have had to go all the way to India for a reference to what must have been an exceedingly clever capture of one of the enemy. "As the war progresses," says *The Times of India* of the 20th ult., "the stories of German brutality become more and more frequent. One instance is shown in a letter from a German soldier captured in a mail-bag in Lorraine."

We have always held that the Turkish sense of humour has been underrated. A leading Ottoman statesman has told *Der Tag* (the newspaper of that name: the real thing has not turned up yet): "We only fear for Germany one thing—her magnanimity towards the conquered, a quality which she shares with the great Turkish conquerors of the past."

There is reported to be an uneasy feeling among the poor in our big towns that, if hard times should come, an attempt will be made to foist on them many of the weirder garments which kind-hearted ladies have been making for the troops.

The attention of the public is being

directed to the value of fish as a food, in contradistinction, we suppose, to its remarkable qualities as a perfume.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's statement that "The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of modern Europe" has, we hear, had a curious and satisfactory sequel. Large numbers of adepts in the art of pig-sticking are joining the Sportsmans' Battalion which is now in process of formation.

Not the least encouraging result of the War would seem to be that it has put a stopper on decadent ideas as to dress. Mlle. GABY DESLYS, we read,



found herself unable to begin her season at the Palace the week before last as her dresses were delayed in Paris.

A London-born Italian organ-grinder who was plying his trade in Wales has, *The Express* tells us, enlisted in Lord KITCHENER'S Army for foreign service, and has left his organ in charge of the recruiting officer at Barmouth. A pity. It should have made a powerful weapon to use against the enemy.

So much has been written about the brutality of the Germans that it seems only fair to draw attention to an act of humanity on their part. Steps have been taken at Stuttgart, at any rate, to protect prisoners against annoyance. "It is," runs a proclamation, "rigorously forbidden for any woman to cast amorous glances at British and French prisoners."

A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE.

THE young man who had come into this quiet room looked round him with a sigh of relief at finding it empty. It was a large room, and he knew it well. Usually a little sombre and even oppressive of aspect, to-day it seemed filled only with an atmosphere of kindly security and benevolence. He noticed (being sensitive to such impressions) that in some strange way this restful atmosphere seemed to emanate from the large table, covered with illustrated papers and magazines, that stood in the centre. He approached it and, drawing up a chair, began to take the papers one after another into his hands.

Then he understood. Gradually, as he read, the nightmare that life had lately become faded away from him, and he saw himself once more surrounded by the sane and gentle interests that had been familiar to him from childhood. In one paper he read how such and such Duchesses were preparing yacht-parties for Cowes, and of the thrilling triumphs of the Russian ballet. Another told him that the Government was a collection of craven imbeciles, and that the price of rubber continued disappointing. He saw photographs of golf-champions and ladies in the chorus of musical comedies. One paper had a picture representing the state entry into some-

where or other of a—German Royalty. The uniforms in this caused him a momentary uneasiness, as of a light sleeper who stirs in his dream and seems about to wake. Then he turned the page, and the dream closed upon him again as he contemplated an illustrated solution of the problem "Where shall we spend our summer holidays?"

He sighed contentedly and went on turning the pages, here reading a paragraph, here merely glancing at pictures or headlines. Thus the hours passed. How peaceful it was in this quiet room! And this table of literature, strange that never before had he appreciated its subtle charm. . . .

Long afterwards, when they came to seek him, he was found asleep, a happy smile upon his face, and his weary head fallen forward amid the two-months-old newspapers of the dentist's waiting-room.

AN IMPERIAL OVERTURE.

[From notes taken by a British airman while engaged in hovering over the KAISER's headquarters at ——. The name of the place is excised because the Press Bureau Authorities do not wish the KAISER to be informed of his own whereabouts.]

Now let an awful silence hold the field,
And everybody else's mouth be sealed;
For lo! your KAISER (sound the warning gong!)
Prepares to loose his clarion lips in song.

In time of War the poet gets his chance,
When even wingless Pegasi will prance;
Yet We, whose pinions oft outsoared the crow's,
Have hitherto confined Ourselves to prose.
But who shall doubt that We could sing as well as
That warrior-bard *TYRTEUS*, late of Hellas,
Who woke the Spartans up with words and chorus
Twenty-six centuries B.U. (Before Us)?
Also, since Truth is near allied to Beauty,
We are convinced that We shall prove more fluty
Than certain British scribes whom We have read
(Recently published by The Podley Head).

Well, then, it is Our purpose to inflame
Our soldiers' arteries with lust of fame;
To give them something in the lyric line
That shall be tantamount to fumes of wine,
Yet not too heady, like the champagne (sweet)
That lately left them dormant in the street,
So that the British, coming up just then,
Took them for swine and not for gentlemen.

Rather we look to brace them, soul and limb,
With something in the nature of a hymn,
Which they may chant, assisted by the band,
While working backwards to the Fatherland.
Put to the air of *Deutschland über alles*
Or else to one of Our own sacred ballets,
The lilt of it should leave their hearts so fiery
That at the finish they would make enquiry—
"What would our *ATTILA* to-day have done?"
And, crying "*Haavo!*" go and play the Hun.
For there are some cathedrals standing yet,
And heavy is the task to Culture set,
Ere We may lay aside the holy rod
Made to chastise the foes of Us and God.

And now that We are fairly in the vein
Let Us proceed to build the lofty strain.
Ho! bid the Muse to enter and salute
The burnished toe of Our Imperial boot!
Hush! guns! and, ye howitzers, cease your fire!
We, *WILLIAM*, are about to sound the lyre! O.S.

Note.—Unfortunately the actual composition of which this is the preface has been censored, as likely to have a disintegrating effect upon the discipline of our forces at the front.

The Two Voices.

"It was Mr. Will Crooks, the well-known Labour member, who asked the Chairman if the House might sing 'God Save the King,' and when Mr. Crooks started it in his deep bass voice everyone stood up and joined in the singing."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Moreover, Mr. Crooks had pitched the tune a little too high, and it seemed for a moment that he with his rich high tenor voice would have to sing the anthem as a solo."—*Daily Chronicle*.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. II.

(From the Rev. Dr. DRYANDER, Court Chaplain.)

MOST ALLGRACIOUS SIR,—Now that I have finished writing my sermon for next Sunday I can find time for a little quiet sound thinking by way of a change. I can say quite seriously that I am tired to death of writing and preaching sermons. It is not permitted, highly honoured EMPEROR, that in my sermon I say anything displeasing to your Imperial self. I must not remind you that you are a man like other men, a man liable to weakness and error, swayed by temper, capable, since your position gives you power, of trampling on the rights of others in a moment of passion, of confounding justice with your own desires and of mistaking the promptings of ambition or malice or envy for an inspiration from Heaven itself. No, I must not say all this or any of it, but, on the contrary, I must describe you to yourself and your family and the chosen intimates who flatter you beyond even my power to flatter, I must describe you, I say, as the Lord's anointed, as the vicergerent of God on earth, as being raised by God's favour above all human foibles, in short, as being supremely right and just whenever your faults and your injustice cry aloud for the divine punishment. Even if you were a thoroughly good and sensible man, *totus teres atque rotundus*, instead of being a bundle of caprice and prejudice, the task would be difficult. As it is, it is unpleasant and ought to be impossible. My sermons exist to prove that I have attempted it with such courage as I could command, although in these conditions courage is only another name for the cowardly compliance that causes a man to detest himself and to take a low view of human nature.

At any rate I have done my best for you. How many times have I not bidden the faithful to fall down before you and worship you? Have I not proved from Holy Scripture that your lightest word is spoken, not by you, but by the Almighty; that you, in fact, are something higher and better in bones and flesh and blood and brains than anything that mere ordinary mortals can pretend to be? I can see you nodding your head in Imperial approval when such phrases came from me, and all the time I knew in my heart that the God of whom you were thinking, and to whose intimacy you pretended, was not the God under whom a Christian minister takes service, but a being formed after the image of a Prussian drill-sergeant who wears a pointed helmet and a turned-up moustache.

Sir, I have my doubts as to this fearful war in which we are engaged. You entered upon it, you say, to carry out your treaty obligations to Austria. Treaties, no doubt, are sacred things. But why, then, was not the treaty obligation to Belgium as sacred as that with Austria? Was it because Belgium was weak and (as you thought) defenceless that you invaded her country, slaughtered her people, and sacked her towns? Was this the reason for the foul treatment of Louvain? And is it agreeable, do you think, to the Almighty that the glorious Cathedral of Rheims should be bombarded and ruined even by German shells?

When the years have rolled on and you shall have been called away to render an account of what you did on earth, for what reasons will you be remembered amongst men? Not because you established justice and did good deeds—or even great ones—for your people, but because you plunged the world in war in order to feed your vanity, and laid waste Belgium and shattered the Cathedral of Rheims. Truly a shining memory.

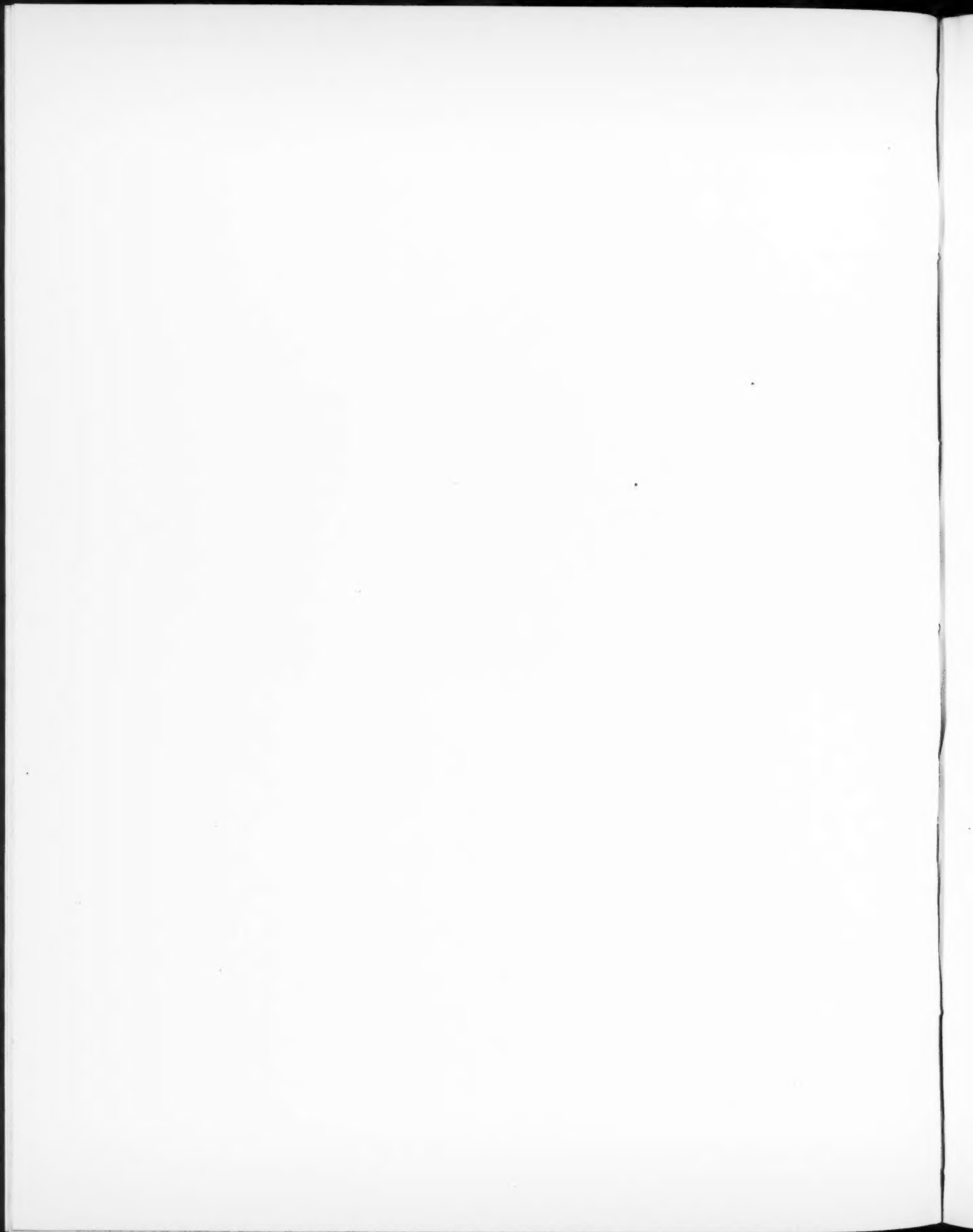
Yours, in all humility,

DRYANDER.



BOER AND BRITON TOO.

GENERAL BOTHA (*composing telegram to the KAISER*). "JUST OFF TO REPEL ANOTHER RAID. YOUR CUSTOMARY WIRE OF CONGRATULATION SHOULD BE ADDRESSED: 'BRITISH HEADQUARTERS—GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.'"



THE LAST LINE.

I.

WE are the last line of defence. When the Regular Army and the Reserve Army and the new Million Army and the Indian Army and the Overseas Army and the Territorial Army are all entering Berlin together, then the defence of England (we hope) will rest entirely upon us. There are not many of us, as armies go nowadays, but there ought to be one apiece for all the towns round the coast, and what we lack in numbers we shall make up for in pride.

We are the last line of defence. We all have wives or defective retinas or birthdays previous to 1879, or something that binds us together unofficially. Our motto from Monday to Friday is, "Soldier and Civilian too," and in camp at week-ends, "Remember Przemysl." At present we have no uniforms, to the disgust of our wives; but they are coming. Opinion is divided as to whether we want them to come. Some say that, clad in khaki, we shall get admiring glances from the women and envious glances from the small boys which are not really our due; our proud spirit rebels against the idea of marching through London in false colours. James says that, seeing that a soldier is only a soldier, and that he himself (James) is a special constable from 4 A.M. to 8, a dashed hard-working solicitor from 9.30 to 5, and a soldier from 5.30 to 7, not to mention the whole week-end, he jolly well expects all the admiration he can get; and that, if any small boy cheers him under the impression that he is only a Territorial, he is doing him a confounded injustice. Perhaps a tail-coat and khaki breeches would best meet the case.

Then we come to the question of rifles. There are at this moment thousands of men in the Army who have no rifles. Whole battalions of new recruits are unarmed. Our battalion is not unarmed; it has a rifle. We have all seen it; those of us who have been on guard through the cold dark hours of Saturday-Sunday have even carried it—respectfully, as becomes a man who thanks Heaven that it is not loaded. Our pride in it is enormous. Were a sudden night attack by Zepelins made upon our camp, the battalion would rally as one man round the old rifle, and fling boots at the invader until the last pair of ammunition gave out. Then, spiking the Lee-Enfield, so that it should be useless if it fell into the hands of the enemy, we should retire barefoot and in good order, James busily jotting down notes of our last testamentary dispositions. . . .

But, of course, we know that the



Incredulous friend (to soldier invalided home). "WHAT—YOU CAPTURED TEN GERMANS BY YOURSELF? GOOD GRACIOUS! HOW DID YOU DO IT?"

Tommy. "I JUST SHOUTED OUT 'WAITER!' AND THEY CAME ALONG."

invaders will not come yet. Meanwhile much can be learnt without arms (*cf.* "Infantry Training" *passim*—a book we all carry in our pockets), and we have the promise of enough rifles for a company in three weeks. When the last lot of German prisoners begins to land we shall be ready for them.

We get plenty of encouragement; indeed we feel that the authorities have a special eye upon us. To give an example. We paraded the other night and were inspected by a General—tut-tut, a couple of Generals. One of them addressed us afterwards and gave us to understand that, having seen the flower of the Continental armies at work, he was, even so, hardly pre-

pared for the extraordinary—and so on; which made James throw out his lower chest a couple of inches further than usual. Whereupon the Admiralty airship hurried up and, flying slowly over us, inspected us from the top. I say nothing of what James must have looked like from the top; what I say is that not many battalions are inspected by two Generals and an airship simultaneously. We are grateful to the authorities.

Just at present our fault is over-keenness. On our first Sunday in camp our company commander stood us to attention and asked for three volunteers—for some unnamed forlorn hope. The whole company advanced

two paces. He took the first three in the first platoon and handed them over to a sergeant. They were marched off on their perilous mission with nine men from other companies. The dauntless twelve. We that were left behind composed explanations to our wives, making it quite clear that we had volunteered, but pointing out that, as only twelve could go, they had probably chosen the ugliest ones first. Our three heroes rejoined us during an "easy" an hour later. The forlorn hope had been to dig a hole and bury all the unused fragments of last night's supper—the gristly bits . . . And now, when three volunteers are called for, the whole company remains rooted to attention. It is our keenness again; we are here to drill; to form fours, to march, to wheel; we want to learn to be soldiers, not dustmen.

But naturally we differ in our ideas upon the best way to learn—particularly in regard to night-work. What James says is, "Why be uncomfortable in camp? If I could do anything for my country between the hours of 10.30 P.M. and 5.30 A.M., I would do it gladly. But if my country, speaking through the gentleman who commands my platoon, tells me to retire to my tent with the fourteen loudest-breathers in Middlesex, I may at least *try* to get a little bit of sleep." So he brings with him two air-cushions, a pillow, three blankets and a pair of bed-socks, and does his best. On the other hand, John says, "When one is on active service one has to sleep anywhere. Unless I am preparing for that moment, what am I here for at all?" So he disdains the use of straw, selects the hardest brick he can find for his head, and wraps himself up in a single coat. And I doubt if he sleeps worse than James. Personally, I lie awake all night listening to the snores of the others and envying them their repose . . . and I find that they all say they have been doing the same.

It was James, by the way, who created such a sensation the first time he appeared on parade with all his impedimenta. There was a shout of laughter from the company—and then a quiet voice behind me said reflectively, "He decided *not* to bring the parrot."

A. A. M.

"There is a story here of a reservist, arriving from the provinces, who saw on the Nevsky a brilliantly lighted picture palace, and took off his hat before it and crossed himself devoutly. The point of that story is that the man, when pointed out to me on the parade-ground, was working in rubber gloves upon the installation of field wireless apparatus."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Ha-ha! (Yes, just for a moment it escaped us). Ha-ha! HA-HA-HA!

VALHALLA.

(A vision and a protest.)

I SAW in the night unbroken,
In the land the daylight shuns,
At their long tables oaken
The Sea-kings and the Huns.

Strong arms had they for smiting,
To them death only gave
More feasting and more fighting,
More plunder for the brave.

Scant use had they for pleaders,
They boasted of their war,
The pitiless bright-eyed leaders,
And their battle-god was Thor.

And "When this right hand falters,"
Quoth one, "the soul is fled;"
"And I made so many altars
Ruinous," this one said.

And lo! as they sat and vaunted
Across the mist of the years,
There came to them one that flaunted
The helm of the war-god's peers.

A little shape and a mightless,
And the strong men laughed and
roared:

"Is our father Odin sightless
That bade *him* share the board?"

"From what realms spoilt and plundered,
From what shrines burnt art come?
Has thine hand hewed and thundered
On the crosses of Christendom?"

And he said, "I too had legions,
I fouled where ye defiled,
I trod in the selfsame regions
And warred on woman and child.

"Tricked out in my shining armour
And riding behind my Huns,
I harried the priest and farmer,
I followed the smoking guns."

But the kings cried out and shouted
As they drained the sweetened
mead:

"Was it thus that the Franks were
routed,
When we made Europe bleed?"

"This king with a leaden rattle
And death that comes from afar,
What pride hath he of the battle?
What lust to maim or mar?"

"The loot and the red blood running
Were the only signs we saw;
But the gods that gave thee cunning
Have also given thee law."

And a Northman spake: "With seven
Fair churches when I died
I had paved my path to heaven;
Their pillage was my pride.

"I tore the saints from their niches
With the red hands of my rage;
But what hast thou in thy ditches
To do with a craftless age?"

"Thou hast felt no Viking's starkness;
Thou hast lost a Christian's
throne."
And they drove him forth in the
darkness
To find a place of his own.

EVOE.

THE SILENCE OF WAR.

I HAVE a confession to make. Once in the happy far-off days—it seems ages since—I was bored by my fellow-passengers' conversation in the train. I daresay that they were equally bored by mine; but against that view there is the fact that this is my confession and not theirs. Well, I am punished now. I admit that I would give a good deal to hear Griffith's story of how he did the dog-leg hole in three again. There sits Griffith opposite to me, and no one would know that he had ever handled a club. He has become a golf-mute.

Or think of Purvis. The recital of the performances of Purvis's new car lent an additional terror to railway travelling. I have forgotten the very make of his car now. I cannot particularise the number of its cylinders or say if it is electrically started. Purvis is conversationally punctured.

There was, too, one recalls, an Insurance Act. Wilson felt a special grievance because he employed an aged gardener, out of charity, two days a week. He talked, if I remember correctly, about a cruel fourpence and a mythical ninepence. He read fierce letters he had composed for the Press, and when the papers published them, which was seldom, he read them to us all over again. As an anti-insurance agitator Wilson now comes under the unemployment section of the accursed Act.

And the strange people who intruded with third-class tickets, and trampled on our toes, and smoked shag, and talked repulsively about the Cockspurs and Chelsea's new purchase from Oldham Athletic, and gave each other "dead certs" of appalling incertitude, and passed remarks which to my mind showed a shocking lack of respect for the upper and middle classes! We were not one class in those times.

May it all come back to us soon—all the old chatter! Come back to us, Sir THOMAS LIPTON and the Cup! Come back to us, GLOOMY DEAN! Come back to us, Ninepence for Fourpence. Come back to us, "dead certs" and "also rans." Come back golf and motor-cars. Come back, Wicked Government and Wicked Opposition. Life is too painfully interesting now. I long to be bored again.

But it must be boredom with honour.

MR. PUNCH'S WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW STYLE.

HEARING that the German troops were advancing from the North-East along the line Malines—Mons—Mezières—Soissons—Verdun—Belfort, I immediately made off due South-West for a reason I may not give. I managed with the utmost difficulty to find someone to carry my kit, but at length persuaded an old peasant whom I found weeding (probably the last weeds he would ever dig) to act as my courier, and even then I had to resort to the vulgar strategy of pretending to be a Uhlan.

We joined the throng boarding an old motor-bus (6½ h.p.). There was nothing to show to outward appearance that the dreaded Germans were within 250 miles of the little townlet where I found myself (name suppressed). After booking my room at the only decent hotel in the place, I cast about for something to eat. Alas, the only eatables were roast duck and apple tart (the last probably we should ever see). I then unpacked my kit, and after folding my riding breeches I placed them under the mattress, wondering when I should take them out again. It is curious how even the simplest necessities of life mechanically assert themselves in the midst of the most strenuous and adventurous circumstances.

Troops, troops, troops, and yet again troops. And people still go on living their daily lives. I saw two men seated in a *café* playing draughts, and they quarrelled over a move as though they had never heard tell of the KAISER. Such is *la guerre*. I am rapidly polishing up my French which I learnt at —, how many years ago I may not say.

We know little of the German plans, and that much it is useless for me to communicate as the Censor is stopping all news of any interest. But this we do know here in our little town of — that the KAISER will undoubtedly defeat the English armies if he can. To-day I saw an officer who had been sent back to count the milk-cans on a large dairy-farm (probably the last cans he would ever count); as he clattered down the road, mounted on his charger, I stepped in front of him and held up my hand, in which was a recent copy of *The Daily Cry and Echo*. The officer with difficulty stopped, as his horse reared on seeing the paper in my hand. I then asked him where he would advise me to go, as I wanted to be where the fire was hottest. He at once told me to go to (name withheld). I often think of that gay young officer and wonder what he is doing.



Mabel. "MOTHER, DEAR! I DO HOPE THIS WAR WON'T BE OVER BEFORE I FINISH MY SOCK!"

To-night I sat up late (how late we used to sit up in London!) sewing a button on my (word excised) and darning one of the legs. I am now dashing this off to catch the morning post (probably the last post that will ever leave for England). I could not sleep for thinking that in a few days' time I may hear the boom-boom-boom of the German 17.44 guns, the sound of which has been likened to a puppy yelping. Such is war.

I hope later on to send an important document dealing with the dispositions of the various armies engaged. I have been fortunate enough to get a glimpse of plans not more than a month old which a Colonel of Howitzers carelessly left in the pocket of his bathing-suit.

"HOT PURSUIT."

BRITISH PRESS ON HEELS OF ENEMY.
People.

At last the British Press is getting to the front.

We are officially informed that, when every cat and dog in the German Empire has been enrolled and armed, each cat will be allowed to provide its own kit.

"Physically, Mr. Owen is a fine type, and his height is almost double that of the originator of the Welsh Army Corps—the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—*Western Mail*."

If we allow Mr. OWEN a generous 8 feet, this would make Mr. LLOYD GEORGE about 4 ft. 2 in. He must be taller than that.

THE CHOICE.

THE scene was Maida Vale—in the home of Julius Blumenbach, an Englishman of one generation.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Blumenbach on his return from his office, "it won't do. The time has come to take the plunge. We have often talked about it, but now we must act. Only this morning I received five letters closing the account—all because of the name."

"You know I have urged it on you often enough," said Mrs. Blumenbach. "And not only have I thought it necessary, but my relatives have urged it too."

Mr. Blumenbach repressed a gesture of impatience. "I know, I know," he said. "Well, we must do it. *The Times* has a dozen notices of changed names every day."

"The question is what shall the new one be?" his wife replied. "We must remember it's not only for ourselves and the business, but it will be so much better for the boys, too, when they go to Eton. A good name—but what?"

"That's it," said Mr. Blumenbach. "That's the difficulty. Now I've got a little list here. I have been jotting down names that took my fancy for some time past. Of course there are many people who merely translate their German names, but I think we ought to go farther than that. We ought to be thorough while we are about it."

"Yes, and let us be very careful," said Mrs. Blumenbach. "It's a great responsibility—a critical moment. It's almost as critical as—for a woman—marriage. Let us take a really nice name."

"Of course," said her husband. "That goes without saying."

"Yes," she continued, "but a name that goes well with 'Sir' or 'Lady.' You never know, you know."

"I don't see, myself, that 'Sir Julius Blumenbach' would sound so bad," said her husband; "I've heard worse."

"But 'Sir Julius Kitchener,' for example, would sound better," said Mrs. Blumenbach.

Mr. Blumenbach started. "You don't really suggest—" he began.

"No, I don't," she replied. "But I

want you to see that while we're about it we may as well be thorough. If at the present moment we have a name which is disliked here, how much wiser, when taking another, to choose one which is popular!"

"True," Mr. Blumenbach said. "But 'Kitchener.' Isn't that—"

"Too far? Perhaps so," said his wife. "Then what about 'French'?"

"A little too short," said her husband. "I favour three syllables."

"Then 'Smith-Dorrien'?"

"Scotch?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I hadn't been thinking that way," said Mrs. Blumenbach, "but I agree—why not 'Sir Julius Macdonald'? Yes, that's all right."

"Or 'Mackenzie'?" said Mr. Blumenbach, consulting his list.

"I prefer 'Macdonald.'"

"Or 'Macintosh'?"

"No, no."

"Or 'Abercrombie'?"

"Too long."

"'Lauder'?"

"No, I think not."

"He's very popular."

"I know; but the music-hall? No," said Mrs. Blumenbach, taking up a pen, "let it be 'Macdonald.'" She traced the name. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed suddenly, dropping the pen and pushing away the paper with a gesture of finality, "of course it can't be that."

"Why ever not?" Mr. Blumenbach insisted.

"Fancy you not knowing!"

Mrs. Blumenbach replied. "You of all people! Why, think of the linen and the silver—all the monograms. Everything would have to be marked afresh. It must begin with B, of course."

"Of course," said Mr. Blumenbach, mopping his brow as the terrible truth broke on him, "of course! What an idiot I have been! Of course it must begin with B. The expense!"

"But fancy you not thinking of that!" Mrs. Blumenbach insisted.

"Yes, fancy. It's worry over the war. I'm not myself."

"Poor dear! You can't be," said his wife. "Well, what shall we do now?"

"It's all right," said Mr. Blumenbach. "I'll go to the British Museum to look out the B's in the Edinburgh Directory."

"Do, dear, do!" said his wife, and he hurried for his hat. "Just to think of you not thinking of that!" he repeated, as he bade her farewell.

"Yes, indeed!" he replied. "But it's the war, I'm sure. I'm sure it's the war."

Later in the day he returned, a potential Sir Julius Bannockburn.

Shakespeare Germanised.

One touch of NIETZSCHE makes the whole world sin.



Enthusiast (explaining the situation). "LET THIS 'ERE MEAT-AXE BE THE RUSSIANS A-COMIN' IN ON THE EAST; THE CARVIN'-KNIFE'S THE FRENCHIES ALONG 'ERE; OUR BOYS IS THE MUSTARD-POT; AND 'ERE'S THE GERMANS—THIS 'ERE PLATE O' TRIPE."

"Oh, let's be shy of hyphens," he replied.

"Why?" she asked. "I've always had rather a partiality for them. They're very classy in England, too, as you would know if you were as English as I am."

"I am English!" said Mr. Blumenbach fiercely.

"Yes, dear, but not quite so—Still, let us pass that over. The point is—"

"No hyphens, anyway," said Mr. Blumenbach. "They're dangerous. They carry too much family history. No, a straightforward plain name is best. Like, say, 'Macdonald.'"

SOUND AND FURY.

A DOUBLE Dutch Agency circulates a report of a great patriotic concert recently held in Berlin. The programme, which is printed on a mere scrap of paper, was as follows:—

A
**GRAND PRUSSIAN PATRIOTIC
CONCERT**

IN AID OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT
WAR FUND

Will be held in the
DISMANTLED BRITISH EMBASSY.

PROGRAMME.**I.****SELECTION:**

"Hail, Smiling Marne."

Band of the Imperial Prussian Guard.

II.**SONG:**

"Father, dear Father, come Home with
me now."

*Words and music by
the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.*

III.**BANJO RECITAL:**

"The Sally of our Ally."

*Words and music by
the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH.*

IV.**CHORUS:**

"Forty Years On."

*Setting arranged by
Count VON MOLTKE the Second.*

V.**SONG:**

"Oft in the Stilly Night."

*Words and music by
COUNT ZEPPELIN, composer of
"What does little Birdie say?"*

VI.**RECITAL:**

"The Blue Carpathian Mountains."

The Viennese Orchestra.

VII.**HUMOROUS SONG:**

"The Bonny Bonny Banks."

*Arranged by
the Imperial Minister of Finance.*

VIII.**SONG:**

"And Nobody cares for Me!"

*Respectfully dedicated to
the GERMAN EMPEROR.*

IX.

GRAND PATRIOTIC CHORUS (in which
the audience is requested to join):

"PRUSSIA EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN
THIS DAY WILL GRAB HIS BOOTY."



"GREAT SCOTT! I MUST DO SOMETHING. DASHED IF I DON'T GET SOME MORE FLAGS FOR THE OLD JIGGER!"

THE STEEPLE.

THERE 's mist in the hollows,
There 's gold on the tree,
And South go the swallows
Away over sea.

They home in our steeple
That climbs in the wind,
And, parson and people,
We welcome 'em kind.

The steeple was set here
In 1266;
If WILLIAM could get here
He 'd burn it to sticks.

He 'd burn it for ever,
Bells, belfry and vane,
That swallows would never
Come home there again.

He 'd bang down their perches
With cannon and gun,
For churches is churches,
And WILLIAM 's a Hun.

So—mist in the hollow
And leaf falling brown—
Ere home comes the swallow
May WILLIAM be down!

And high stand the steeples
From Lincoln to Wells,
For parsons and peoples,
For birds and for bells!

"It makes things clearer, for example, if
one knows that a howitzer gun drops its shells,
while an ordinary field gun fires them to all
intents and purposes vertically."

Weekly Dispatch.
Much clearer.



Youthful Patriot. "OH, MUMMY, YOU MUST SPEAK TO BABY: HE'S MOST AWFULLY NAUGHTY. HE WON'T LET NURSE TAKE HIS VEST OFF, AND (in an awe-struck voice) HE KEEPS ON SCREAMING AND YELLING THAT HE LIKES THE GERMANS! ANYBODY MIGHT HEAR HIM."

A WAR-HORSE OF THE KING.

I KNEW you in the first flight of the Quorn,
One who never turned his gallant head aside
From bank or ditch, from double rail or thorn,
Or from any brook however deep and wide;
I know the love your owner on you spent;
I know the price he put upon your speed;
And I know he gave you freely, well content,
When his country called upon him in her need.

I have seen you in the bondage of the camp
With a heel-rope on a pastern raw and red,
Up and fighting at the stable-picket's tramp
With the courage of the way that you were bred;
I have seen you standing, broken, in the rain,
Lone and fretting for a yesterday's caress;
I have seen your valour spur you up again
From the sorrow that your patient eyes express.

Now in dreams I see your squadron at the Front,
You a war-horse with a hero on your back,
Taking bugles for the horn-blast of the hunt,
Taking musketry for music of the pack;
Made and mannered to the pattern of the rest,
Gathered foam—and maybe blood—upon your rein,
You'll be up among the foremost and the best,
Or we'll never trust in Leicestershire again!

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

War or no war, the children must have their Christmas presents, and they wouldn't look at the usual toys made in Germany, even if they could be had this year. The Women's Emergency Corps has the matter in hand. Some fascinating models have been designed and registered, and many women who were in need of work are engaged in copying them under skilled direction. Funds are needed badly at the start, though the scheme will eventually support itself. For the children's sake, and even more for the sake of the women-breadwinners to whom the war has brought distress, *Mr. Punch* begs his generous friends to help this work. Gifts should be sent to The Duchess of Marlborough, Old Bedford College, 8, York Place, Baker Street, W.

IN MEMORY.

TO THOSE WHO DIED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.
Not theirs to triumph yet; but, where they stood,
Falling, to dye the earth with brave men's blood
For England's sake and duty. Be their name
Sacred among us. Wouldst thou seek to frame
Their fitting epitaph? Then let it be
Simple, as that which marked Thermopylae:—
"Tell it in England, thou that passest by,
Here faithful to their charge her soldiers lie."



THE GREAT GOTH.

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN A NEO-GOTHIC CATHEDRAL AT POTSDAM.





Newly-gazetted Subaltern. "GIRLS! GIRLS! YOU REALLY MUSTN'T CROWD ROUND ME LIKE THIS. I'VE MISSED TWO SALUTES ALREADY."

OUR DUMB ENEMIES.

ALTHOUGH the German army already owes much of its efficiency to useful hints garnered from the animal kingdom—such as the goose-step, which has been employed with such conspicuous success in the streets of Brussels—we were hardly prepared for the far-reaching mobilisation of the more familiar mammals which is now foreshadowed. It is true that we had already been much impressed by the KAISER's threat to continue the war to the last breath of man and horse, but it is none the less startling to learn, on American authority, that the German Government would, at a pinch, be prepared to arm every cat and dog in the Empire. It will thus be open to the future historian to speak of "the cats of war."

There is another branch of the community which should not be overlooked—if the KAISER is willing to take a suggestion—in the form of the domestic cattle of the Fatherland. These, we believe, are admirably adapted to attack in close formation upon entrenched positions. And much might be done with the rats from the

cellars of Munich—than which no finer natural warriors exist.

But the new menace must be met. Fortunately, if zoological warfare is to become an accomplished fact, the British Empire has great untapped resources. It is rumoured that a Camel Corps has been despatched from India already, and a squadron of elephants should be a match for a whole Army Corps of dachshunds.

On the whole we welcome the new departure. It may lead—who knows?—to the establishment of a higher standard in German civilized warfare.

An interesting light has been thrown on this new mobilisation by a letter concealed in the whiskers of the captured mascot (a Tortoiseshell) of a Bavarian regiment. It runs as follows:—

POTSDAM.

(Can't divulge address.)

DEAR GRETCHEN,—Awful bad luck for poor Schneider. He went to enlist and was told to register! Of course he's got a streak of the Persian in him on his mother's side, and used to brag about it, as we all know; but now it's done him in the eye, and he's fairly mad. Carl is in the commissariat and tells me we've got three million tins of

sardines; so that's all right as far as it goes; but, if there's any weakness in the victualling department, I shall be the first to leave the colours.

They're making one huge mistake. The dogs are called out too. You know what German dogs are—sausage-food, we call them. Of course they'll be cut up and give the show away. But, if they're in the first line with us behind them, they'll have to fight somebody.

Albrecht is in the Royal Blacks (Empress's own). Max has joined the 3rd Tabbies, and I've got a command in the 10th Tortoiseshells.

Your one and only

PUSS IN PRUSSIANS.

P.S.—It's a joke with the Tabby regiments that they've got their stripes already.

"Ste. Menchould is 32 miles due west of Verdun. Montfaucon is 18 miles north-east of Ste. Menchould and a dozen miles north-west of Verdun."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The War has changed many things; among them the triangle's old habit of having two of its sides together greater than the third. But there; "necessity," as the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR says, "knows no law."

THE WATCH DOGS.

IV.

DEAR CHARLES.—Half-a-dozen officers of the battalion, including your own pet terrier, have got cut off from the main body, but are all alive and well, as you shall hear. We have come down from our war to our peace station in order to gather together the few hundred recruits who have been enrolled to bring up the brigade to its proper establishment, and fill the places of those luckless fellows whose flesh was too weak for Imperial service, however willing their spirit might have been. I must say I was more sorry for the "medically unfit" than I have ever been for anyone in this hard world, when we took affectionate leave of them.

The recruit is an excellent fellow, whose only fault is that he didn't start before. Now and then he is a plutocrat, as I have found to my cost. It was my first job to prearrange the lodging of two hundred of them in their temporary billet, an unoccupied mansion originally designed to house twenty persons at the outside. There was an overflow, as you may imagine, which had to be lodged in the outhouses. The garage I marked out for twenty-five, leaving it to themselves to decide whether or not the inspection-pit was the place of honour reserved for the N.C.O. in charge. Other business prevented my receiving them at the front gate and conducting them to their several rooms. When I did arrive on the scene it was my heartrending duty to explain to Privates Anstruther and Vernon that the reason why they couldn't find their bedroom was because they had filled it with their motor-cars. But it is wonderful how people can settle down to anything; an hour later I found the twenty-five of them comfortably tucked in for the night, crooning unanimously, "There's no place like home!" To-day they have chalked up on the wall, "The Ritz Private Boarding Establishment; well-aired beds; bring your own straw. Excellent cuisine. No garage."

This is the sort of remark which, as you go the rounds of the mess tables, you have to pretend you have not heard: "The officer wants to know if you have all got plenty of potatoes. Every man stand up and say 'I have';" and, to demonstrate the camaraderie

which exists in the hard circumstances of military life, "George, lend me your slice of bacon to clean my knife with." The most moving reply I have personally received came from one of the less-educated section. I asked to what company he was attached, and he didn't know, "Who is your captain?" I said, "I'm with the scuppered 'at," was the descriptive reply. Captain Herne has since lectured his gang on the rudiments of military discipline, first, however, replenishing his neglected equipment.

And now let us turn from the domestic aspect to the infantry training, and let me tell you all about outposts, their duty and their manner of

nerves, and when something substantial does emerge which one may get a grip on. . . what use is it for an officer to say that no violence is required and enough is done for present purposes if the enemy is successfully observed and quietly apprehended? The first enemy to approach turned out, on arrest, to be just an innocuous cow; but this disappointment served only to make the aspect of my men even more menacing. The next arrival was a hapless scout of the attacking party: he had come to surprise, but was himself violently surprised. What advice and exhortations I had to give were lost in the hubbub. "Put up your fists, chaps, and let him have it!" was the order, which was obeyed. The necessity for silence was forgotten; here was something upon which to wreak all the pent-up feelings consequent upon a month's perusal of German atrocities. It was excusable, if unsporting, for the scout to bite the thumb of his nearest assailant—and a good thorough bite it was. It fell to my lot later to dress the wound; as I did so the casualty explained to me fully and often the exact circumstances of the case. But he was not angry about it; far from it. With an expression of feature combining interested enquiry with perfect readiness to accept whatever might be in the proper order of infantry training, he said, "And then 'o bit me thumb, Sir. Was that right?"

D'Arcy and I had an awkward moment the other day. We turned into a wayside golf



Humorist (to Cinema Commissionaire). "NOW YEN, WILHELM, GIVE US ONE OR TWO GOOSE-STEPS!"

performing it. Outpost companies, it must be remembered, do their work at night. I don't know, Charles, whether you have ever sat under a hedge for hours on end in the dark, waiting the approach of the enemy. It must be bad enough in real warfare, where there is a chance of his turning up; but in practice it is worse, for there is the certainty that he *must* turn up. He left the camp an hour before you did yourself, and, if he does succeed in getting through your lines, he'll never let you hear the last of it.

Now you must remember that my fellows had spent many weary days "sloping arms," only to unslope them again almost immediately, and in other sufficiently bloodless pursuits. They are naturally of a pugilistic breed, and the attacking party comprised old-time opponents. Constant efforts to keep a watch in the dark are trying to the

club in an emergency, and begged to be allowed to buy our tea there. Even as we did so the Secretary himself arrived in a motor car, which, as we were not aware, had but a little while ago overtaken Major Danks and the half battalion under his charge. Even the Secretary himself, accustomed to ignore foot-passengers, did not appreciate that he had roused the Major's wrath by the haste of his overtaking. The Secretary was, to us, politeness itself—nay more, he insisted upon our being the guests of the club not only on that occasion but on every available opportunity. Other members gathered round and endorsed his view. We returned thanks in brief and soldierly speeches. There were, by way of reply, votes of confidence, and, in rejoinder, expressions of reciprocated esteem. The invitation was extended to every officer in the battalion, and



Scene: Playground of sand in a London park.

Kind-hearted Old Lady. "THAT LITTLE BOY LOOKS VERY LONELY. WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM TO PLAY WITH YOU?"
 Little Girl. "OW, DON'T TAKE NO NOTICE OF 'IM, LIDY. 'E'S SWANKIN' 'COS 'E'S BIN TO THE SEASIDE."

then we withdrew to the wash-house to prepare to receive hospitality. Hardly had we departed when the Major arrived, and we returned from our ablutions, if not into the open, at least sufficiently near to hear him reprimanding the Secretary in the most violent terms, threatening arrest to the miscreant chauffeur, and, indeed, the annihilation of the whole clubhouse and links, and every man, woman and child in or about them. Old man, I have never less enjoyed a meal at others' expense than I did the tea which followed.

Acting temporarily as Quarter-Master I went to the butcher's to-day. "A nice morning, Sir," said he. What could he do for me? "What about some beef?" said I. "About ten pounds?" he suggested. "Nearer two hundred," I replied. "Good day," he concluded, as he bowed me out of the shop. "A very nice morning, Sir."

I'll tell you my opinion of these soldiers, Charles, amateur or professional. Feed them like princes and pamper them like babies, and they'll complain all the time. But stand them up to be shot at and they'll take it as a joke, and rather a good joke, too.

Yours ever, HENRY.

ONE OF THE SECRETS OF RUSSIAN SUCCESS.

(By our Military Expert.)

THE brief statement from Headquarters at Petrograd that on the South-West front Wszlmysl has fallen and that the pursuit of the Austrians has reached Mlprknik has a significance that may easily be overlooked by those who are unfamiliar with the topography of the district and its pronunciation. Wszlmysl (pronounce Wozzle-mizzle) is a large fortified town in the district of Mprzt (pronounce Ha-djisha), at the junction of the rivers Ug (pronounce Oogh) and Odzwl (pronounce Odol), about ten miles to the N.E. of Ploschkin (pronounce as written), with which it is connected by an electric tramway. The information available shows that the garrison of Wszlmysl (pronounce Woolloomoolloo) deserted their guns and retreated in haste with the Russians in hot pursuit. Now, inasmuch as this fortress has been pronounced by the Russian expert, Colonel Shumsky (pronounce Sch-tehoomsky), to be stronger than either Namur or Liège, the precipitate retirement of the Austrians can only be accounted for by a complete breakdown of moral.

The cause of this breakdown may escape most observers, but it is in reality simple enough. It has long been known that the Austrians have found themselves terribly handicapped by their inability to deal faithfully with the consonantal difficulties presented by the names of towns and districts in which the ethnic basis is Slav and not Teutonic. Quite recently, on the capture of the town of Prtnkéichsvntchiskow (unpronounceable, and only to be approximately rendered with the assistance of a powerful Claxon horn), the garrison were found to be in a deplorable condition of aphasia and suffering from chronic laryngitis. We have therefore the best grounds for believing that a similar cause operated in the case of the Austrian defenders of Wszlmysl. They fled because they were unable to cope with the vocal exigencies of the situation.

To sum up, we have in our Eastern ally a nation not only great in numbers, in warlike prowess, and in enthusiasm for their cause, but also fortified by the possession of a language so rich in phonetic variety and so formidable in consonantal concentration as to strike terror into opponents of lesser linguistic capacity.

AT THE PLAY.

"THOSE WHO SIT IN JUDGMENT."

In days of great national tension the public needs some coaxing to be got into the theatre at all. Our managers should either, at the risk of appearing callous, offer us a pure distraction from the strain of things or else provide something in harmony with the emotions of the time. But frankly I cannot find in the programme at the St. James's any apparent sign of consideration for present conditions. It is true that it supplies excellent entertainment for Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who has plenty of occupation in a part that suits him well. But I was thinking, selfishly enough, of my own needs and those of other non-combatants.

I admit that the scene in West Africa was a diverting novelty. I had never before, to my recollection, met a native monarch from the Gold Coast, and I have pleasure in accepting the assurance of Mr. CROWTHER, Secretary for Native Affairs in this district, that they are like that. But it was impossible to feel any very deep concern as to what might happen to the damaged hero (*Michael Trent*) on his return to England after the failure of his rubber schemes. The best he could hope for, by way of consolation for being misunderstood, was to become a co-respondent in a suit brought by the chief sitter-in-judgment. Even so we might have contrived a little sympathy if the woman's fifth-rate environment had not made any community of tastes hopelessly improbable. For her, too, it seemed to us a poor business that the only encouragement she could offer him in the undeserved ruin of his career was to get it blasted all over again—and this time on a true charge—by running away with him.

But the rubber-man in the play was never a hero. There in his Gold Coast shanty we see his lover's young brother dying of fever under his eyes. Yet from the moment when he himself gets a touch of the same complaint he takes to brandy, and practically loses all further interest—at any rate of a coherent kind—in the fate of his protégé. And at the end—though he seems to take a good deal of personal pride in the prospect—the only heroism that lies before him is the living-down of a sordid scandal in the divorce-court.

As *Michael Trent*, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER played excellently, and I have nothing to say against either the quality or the quantity of his work, except that in the First Act the tale of his experience in the Beresu forest, which began with a very natural air, developed into something like a recitation. He might almost

have been Mr. ROOSEVELT, in a mood of exaltation, describing his river to the Geographical Society. That clever actress, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, had to play a difficult part as *Trent's* lover, in a vein that, I think, is new to her. She did it well, though she seemed to start on a note of intensity which left her too little margin for the time when she really needed it; her appeal, too, was rather to our intelligence than our hearts. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, waiving his gift of deliberate humour, showed himself a master of the petty meannesses of a certain phase of suburban banality. Mr. VOLPÉ presided, with the right rotundity of a rubber company's chairman, over a very spirited meeting of indignant shareholders. And, finally, nothing became Mr. REGINALD OWEN so well as the manner of his dying. O. S.

"YOUNG WISDOM."

Victoria was very young and very, very wise. She knew all about the slavery of the marriage-tie, the liberty of the female subject, and high-sounding things of that sort, and kept books of advanced thinking secretly under her mattress—where her little brother found them and thought them dull, and her mother found them and thought them rather funny. *Victoria's* theory was that all marriages ought to be preceded by a trial trip, but it was her sister *Gail* who had the pluck to put this theory into practice. She insisted on her young man, *Peter*, eloping with her on the night before their wedding. *Peter*, a simple gentleman with a mouth permanently open, was reluctantly persuaded. Whereupon *Christopher*, the best man, engaged to *Victoria*, insisted upon *Victoria* also living up to her theory and eloping without clerical assistance—which she did almost as unwillingly as *Peter*. The two couples meet at midnight in an old moorland cottage rented by an artist called *Max* (no, not the one you think), whereupon two important things happen:—

(1) *Gail* decides in about twenty minutes that she loves *Max*, not *Peter*. (2) *Victoria* decides that she hates trial trips. So they all five go back together, and, after a lot of "Tut-tut-what-the-blank-upon-my-souls" from the military stage-father, they sort themselves out again and get married properly—*Peter* being left over with a cold in the head.

The author, Miss RACHEL CROTHERS, has not strained herself severely in writing *Young Wisdom*, and the result is a pleasantly innocent little play, which, thanks to the Misses MARGERY MAUDE and MADGE TITHERADGE as the

two sisters, and Mr. JOHN DEVERELL as *Peter*, gave us all a good deal of pleasure. Miss MAUDE had a part with a little comedy in it for once, and she played it delightfully. M.

MEDITATIONS ON MUSHROOMS.

WE were playing the ancient and honourable game of acrostics and we had to think of and describe a word bounded on the West by the initial E, and on the East by the final H.

"That which you can never have of mushrooms," was one of the descriptions. It was, of course, guessed at once—"Enough;" and could there be a truer compliment to this strange exotic delicacy, which costs nothing but a walk in an early autumnal morning and is more choice than the rarest flavours ever designed by the most inspired of chefs? For certainly there has never been enough of them. I, at any rate, have never had enough. The thought of mushrooms missed must add pathos to many a death-bed.

It is a terrible moment when the dish comes in and one rapidly notes the disparity between the paucity of its contents and the vast and eager anticipation of the company. For it is useless to attempt to conceal greed when mushrooms arrive. A certain amount of dissimulation has mercifully been given by a wise Providence to all of us for the lubrication of the cogs of daily life; but it does not extend so far as this. And particularly so if the mushrooms have been fried in butter. Stewed they are not of course to be undervalued, especially if one dares to soak one's bread in the juice; nor even reposing in tragic isolation on Juan Fernandezes of toast; but the real way is to fry them in butter. As I say, it is a terrible moment when the dish arrives and the faces of the guests are studied; but should there be one present, or—more ecstatic moment still—two, who confess to a dislike of this perilous fungus, then what an access of rapture by way of compensation! Truly wise hostesses have been known to murmur something about toadstools and risk, as an encouragement to the doubters; or if they don't their husbands do. It is however no real good! Even with two defaulters the dish does no more than stimulate desire; whilst such is its power of fascination that consummate gourmets have been known to express no dismay at the possibility of poison being there, a death so won being worth dying.

Mushrooms, to win such homage as this, must be picked in the fields and cooked at home. The forced mushrooms which grow under the shelf in



THE BULL-DOG BREED.

Officer. "Now, my lad, do you know what you are placed here for?"

Recruit. "To prevent the enemy from landin', Sir."

Officer. "And do you think that you could prevent him landing all by yourself?"

Recruit. "Don't know, Sir, I'm sure. But I'd have a dam good try!"

the greenhouse or in a corner of the cellar lack something of divinity; while there is not a restaurant *chef* in the world who has not a long record of ruined mushrooms to his name. No sooner does a public cook get at a mushroom than it begins to deteriorate. When the *chef* comes in at the door the savour flies out of the window. It is a point of honour with him. When therefore I said that one can never have enough mushrooms I meant at home.

It is an injustice to the mushroom to eat it as an adjunct to other food; while there is one meat which in alliance it renders unwholesome. The odd thing is that every one differs as to what this meat is; but my own hazy recollection says mutton. Still that prohibition is not for us, who know the only way in which mushrooms should be eaten: fried, with bread and butter, and the butter spread too thick.

It is rumoured that the freedom of Hunstanton is to be conferred on the KAISER.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL."

CORKEY is the School Attendance Officer and a terror to every boy in the neighbourhood. He looks at the truant and says fiercely, "Where was you?" Then he wags a savage finger at him. "Yes, you was," he says, "you was, you know you was. I caught you in the hact." No boy has ever been known to withstand him.

Yet Corkey has a heart.

William Frederick Wright is our chief boy scout. In the first great days of the war, William was on duty at a railway bridge up the line. Local fame placed him somewhere between FRENCH and KITCHENER. Sent to round up the truant, Corkey reported in glowing words, "*Guarding his country.*"

A second week's absence produced the same report. Then business instinct began to war with patriotism in the breast of Corkey. During the third week he once more looked the culprit up.

His report was grim and terse. "*Warned him,*" he wrote.

On the following Monday William sadly returned.

THE AWAKENING.

ERE our lesson to the KAISER,
Self-anointed Lord of Earth,
Left that furious monarch wiser
Re our troops' intrinsic worth,
Frankly, I had thought you flighty,
Callous to the very core;
Lovely?—yes, like Aphrodite;
Nothing more.

Later, when you slaked your thirsting
For an apron, cuffs and cap,
Long before the war-cloud, bursting,
Made a mess of Europe's map,
Though your mind showed some improvement,
Lady, I conceived you had
Joined a purely social movement
For a fad.

Now the scales at length uplifted
From my eyes in you reveal,
Verily, a woman gifted
With the power to help and heal.
So I send, for shame, these verses
Where you brave the battle's brunt,
One of England's noble Nurses
At the front.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

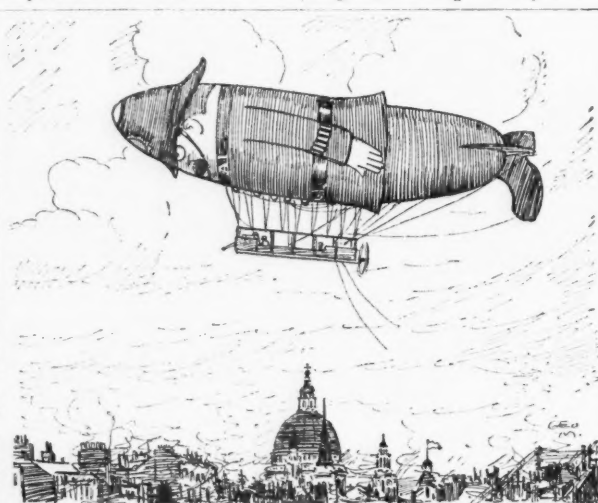
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I ALWAYS open a new book by GERTRUDE ATHERTON with a pleasant grace-before-meant sensation of being already truly thankful for what I am about to receive. And it is hardly ever that I am disappointed. I do not mean to tell you that her latest story, which bears the attractive title *Perch of the Devil* (MURRAY), will eclipse the record of all that has gone before; but it need not do that to be well worth reading. It is a tale of mining life, set against a background of claims and veins and drifts and ores—things that I for one delight to read about because of their infinite possibilities, the romance of the gamble that is in them. There is plenty of this gamble in *Perch of the Devil* (the mountain township where the miners lived). Gregory Compton, the hero, makes his pile all right, and has some rare moments in doing it. He would have been happier if he could have enjoyed prosperity, when it came, for its own sake and for that of his pretty wife. But, though he bestowed upon her all the luxuries that successful mining commands—frocks and cars and European travel—it was another woman, *Ora*, who had his heart. And unfortunately she was the wife of his partner. It is with this quartette of characters that Mrs. ATHERTON works out her tale, an unusually small cast for a story of 373 pages; but you will hardly need to be told with what sympathetic and subtle skill she depicts them. Her art is, as always, extraordinarily minute and close. The two women especially are made to live before us with a great effect of actuality. She has wit, too, of a dry, rather grim, kind. I liked her comparison of Gregory's emotion on finding himself in love with *Ora* to that of a small boy despising himself for a second attack of measles before he discovers the later complaint to be scarlet fever. You must read this book

In no industrial survey of the present situation have I seen any reliable estimate of the probable output of patriotic romance. Yet the figures seem likely to be impressive. One of the earliest samples is before me now. It is called *The Gate of England* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with the sub-title, *A Romance of the Days of Drake*, and is in every way true to its admirable type. What I mean by this is that it contains everything that you expect and are glad to find—a Virgin Queen, imperious and quick of retort, with a generous eye for the claims of gallantry; a hero who simply could not be more heroic; villains (of Spanish name, priests, murderers, all a regular bad lot), and the right proportion of female interest and humorous relief. Need I give you the details? How the hero, Captain of the Queen's body-guard, saves Her Majesty's life (a scene with a genuine thrill in it) and is rewarded by her. How he goes in command of an expedition against Channel freebooters, and finally ends up as an agent of the British Intelligence Department, finding out things about the army of His Grace

of Parma, then at Dunkirk awaiting conveyance by the Spanish fleet. He seems, however, to have been something of a failure in the way of intelligence, as by lack of this the hero managed to get himself and his companion imprisoned for spies (which indeed they were), and was only rescued by the intervention of *Drake* as the god from the machine. A pleasant, if undistinguished, tale that will be enjoyed by the young of all ages. It is a minor point, but when one finds the hero called *Christopher Stone*, and another character rejoicing in the name of *Gabriel Ray*, it is hard to acquit the author of some poverty of invention. His own name (I had almost forgotten to mention) is MORICE GERARD; and he has done better work.

Pan-Germanism (CONSTABLE) is a seasonable cheap reprint of a study of that egregious creed by ROLAND G. USHER, an American Professor of History. With an almost cynical candour and detachment the author analyses the origins, assumptions, justifications and pretensions, and



PERHAPS THE LONDON PUBLIC WOULD FEEL MORE SECURE IF OUR GUARDIAN AIRSHIP WERE MADE IN THIS PATTERN.

foreshadows with some insight the miscalculations, of those who have essayed to direct the destinies of modern Germany. It is as well that this essay comes from a neutral pen; it would else be discredited as a freak of prejudice. *Pan-Germanism*, as here seen, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine that all is fair in war—and peace. It is no less than blank anarchy, philosophic and practical, and indefinitely less workable as a theory of international life than that of the so long discredited Sermon on the Mount. The honest Briton can find here solid justification of his cause. Perhaps it is not altogether unwholesome that our national withers don't

entirely escape wringing. We are a little guilty, but much less guilty than our arch-opponent; so thinks this sober and wide-eyed critic . . . Certainly, and the more significantly since it is without direction or intention of the writer, one sees behind all the tragedy of these dark weeks and of the long months and years to come the sinister picture of a man of no more than common earthly wisdom saddled with responsibilities that might well break the nerve of a council of the gods. Is it well, if the matches must be kept in the powder-magazine, to let the children in to play with them?

That he will arm the German cat and dog
The KAISER swears in language hot and heady;
He leaves the swine out of his catalogue
Because the swine, it seems, are armed already.

The Horrors of War.

"Another German officer prays for a decisive engagement which will put an end to bloody encounters. One evening he and his fellow-officers had to share between themselves a meal prepared for their men."—*Times*.

The records of the war have furnished many instances of physical hardship, but none more terrible than this.

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL VILLA has now declared war on President CARRANZA. Everybody's doing it. * *

Is there, we wonder, a single unfair weapon which the Germans have not used? It is now said that not infrequently a German band is made to play when the enemy's infantry advances to attack.

A regrettable mistake is reported from South London. A thoroughly patriotic man was sat upon by a Cockney crowd for declaring that the KAISER was a Nero.

Servia, *The Times* announces, will in future be called Serbia in our contemporary's columns. We would suggest that in the same way Bavaria might be called Babaria.

All German soldiers are close-cropped. To show, apparently, that they have the courage of the conviction they deserve.

The German officers in France are said to be extremely careful as to what they eat, betraying a great fear of being poisoned. It is, of course, a fact that one grain of vermin-killer would dispose of any one of them.

It has been suggested that the explanation of the KAISER may be that he is a "throw-back." His parents were gentlefolk, but his ancestor, FREDERICK WILLIAM I., was a well-known undesirable.

It is now stated that the reason why the German troops destroyed the historic edifices of Louvain and Rheims was the KAISER's order that no stone was to be left unturned to prove that the Germans are the apostles of Culture.

It has been decided, after all, that SHAKESPEARE may be played in Germany; and the proposal that the name of the bard should be changed to Wilhelm Säbelschüttler has been dropped in deference to the wishes of the KAISER, who thought it might lead to confusion.

It has, we are glad to see, been denied that CARPENTIER, the famous

boxer, has been wounded. This reminds us, by-the-by, of one more miscalculation that the German War Party made. In choosing their date for the outbreak of war they relied on the fact that CARPENTIER was not yet liable for service.

The Germans have had a bright new idea, and are calling us a nation of shopkeepers. Certainly we have been



Haucker. "THIS AIN'T MY USUAL WAY O' GITTIN' A LIVIN', LIDY; BUT, OWIN' TO THE WAR, I—"

Housekeeper. "THAT'S ALL NONSENSE! WHY, TO MY KNOWLEDGE YOU HAVE BEEN ABOUT FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS."

Haucker. "YOU'LL PARDON ME, LIDY, BUT I'M REFERIN' TO THE SOUF ATRIKIN WAR."

fairly successful so far in repelling their counter attacks.

"GERMAN PIES SHOT."

Times.

Sound policy this. The enemy cannot fight without his commissariat.

A well-known Floor Polish firm has issued a notice declaring that it is entirely a British concern. However, we shall not complain of their dealing with an alien enemy if they care to supply a little of it for the benefit of German manners.

Dr. KARL VOLLMÖLLER, who is chiefly notable for his spectacle "The Miracle," has, *The Express* tells us, been acting for the past month as Germany's head Press agent in Rome, and has now sailed for New York. One would have thought that there was greater need for him in Germany, where only a miracle can save the situation.

Publishers seem to be realising that books, to sell nowadays, must have warlike titles. Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN's new volume is, we note, called *A Summer in a Canon*.

By the way, *The Price of Love* is announced. It is six shillings.

EPITHETS FOR ACTORS.

THE dramatic critic of *The Daily Chronicle*, speaking of the first performance of *Mameena*, observes, "Mr. Oscar Asche, jutting, preponderant and softly corrugated, was a splendid Zulu chief."

Following this distinguished example, we have endeavoured to express the histrionic inwardness of some of our leading actors and actresses on similar lines:—

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, dolicocephalic, fimbriated and supra-lapsarian, interpreted the rôle of the archdeacon with consummate skill.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, goliardic, tarantulated and pontostomatous, invested the character of the great financier with a fluorescent charm.

Mr. AINLEY, prognathous, salicylic and partially oxydised, made a superb lover.

Miss GLADYS COOPER, lambent, pyramidal and turturine, fully realized the polyphonic cajoleries of *Seraphina*.

A Coincidence.

Thursday.—The Kaiser distributes 30,000 iron crosses.

Friday.—Great Britain declares pig-iron contraband of war.

Members of the Tooloona Rifle Club have collected 1,000 fat sheep as a gift to the British troops. The price of butter has been reduced to £4 per ton, and the wheels of the export trade will be immediately set in motion.

Daily Chronicle.

How fortunate that the price of lubrication fell just in time.

ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER."

[*"The Times"* of October 1st vouches for the following Army Order issued by the German KAISER on August 19th: "It is my Royal and Imperial Command that you concentrate your energies, for the immediate present, upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little Army."]

WILHELM, I do not know your whereabouts.
The gods elude us. When we would detect your
Earthly address, 'tis veiled in misty doubts
Of devious conjecture.

At Nancy, in a moist trench, I am told
That you performed an unrehearsed lustration;
That there you linger, having caught a cold,
Followed by inflammation.

Others assert that your asbestos hut,
Conveyed (with you inside) to Polish regions,
Promises to afford a likely butt
To Russia's wingéd legions.

But, whether this or that (or both) be true,
Or merely tales of which we have the air full,
In any case I say, "O WILHELM, do,
Do, if you can, be careful!"

For if, by evil chance, upon your head,
Your precious head, some impious shell alighted,
I should regard my dearest hopes as dead,
My occupation blighted.

I want to save you for another scene,
Having perused a certain Manifesto
That stimulates an itching, very keen,
In every Briton's best toe—

An Order issued to your Army's flower,
Giving instructions most precise and stringent
For the immediate wiping out of our
"Contemptible" contingent.

Well, that's a reason why I'd see you spared;
So take no risks, but rather heed my warning,
Because I have a little plan prepared
For Potsdam, one fine morning.

I see you, ringed about with conquering foes—
See you, in penitential robe (with taper),
Invited to assume a bending pose
And eat that scrap of paper! O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. III.

(From the EMPEROR-KING OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.)

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER AND BEST FRIEND,—I seize a few moments of leisure to write and congratulate you, as I congratulate myself, on this constant succession of almost incredible victories that have brought new laurels to your arms. Your presence in Paris at the head of the splendid troops whom you have conducted from triumph to triumph places the coping-stone on your life's work. Oh, that it had been possible for your dear old grandfather—I did not always value him as he deserved—to have lived to see this glory. But, then, I suppose your part in the work would have been less brilliant and prominent, so, perhaps, all is for the best as it is.

To have captured the whole French army; to have driven the English army into the sea and drowned them in what they call their own element (by the way, when are you going to make your triumphal entry into London?); to have brought the ungrateful Belgians to recognise you not merely as their conqueror but also as their benefactor—all this is really almost enough of honour for one man. But in addition you have made the plans which have kept so many of the disgraceful Russians cooped up in their own country, and you will soon, I am sure, lead your troops to Moscow and on to Petersburg. My own brave fellows shall march shoulder to shoulder with them. Nothing will be impossible to these armies thus united and thus led.

What my noble soldiers have hitherto done has been tremendous and overwhelming. You have, of course, read the bulletins issued by our War Office. These, however, give an inadequate idea of what has taken place, and you will, I am sure, forgive me if with the natural pride of an old man I relate to you these matters in their true proportions. We have made a military promenade through Montenegro and Serbia and have annexed both these troublesome countries. Only ten Servians and four Montenegrins have been left alive, so that in future, it may be hoped, we shall not be vexed by any of their conspiracies. In the Adriatic we have made mincemeat of the combined British and French fleets, and have thus removed from the wretched Italians any temptation to join in the war against us. It was a magnificent victory, quite equal to that in which your grand fleet sunk the whole of the British fleet in the North Sea. Finally, as you know, we have driven the Russians before us like chaff before the wind. Many hundred thousand Russians, with guns, ammunition and battle flags, have been taken prisoners and are interned here in Vienna. All these mighty deeds have been performed by our soldiers and sailors at an infinitesimal cost. I doubt if we have had two hundred men killed and wounded. Surely it is a great thing to be alive in these glorious days.

What pleases me, I may say, as much as anything else, is the wonderful example of generosity and humanity which your army and mine have been able to offer to the world. I shudder to think what would have happened to Belgium, to Germany and to ourselves, had the French, the Russians and the English been victorious. Villages would have been burnt, civilians with their women and children would have been massacred, churches and cathedrals would have been laid in ruins, and whole countries would have been devastated. It is to our glory that nothing of this sort has happened; but, after all, we need not take credit for having acted as Christians and gentlemen. We could do no other.

I am arranging for a *Te Deum* in St. Stephen's church to thank God for all the blessings He has vouchsafed to our arms. I wonder if you would consent to attend. I would arrange the date to suit you. And I hope you will bring with you some of those fine upstanding fellows of yours who have fought through the war. Some foolish persons consider them stiff and hard, but, for myself, I like to see their soldierly pride. Pray give my regards to your gracious Empress, and my love to the little princes. But, of course, they must be quite grown up by now.

Your devoted Brother and Friend,

FRANCIS JOSEPH.

P.S.—I have just heard that a large number of Russians are approaching Vienna. No doubt they are sent to sue for peace.

How to be Useful in War Time.

"The usefulness of the map is increased by its giving weights in metres."—*Morning Post*.



THE INCORRIGIBLES.

New Arrival at the Front. "WHAT'S THE PROGRAMME?"

Old Hand. "WELL, YOU LAY DOWN IN THIS WATER, AND YOU GET PEPPERED ALL DAY AND NIGHT, AND YOU HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!"

New Arrival. "SOUNDS LIKE A BIT OF ALL RIGHT. I'M ON IT!"





Very proper Cook (horrified at reports of German atrocities). "REALLY, MUM, IT SEEMS AS IF THE GERMANS ARE NOT AT ALL THE THING."

THE LAST LINE.

II.

I HAVE said that our motto is "Soldier and Civilian Too." That is our strength and our weakness; our weakness because it leaves us a little uncertain as to how we stand in matters of discipline.

I happened to be Corporal of the Guard the other evening—a delightful position. For the first time I had a little authority. True I sometimes give the man next to me a prod in the wind and whisper, "Form fours, idiot," but it is an unofficial prod, designed to save him from the official fury. Now for the first time I was in power, with the whole strength of military law behind me. So of course I got busy. As soon as the first guard had been set, and the rest of them, with their distinguished corporal and commonplace sergeant, were in the guard tent, I let myself go.

"Now then, my lad," I said to one, "look alive. Just clear this tent a bit, and then fetch some straw for my bed to-night. When you've done that, I'll think of something else for you. We've all got to work these days. Bustle up."

Without looking up from the paper

he was straining his eyes to read, he murmured lazily, "Oh, go and boil your head," and bent still lower over the news. The others sniggered.

For a moment I was taken aback. Then I saw that there was only one dignified thing to do. I went out and consulted my solicitor.

"James," I said, as soon as I had found him, "I desire your advice. Free," I added as an afterthought.

"Go on," said James, sitting up and putting the tips of his fingers together.

"It is like this. I am Corporal of the Guard," James looked impressed. "Corporal of the Guard," I repeated; "a responsible position. Practically the whole safety of the camp depends upon me. In the interests of that safety I found it necessary to give some orders just now. The reply I received was, 'Go and boil your head.' What ought I to do?"

James was thoughtful for a little.

"It depends," he said at last.

"How depends?" I asked indignantly. "He told me to go and boil my—"

"Exactly. So that it depends on who told you. If it was the Sergeant of the Guard whom you accidentally addressed—"

"Help!" I murmured, struck by a horrible fear.

"In that case," went on James, "it would be your duty to obey orders. Obtaining a large saucepan of fresh water, you would heat it to, approximately, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, at which point bubbles would begin to appear upon the surface of the pan. Then, immersing the head until the countenance assumed a ripe beetroot colour, you would return it to the Sergeant of the Guard, salute, and ask him if he had any further instructions to give you. . . . No," added James, "I think I am wrong there. It would not be necessary for you to salute. Only commissioned officers are saluted in the British Army."

I had been thinking furiously while James was speaking.

"It wasn't the sergeant," I said eagerly. "I'm sure it wasn't. I noticed him particularly when we were forming up. No, James, it was an ordinary private."

"In that case the position is more complicated. On the whole I think it would be your duty to convene a court-martial and have the fellow shot."

I looked at my watch.

"How long does it take to convene

a court-martial?" I asked. "I've never convened one before."

"What matter the time!" said James grandly. "The mills may grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

"Quite so. But in about an hour and a quarter the guard is changed; and if, as is probable, the man who insulted me is then on guard himself, he will have the rifle. And if he has the rifle, I don't quite see how we are going to shoot him."

"You mean he mightn't give it up?"

"Yes. It would be rank insubordination, I admit, but in the circumstances one would not be surprised at his attitude."

"That is a good point," said James. "It had escaped me." He was silent again. "There's another thing, too,

I was forgetting," he added. "If he were shot, his wife might possibly object and make a fuss. The affair would very likely get into the papers—you know what the Press is. It might give the Corps a bad name."

We were both silent for a little.

"Suppose," I said, "the death penalty were not enforced, and he were merely given three days in cells?"

"But he has to get back to his work on Monday."

"True. Really, it's very hard to see how discipline can be maintained."

I almost wish now that I wasn't a temporary non-commissioned officer. As

a private one simply has the time of one's life, telling corporals all day long to go and boil their heads. I wish I were a private again."

"There's one thing you can do," said James. "You can report him to the Sergeant of the Guard."

"And what's the good of that?"

"Only that it's probably your duty," said James austere. "And I should think it's also your duty to get back to the guard-tent as soon as possible."

I rose with dignity.

"I do not consult my solicitor simply to be told my duty," I said stiffly. "All I want to know is, Can I bring an action against him?"

"No," said James.

"In that case I will return. Good evening."

I went back to the guard-tent. The mutineer was still reading, but now there was a light to read by. He looked up as I came in. I had had

that uneasy feeling all along, and now I knew. It was the Sergeant.

I saluted. It may be wrong, as James says, but a salute or two thrown in can't do any harm.

"May I speak to you, Sergeant?"

I said respectfully, yet with an air which implied that the Germans were upon us and that the news must be kept from the others.

We went outside together.

"Awfully sorry," I said; "it was rather dark. I'm an ass."

"My dear man, that's all right," he said. "By the way you'd better see about getting some straw in. I've got to see the Adjutant." He went off, and I returned to the tent.

"I want one of you to help me get some straw," I said mildly.



Recruiting Officer. "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF COMING HERE AND SAYING YOU'RE ONLY SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD? GO AND WALK ROUND THAT YARD AND COME BACK AND SEE IF YOU'RE NOT NINETEEN."

Three of them jumped up at once. "You stay here," they said, "we'll get it."

So there you are; there's nothing wrong with the discipline. At the same time if it were necessary to shoot anybody, I am not quite sure how we should proceed. A. A. M.

A POSSIBLE SOURCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having recently dropped into several London theatres and halls of variety I have been struck by the numerical strength, agility and apparently abounding vitality of the young men forming the chorus. These gallant fellows sing and caper with the utmost spirit throughout the whole evening, both in musical comedy or revue; and in London alone, where revues are now being postponed at many of the outlying halls, there must be more than a thousand of them. Now and then they even go so far as

to impersonate recruits—the chorus to the recruiting songs which have crept into more than one programme—and they make, I can assure you, Sir, a very brave show with their rifles and their military paces, a little accelerated perhaps by the exigencies of the tune, but a marvel of discipline none the less.

Watching these brisk and efficient male choruses at work, the thought has come to me—in fact has often been forced upon me by the martial nature of the musical number which they were engaged in rendering with so much capability and cheerfulness—that at a time when England is particularly in need of her young men in the field, the audiences of London might consent to forgo a little of the pleasure that comes from watching athletic youths covered with grease-paint and gyrating in the limelight, and, by expressing their readiness to see these necessary evolutions carried out by older men, liberate so much good material to join the Army. Such is the power of the make-up (I am told) that a man of fifty could easily be arranged to look sufficiently like a man of half his age, at any rate without imperilling the success of the entertainment from the point of view of the spectator. And of course the girls will remain in all their charm, since girls cannot enlist.

The point may be worth considering. The decision, I feel sure, rests entirely with the public. If the public says: "Let the young men go, and give us more mature choristers for a while, and we will patriotically endeavour to endure the privation"—then all the young men will, of course, enlist as one. But unless the public says this they must remain in the choruses against the grain.

I am, Sir, Yours gratefully,
OVER AGE.

The Censor at Work.

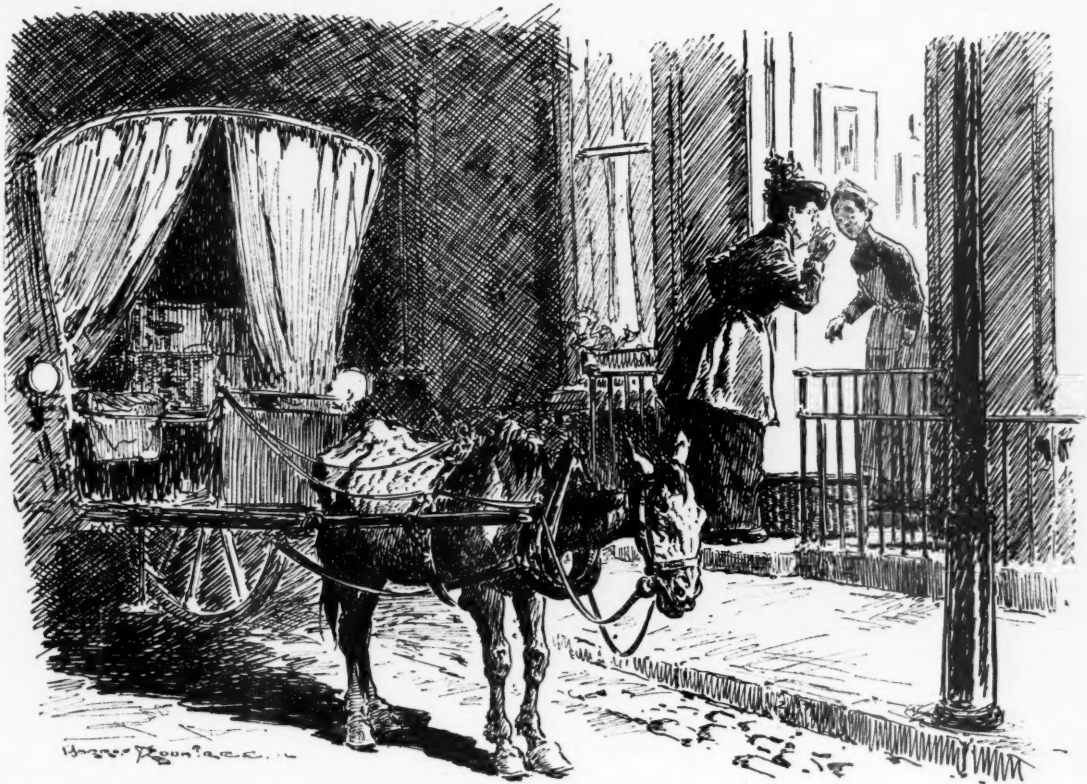
Beneath a photograph of a naval officer *The Daily Mirror* says:—

"A daring raid has just been made by Commander Samson . . . The small picture shows the commander."

Beneath the same photograph *The Daily Mail* says:—

"A famous British naval airman (nameless by order of the Censor)."

But the order of the Censor came too late. *The Mirror* had given the great secret away to the KAISER, and the whole course of the war was altered.



"I 'OPES YER MISTRESS 'LL 'SCUSE ME BEIN' SO LATE WITH THE WASHIN'. YER SEE, I DUSSENT COME IN DAYLIGHT FOR FEAR OF THE GOVERNMENT PINCHIN' MY 'ORSE FOR THE WAR."

THE SAVING OF STRATFORD.

[It has been decided, we gather, to go on playing SHAKSPEARE in Berlin, because SHAKSPEARE is so closely connected with the German race.]

THIS was so good of you, so like your grace,
Ye on whose brows the brand of Rheims is graven,
To spare the poet of our common race
And find forgiveness for the Bard of Avon;
And all the little lore he feebly guessed,
Phantasy, rhetoric, and trope and sermon,
To clasp politely to your mailed breast,
Refine, transmute and render wholly German.

Seeing in *Henry V.* a Prussian King,
Tracing in *Hamlet* a more moody KAISER,
You put new might into the master's wing,
He seems more wonderful to us, and wiser;
Not as he dimly sang in ages gone
He warbles to us now, but wild with culture,
Exchanging for the mere parochial Swan
The full-mouthed war notes of the Potsdam Vulture.

So shall he live, and live eternally
(In humble homage to the War Lord's mitten)
"This precious stone set in the silver sea,"
Heligoland, of course, and not Great Britain:
A thousand carven saints are lain in dust
In lands the Prussian Junker sets his boot on,
But WILHELM SHAKSPEARE and his honoured bust
Shall save themselves by being partly Teuton.

And when the hooves of those imperial swine
Leap, as of course they will, the ocean's borders,
And England's trampled down from Thames to Tyne,
And Wells is burnt, and Winchester, by orders,
It may be tears shall start into the eyes
Of helméd colonels in our Midland valleys,
And they shall spare the tomb where SHAKSPEARE lies;
He was a German (*Deutschland über alles*).

Almost I seem to see the Uhlans stand,
Paying their pious sixpences to enter
That little homestead of the Fatherland
That housed the dramatist in Stratford's centre;
A trifle flushed, maybe, with English beer,
But mutely reverent and not talking chattily,
They write beneath their names: "A friend lives here;
Not to be ransacked. Signed, *The Modern ATTILÆ*."

A glorious scene. The voice of KRUPP is dumb;
Not pining now for Frankfort or for Munich,
The sub-lieutenant slides with quivering thumb
A picture-postcard underneath his tunic.
Till then, if any dawn of doubt creeps in
How best to judge the Bard and praise him rightly,
Let me implore the actors of Berlin
To play *Macbeth* to crowded houses nightly. EVOR.

THE INTERPRETERS.

"MAY I go into the village to get my hair cut?" asked Sinclair of my wife. "I'll promise to be back for tea."

Upon her assurance that Madame Mercier was lying down and was not at all likely to appear, permission was granted. We do not generally allow Sinclair to go out of the grounds at present. He is acting as the central link which makes the continuance of the social life possible to us. For I do not think that we could have undertaken (with our deplorable ignorance of French) to entertain Belgian refugees at all had he not been staying with us. As it is, it works beautifully, though Madame Mercier and her two daughters speak no English, for Sinclair's French is perfectly adequate.

It was during his absence that we learned that my neighbour, Andrew Henderson, the dairy farmer, had also taken in a Belgian—a woman who was to work on the farm during the winter.

"Here's another chance for you, Sinclair," said I, as he appeared at the gate. "It looks as if you will have to call round every morning to interpret and give 'em a good start for the day."

Sinclair was full of zeal and set off next day after breakfast. From the drawing-room window we watched his triumphant entry into the farm-yard at the foot of the hill. But he came back in a dejected frame of mind.

"She's called Suzanne," he told us, "and she's quite a nice-looking sort of woman, and she handles a turnip-cutter like an expert; but she talks nothing but Flemish."

"We might have thought of that," said the Reverend Henry. "Still, I daresay they'll manage all right."

"On the contrary," said Sinclair. "Henderson sent Suzanne to get the letters last night. She was gone a long, long time, and at last came back with three live fowls in a sack. She had been chasing them round the hen-house for all she was worth. Things can't go on like that, you know."

The Reverend Henry had an idea. "The only way out of it," he said, "is for you and Madame Mercier both to go. She knows Flemish."

"Yes, that's it," said I. "Henderson tells you what he wants; you hand it on to Madame Mercier in French; she transmits it to Suzanne in Flemish—and there you are!"

"Right-o!" said Sinclair. "We'll have a shot to-morrow morning."

Madame Mercier, who is a kindly, gentle creature, was most anxious to help, and again we viewed the operations in the farm-yard. The Reverend Henry got out his field-glasses (which

have since been sent to Lord Roberts) and we watched the little corps of interpreters getting to work, while Suzanne, eager and expectant, like a hound on the leash, waited, shovel in hand. But it all ended in confusion and head-shaking and a dreary retreat up the hill. Madame Mercier seemed to be much amused.

"We have decided to adjourn," said Sinclair. "The truth is, we were not getting on at all. It looks as if you will have to come too."

"I was always afraid there were weak spots in you, after all, Sinclair," said the Reverend Henry. "It does not surprise me. You are all right in table French or even in domestic, railway or restaurant French, but as soon as we get outside of your beat into agricultural French—"

"It isn't that," said Sinclair. "I'm all right. It's that confounded fellow, Henderson. I'm hanged if I can understand a word of his Scotch. Never heard such a lingo in my life."

It is true that Henderson, who comes from some obscure district far North even of this, is a little difficult to understand. I have found him so myself.

"He said he wanted Suzanne to 'redd up the fauls,' as far as I could gather. Well, I have no idea what the fauls are, and I don't see how she is going to read them up in a language she doesn't understand. I had to give him up. We can't get on without your help."

That afternoon the Interpretation Committee, now increased to four active members, for Henry had insisted on coming too as referee, took up its position in the farm-yard in the form of a chain, along which communication was to pass from Henderson, through me, Sinclair and Madame Mercier to Suzanne. It was a little embarrassing for Suzanne, but she stood her ground well and waited in an admirably receptive mood, while the various items percolated through. Henderson gave me in careful detail the whole of his commands for her normal daily life, and everything seemed to go splendidly. But I am afraid the thing must have passed through too many hands before it reached its destination; for Suzanne, after many cheerful nods, suddenly broke off and turned on her heel. Then she secured an axe, which was lying against the bothy door, and walked with a steady and fixed purpose, never turning her head, out into the lane, through the gate and up the hill. We watched her spellbound till she reached the horizon, and there saw her pause, roll up her sleeves and furiously attack an old spruce tree.

It is impossible to say who was to

blame. But it is clear that the instructions (as the Frenchman said of BRAHMS' Variations) had been *diablement changés en route*.

INDIA : 1784-1914.

The job was for us, grin and bear;
We'd lit on India's dust an' drought;
We knew as we were planted there,
But scarcely how it came about;
And so, in rough and tumble style,
And nothing much to make a shout,
We set our backs to graft a while,
And meant to stay and stick it out.

Ten hundred risky, frisky Kings,
And on the whole a decent lot;
And several hundred million things
That trusted us with all they'd got;
And so we blundered at it straight,
And found the times was pretty hot;
And so they smiled and called it Fate,
And Fate it was, as like as not.

Our law was one for great and small—
We heard 'em honest, claim for claim;
We smooth'd their squabbles for 'em all,
And let 'em pray by any name;
And so we left enough alone,
But learnt 'em plenty all the same;
We show'd 'em what they should be shown,
And tried to play the decent game.

For all our work we've not got much?
P'raps not; but now there's come a scrap
That's got us good with lies and such,
And gave 'em just the chance to snap;
And fools had thought they likely would
(That's German-made and rattle-trap);
They'd shout—the KAISER said they should—
And, happen, wipe us off the map.

From snow to sand that shout has burst,
And German lies are well belied;
And flood calls field for who'll be first—
They're proud to share the Empire-pride.
It's them for Britain at the test;
We knew they'd never stand aside;
For when we tried and did our best
The beggars must have known we tried.

The German Campaign of Lies.

From a book of reference:—
"Berlin Work." See 'Embroidery.'

News of a serious character reaches us from *The Toronto Daily Mail*, which announces in its index of contents:—
"Austrian Fleet Bombards Montenegro's Only Teapot."

Another one of true Britannia metal is being sent to our gallant ally.



"FARVER FINKS HE'S GOT A GERMAN SPY. 'E'S SITIN' ON 'IS 'EAD. 'E'LL NEED 'ELP—MUVVER'S OUT!"



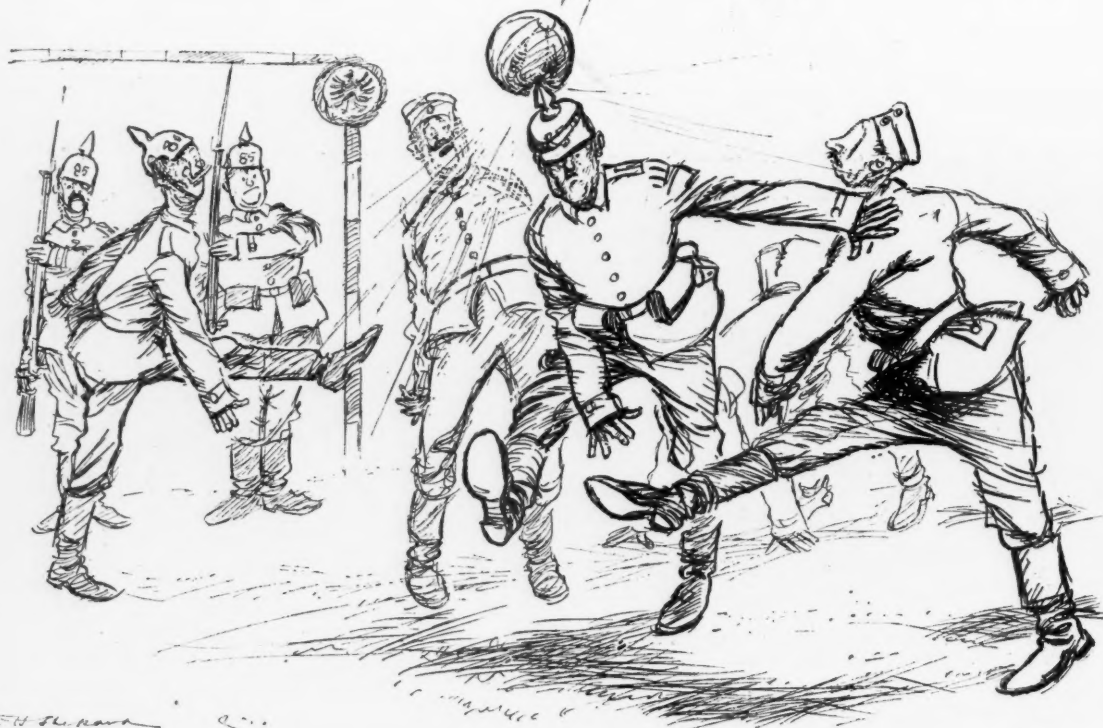
"THAT'S THE CHAP—'IM WIVOUT A COLLAR!"



"NO!—NOT 'IM—THAT'S FARVER!"



"OH, LUMME! YOU'VE MIXED 'EM UP NOW. I DUNNO WHICH IS WHICH."



UNREPORTED CASUALTY TO THE FOOTBALL OF THE 85TH INFANTRY REGIMENT OF THE ENEMY.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN WARFARE.

THE contents of a poster of an esteemed contemporary (I confess that I got no further than the poster), which announced "Training Eagles to Fight Airships," have led me to speculate whether something further might not be achieved in similar directions.

Why, for instance, should not rabbits be trained to upset siege guns? The innocent and docile character of the creatures would be a valuable asset in work of this nature. Even if seen—and among grass or undergrowth on a dark night a rabbit of ordinary intelligence might reasonably hope to escape detection—their real purpose might be cleverly masked until it was too late. Leisuredly approaching the object of attack, lulling the suspicions of a dull-witted sentinel or patrol by stopping now to cull a leaf, now to wash a whisker, the well-trained rabbit would have no difficulty in creeping to within striking distance. Then suddenly rushing forward and throwing its whole weight against the nearest wheel of the cannon it would tilt it from its foundation and fling it

headlong to irretrievable destruction, very likely pinning several members of the gun company among its ruins.

If it is objected that the strength of an average rabbit would be unequal to the task, are there not, I would ask, strong rabbits among rabbits, just as there are strong men among men? None of the rabbits of my acquaintance could, I admit, overturn a mowing-machine; but then neither could I myself balance a coach-and-four upon my neck, yet I have seen men upon the stage who could and did. The first object of the efficient trainer would be, of course, to select suitable rabbits.

Surely something too might be done with white mice? By gnawing through the tent ropes of a sleeping enemy—especially on wet and stormy nights—they would engender a sense of strain and insecurity among our opponents that could not be without an appreciable influence on their temper and moral throughout the campaign. The tents of commanding officers of notoriously choleric nature should be the objects of persistent attention in this way.

The suitability of parrots for use in warfare is obvious. Their especial duty

would be to give misleading words of command at points of critical importance during a battle. A stealthy night attack might be converted into a hasty "strategic retirement" by an observant parrot ingratiating itself among the enemy's ranks and raising the cry, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

It is perhaps late in the season to utilise the services of trained wasps to any extent, but the possibilities of other insect auxiliaries should not be overlooked.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand as reported in *The Timaru Herald* :—

"Just one word more. With regard to Canada's offer that is reported in this evening's paper, my opinion of it may be summed up in three words: Dibra, Jukova and Ipek."

This is one of the things we could have summed up more lucidly ourselves, though perhaps not so concisely.

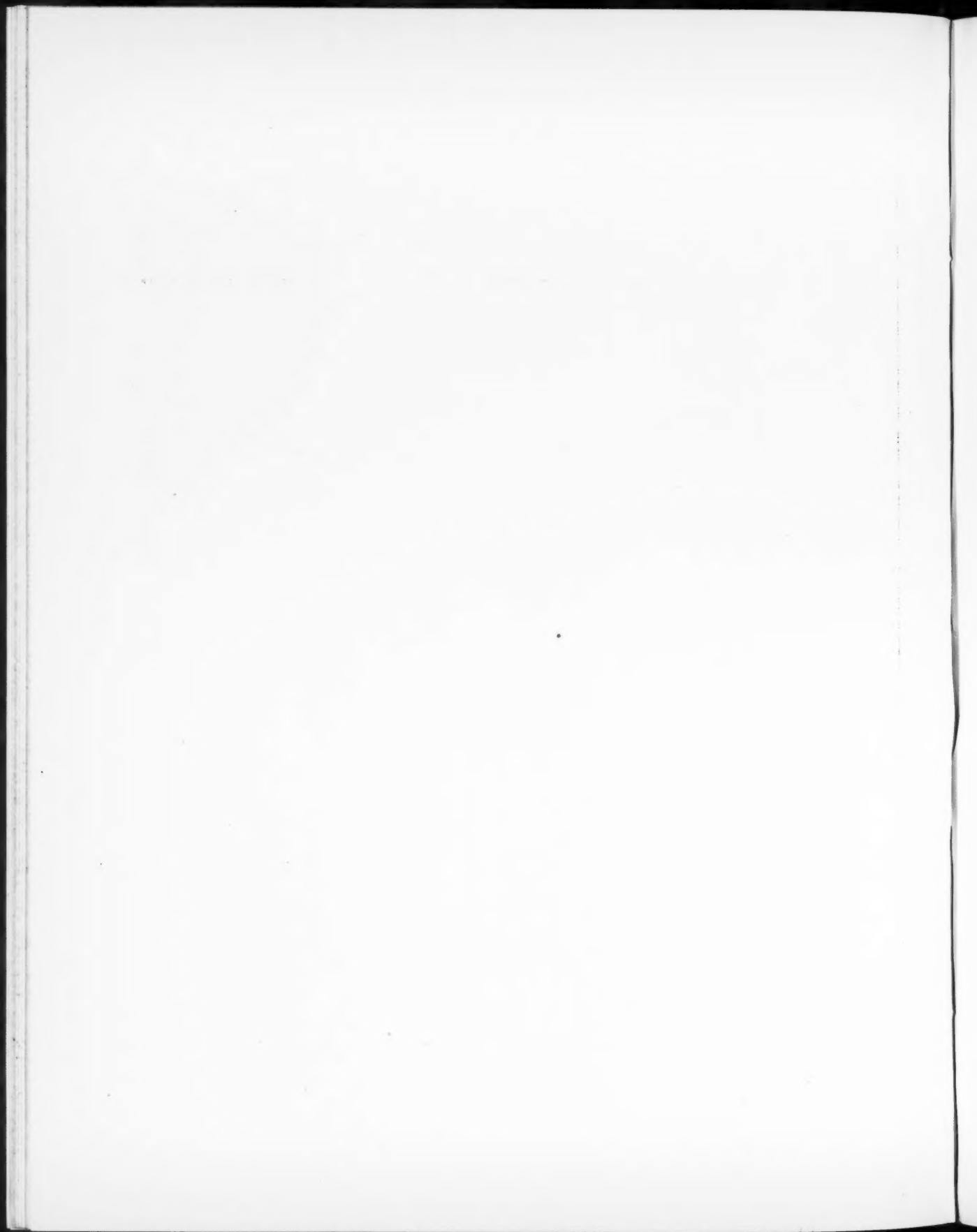
"Will the Soldiers who saw Lady Thrown off Tramcar on Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, please communicate."

Advt. in "Northampton Daily Chronicle."

Another lovers' tiff in the gloaming?



THE ROAD TO RUSSIA.





Cyclist (taking initiative on being caught without a light). "DOUSE YOUR GLIM, MATE; WE'LL BE HAVING THEM ZEPPELINS ALL OVER US."

BURGOMASTER MAX.

BELGIAN soldiers, martial heroes, in a world of fire and flame,
By their fortitude and daring have achieved immortal fame,
But there's one, a mere civilian, who a *vates sacer* lacks—
Burgomaster Max!

Therefore let a sorry rhymist offer you his humble meed,
And salute your priceless service to your country in her need,
All unarmed yet undefeated, never turning in your tracks—
Burgomaster Max!

Athanasius contra mundum—you remind us of the tag,
You whose fearless manifestoes never brooked the German gag;

Bucking up your fellow-townsmen when their hearts were weak as wax—

Burgomaster Max!

Now, alas! we read the foemen have decided to deport
And intern you for a season in some dismal German fort,
For your presence was distasteful to the Hun who sacks
and "hacks"—

Burgomaster Max!

Yet, whatever fate befalls you, as the ages onward roll
You will live in deathless lustre on your country's Golden Roll,

For you faced the German bullies with the stiffest of stiff backs—

Burgomaster Max!

There are German financiers who now allude to him as
"Dishonoured BILL."

A SEA CHANGE.

Ponto in town is strictly *comme il faut*,
A member of the most exclusive set
(His pedigree and dwelling all may know
Who read page 90 in the "Dogs' Debrett").

His mien is dignified, his gait is slow;
If upstart strangers try to catch his eye
He kicks the dust behind with scornful toe,
Averts his lifted nose and passes by.

His friends he greets with careful etiquette,
Permits his well-poised tail-tip to vibrate,
Then treads with them the solemn minuet
That antique custom and good form dictate.

But Ponto by the sea! ah, who would know
This damp wild ragamuffin on the strand
Who importunes the passers-by to throw
Big stones across the opal-shining sand?

Ponto dishevelled, ears turned inside out,
Has suffered some sea change; his social worth
Is all forgot; he leads a Comus rout,
Tykes of the shore and curs of lowly birth.

Yelping with joy he brings his wolfish pack
About my legs, as, dripping from the sea,
I pick my way thro' shingle and wet wrack
Beleaguered by this bandit company.

But when the day comes round to leave the shore
Ponto puts off this maniac *Mr. Hyde*;
Becomes a *Dr. Jekyll* dog once more
And homeward goes serene and dignified.

AT THE PLAY.

"MAMEENA."

THOSE who are not in the mood just now for a whole evening of exotic melodrama might look in at the Globe Theatre about 9.15, and derive a few moments' distraction from a Zulu wedding dance. I found it a better show than anything I have ever seen in the native compounds at Earl's Court. The company, of course, was mixed, but the white contingent had caught the local colour (coffee) and showed great aptitude in imitating the methods of the aborigines. Naturally there were conventions; the chiefs talked fluent English, while the Zulu supers employed their own vernacular, except in certain formal phrases, as when the "praisers" (my programme's name for a sort of

Umbuyazi was a far nobler figure than my conception of the CROWN PRINCE.

I may perhaps be excused if I do not dwell on the merits of the chief actors or of the plot—not too easy to grasp at the first, thanks to the difficulty we found in following the unfamiliar names of the characters. Both these interests were dominated by the attraction of the admirable setting. Fortunately the scenes were numerous and brief, but we still suffered considerable tedium from the affected and drawling delivery of the heroine. The frequent assurances which we received as to the exceptional quality of *Mameena's* beauty, and the fact that, to our knowledge, she had three husbands in the course of the play, never quite convinced us of the overwhelming character of her charms. Whether,

appropriating his wife; but the apology was not received in the spirit in which it was tendered, and during the fight between *Umbuyazi* and his brother *Cetshuayo* the wronged husband went over with his impis to the camp of the enemy. *Umbuyazi* made a strong protest against this treachery, but he must have seen (for he had much intelligence) that his case was a bad one; and this reflection no doubt had something to do with the final act by which (in the old Roman way) he fell upon his own assegai and dropped backwards—an admirable gymnastic—off one of the high rocks above the Tugela.

I have already referred to the difficulties of Zulu nomenclature, and I would add that the native custom of addressing a man by his proper name in the course of every sentence materially

SOME OF THE GREATEST FIGURES OF ALL AGES

Recently discovered, by German research, to have been of Teutonic birth.



JULIUS KAISER.

GENERAL
HERCULES.JOHANNA
VON ARNSTEIN.WILHELM
SHAKESPEAR.FRANZ
DRAKENBERG.

DR. JOHANNSSON.

universal *claque*) punctuated the speeches of their king with cries of "Yes, O Lion!" or "Yes, Great Beast!" No doubt our honoured visitors could perceive many technical points in which the ruling race exposed itself as having something yet to learn, but they tactfully concealed all signs of superior civilisation; and the British audience, well pleased with the novelty and picturesqueness of the scenes, were content to waive invidious distinctions.

The little brochure that was thrown in with the programme informs me that the martial spirit of the Zulus (at that time under their own *régime*) was "identical in many respects with 'Prussian Militarism.'" Certainly there was a savagery about the way in which they progged the air with their assegais that made one picture them as *capables de tout*. But any comparison, whether in point of costume or royal bearing, between *King Mpande* and the GERMAN KAISER must have been in favour of the latter. On the other hand, his son

with a fair chance, she would have worked them successfully on a fourth man, *Allan Quatermain*—the one white man who retained his native hue—I cannot say, for somehow a stage diversion always intervened just as they had begun to embrace. The reason, by the way, for *Quatermain's* existence was never made too clear. Sportsman and dealer in general stores, his habit of hanging vaguely about Zulu kraals and Zulu impis, on nodding terms with just anybody, did not greatly increase my pride of race, notwithstanding the statement made to him by *Mameena*: "I shall never love another man as I love you, however many I marry."

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, who dramatised Sir RIDER HAGGARD'S *Child of Storm*, did not aim at subtlety. But a rather nice question arose over the rival immoralities of *Mameena's* second and third husbands. *Prince Umbuyazi* (No. 3) had expressed regret to his old friend and comrade, *Saduka* (No. 2), for

extended the operation of the play. It must have made a difference—which I, for one, bitterly grudged—of nearly half-an-hour. How much more satisfactory the economy of a certain author of whom CHARLIE BROOKFIELD used to say: "He read his play to the company, and it took three solid hours, and even so he didn't put in any of the 'h's.'" O. S.

"An official telegram from Nish received in London states that the Serbian commanders agree that the enemy all along the front is employing explosive bullets. Every soldier carries 20 per cent. of explosive cartridges." *Daily Graphic*.

The fact that 80 per cent. of Austrian cartridges refuse to explode may account for the Austrian "victories."

"Whelan replied: 'Yes, I sold the beef.' The military authorities pressed the case." *Liverpool Echo*.

A case of pressed beef, we presume.



Doctor (at Ambulance Class). "MY DEAR LADY, DO YOU REALISE THAT THIS LAD'S ANKLE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BROKEN BEFORE YOU BANDAGED IT?"

THE WAR IN ACACIA AVENUE.

WHEN we are not running out after "specials" we are absorbed in the mimic fight of Acacia Avenue—the desperate conflict between Mrs. Studholm-Brown, of The Hollies, and Mrs. Dawburn-Jones, of Dulce Domum. They have husbands, these amiable ladies, but the husbands are mainly concerned with the commissariat and supply department, and are neither allowed nor desired in the actual fighting line.

The very day the war began, a huge flagstaff with a Union Jack of proportionate size rose in the grounds of Dulce Domum. It must have been ordered in advance. I present this fact to the German Press Bureau as showing that, at any rate, Mrs. Dawburn-Jones always intended war. But the next day Mrs. Studholm-Brown went six feet better with a flag-staff and three square yards better with a Union Jack.

Then we knew that it was war to the death in our Avenue and waited for the next move in the campaign.

"The Hollies" broke out into Red Cross notices; "Dulce Domum" announced itself to be the office for the organisation of local relief.

One morning we rose with a sort of idea that there was an eruption in the

air, and found the flags of Serbia, France, Russia and Belgium waving over "Dulce Domum." That day Mrs. Studholm-Brown met me in the Avenue. She condescended to me. "Oh, could you tell me the colours of the Montenegrin flag?" I couldn't; but it was the first time the great lady had ever spoken to me. "Pink with green stripes," I replied tremblingly.

The very next day seven Allied flags (including a pseudo-Montenegrin) flew over "The Hollies." Mrs. Studholm-Brown had added Japan before the MIKADO's ultimatum had expired—which will prove to the German Press Bureau that there was a secret understanding between our Far-Eastern Ally and Mrs. Studholm-Brown.

But flags were not the only things that were flaunted. "Dulce Domum" opened fire with an array of flannel shirts hung on clothes-lines across the tennis-court. "The Hollies" replied with a deadly line of pyjamas.

Then the proprietress of the latter threw open her grounds—a croquet court and a drying ground—as a place of rest for Territorials off duty. Mrs. Dawburn-Jones promptly enlisted her husband as a special constable and had squads drilled on her tennis lawn.

So the fight went on—with slight

successes on both sides, but nothing decisive—till one day when Mrs. Dawburn-Jones went to town in a taxi and returned with a family of negroes from the Congo. It was a splendid sight to see her leading them through the grounds and discoursing to them in her best Boulognese. Mrs. Studholm-Brown wriggled with mortification.

Then her chance of a counter-attack arrived. She had, or her husband had, or her husband's brother-in-law had, a second cousin who was an officer, and, what was more, a wounded officer. He was persuaded to spend a week-end of his convalescence at "The Hollies." His hostess walked him proudly up and down all the paths which were in full view of "Dulce Domum." It was magnificent to see her adjust his sling. At that moment I dare not have trusted Mrs. Dawburn-Jones with a gun or the officer would have been in as great peril as in the trenches. How it will end I can scarcely imagine. I like to picture a great day of victory. Then, if the CROWN PRINCE be allowed to take up his abode on *parole* in some quiet suburban home, I am sure "The Hollies" will snap him up. And if "The Hollies" secures the CROWN PRINCE no power in this world can prevent Mrs. Dawburn-Jones from securing the KAISER.

THE HELPMEEET.

"MAY I come in?" said Cecily, knocking at my study door.

"If you insist," said I.

"I only want to use the telephone," she explained, as if that made it any better.

"You couldn't take it away and use it somewhere else?" I asked.

She was unmoved. "It needn't disturb you," she said. "I'll be as quiet as a mouse."

"Won't that be rather dull for the people at the other end of the line?" I ventured.

"Now, you go on with your writing," she said severely. So I went on.

Herbert closed the door softly behind him and went out, leaving Ermytrude alone. She had let him go. He had gone. He had left her alone. Her—Ermytrude—alone. It has been truly said that women are queer creatures. They do not like being left alone.

CHAPTER LVII.

Herbert picked up his hat and stick and passed out of the spacious hall into the street, closing the door softly behind him. It was his habit when angry to close doors softly behind him. He was frequently angry; men often are, and with reason.

"There's something I want to ask you," said Cecily.

"Ask away," I said brusquely.

"Not you," said Cecily, frowning at me and then smiling at the receiver.

And so Herbert found himself in the street. Where should he go? What should he do . . . say . . . think . . . feel . . .? He was quite unable to decide. Somehow he couldn't bring his mind to bear on the subject. He could hardly recall the name of the lady with whom he had been conversing, let alone what all the trouble was about. He paused and lit a cigarette. Absolutely there was nothing else for it.

"How are you getting on?" I asked Cecily a little peevishly.

"Nicely, thanks," she answered. "And you?"

"Oh, nicely, too," said I, with a sigh.

As for ~~Whatchername~~ Ermytrude, she was in little better case. She felt as if nothing was ever going to happen to her again; almost, she thought, things had given up happening for good. She felt . . . but she hardly knew what she felt. ~~After all, love wasn't. Maybe love was.~~ She could not bear to think of love. Engaged? That is what she had been but wasn't any longer. Who was to blame? Was it Herbert? Was it she? Was it ~~Exchange~~ Providence? The

more thought she gave to the matter the further she seemed to be from a definite conclusion. ~~At times it seemed as if~~ ~~At one time it appeared as though~~ ~~At one time~~ ~~At times~~ ~~At 2284 Mayfair~~ ~~Mayfair 2248~~ ~~2248 Mayfair~~ ~~Twice~~ ~~two is four, twice four is eight.~~

"Are you coming to the end of your friends?" I asked Cecily.

"If I'm not wanted I'll go," said she snappily.

"You're always wanted, of course," I apologised.

"Then I'll stay," said she brightly.

CHAPTER LVIII.

As Herbert turned his back on Kensington and walked towards ~~Gerrard~~ Piccadilly, he would, had he looked behind him, have seen a malevolent, sinister man emerge from the shadow and follow him stealthily. ~~But Herbert did not look behind him. And why not? It is impossible to say. Suffice it that he didn't.~~ Nay, that is exactly what Herbert did see when he looked behind him. "My God," said he, turning pale . . .

"Can we dine with the Monroes on Tuesday?" asked Cecily.

"That depends a good deal on whether they invite us," I answered.

"It's only Jack trying to be funny," Cecily told the receiver.

"As I was saying," continued Herbert, "it's James McClure."

"No less," said the other, with a fiendish smile.

It is necessary to go back a little in order ~~to properly~~ properly to appreciate the momentous importance of the arrival of this man at this juncture. He was destined to play a large part in Herbert's future; the manner of their acquaintance was this.

~~Many years ago McClure had James~~ ~~was the son of rich but~~ ~~Jas. as his~~ ~~college friends used to call McClure~~ ~~James~~ Producing a revolver from his hip pocket, Herbert shot James McClure through the heart.

Cecily flapped about with the Directory.

"Trying to find a number that you haven't used already?" I enquired.

~~CHAPTER LIX.~~~~Ermytrude~~~~CHAPTER LIX.~~~~Ermytrude~~~~CHAPTER LIX.~~~~Minnie~~

CHAPTER LIX.

On the whole it must be agreed that Herbert was well rid of this Ermytrude person. There was nothing particular

against her except that she was a woman, but surely to goodness that is enough. When Eve arrived the trouble began; when telephones were invented it came to a head. Think what literature might have achieved had it not always been obsessed by its desire to find some brief definition good enough for woman! I think it is our chief difficulty in appreciating the supposed greatness of VERGIL that he couldn't do any better than "*Varium et mutabile semper*." If VERGIL had been a butcher or a grocer or any other unhappy shopkeeper liable to the daily insult of receiving household orders, he must have expressed it more thoroughly. For my own part, sitting here in my study and thinking the matter over to myself, I cannot do better than adopt the phraseology of the telephone instructions: "Intermittent Buzz."

And so Herbert didn't marry, but lived happily ever afterwards. After all, Ermytrude was essentially a woman; they all are, confound them, but some of us are not so lucky as was Herbert in finding out in time.

And that, of course, was the chapter that Cecily suddenly chose to read . . . nor was it less than an hour before peace was declared again. The terms, however, were not unfavourable. I was partially forgiven, and, what was better still, Cecily wholly departed. I then wrote a revised version of

CHAPTER LIX.

Ermytrude was still where we left her, but was beginning to collect her scattered thoughts when Herbert re-entered. He closed the door behind him, neither softly nor loudly, but just ordinarily, and without more ado took Ermytrude in his arms.

"We will never again think of all that came between us," he murmured.

She smiled up at him.

"It shall be as nothing," he added.

"It shall," said she.

"It shall indeed," say I.

MOON-PENNIES.

(Children in the Midlands give this name to the disc-shaped fruit of Honesty.)

My garden is a beggar's pitch

That Heaven throws its coins upon;

And in the Summer I am rich,

And in the Winter all is gone;

Yet as the long days hurry by

I keep my pitch, content and free,

Where in a sweet profusion lie

Fair Marigolds and Honesty;

And oft I turn and count for fun

My largess from the night and

noon—

The golden tokens of the sun,

The silver pennies of the moon!



"I'M SORRY TO 'AVE TO SAY, MUM, 'E'S BIN A VERY BAD DOG WHILST YOU WAS HOUT. 'E'S BIN AN' EAT UP 'IS PATRIOTIC RIBBON."

CANNON FODDER.

(Thus the War Party designates the rank and file of the German army.)

They are coming like a tempest, in their endless ranks of grey,
While the world throws up a cloud of dust along their awful way;
They're the glorious cannon fodder of the mighty Fatherland,
Who shall make the kingdoms tremble and the nations understand.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the cannon fodder comes.
God help the old; God help the young; God help the hearths and homes.

They'll do his will that taught them, on the earth and on the waves,

Then, like faithful cannon fodder, still salute him from their graves.

From the barrack and the fortress they are pouring in a flood;
They sweep, a herd of winter wolves, upon the scent of blood;
For all their deeds of horror they are told that death atones
And their master's harvest cannot spring till he has sowed their bones.

Into beasts of prey he's turned them; when they show their teeth and growl
The lash is buried in their cheeks; they're slaughtered if they howl;

To their bloody Lord of Battles must they only bend the knee,
For hard as steel and fierce as hell should cannon fodder be.

Scourge and curses are their portion, pain and hunger without end,
Till they hail the yell of shrapnel as the welcome of a friend;
They rape and burn and laugh to hear the frantic women cry
And do the devil's work to-day, but on the morrow die.

A million souls, a million hearts, a million hopes and fears,
A million million memories of partings and of tears
March along with cannon fodder to the agony of war.
Have they lost their human birthright? Are they fellow-men no more?

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the cannon fodder comes.
God help the old; God help the young; God help the hearths and homes.

They'll do his will that taught them, on the earth and on the waves,

Then, like faithful cannon fodder, still salute him from their graves.

The War and Physical Development.

"Here some words have been exercised by the Censor."
Manchester Evening News.

"Kiel is very delightful in its own way, but it misses *in toto* the charm and originality of Cowes."

So said *The Tatler* in the very early days of the war, and yet the Germans still seem to prefer the waters of Kiel to the superior attractions of the Solent.

A NUT'S VIEWS ON THE WAR.

INTERESTING CHAT WITH
MR. REGINALD FITZJENKINS.

HE was manicuring himself when I called, and I was asked whether I would see him now, or wait two hours till he had finished. I said I would see him now; so I was shown into his dressing-room.

"I am sorry," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "but if you will call at such an early hour—" It was twelve o'clock, but I apologised. "And what can I do for you?" asked my host.

"My paper," I said, "would like to have your views on the War."

"Well, if you ask me what I think of the War," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "it's a noosance—an unmitigated noosance. No one talks anything but War nowadays—and the papers contain nothing but Warnews. Even the

Men's Dress Columns have disappeared. I can tell you it has caused the greatest inconvenience to me personally. You may wonder why I am manicuring myself. I'll tell you why. My manicurist—the only man in London who knew how to manicure—turned out to be a beastly German or Austrian or something, and has gone off to his beastly War. I even offered to double the man's fees—at which the fellow, instead of being grateful, was grossly impertinent. If he hadn't been such a great hulking brute I'd have knocked him down . . . So I have to do the business myself. Couldn't trust it to anyone else. . . . And then look here. You see this little pot of pink paste, which has to be used to give the nails the necessary blush? Do you know that the price of that has doubled since the War?"

I expressed my horror by a suitable gesture.

"Of course," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "I don't want to be hard on the Government—I know they have a lot to think of—but I do consider they ought to have prevented this somehow. They regulate the price of food, but forget that there are other necessities. . . . Again, some of my dividends have not been paid. A nice thing if one is to be forced to earn one's own living!"

"You haven't volunteered to fight, then?" I said.

"Good lor, no! That might suit some people, but not me. It's not a job for anyone of any refinement. Why, I am told that, when they are fighting, for days together even the

officers don't shave or change their linen. I'm not that sort, thank you. There are plenty of rough fellows to do it, I suppose. And in any event I could not fight alongside of French soldiers. Have you seen the cut of their trousers?"

Mr. FitzJenkins laughed outright.

"And are you doing anything to help in the crisis?" I asked.

"Oh yes, oh yes," said Mr. FitzJenkins. "You mustn't imagine that it is only those who fight who are helping. What about the women who are left behind? I help amuse 'em—keep 'em bright. I'm 'carrying on.' I'm not of your panicky sort. It's just as well that there should be a few men like me left in town. We give it a tone."

"I trust, Mr. FitzJenkins," I said, "that you are not opposed to the War."

"Oh, dear, no. Please don't imagine

privately for a minute. Mr. FitzJenkins begged me to excuse him, and I did so. When he came back his face was flushed and almost animated.

"Atrocious! Infamous! I shall write to the papers about it," he said. "How dare he leave me helpless like this? Off to enlist, indeed!"

"Who?" I asked.

"My man," said Mr. FitzJenkins.

TO A JADED GERMAN PRESSMAN.

["One cannot receive news of victories every day."—*German Official Newspaper.*]

TRUE, as you say, there is no cause for grieving,

When in your pages no triumphs appear,

But, gentle Sir, when you talk of "receiving,"

Are you not wandering out of your sphere?

Yours not to wait for a foe's retrogression,

Yours not to heed the belligerents' fate;

You're higher up in the writer's profession;

Perish "receiving," 'tis yours to create.

What though you dabble in newspaper diction,

Common reporters deserve your disdain;

You should be ranked with the masters of fiction,

Weaving your victories out of your brain.

Stories are needed, and you must supply 'em;

That should be easy; so gifted a man Surely can compass a triumph *per diem*,
Seeing the truth is no part of your plan.

Even although inspiration is flagging,
Let not your output grow markedly less;

Fiction gives precedents (plenty) for dragging

Out an old yarn in a different dress.

But, if your brain is too weary for spinning

Words to re-tell our habitual rout,

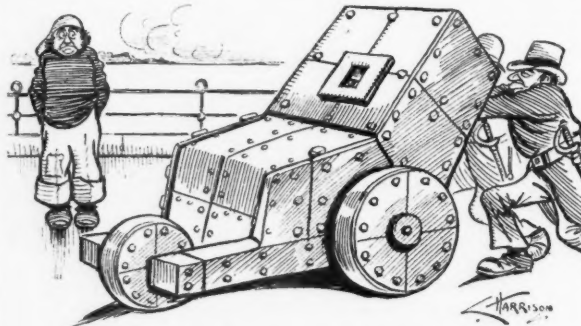
Don't blame the army that hasn't been winning;

Frankly confess that you feel written out.

"London Lady (twenties) well-educated, fair linguist, deeply interested psychology and the things that matter in life, considered clever by inmates, but not brilliant, would greatly appreciate broadminded and friendly companion to share walks."

T. P.'s Weekly.

We must remember that the inmates' standard would not be a very high one.



ENTERPRISE ON OUR EAST COAST.
THE ANTI-ZEPPELIN BATH-CHAIR.

that. It had to be fought, I suppose. And, although I am not taking an active part in it myself, I wish the War well, and hope that the KING and KITCHENER will pull it off all right."

"May I publish that? I think it would encourage them."

"Certainly. And you might say this. I am convinced we are going to win. No good could ever come to a man who wears an out-of-date moustache like the KAISER . . . Oh, certainly I am in favour of the War. Why, I have just ordered several pairs of khaki spats. . . . Believe me, I wish our soldier-fellows well, and in my opinion they ought to be encouraged. I met a lot of 'em trudging along in Pall Mall yesterday, poor devils of Territorials, I fancy, and I waved my stick to 'em. Nothing would please me more than to see the country to which that impudent manicurist has returned receive a thrashing."

Just then the young man who had opened the door to me came in and asked his master if he could see him



First Native. "WE'RE DOIN' FINE AT THE WAR, JARGE."

Second Native. "YES, JAHN; AND SO BE THEY FRENCHIES."

First Native. "AY; AN' SO BE THEY BELGIANS AN' ROOSHANS."

Second Native. "AY; AN' SO BE THEY ALLYS. OI DUNNO WHERE THEY COME FROM, JAHN, BUT THEY BE DEVILS FOR FIGHTIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Why is it that novels with scamp-heroes are so much more interesting than the conventional kind? *Bellamy* (METHUEN) is a case in point, for the central character, who gives his name to it, is about as worthless an object, rightly considered, as one need wish to meet. He steals and lies and poses; he betrays most of his friends; and throughout a varied life he only really cares for one person—himself. Yet Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT never seems to have any difficulty in making us share *Bellamy's* delight in his own conscienceless career. Perhaps it is this very delight that does the trick. Charlatan as he is, and worse, *Bellamy* is always so attractively amused at the success of his impostures that it becomes impossible to avoid an answering grin. It was not a little courageous of Miss MORDAUNT to write a story about a hero from the Five Towns district; but, though this may look like trespass upon the preserves of a brother novelist, *Bellamy* is Miss MORDAUNT's very own. I have the feeling that she enjoyed writing about him—a feeling that always makes for pleasure in reading. Perhaps of all his manifold phases I liked best his rôle of assistant necromancer at a kind of psychical beauty parlour. There is some shrewd hitting here, which is vastly well done. But none of the adventures of *Bellamy* should be skipped. I am sorry to add that the copy supplied me for review did not apparently credit me with this view, as it ruthlessly omitted some forty of what I

am persuaded were most agreeable pages. The fact that it so far relented as to go back about ten, and repeat a chapter I had already read, did little to console me. I could have better spared part of a duller book.

A story by Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, with the title *Wonderful Woman* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), may almost be regarded as a work of expert reference. Because what he does not know about The Sex, and has not already written in a galaxy of engaging romances, is hardly worth the bother of remembering. So that his views on the matter naturally command respect. *Wonderful Woman* is perhaps less a novel than an analysis—painfully close, with a kind of regretful brutality in it—of one special type of femininity, and a glance at several others. Perhaps its realistic quality may astonish you a little. You may have been delighting in Mr. CALTHROP's fantastic work (as I do myself) and yet have cherished the suspicion that his Columbines and Chelsea fairies and Moonbeam folk generally were the creations of a sentimentalist who would have little taste for handling unsympathetic things. Well, if so, *Philippina* is the answer to that. Here is the most masterly portraiture of a woman utterly without imagination or heart or anything except a kind of futile and worthless attraction, that I remember to have met for some time. As I say, it is all rather astonishing from Mr. CALTHROP. The men who love *Flip*, and whose lives are ruined by her, are easier to understand. About *Sir Timothy Swift*, for example, there is a touch of the Harlequin, or rather Pierrot, that betrays his

origin. I will not tell you the story, for one reason because its charm is too elusive to retrieve. I content myself by saying that it seems to me the best work we have yet had from Mr. CALTHROP, combining his special and expected graces with an unusual and moving sincerity.

A month or two ago I have no doubt that the England of CHARLES II.'s declining years would have seemed to me a monstrosously exciting country to live in; at the present moment (unfairly enough) I feel more like congratulating the hero of Monsignor BENSON's *Oddsfish!* (HUTCHINSON) on the mildness of his adventures for the furtherance of the Catholic faith. It is true that Mr. Roger Mallock beheld some notable executions after the TITUS OATES affair, and on the night of the Rye House Plot had a large meat chopper thrown at his head by one of the conspirators; but, emissary of the Vatican as he was, he was actually only once compelled to whip out his sword in self-defence, though on that occasion he had the extreme bad luck to lose his *fiancée* through a misdirected dagger-thrust. Even this tragedy, sufficiently overwhelming in an ordinary romance, is not, of course, wholly disastrous in Monsignor BENSON's eyes, since it enabled Mr. Mallock to resume the religious life and habit for which he had been originally intended. For the rest the book is written in a most captivating manner, and with a plausibility of incident and dialogue only too rare in novels of the Restoration period. Evidently the author has studied his authorities (and more particularly Mr. PEPPYS) with a praiseworthy diligence. But in view of the anti-Protestant bias which he naturally exhibits I feel bound to bid him have a care. If he intends to pursue his historical researches any further, and discover (let us say) virtue in the Spanish Inquisition and villainy in Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, I shall load my arquebus to the muzzle.

The hero of *King Jack* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) "made sport," as his creator, Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN, says, "nearly a hundred years ago" in Yorkshire, and incidentally he also made records. For instance, he cleared four-and-twenty feet at a "run-jump," and with this in my mind I find it satisfactory to think that he lived in another century, or I might find myself regretting the eclipse of the Olympic Games. As an upholder of law and order I ought to be (I am not) ashamed to admire a man who, to say the least of it, was a very prickly thorn in the side of the police. My excuse is that *Jack Sincler* and his brother *Lishe* were kindly men withal. The game-laws were their trouble, but as far as I could make out they did not poach for the sake of pelf but from sheer love of sport. Among poachers they ought, anyhow, to be placed in Class I., for they loved the open air and the freshness of the morning and all the things that make for a clean mind in a clean body. *Jack*, though a shade arrogant at times, is a stimulating figure, human

both in his weakness and his strength; and Mr. SNOWDEN deserves more than a little gratitude for the care with which he has reproduced the atmosphere of times that were conspicuously lawless and exciting.

When *Dicky Furlong*, the brilliant and aspiring artist of *The Achievement* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) who was in love with *Diana Charteris*, sloshed her husband, *Lord Freddy*, over the head with his own decanter (*vide* Chap. XXI.) he rather overdid it. For "the jagged thing fell with a sullen thud behind his (*Lord Freddy's*) ear," and that discourteous nobleman collapsed to rise no more. When the detective arrived the following noon he convinced himself that there was no necessity to detain any of the guests, even though no windows had been found open or doors unlocked, and though *Dicky* had a contused lip from the conflict overnight and everybody had coupled his name with *Diana's*. However, the methodical sleuthhound ran his quarry to earth a year or two later, just as he had put the finishing touches



The Old Man. "I SEE BY THE PAPER HERE THAT THE ROOSHIAN'S ARE ATTACKING A TOWN THEY SPELL P-R-Z-E-M-Y-S-L. D'YE THINK, NOW, WUD THAT BE A MISTAKE OF THE PRINTER'S OR WUD THE LETTERS OF IT BE MIXED UP, LIKE, WI' THE BOMBARDMENT?"

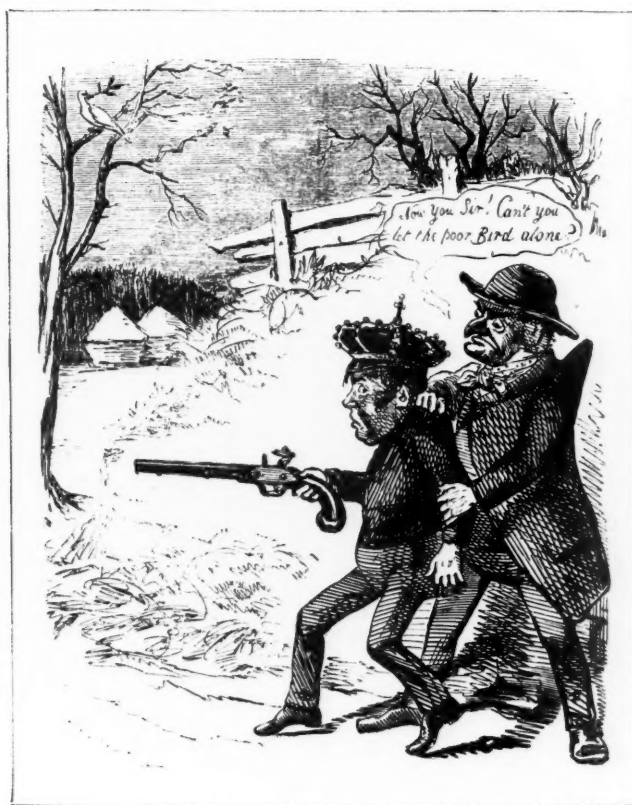
to his great (seventeen-foot) canvas. And *Dicky* took a little bottle out of his pocket. In fact, our old friend the novelette, with its unexact canons of plausibility; tacked on, as it happens, to twenty chapters of meandering incident, a long way after the well-known Five-Towns formula, garnished with pleasantly romantic little notices of *Dicky's* pictures and *Dicky's* love affairs. But you don't begin to see the *Dicky* of the decanter phase (even though a fight about an ill-treated dog is lugged in for the purpose), or indeed any other *Dicky* of real flesh and blood, in this haphazard selection of episodes and comments. The truth is there is more in that difficult and dangerous formula than Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON is aware of. He has wandered into the wrong galley. A pity. For Mrs. *Flint* is a dear, if a stupid dear, and *Dicky* himself has his points.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

[The London correspondent of a German paper announces that London is on the verge of starvation, his own diet being "reduced to bread and rancid dripping."]

"THERE is a languor in this alien air;
We are reduced, in fact, to famine fare;
Mine, I may say, is dripping based on bread
(Ugh!), and I gather I shall soon be dead.
It is the same all over, East or West;
Hungry each hollow just below the chest.
Daily, I'm told, they rake the very dust,
Hoping in vain to come across a crust.
And, when our God-born WILHELM brings his Huns
Here, he will find a few odd skeletons."
Such is the tale a Teuton lately writ.
How, then, I ask, does London look so fit?
This is the reason, mainly, I surmise—
We are fed up, of course, with German Lies.

"PUNCH" and the PRUSSIAN BULLY



January 10, 1857.

. The Prussian Bully disturbs the Peace of Europe.

1857-1914.

"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

3

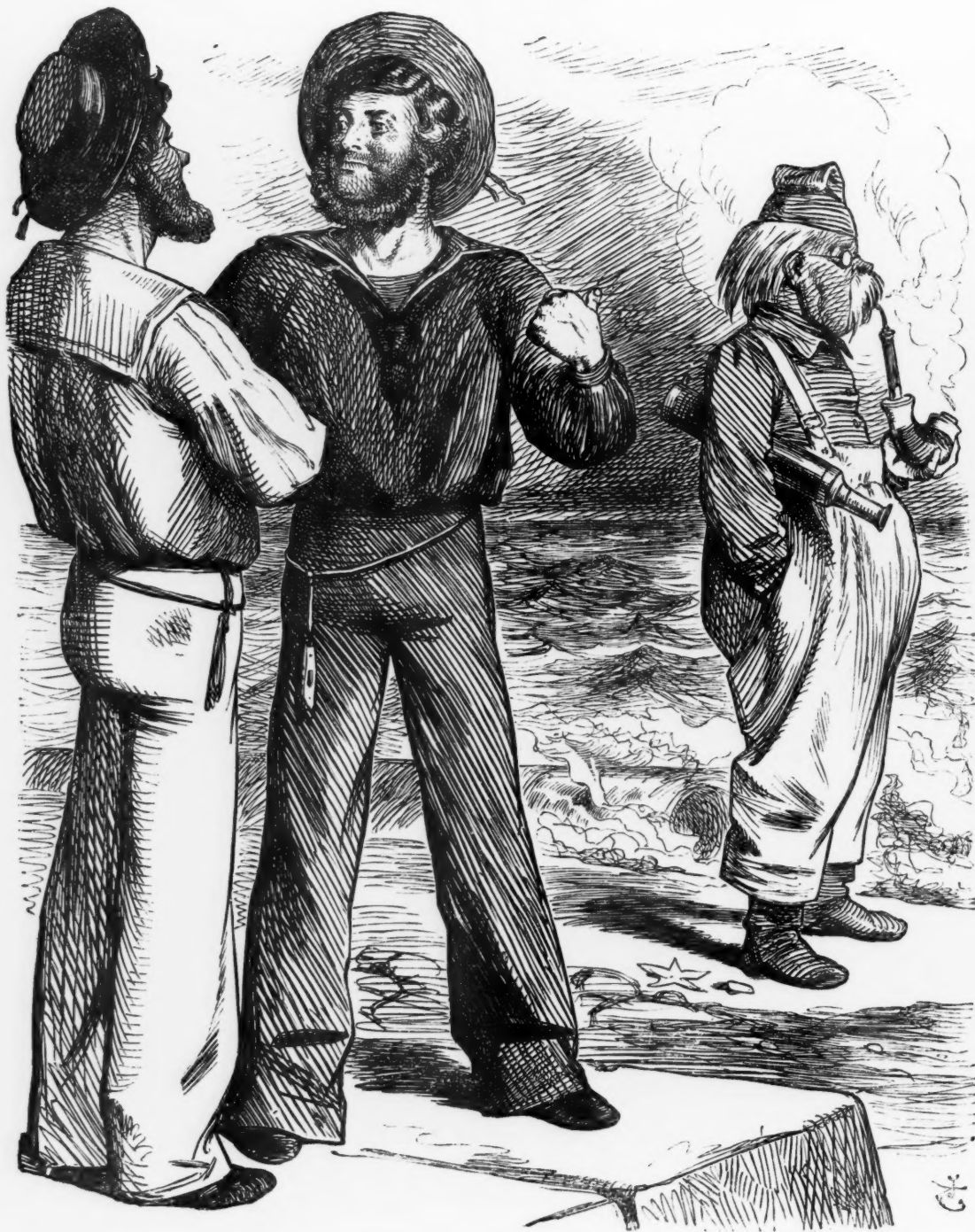


THE REWARD OF (DE)MERIT.

KING PUNCH PRESENTETH PRUSSIA WITH THE ORDER OF "ST. GIBBET."

May 7, 1864.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



JACK ON THE CRISIS.

"BLOW IT, BILL! WE CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO FIGHT A LOT O' LUBBELY SWABS LIKE HIM. WE'LL KICK 'EM, IF THAT 'LL DO."

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

5

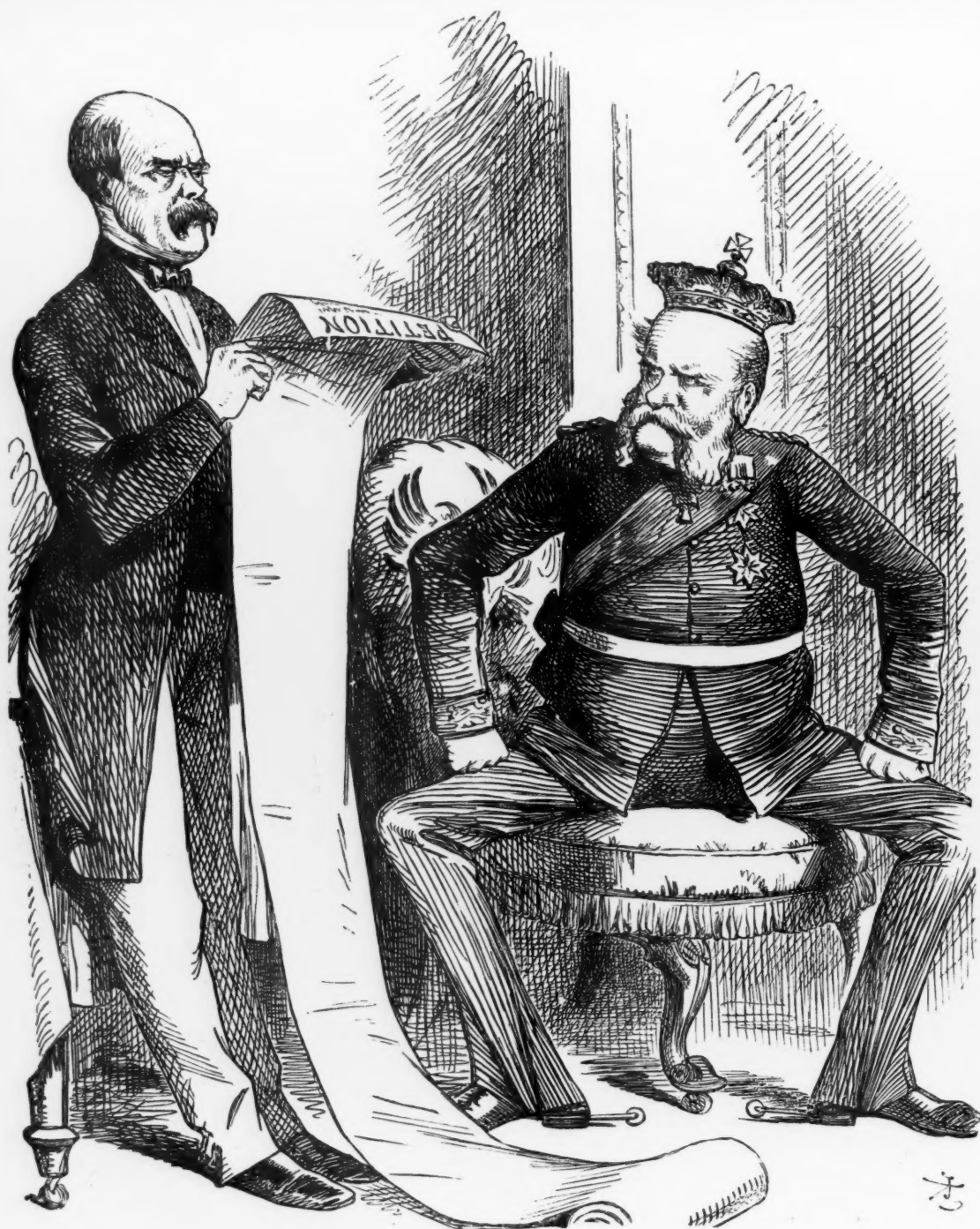


BRIGANDS DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

"* The Prussian Bully takes his share of the plunder.

August 13, 1864.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



CHECK TO THE KING.

Bismarck (reads from 3,000 Citizens of Cologne). "IN VIEW OF THE MISERABLE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY IN VIEW OF A CIVIL WAR, WITH ITS ATTENDANT SUFFERINGS AND FEARFUL CALAMITIES . . . WE COUGH A SOLEMN PROTEST AGAINST ENGAGING IN SUCH A WAR." . . .

King of Prussia. "WHAT IS THAT? DARE MY SUBJECTS OBJECT TO BE SLAUGHTERED! WHAT NEXT, I WONDER?"

June 2, 1866.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

7



PEACE—AND NO PIECES!

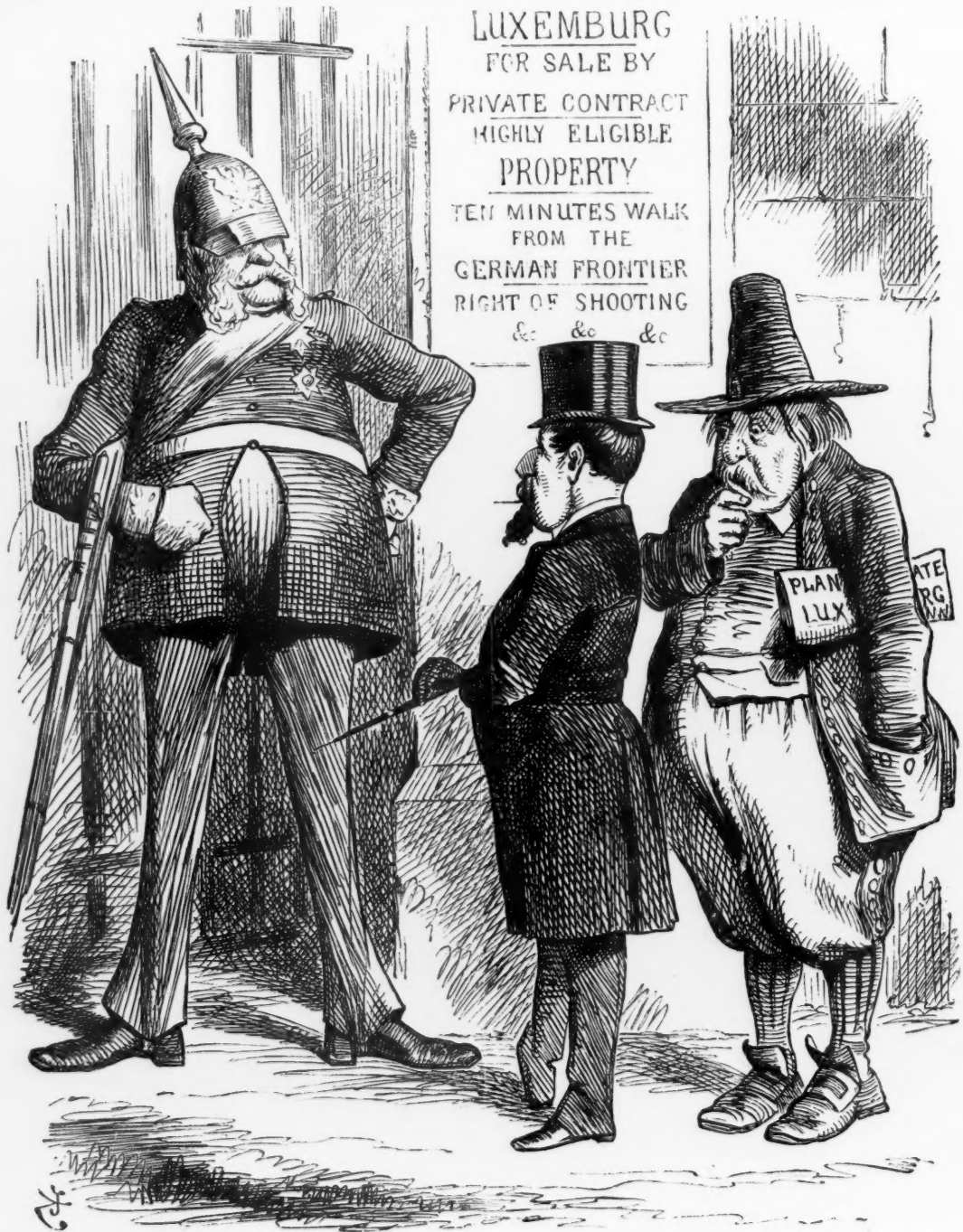
BISMARCK. "PARDON, MON AMI; BUT WE REALLY CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO PICK UP ANYTHING HERE."

NAP. (*the Chiffonnier*). "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, M'SIEU! IT'S NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST CONSEQUENCE."

August 25, 1866.

* * The Prussian Bully refuses to allow France to rectify her frontier.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



"TO BE SOLD."

Emperor Napoleon : "I-A-HAVE MADE AN OFFER TO MY FRIEND HERE, AND . . ."

The Man in Possession : "NO, HAVE YOU, THOUGH? I RATHER THINK I WAS THE PARTY TO APPLY TO."

Emperor Napoleon : "CH, INDEED! AH! THEN IN THAT CASE I'LL—BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE."

May 4, 1867.

* * The Prussian Bully objects to being turned out of Luxemburg.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

9



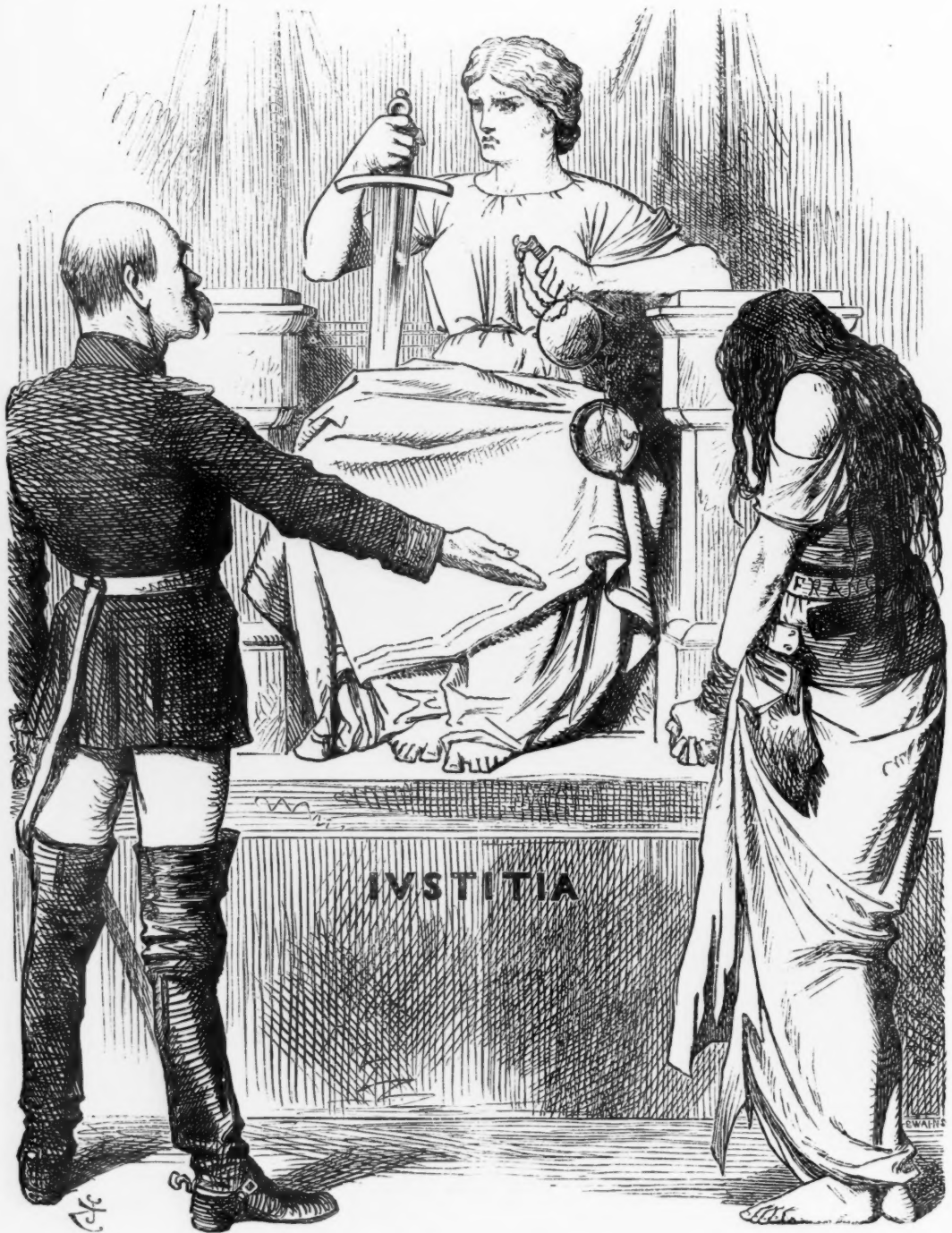
GAUL TO THE NEW CÆSAR.

"DEFIANCE, EMPEROR, WHILE I HAVE STRENGTH TO HURL IT!"

December 17, 1870.

* * The Prussian Bully has no pity for France.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



EXCESSIVE BAIL.

Justice (to Bismarck). "YOUR CLIENT WAS ASSAULTED, AND YOU ASK THAT THE DEFENDANT 'SHALL BE BOUND OVER TO KEEP THE PEACE FOR MANY YEARS.' BUT I CANNOT SANCTION A DEMAND FOR EXORBITANT SECURITIES."

February 18, 1871.

. The Prussian Bully demands from France the cession of Alsace and Lorraine and an Indemnity of £200,000,000.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

11



ENTER BISMARCK.

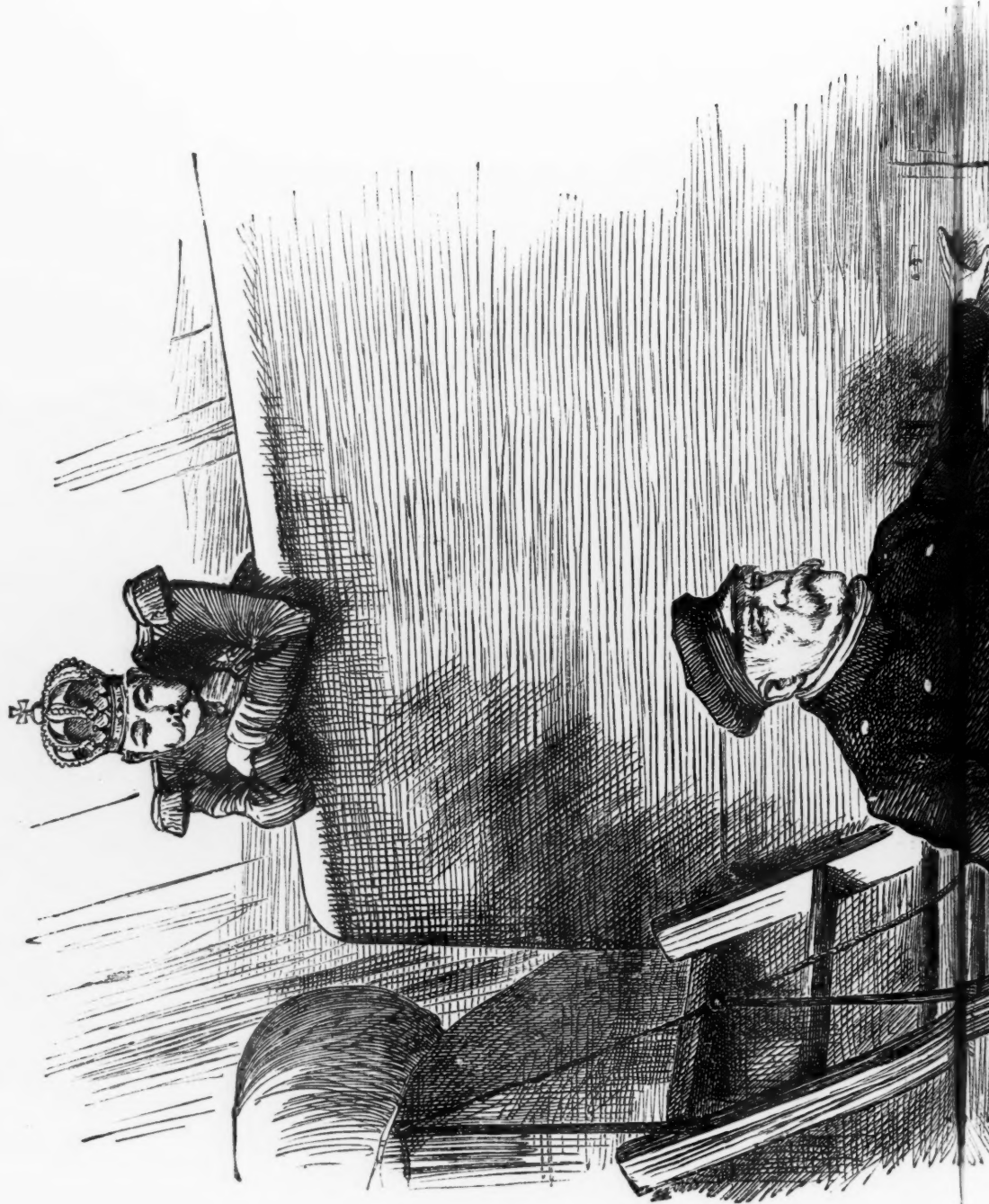
"I SPEAK OF PEACE, WHILE COVERT ENMITY,
UNDER THE SMILE OF SAFETY, WOUNDS THE WORLD;
AND WHO BUT 'BISMARCK,' WHO BUT ONLY I,
MAKE FEARFUL MUSTERS AND PREPARED DEFENCE."

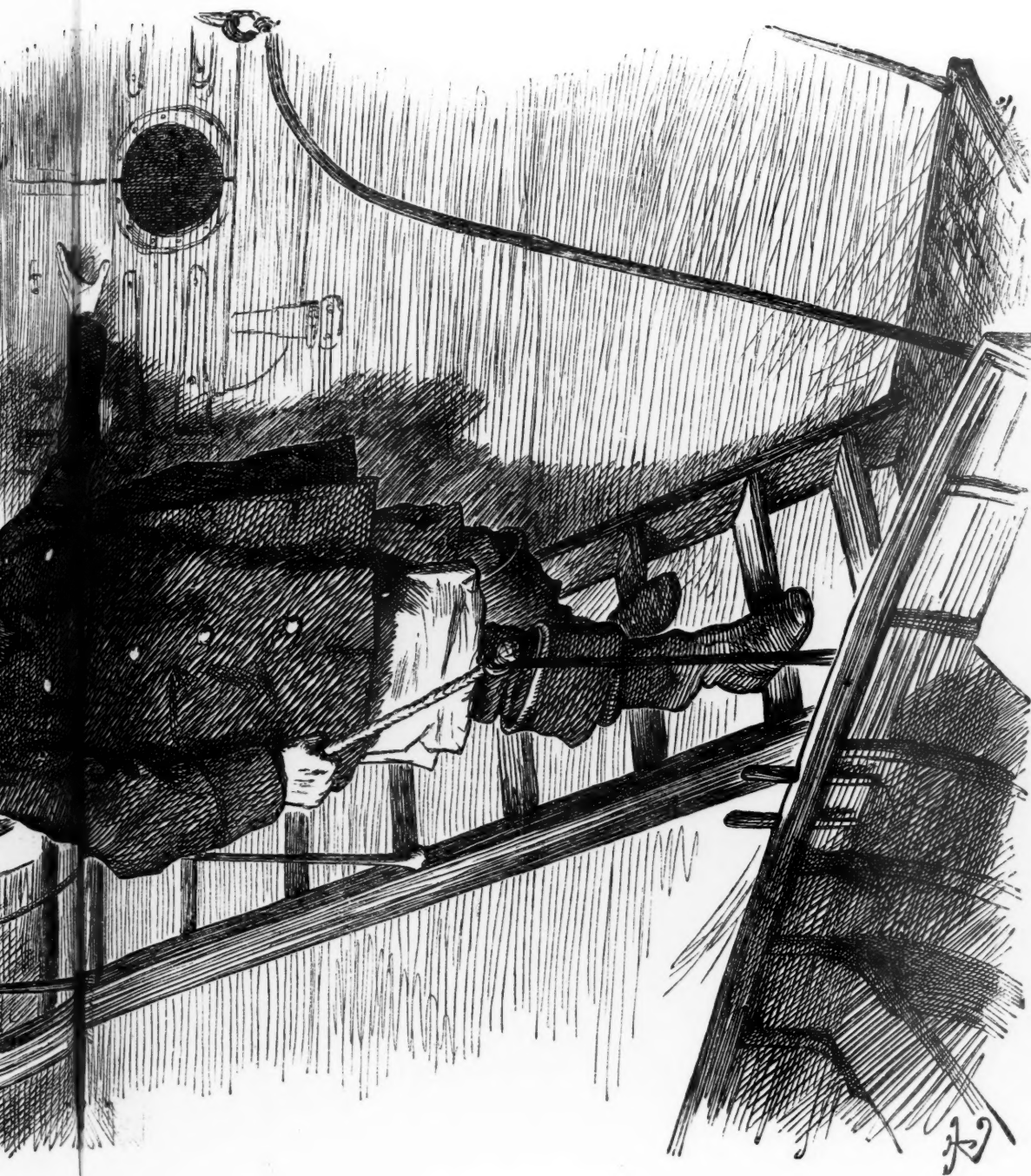
Henry the Fourth, Part II. (Induction.)

February 18, 1889.

* * The Prussian Bully speaks of Peace and prepares for War.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.





DROPPING THE PILOT.

..* The Prussian Bully has no further use for Prince Bismarck.

March 29, 1890.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.**"NANA WOULD NOT GIVE ME A BOW-WOW!"**

[The German Emperor is reported to have said, "It was impossible for me to anticipate the rejection of the Army Bills, so fully did I rely upon the patriotism of the Imperial Diet to accept them unreservedly. A patriotic minority has been unable to prevail against the majority . . . I was compelled to resort to a dissolution, and I look forward to the acceptance of the Bills by the new Reichstag. Should this expectation be again disappointed, I am determined to use every means in my power to achieve my purpose."—*The Times*.]

May 20, 1893.

* * The Prussian Bully complains that he cannot have it all his own way.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

15



HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT.

Imperial Artist. "WISH I COULD HAVE GOT IT DONE IN TIME FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY. SURE TO HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED."

May 4, 1895.

* * The Prussian Bully paints himself in divine colours.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



GERMANIA ARMING KRUGER.

"The *Vossische Zeitung* chronicles with satisfaction the recent arrival at Lorenzo Marquez, on board the German East African liner *Kaiser*, of 1,650 cases of war material for the Transvaal, including a whole battery of heavy guns, and states its conviction that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are 'determined to maintain their independence.'"—*Globe*, April 13.

April 24, 1897.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

17



A TALL ORDER.

German Eagle (to Dove of Peace). "TEACH ME HOW TO COOL!"

December 7, 1904.

* * The Prussian Bully maintains in the course of conversation and official business and formalities.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



THE BLIND SIDE.

German Officer: "GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO FORTIFY YOUR SEA-FRONT. VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE, THESE ENGLISH."

Dutchman: "BUT IT WILL COST MUCH."

German Officer: "AH, BUT SEE WHAT YOU SAVE ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER, WHERE THERE'S NOBODY BUT US."

January 11, 1911.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

19



SOLID.

Germany. "DONNERWETTER! IT'S ROCK. I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE PAPER."

August 2, 1911.

* * The Prussian Bully finds that the Triple Entente really exists

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



OUT OF THE SHADOW.

The Kaiser. "WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU HERE?"

German Socialist Party. "I TOO WANT 'A PLACE IN THE SUN.'"

January 31, 1912.

* * The Prussian Bully becomes aware of a growing menace

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

21



BRAVO, BELGIUM!

August 12, 1914.

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."

"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

23



THE GREAT GOTH.

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN A NEO-GOTHIC CATHEDRAL AT POTSDAM.

September 30, 1914.



CHARIVARIA.

STRONG drinks have now been prohibited all over Russia, and it looks as if Germany is not the only country whose future lies on the water.

Rumour has it that Germany is not too pleased with Austria's achievements in the War, and there has been in consequence not a little Potsdam-and-Perlmuttering between the two.

"When the KAISER goes to places beyond the railway," we are told, "he travels in a motor-car which, besides being accompanied by aides-de-camp and bodyguards, is also watched by special secret field police." We are glad to learn that every precaution is taken to prevent his escape.

The KAISER once desired to be known as "The Peace King." His eldest son, to judge by his alleged burglarious exploits, now wishes to be known as the CHARLES PEACE Prince.

It is said that Major von MANTEUFFEL, who superintended the destruction of Louvain, has been recalled. We presume he will have to explain why he left the Town Hall standing.

We still have to go to Germany for news about our own country. The latest reliable report is to the effect that there is now serious friction between KING GEORGE and LORD KITCHENER, the former having become alarmed at the raising of "Kitchener's Army." The WAR MINISTER, the KING fears, is aiming at the throne, and it is now being recalled that Lord KITCHENER, when a young man, was once told by a soothsayer, "K stands for King."

We learn from *The Daily Call* that, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, Bale is the richest city in Europe. The Swiss, we fancy, will scarcely thank our contemporary for drawing attention to this fact in view of the well-known cupidity of a certain neighbour of theirs.

There is a proposal on foot to form a corps of Solicitors. By a pretty legal touch it is suggested that they might train between six and eight.

The Daily News the other day, in describing the fortunate escape of a

midshipman from the *Cressy*, told its readers that, when pulled out of the water, the cadet "was not wearing a single garment. He was provided with clothes and eventually put on a British destroyer." While his choice of covering does credit to the young gentleman's spirit, we think he would have done better to put on the clothes.

A naturalisation certificate has been granted to that clever English authoress, the Countess ARNIM. We congratulate Elizabeth on escaping from "her German Garden."

"Few people," says *The Witney Gazette*, "are familiar with the history and resources of Belgium." How true this is may be seen from our

it asks for *Brod*, does not care to get a *Stein*.

An overheard conversation: "I see that both you and your wife have sent blankets to the soldiers." "Yes. She sent mine, so I sent hers."

A dear old lady who read about the theft of an Italian submarine last week writes to say that she hopes that the police are keeping an eye on our *Dreadnoughts*.

Adsit omen!

Take its "capital" from Prussia—
You reduce the thing to Russia!

"Perversely enough, whilst Ora's husband was a commonplace though intelligent attorney, Ora was married to a Montana mine-owner."

Books of To-day.

This was very perverse of Ora. She might at least have waited till her first husband had ceased to be an attorney.

Gentlemen who are losing their employment owing to the War:—I. The German Colonial Secretary.

"Identifying battles with rivers is very confusing to the reader who is not well acquainted with the geography of a little-known part of Europe. It misleads thousands when the Aisne is mentioned, and it is even more misleading when the river Victula comes into the reckoning."

Birmingham Daily Post.

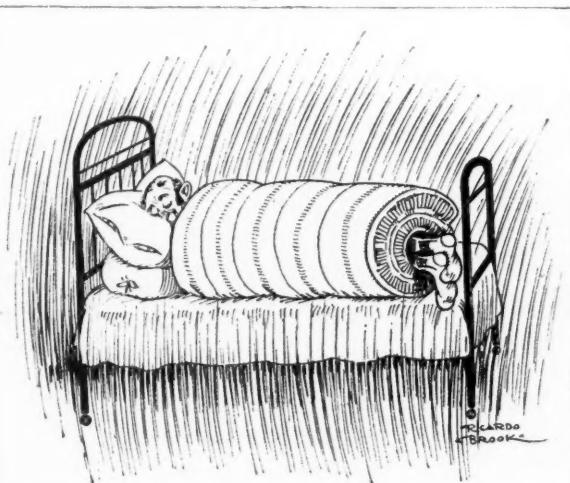
This is quite true.

Rates for Zeppelins.

"During the last few days," we learn, "a good many insurances have been effected at Lloyd's on properties in London against the risk of damage by Zeppelins." The premium accepted on banks appears to be about one shilling per cent. But why insure banks? For our own part we would very gladly take refuge in one of their strong rooms at the first sight of a hovering Zeppelin.

After consultation with our insurance expert, who has carefully considered the past record of German aircraft operating over undefended cities, we now have pleasure in submitting a special scale of insurance rates which ought to meet the needs of the public. Lloyd's are welcome to it should they care to adopt it as it stands:—

Hospitals . . .	£5 % per annum.
Dogs	2/11 " "
Cats, chickens and canaries	2/9 " "
Lamp-posts . . .	1/1 " "
Lord Mayors . .	Nil " "



STUDY OF A VETERAN WHO HAS SENT ALL HIS BLANKETS TO KITCHENER'S ARMY AND NEVER SLEPT BETTER IN HIS LIFE.

contemporary's next statement:—"A large section of its population consists of a race known as the Walloons, the ancient descendants of the Belgians."

"Father," asked the actor's little son, "why does the KAISER wear a helmet with an eagle on the top of it?" "To show that he's 'got the bird,'" replied the brilliant Thespian.

By the way, the statement that "The TSAR has left for the theatre of war" has caused the keenest satisfaction in histrionic circles, where it is hoped that this illustrious example will cause the fashionable world to revert to its habit of patronising the stage.

General von STEIN, who was responsible for the German official *communiqués*, has, we learn from the German Press, been superseded. Evidently he did not chronicle sufficient victories. The German public, when

THOMAS OF THE LIGHT HEART.

["*The Cologne Gazette*" tells us that we are lacking in understanding of the high seriousness of the war; that we use sporting expressions about it. "*The Times*," referring to this criticism, points out that, though we do not pretend, like the Germans, to make a religion of war, our sporting instinct at least enables us to recognise that to draw the sword on women and children is "not cricket."]

FACING the guns, he jokes as well

As any Judge upon the Bench:
Between the crash of shell and shell

His laughter rings along the trench;
He seems immensely tickled by a
Projectile which he calls a "Black Maria."

At intervals, when work is slack,
He kicks a leather ball about;
Recalls old tales of wing and back,
The Villa's rush, the Rovers' rout;
Or lays a tanner to a pup
On Albion (not "perfidious") for the Cup.

He whistles down the day-long road,
And, when the chilly shadows fall
And heavier hangs the weary load,
Is he down-hearted? Not at all.
'Tis then he takes a light and airy
View of the tedious route to Tipperary.

His songs are not exactly hymns;
He never learned them in the choir;
And yet they brace his dragging limbs
Although they miss the sacred fire;
Although his choice and cherished gems
Do not include "The Watch upon the Thames."

He takes to fighting as a game;
He does no talking, through his hat,
Of holy missions; all the same
He has his faith—be sure of that;
He'll not disgrace his sporting breed,
Nor play what isn't cricket. There's his creed.

O. S.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch ventures to ask the help of his gentle readers on behalf of the Women's League of Service, who are daily giving dinners in various districts of London to expectant and nursing mothers, of whom many have husbands serving with the colours. It is our hope that out of the present war may come, for those who follow us, a happy freedom from the menace of war; but our sacrifices will be in vain if no care is taken of the mothers who are bearing children to-day. Among the poorer class, the last person in the family to be fed is always the mother. Mr. Punch invites those who have the welfare of the new generation at heart to send gifts in aid of this national work to Mr. Dudley Cocke, 44, Gresham Street, E.C.

More Looting by the Kaiser's Family?

"Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son . . . was met at the railway station by his mother, who pointed proudly to the second-class altar cross on her son's breast."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

The American Touch.

"Great steel plates have been fixed about the ceilings and walls of a room which now shelters the famous Venus D. Milo."
Toronto Daily Star.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. IV.

(From DIETRICH Q. FRIEDLICHER, an American Citizen.)

KAISER WILHELM,—I've been hearing no end during the last month or two about German efforts to capture American opinion. It seems you think us a poor sort of creatures unable to find out for ourselves the right way of things. You've been measuring our people up and you've got a kind of fancy that we're running about our continent with our eyes staring and our mouths gaping and our poor silly tongues wagging, and that we're busy collecting thoughts from one another about this war in Europe so we shan't look ignorant when we read what other countries are doing. "See here," I'm supposed to be saying as I go around,—“see here! What's this Belgium, anyway, and how in thunder does she come to stand out agin the great German army? And why are the Germans knocking Belgium to flinders and shooting her citizens? Ain't the Germans Christians? Ain't their soldiers generous and their officers merciful? Well then, it kinder puzzles me to see the way they're getting to work. It's no wonder the Belgian is set agin them. They're a little lot, them Belgians are, and it's a queer thing, ain't it, that they should make all this trouble? But I dunno. Maybe there's something to be said for 'em if we only knew. Then there's the English. They say they're fighting for freedom this time, and maybe they're right to stick to their word and back up their treaties. But it don't seem very clear as far as I can size it up. Won't some kind gentleman come along and give me the true story?"

That's what I'm supposed to be saying, and you thought you heard me all the way from Potsdam, and you took a good deep think, and "Bless me," you said, "it's ten thousand pities to let old man Friedlicher go along with his mind empty when there's a heap of good German opinions lying around just asking to be put into it. I'll cable BERNSTORFF to fill him up." So there's poor BERNSTORFF turning himself inside out to please you and educate me. Don't he prove a lot? From 9 to 10 he lectures about Germany's love for America and the beautiful statue of FREDERICK THE GREAT at Annapolis; from 10 to 11 he socks it into England—says she's a robber power and blacker' any of the niggers she hires to do her fighting for her; from 11 to 12 he settles Russia by calling her a barbarian Empire; and from 12 to 1 he tells me how Germany's burning Belgium for Belgium's good; and then he dismisses me and says, if I'll come back to-morrow morning, he'll pitch me a story about the French peril, and how Germany can help America to escape it.

KAISER, it's no good. My father was a German, and he knew your lot, and he used to tell me all he knew. He had to quit Prussia pretty quick after 1848—that's the year your great-uncle had to take off his hat to the citizens of Berlin, and your venerable grandfather had to pay a visit to England, German air not being good for his health. I know all that there is to be known about you. I don't want any BERNSTORFF, no, nor yet any DERNBURG, to tell me why this fight's fighting and to explain the Belgian wickedness to me. You and your blamed professors and soldiers, you've all been spoiling for war these ten years past, and now that you've got it you're out to tell the Americans that the other fellows drove you into it. All I've got to say is, I don't believe it—and what's more, no sensible American believes it either. That's all there is to it.

Yours sincerely, DIETRICH.

Motto for the KAISER (reported as having been last seen at Cologne): "East, West, hame's best."



A NORTH SEA CHANTEY.

(To the tune of "Tipperary.")

JACK. "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAIT FOR WILLIAM'S NAVY,
BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT HERE."





Officer. "WHAT IN THUNDER HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THE MORNING? THIS LEATHER'S NOT DRESSED; THERE'S NUD ON IT STILL!"
 Recruit (ex-Cyclist). "SORRY, SIR, BUT I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY TIME POLISHING THE PEDALS."

RENAMED CELEBRITIES.

SINCE the publication of the manifesto in our columns signed by a large number of eminent men who announced their intention of diving themselves of the un-Christian name of William, matters have moved far and fast. Many of these gentlemen have already, in obedience to the dictates of logic, assumed a new style, as may be gathered from the following messages which the Press Bureau, without accepting responsibility for them, graciously permits us to reproduce:—

The Reverend WILLIAM SPOONER, the revered Warden of New College, Oxford, writes to say that, in deference to the unanimous desire of the graduates and undergraduates of the College, he has decided to be known in future as the Reverend Peter Spooner, as a tribute to the Kinquering Cong of Serbia.

Mr. WILLIAM (WULLIE) PARK, the famous professional golfer, has decided to assume the prænomen of Pinkstone (after Sir JOHN DEXTON PINKSTONE

FRENCH), and is already known amongst his intimates as "Pinkie."

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has by a special deed poll assumed the title of George Albert Nicolas Victor-Emmanuel Raymond Woodrow Le Queux, but for literary purposes will briefly sign himself "Alb."

Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, the famous novelist, as the son of AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, has happily hit on the idea of renaming himself Marcellus de Morgan. But he is anxious to have it clearly understood that this does not involve him in any claim to the authorship of *Marcella*.

A communication has been received by the Editor of *The Spiritualist* from WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, announcing his unalterable resolve to change his Christian name because of the posthumous discredit attached to it by the KAISER. Asked what he proposed to substitute for it, the Bard created a prodigious sensation by announcing that he thought Francis would do as well as anything else.

Sir WILLIAM JOB COLLINS, equally renowned in the spheres of politics and medicine, has promptly recognised the impossibility of continuing to wear a name which has been indelibly tarnished by the arch-disturber of Europe's peace. He has accordingly elected to replace his first two names by the ingenious and harmonious collocation of Thomas Habakkuk.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE writes to explain that, though his first name is not William, it has painful historical associations with the success of a former William. He therefore wishes it to be known that he will sign all his articles, interviews and poems with the name Oliver Lodge David Lloyd George Begbie, as an act of homage to the two great men who have chiefly inspired him in his journalistic and literary career.

Copy of letter to teacher:—

"Dear Sir, will you please give my daughter a dinner, as she has no father and I have no means of getting her one, and obblodge."

THE WATCH DOGS.

v.

DEAR CHARLES,—You must forgive my writing this letter with a fountain pen, but to do otherwise would be an act of ingratitude to my servant, Private J. B. Cox. I told him this morning that I had lost my pocket pen, a cheap affair made of tin. I instructed him to find it, and J. B. is one of those perfect factotums who do as they are told. He has a sharp eye and no scruples, and so, owing to the fact that three other officers live in my billet, he was able to find two valuable fountain pens and one stylographic in no time. The exigencies of war necessitate some little irregularity now and then; but how, I asked him, did he justify this excess of zeal? J. B. is distinguished by a lisp among other things "It 'th betht to be on the thafe thide, Thir," said he.

We had an all-night outpost job on this week, at which my company achieved an unpremeditated success—unpremeditated by the authorities, that is. Before setting out we had been threatened with the heaviest penalties if we were discovered at any moment in a dereliction of duty, which meant that the Adjutant proposed to pay us a surprise visit and had every hope of discovering responsible officers asleep at their posts. Those who know will tell you that the hour before dawn is that during which an attack is most likely in real war; they also assert that this is the most likely period for derelictions in imitation war, and so, as we anticipated all along, this was the time selected for the surprise visit. But we were not caught napping, Sir; every possible approach to our picket was protected by strong groups, each instructed to let no one pass on any account and least of all those who attempted to trick them by a pretence of authority, however realistic that pretence might be. Thus it fell out that when the Adjutant was sighted he was instantly accosted and firmly apprehended. Inasmuch as he refused to be led blindfold through our lines, he was not allowed to approach our august selves at all, but was retained until such time as we cared to approach him. Mind you, I'm not saying we were asleep; merely I show you how thoroughly we do our work. It is not mine that is the master mind; it is my skipper's, a man upon whose ready

cunning I rely to bring me to Berlin and its choicest light beer well in advance of all other victorious forces.

It used to be our Brigadier's fad that officers commanding companies should know the names of all their men, and lately he took upon himself to test it. Captain after captain, upon being asked to name a selected man, had to confess ignorance; not so my skipper. He knew them all. "What is that man's name?" asked the Brigadier, indicating an inconspicuous and rather terrified private, just that sort of man whose name one would never know or want to know. (It was something rather like Postlethwaite, I believe). "Two

Catering, as we do, for all tastes, we have in our rank and file a serio-comic artiste from the lower rungs of the music-hall ladder. We had a busy time with him at our Great Inoculation Ceremony (First Performance) on Saturday. We could not put too strict a discipline upon men into whose arms we were just about to insert fifteen million microbes apiece, and our private was not slow to seize his opportunity. He insisted upon his fifteen million being numbered off in order to discover whether there were any of them absent from parade; he wished to know if they had all their proper equipment, and whether each had passed his standard test. As the needle was inserted into his arm, "Move to the left in fours," he ordered them; "form fours—left—in succession of divisions—number one leading—quick-ma-barch." (It was the same humorist who recently took a strong line about protective colouring, and put in an application for a set of khaki teeth.)

At the moment of inoculation we were all, officers and men, very facetious and off-hand about it, but as the evening came on we grew *piano*, even miserable. Mess was not made any less sombre by Wentworth's plaintive observation that "the doctor who had succeeded in making a thousand of us thoroughly ill and debarred us from the cheering influence of alcohol was probably at that very moment himself enjoying a hearty debauch."

The only effect of the dose upon me was to induce a rather morbid contemplation. I recalled the happy times when I was once, even as you are, a barrister who rose at 8.30 A.M. (an incredibly late hour), did next to nothing all day and, when I wanted to go away, just went. I used in those gentle days to take off my hat to ladies (a long-forgotten habit), and I never dreamed of calling anybody "Sir." I used to suppose that I should rise from stuff to silk, from silk to ermine, to conclude as a Judge on the King's Bench. It seems now that I may rise from stars to crowns, from crowns to oakleaves, and end my days as a commissioner in—who knows?—His Majesty's *foyer*. I, who had hoped to dismiss your appeals, may come instead to hail your taxi at the theatre door; may even come to call you "Sir." But for the moment I am

Yours thoroughly disrespectfully,
HENRY.

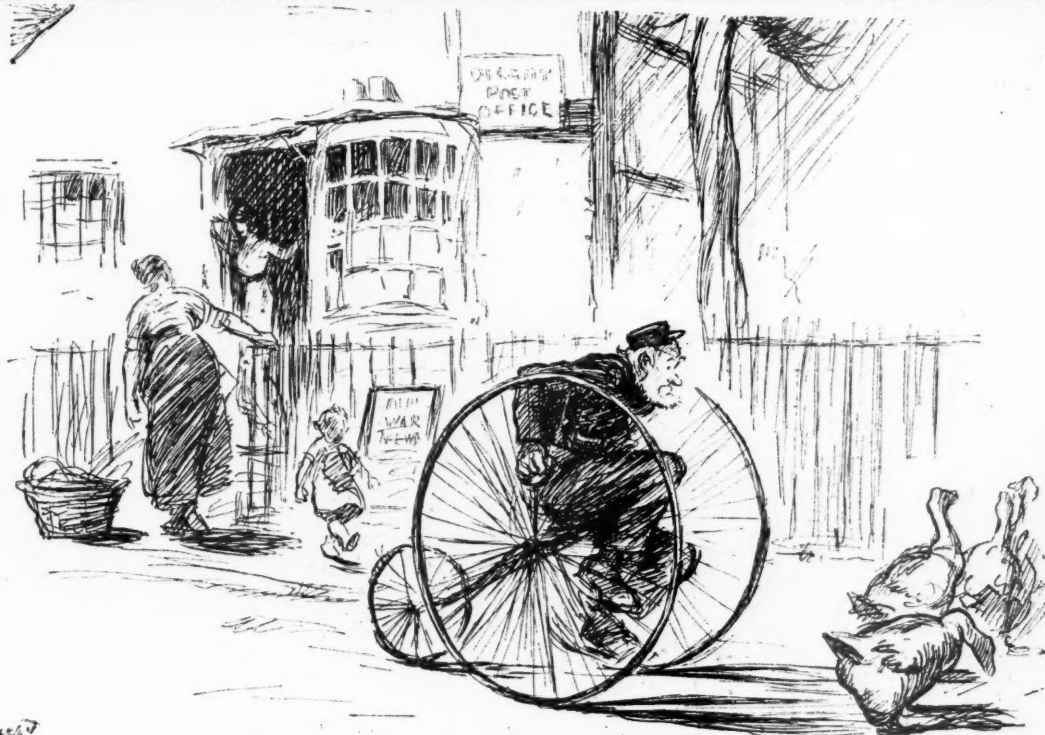


THE WAR ON GERMAN COMMERCE.

"WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR, MR. WILTON, THAT YOU HAVE VOLUNTEERED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE. WE ARE PROUD TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE READY TO DO YOUR DUTY AS A BRITON. WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO KEEP YOUR PLACE OPEN FOR YOU DURING YOUR ABSENCE. AND, MR. WILTON, YOU MIGHT TAKE A FEW THOUSAND OF OUR CIRCULARS IN YOUR KNAPSACK TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE ENEMY IN THE REGRETTABLE EVENT OF YOUR BEING TAKEN PRISONER."

paces forward, Private Johnson," ordered my skipper emphatically, fixing an hypnotic eye on the youth, and adding, to prove his accuracy, "Now, my lad, your name's Joh—?" "—nson, Sir," concluded the victim. That night, at dinner, the Brigadier told the C.O. that, among many disappointments, he had found one officer who seemed to know the names of his men "almost better than the men did themselves." In accordance with J. B.'s maxim about being on the safe side, it was a company order afterwards that, when asked, all even numbers were to be "Evans" and odd numbers "Hodges," till further notice.

Talking about names, I was quite homesick for old London when, in calling the names and regimental numbers of a party, I found myself bawling angrily for "Gerrard, No. 2784."



RURAL LIFE UNDER WAR CONDITIONS.

OUR VILLAGE ERRAND-BOY.

THE TRAITOR.

"Down with the Teutons!" rose the people's cry;
 "Who said that England's honour was for sale?"
 Myself, I hunted out the local spy,
 Tore down his pole and cast him into jail.
 "An English barber now," said I, "or none!"
 This thatch shall never fall before a Hun!"
 And all was well until that fateful morn
 When, truss'd for shearing in a stranger's shop,
 "Be careful, please," I said, "I want it shorn
 Close round the ears, but leave it long on top;"
 And, thrilling with a pleasant pride of race,
 I watched the fellow's homely British face.
 An optimist he was. "Those German brutes,
 They'll get wot for. You mark my words," he said,
 And dragged great chunks of hair out by the roots,
 Forgetting mine was not a German head.
 "Oh, yes, they'll get it in the neck," said he
 And gaily emphasized his prophecy.
 Ah me, that ruthless Britisher! He scored
 His parallel entrenchments round and round
 My quivering scalp. "Invade us 'ere?" he roared;
 "Not bloomin' likely! Not on British ground!"
 His nimble scissors left a row of scars
 To point the provess of our gallant Tars.
 I bore it without movement, save a start
 Induc'd by one shrewd gash behind the ear.
 With silent fortitude I watch'd him part
 The ruin on my skull. And then a tear,
 A fat, round tear, well'd up from either eye—
 O traitorous tribute to the local spy!

JULES FRANÇOIS.

Jules François is poet, and gallant and gay;
 Jules François makes frocks in the Rue de la Paix;
 Since the mobilisation Jules François's the one
 That sits by the breech of a galloping gun,
 In the team of a galloping gun!

When the wheatfields of August stood white on the
 plain

Jules François was ordered to go to Lorraine,
 Since the guns would get flirting with good Mr. KRUPP
 And wanted Jules François to limber them up,
 To lay and to limber them up!

The road it was dusty, the road it was long,
 But there was Jules François to make you a song;
 He sang them a song, and he fondled his gun,
 Though I wouldn't translate it he sang it A1;
 His battery thought it A1!

The morning was fresh and the morning was cool
 When they stopped in an orchard two miles out
 of Toul,
 And the grey muzzles spat through the grey muzzles'
 smoke,
 And there was Jules François to make you a joke,
 To crack his idea of a joke:—

"The road to our Paris 'tis hard as can be;
 The road to that London he halts at the sea;
 So, *vois-tu, mon gars?* 'tis as certain as sin
 This wisdom that chooses the road to Berlin!"
 So they follow the road to Berlin.

ENTER BINGO.

BEFORE I introduce Bingo I must say a word for Humphrey, his sparring partner.

Humphrey found himself on the top of my stocking last December—put there, I fancy, by Celia, though she says it was Father Christmas. He is a small yellow dog, with glass optics, and the label round his neck said, "His eyes move." When I had finished the oranges and sweets and nuts, when Celia and I had pulled the crackers, Humphrey remained over to sit on the music-stool, with the air of one playing the pianola. In this position he found his uses. There are times when a husband may legitimately be annoyed; at these times it was pleasant to kick Humphrey off his stool on to the divan, to stand on the divan and kick him on to the sofa, to stand on the sofa and kick him on to the book-case; and then, feeling another man, to replace him on the music-stool and apologise to Celia. It was thus that he lost his tail.

When the War broke out we wrote to the War Office, offering to mobilise Humphrey. Already he could do "Eyes right, eyes front." But the loss of his tail was against him. Rejected by the medical authorities as unfit, he returned to the music-stool and waited for a job. It was at this moment that Bingo joined the establishment.

Here we say good-bye to Humphrey for the present; Bingo claims our attention. Bingo arrived as an absurd little black tub of puppiness, warranted (by a pedigree as long as your arm) to grow into a Pekinese. It was Celia's idea to call him Bingo; because (a ridiculous reason) as a child she had had a poodle called Bingo. The less said about poodles the better; why rake up the past?

"If there is the slightest chance of Bingo—of this animal growing up into a poodle," I said, "he leaves my house at once."

"My poodle," said Celia, "was a lovely dog."

(Of course she was only a child then. She wouldn't know.)

"The point is this," I said firmly, "our puppy is meant for a Pekinese—the pedigree says so. From the look of him it will be tough and go whether he pulls it off. To call him by the name of a late poodle may just be the deciding factor. Now I hate poodles; I hate pet dogs. A Pekinese is not a pet dog; he is an undersized lion. Our puppy may grow into a small lion, or a mastiff, or anything like that; but I will not have him a poodle. If we call him Bingo, will you promise never to men-

tion in his presence that you once had a—a—you know what I mean—called Bingo?"

She promised. I have forgiven her for having once loved a poodle. I beg you to forget about it. There is now only one Bingo, and he is a Pekinese puppy.

However, after we had decided to call him Bingo, a difficulty arose. Bingo's pedigree is full of names like Li Hung Chang and Sun Yat San; had we chosen a sufficiently Chinese name for him? Apart from what was due to his ancestors, were we encouraging him enough to grow into a Pekinese? What was there Oriental about "Bingo"?

In itself, apparently, little. And Bingo himself must have felt this; for his tail continued to be nothing but a rat's tail, and his body to be nothing but a fat tub, and his head to be almost the head of any little puppy in the world. He felt it deeply. When I chaffed him about it he tried to eat my ankles. I had only to go into the room in which he was, and murmur, "Rat's tail," to myself, or (more offensive still) "Chewed string," for him to rush at me. "Where, O Bingo, is that delicate feather curling gracefully over the back, which was the pride and glory of thy great-grandfather? Is the caudal affix of the rodent thy apology for it?" And Bingo would whimper with shame.

Then we began to look him up in the map.

I found a Chinese town called "Ning-po," which strikes me as very much like "Bing-go," and Celia found another one called "Yung-Ping," which might just as well be "Yung-Bing," the obvious name of Bingo's heir when he has one. These facts being communicated to Bingo, his nose immediately began to go back a little and his tub to develop something of a waist. But what finally decided him was a discovery of mine made only yesterday. *There is a Japanese province called Bingo.* Japanese, not Chinese, it is true; but at least it is Oriental. In any case conceive one's pride in realising suddenly that one has been called after a province and not after a poodle. It has determined Bingo unalterably to grow up in the right way.

You have Bingo now definitely a Pekinese. That being so, I may refer to his ancestors, always an object of veneration among these Easterns. I speak of (hats off, please!) Ch. Goodwood Lo.

Of course you know (I didn't myself till last week) that "Ch." stands for "Champion." On the male side Champion Goodwood Lo is Bingo's great-great-grandfather. On the female side the same animal is Bingo's great-

grandfather. One couldn't be a poodle after that. A fortnight after Bingo came to us we found in a Pekinese book a photograph of Goodwood Lo. How proud we all were! Then we saw above it, "Celebrities of the Past. The Late—"

Champion Goodwood Lo was no more! In one moment Bingo had lost both his great-grandfather and his great-great-grandfather!

We broke it to him as gently as possible, but the double shock was too much, and he passed the evening in acute depression. Annoyed with my tactlessness in letting him know anything about it, I kicked Humphrey off his stool. Humphrey, I forgot to say, has a squeak if kicked in the right place. He squeaked.

Bingo, at that time still uncertain of his destiny, had at least the courage of the lion. Just for a moment he hesitated. Then with a pounce he was upon Humphrey.

Till then I had regarded Humphrey—save for his power of rolling the eyes and his habit of taking long jumps from the music-stool to the book-case—as rather a sedentary character. But in the fight which followed he put up an amazingly good resistance. At one time he was underneath Bingo; the next moment he had Bingo down; first one, then the other, seemed to gain the advantage. But blood will tell. Humphrey's ancestry is unknown; I blush to say that it may possibly be German. Bingo had Goodwood Lo to support him—in two places. Gradually he got the upper hand; and at last, taking the reluctant Humphrey by the ear, he dragged him laboriously beneath the sofa. He emerged alone, with tail wagging, and was taken on to his mistress's lap. There he slept, his grief forgotten.

So Humphrey has found a job. Whenever Bingo wants exercise, Humphrey plants himself in the middle of the room, his eyes cast upwards in an affectation of innocence. "I'm just sitting here," says Humphrey; "I believe there's a fly on the ceiling." It is a challenge which no great-grandson of Goodwood Lo could resist. With a rush Bingo is at him. "I'll learn you to stand in my way," he splutters. And the great dust-up begins . . .

Brave little Bingo! I don't wonder that so warlike a race as the Japanese has called a province after him.

A. A. M.

"Any Britons wishing to view the German prisoners at Frimley Camp can hire a car for £3 3s."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

It seems that there are Britons and Britons. We prefer the other kind.

WE ARE ALL DRILLING NOWADAYS.



Little Brown, who is in a hurry to catch his train, but finds it impossible to get by owing to the crush, is struck by a brilliant idea.
 "FORM—TWO DEEP!"



RESULT.



FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

WE LEARN (FROM GERMAN SOURCES) THAT THE PROFESSORS OF A CELEBRATED PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITY HAVE CONFERRED THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR UPON A DISTINGUISHED GENERAL ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

TWILIGHT IN REGENT'S PARK.

(Being a mutinous suggestion which I somehow had no time to make to the drill-instructor.)

SERGEANT! Beneath the dim and misty vault
I tire of making fours with endless trouble,
And left inclines inclining to a fault.

What is this pedantry? An empty bubble.
The spirit is the thing. When you say "Alt!"
My 'cart—I mean my heart—is at the double.

You, gazing only at the outward shell
That nothing of this secret fire divulges,
See only raw civilians, heaped pell-mell,
Having the kind of chest that peace indulges;
Viewed from one end our lines are like a swell
On the deep ocean, full of kinks and bulges.

You bid us wheel. At once ensues a rout
That no hussar could compass with his sabre;
The man in evening dress is much too stout,
He seems to draw his breath with obvious labour,
Whilst I—I beg your pardon, *Right* about—
Of course I bumped into my left-hand neighbour.

But take (as I observed) the fire beneath;
If ever foe should leap the shining margin
That laps our island like a liquid wreath
Then you would see us. Shimmering and argent,
"Out bay'nets!" we would snatch 'em from the sheath;
No 'shunning in that day, I think, O Sergeant.

Meanwhile we want a foretaste of the joy
That so much tedious tramping merely stifles;
We want to fall upon our—well, deploy.
And less of "Stand at ease" and fruitless trifles;
Der Tag will come (we whisper it with coy
Half-bated murmurings), when we have rifles

And uniforms. I want a uniform,
Even if not of khaki's steadfast fibre,
To make the bright-eyed maidens' hearts more warm
And still the mockings of the street-boy giber;
Meanwhile, I say, why not deploy and storm
The sacred trenches of the Zoo-subscriber?

The hour, the place invite. While here we stake
Our country's weal on nugatory follies,
What are these screams of insolence that wake
The bosky silence with perpetual volleys?
Give us the word to charge and let us take
Yon outpost of the Eagles with our brollies.

EVOC.

"BURGLAR IN BURNING HOSE."—*Liverpool Express*.
He must have walked into something pretty hot.

Editorial Modesty.

"CORRESPONDENCE."

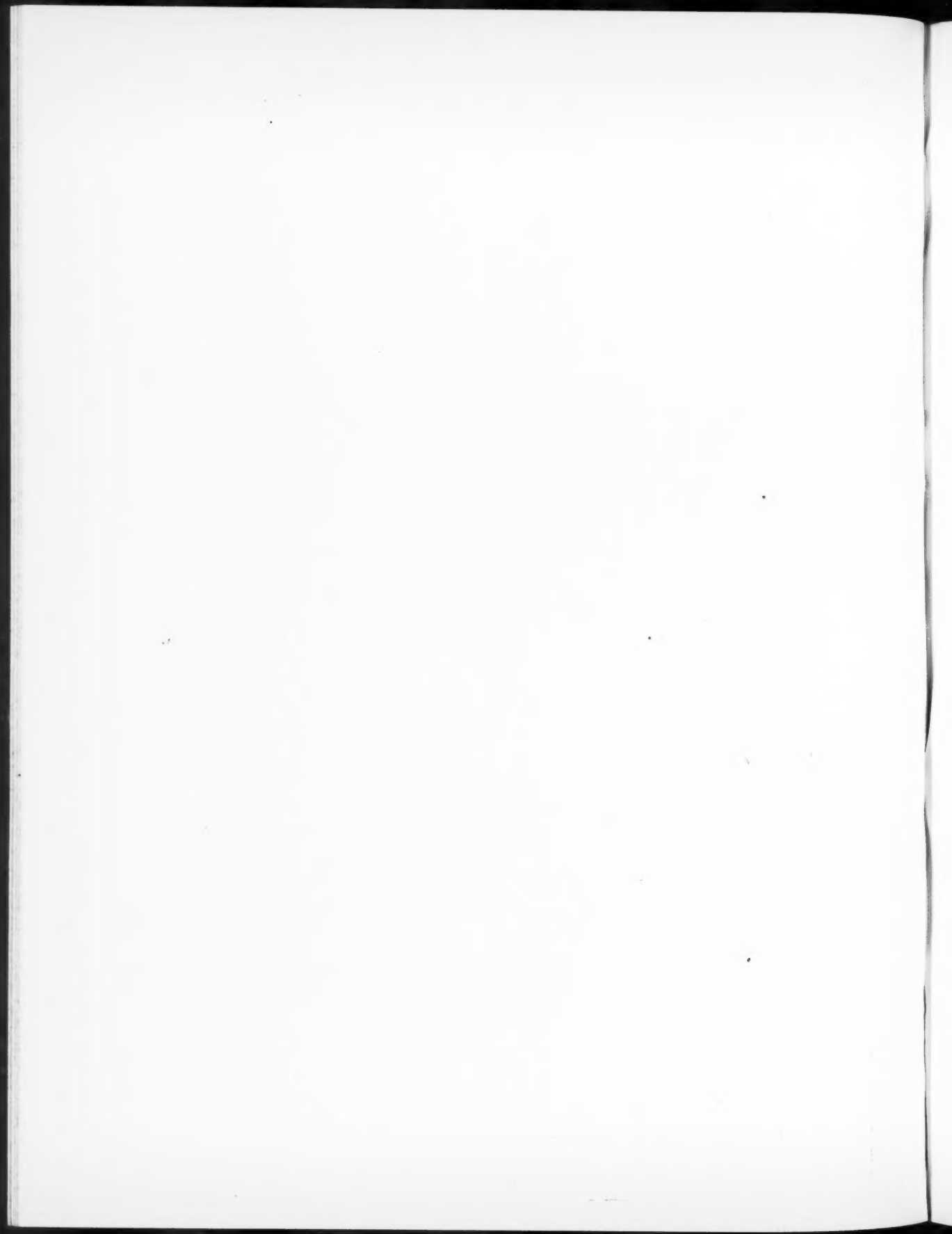
The Editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by Correspondents.

SIR.—Your Leader of last week was uncommonly good, and I hope that the writer will give us more from his able pen.—COLONIAL.



GIVING THE SHOW AWAY.

GERMAN PRESS BUREAU PHOTOGRAPHER. "COSTUME PERFECT, SIRE—ACCESSORIES ADMIRABLE; BUT, IN VIEW OF ALL THESE 'VICTORIES,' DARE WE SUGGEST THAT THE EXPRESSION MIGHT BE JUST A TOUCH MORE JUBILANT?"





Public-house Diplomatist (to second ditto, with whom he has been discussing the ultimate terms of peace at Berlin). "I SHOULDN'T BE TOO 'ARD ON 'EM. I'D LEAVE 'EM A BIT OF THE RHINE TO SING ABAHT!"

THINGS THAT DO NOT MATTER.

THAT section of the public that has felt, while anxiously waiting for definite news of our forces in France, that the communications from "an eye-witness present with General Headquarters" are better than nothing, has probably wondered at the recent paucity of despatches from this descriptive writer. Is it possible that the following has strayed into our hands from its proper destination?

A soft wind blew gently from the south-east, and before it the fleecy clouds passed dreamily above the poplar trees. All was quiet; not even an old public-school boy was washing his face. Then, gently but firmly, the "boom, boom" of the guns assailed the ear, telling of battle not far distant.

One's fountain-pen becomes quickly clogged amid the conditions of warfare, for the dust blows freely over the plains across which the troops have marched. For comfort in writing there is nothing like an indelible pencil, and paper whose surface is slightly rough. The quantity of ink carried among the stores of a modern army is negligible. And I believe it is a fact that in the whole of the

equipment of the British Forces in France there is not a single roll-top desk!

Talking of dust, I saw last evening a sight which must have appeared curious to one not acquainted with war. A young Professor of Mathematics connected with one of our great Universities passed me with a smut on his nose. Yet in times of peace he is one of those men who seldom leave home in the morning without carefully brushing their clothes. It should be borne in mind by the reader that the conditions of the battlefield of modern times have little in common with those of life in our University towns.

On the morning of the 1st our cavalry were busy with their horses, while the artillery devoted themselves chiefly to their guns. All that day our infantry stood in the trenches, and the smoke from the enemy's shrapnel made fantastic shapes against the leaden grey of the Northern sky. While I sat writing a young officer rushed in. He had kindly returned from the firing line especially to tell me of a little incident he had witnessed there. A private, hailing from Rotherhithe, calmly lit a cigarette amid the hail of bullets, took

two or three draws, and then threw it away, growling, "These 'ere French cigarettes taste like bloomin' German cartridges." An incident typical of many that occur in a single day.

This brings us to the 2nd. All day long the Germans, from their entrenched position, have replied to our fire, but without any noticeable consequences. The prisoners who are brought in appear to be glad of the rest and change. Out of gratitude one of them offered to shave the Commander-in-Chief free of charge.

The battle continued on the 3rd. There was a touch of autumn in the air and the wind had changed slightly. Amid the shrieking of shells and the hum of bullets the bark of a distant farm dog could be heard distinctly. And so from day to day the War goes on.

"The entire proceeds of yesterday's magnificent opening concert of the season of the Sunday Concert Society at the Queen's Hall, are to be divided equally between the Prince of Wales' Fund and the National Relief Fund."—*Evening News*.

And even if one gets an odd half-penny more than the other, nobody will really mind.

BEATS.

(By Special P.C. XXX.)

We have three, each with its nuances of attraction, its delicately different disadvantages. They are known as the Oil Wharves, the Generating Station, and the Sewage Station. A wise decree from Scotland Yard leaves us uncertain up to the very last moment of each evening as to which will be our allotted beat. A gambling element is thus provided to stimulate us.

The Oil Wharves gloom on a *cul-de-sac* of nocturnal emptiness. Scarcely does a human footstep come to rouse the petroleum-sluggish echoes. A padding pussy makes a note of cheery liveliness in the lukewarm monotony of the night-watch.

But against that dreariness must be set the four wooden chairs which the Oil Magnates (blessings upon them and upon their children's children!) provide for our comfort. Technically, it may be undignified for a Special Constable to sit down. It is possible that a penalty of three days in a dark cell awaits the transgressor. We do not know, and we do not enquire. In that deadliest hour beyond the dawn, when the street lamps splutter out and the ruthless morning light reveals us to one another unwashed, unshaven and horribly all-nighty in appearance, it is indeed a grateful relief to sit down on the wooden Windsor chair and wait the six o'clock of release in blankness of mind.

The Generating Station, we are given to understand, does some magic with electricity. That is not our concern. We are there to pace up and down outside its walls, and watch for the man with the bomb. It has the advantage of being a bulky building; therefore a long beat. Up to midnight it looks over to a blank wall which forms a London lovers' lane. We speculate on the progress of courtship. The Generating Station is not odorous, and therefore is accounted the picked beat by the aesthetes among us.

The Sewage Station, on the other hand, is very lively with odours. They dominate our meals for at least twenty-four hours after duty. Some attribute them to a candle-factory opposite, labelling them as warm decomposing tallow. Another school of thought places them as the outcast *débris* of a sugar-factory. A scientist amongst

us claims that they are saccharine which has taken the wrong turning. To myself the taste suggests mellow Limburger cheese.

They raised a classic law-suit a few years ago, taken up to the House of Lords. On the one side a string of tough sturdy barges testified that a few whiffs made them totally unable to face their dinner. On the other side an array of sanitary experts claimed that they were not only pleasant and invigorating, but a potent factor in local longevity.



"NOW THEN, TOMMY—GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR ME TO-NIGHT—EH? WHAT?"

"YES, SIR: KITCHENER WANTS ANOTHER RECRUIT."

The machinery of the Station has hitherto been idle. Its borough officials apparently do nothing but fitfully polish brasses. It seems that these lucky sinecurists only work in times of violent storm, once every few months.

The neighbourhood may be odorous, but it is full of human possibilities. One midnight, two ladies started a scrap. A Special Constable, raw and without experience of militant femininity, blew his police-whistle. The whole slum-district turned out, dressed or half-dressed, like a fevered ant-hill. It took the regular police half-an-hour to clear the streets, the original cause of tumult vanishing in the swirl. In this neighbourhood, we are informed, it is etiquette to blow a police-whistle only when someone is being "done in."

We were also informed, in discreet whispers, that the "Guv'nor" of the Station "had it in for us." His grievance was this: that while a rival show across the river had been accorded a military picket by the War Office, he had been fobbed off with a mere guard of Special Constables. To date of writing, his wrath still smoulders.

Our hours of duty are filled with dulness, but we live in hopes. That speeding motor-cyclist in the yellow oilskins—is he the mysterious rider who has already shot down a round dozen of our number on lonely beats?

He shuts off power. He stops. He gets off and fumbles with a lamp. Is it a bomb in disguise? Our hands creep towards the truncheons concealed in our trouser-legs. The Hour has struck, and England expects . . . !

Alas, he is only a belated cyclist, reputable and harmless. We console ourselves with visions of 1915, when we hope to be mobilised, packed off to the Continent in motor-buses, and assigned to beats in Berlin (possibly renamed Berlinogradville City), while the Congress are rearranging the map of Europe.

"Yes, madam, this is Unter den Linden. Straight on and fourth turning to the left for the Siegesallee. . . . Oui, Monsieur, l'auto de luxe pour Petrograd part à midi. . . . Nein, mein Herr, es ist verboten. Broadly speaking, alles ist polizeilich verboten. You will be quite safe in assuming that anything you yearn for just now ist strengstens polizeilich verboten. Passen Sie along, bitte!"

"The Women our Shield."

From *Germany and the Next War*:—

"We shall now consider how the tactical value of . . . the screening service can be improved by organisation, equipment and training."

VON BERNHARDI seems to have overlooked the fact that a portion of the "screening service" was living under the Belgian Government.

"Whilst Germany is a large customer of England in other directions, it is not in hardware and ironmongery. On the contrary, she exports much more hardware to us than we buy from her."—*System*.

It seems almost a pity that this delightful system cannot go on.



INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

Ethel. "Now that I've got this nice map, will you tell me just where to put the little flags, Dad? I want to keep it right up to date."

Dad (preoccupied with his paper). "H'm—well—better just stick 'em all in Berlin, and—wait."

OUR WAR STORY.

THE DREADFUL DOOM OF BERTRAM BORSTAL.

I.

Bertram Borstal turned out his pockets and spread their contents on the table before him. There were seven postage stamps perforated with the initials of his late employers, one three-penny-bit in silver, twopence in copper, and a Bank of England note for 10s. "Irretrievably ruined!" he muttered with closed lips. "I will offer my services to my country. I will enlist."

He enlisted successfully until he reached the medical examination. The doctor thrust a shoe-horn into Bertram's mouth. "Count up to 99," he said. "Ug—koog—he—haw—," Bertram began.

"That'll do," remarked the doctor, closing the jaws with a snap. "Any constitutional ailment?"

Bertram blushed heavily. "Only chronic dyspepsia," he admitted at length. The doctor gave a long whistle. Mistaking the sound a taxicab drew up.

"You'd better jump in," he said

kindly, taking Bertram's hand and putting it inadvertently into his own pocket. "I regret to say I cannot pass you for the Army."

"Ploughed!" exclaimed our hero. "But if I cannot go as a soldier I will go as a spy. Drive me to Wigson's," he called to the taxi-driver as he leapt on to a passing bus.

Half-an-hour later Bertram, disguised in the uniform of a spy, turned up the Strand and his coat-collar simultaneously and walked rapidly to Charing Cross station. He just managed to scramble into the 2.19 as it steamed from the platform at 3.7.

II.

That same evening (or the next) Bertram got out of the train at Kartoffelnberg, hired a tandem and drove to the German lines. He went straight to the General. "I shall be obliged if you will kindly tell me the number and disposition of your forces, and how and when you propose to advance."

He spoke in English, but the General—formerly Military Attaché at Appenrodt's—happily understood him.

"Certainly," he replied. "Perhaps you would care to examine this map and plan of campaign?"

Bertram thanked him, and commenced to trace them upon his spare vest.

"Don't bother to do that," said the General. "Take this set of duplicates. The disposition of our forces is clearly marked in red ink, and their numerical strength certified by a chartered accountant. The only detail omitted is the number of women and children that will be placed in the firing-line. To-day's bag has not yet been reported."

An aide-de-camp galloped into the tent, flung himself from his exhausted mule and saluted.

"In the name of our noble and august KAISER," he began, "I have the honour to inform you that we have to-day captured 47 charwomen, 16 bedridden octogenarians and 21 babies in arms."

"Zwanzigkeit!" exclaimed the General excitedly. "Place them in the forefront of our brave Bogey Head Hussars, and order the advance for ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

The aide-de-camp saluted, flung himself on to a fresh mule and galloped hell for leather to the canteen.

"I am much obliged for the information you have given me," said Bertram politely. "It is of paramount importance."

"You're quite welcome," remarked the General. "By-the-by, what do you want it for?"

Our hero rapidly shaved off Wigson's moustache and drew himself up proudly. "I am a spy," he said.

"I suspected as much," commented the General. "Kindly touch that bell on the mantelpiece behind you."

Bertram touched it; it was as cold as ice.

"See if it will ring," suggested the General.

Bertram seized it by the handle and shook it violently. In a moment or two it rang. A sentry entered.

"*Einzwaidreivierfünf*," said the General, "and riddle him with bullets at eight to-morrow morning."

III.

Early the next morning a knock sounded on the door of Bertram's cell. The doomed man crossed the room and shot back the bolt. An officer armed with a howitzer entered.

"I am instructed to inform you," he said, "that as you are shortly to be shot you are entitled, according to custom, to choose whatever you wish for breakfast."

"Thank you," replied Bertram, "a cup of weak tea and a rusk. Unfortunately I am a chronic dyspeptic, or I would take fuller advantage of your kind hospitality."

A devilish gleam shot from the other's eyes as he heard those words.

"As you will be dead in an hour," he said, "the fact of your being a dyspeptic need not trouble you any more than if you were an acrostic. Let me therefore suggest that you try a sausage or a knuckle of pork."

Bertram reeled against the piano. Here was an opportunity to gratify his palate without regard to the consequences. Quickly he made up his mind.

"Bring me then," he said, "a plate of sausage and sauerkraut, a slab of marzipan and some Limburger cheese."

IV.

It wanted but a few minutes to eight, and Bertram Borstal, with steady nerves, waited for the striking of the cuckoo-clock in the prison tower. Once again a knock sounded upon the cell door, and with the utmost sang-froid he drew the key from his pocket and unlocked it. The honorary secretary of Germany entered, preceded by three cripples and a Mother-Superior.

"I am ready," declared Bertram, calm but pale, "and resigned to my fate."

"I am happy to say," said the secretary, "that I am unable to accept your resignation. We recognise the fact that you are only a spy, and therefore cannot strictly be said to be bearing arms against us. We have therefore to apologise for having arrested you; but at the same time I would ask you kindly to bear in mind that at these times we have much to think about, and mistakes will happen. You are free."

"Free?" repeated Bertram, unable to believe either of his ears.

"Yes, you are free," said the secretary, "and I am empowered to add that under the circumstances no charge will be made for your breakfast. *Hochachtungsvoll*."

He withdrew, and Bertram, picking up his umbrella and gloves, quickly followed him.

V.

Half an hour later Bertram had again entered the German lines, imploring to be shot for pity's sake. But it was too late; all the rifles were in use in the firing-line. It was not till he heard this that Bertram Borstal, racked with indigestion, realised the atrocious barbarity of his reprieve.

SWISS LEAVE.

"It'll be over by Christmas all right," said James again, but without conviction.

"Maybe," I said; "Christmas, 1918, you mean, I suppose?"

James called me a rude name, as soldiers will, and relapsed into moody silence.

I knew what the trouble was. He had booked a room at Spitzheider for three weeks in January. They were to be the same party as last year, he had said at first; but on cross-examination it appeared that this referred solely to a lady who was described with exaggerated unconcern as being "rather a good sort."

And now here were James and I in one of KITCHENER's camps at —, having taken an oath to defend the KING at all costs against his enemies.

True, James had been given an old form to read from, and had sworn allegiance to KING EDWARD VII. without the officer noticing it; but though at first he tried to clutch at this straw it was only a straw.

"I find now that KING EDWARD VII. died some years ago," he had said, "so my oath is not binding, and, if the War is not over by Christmas I shall point that out and retire."

However it was found that "His Heir" was mentioned, so that went by the board.

"Cheer up, James," I said, "Spitzheider will be there all right in 1920, even if 'the same party' are all married to other people."

James did not think my remark in the best possible taste, and said as much.

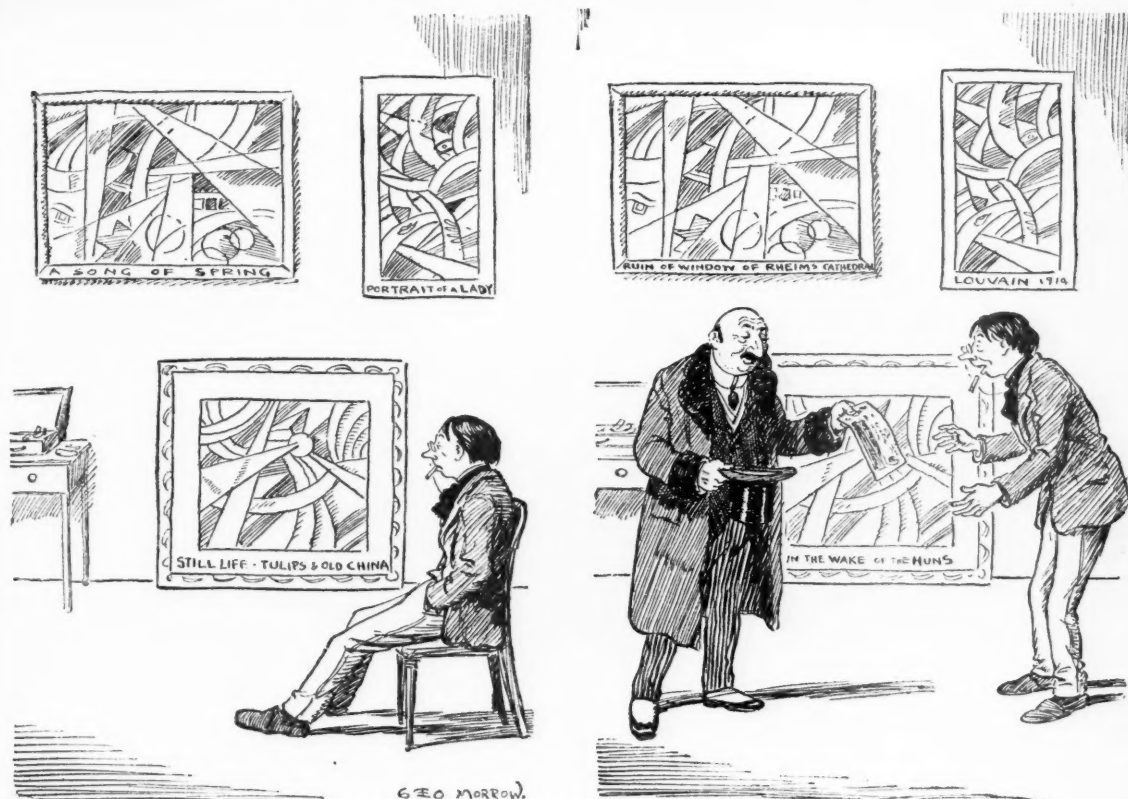
Then he looked up from the map he had been studying with a glad cry. "Do you know, I think it will be all right after all," he said; "I've been working it out, and I think it more than possible that we shall by January be guarding lines of communication somewhere not so very far from the Swiss frontier. I can get three weeks' leave, join the party at Spitzheider, and at the end rejoin our gallant troops in the field."

"The Swiss won't much care for your marching into their country armed to the teeth," I said. "You know, James, you cut a very commanding figure in regimentals. I won't say that a somewhat conservative tailor has altogether realised that we are inferior physically but superior intellectually to prehistoric man—I mean the tunic is much too big and the hat much too small. But you look every inch a recruit, and with any luck by January you'll look like the best kind of War Lord. No, James, the Swiss won't pass you through the Customs."

"Oh, that will be all right!" he said; "I shall take a change of clothes and leave my uniform and rifle in the cloakroom at the frontier station, and get them out again on the way back."

I saw he was in a mood for sweeping aside all difficulties and said no more. But later I had a new thought for him. "James," I said, "I should mention that little matter—about the three weeks' leave and the cloakroom at the frontier station and all that—to your Colonel soon, if I were you. He'll be busy out there, I dare say, and there will be no time for explanations. If you've prepared the ground, things will go smoother. You'll simply say, 'You remember you said you'd give me three weeks' leave on this date, Sir,' and he'll say, 'All right,' and go on with the battle, and you'll march off. Only," I added, "let me be there, James, when you make your original request."

The KAISER's Proclamation (Aix-la-Chapelle) ordered the Germans to concentrate their attention on the "treacherous English." We have received several indignant protests from Scotland about the use of the word "English" in place of "British."



HOW THE CUBIST, BY A MERE ALTERATION OF TITLES, ACHIEVED A READY SALE OF UNMARKETABLE PICTURES.

AT THE "PLOUGH AND HORSES."

"WHAT's this we 'ear, Bill? Pleeceman been plaguin' of you to 'list, that it?"

"Pleeceman, 'e says to me, 'You 'aven't a wife and you 'aven't a child, nor you 'aven't no old mother dependin' on you . . .'"

"Pleeceman 'e did stop you then?"

"Pleeceman 's a sight too busy sometimes."

"Thinks this new army depends on 'im and 'im alone."

"Took all the trouble to come after me, 'e did."

"Matter of three-quarter-of-a-mile?"

"All of that."

"Must 'ave felt yourself a bit important like."

"That's right. Uphill all the way to our place, it is, an' Pleeceman 'e fair lost 'is wind. Pleeceman 'e look very fierce—'tis the uniform as does it, you don't deceive me. Pleeceman 'e says, 'That's right, my fine fellow; you sit at 'ome in your easy-chair,' 'e says, 'snoring o' nights on your feather bed, while the brave chaps as is gone to the front lie on planks o' wood an' eat their

soup without so much as a spoon, for the sake o' them who won't bestir theirselves though the trumpet calls.'"

"Pleeceman seems to think our friend 'ere's mighty particular."

"That's 'is idea o' bein' sarcastic like. Pleeceman 'll play that game once too often for the good o' 'is 'ealth."

"Pleeceman, I reckon, would 'ave been real proud if 'e could 'ave got a fine young chap like you to fight for KING GEORGE."

"Pleeceman 'e says to me—when 'e come up to our place all 'urry-scurry to see after me goin' forth again the enemy—'e says, 'A man as is a man 'as got to put 'is 'and to the plough now an' save 'is country, while yet there is time.'"

"Pleeceman 'e talks wild when 'e's excited."

"It's takin' your 'and off of the plough, ain't it now?"

"Seems so to me—God, 'e knows."

"Pleeceman 'e says to me, 'You go to swell the number as is fightin' for our England, an' honours 'll be showered on you as thick as wapes round a

plum-tree in August,' 'e says; 'crosses an' stars an' 'alf the alphabet after your name.'"

"Pleeceman 'e can go it—'istory books ain't in it with 'is 'magination."

"Gen'rous, too, with what ain't 'is own, same as any man."

"Pleeceman 'e says, 'Go forth and fight for this our country an' we 'll give you a welcome back as 'll make you stand among us a couple o' inches taller on that great day. . . .'"

"Pleeceman 'e do talk wild when 'e's excited."

"Pleeceman 'e says, 'You shirk this plain duty a-starin' you in the face, an' white feathers 'll be sproutin' all over of you for a coward as refuses to do 'is little share when nations are goin' at it 'ammer and tongs.'"

"Pleeceman is a sight too bad when 'e be fairly moved. What did you say to that 'ere?"

"I says to Pleeceman—'You does your duty, anyway as far as it goes. But you does it too late in this 'ere case.'"

"'Ow was 'e late?"

"'Cos I 'd 'listed day before."

IN OUR VILLAGE.

*To Mrs. Robinson, The Wigwam,
Threads, Nr. Bradford.*

*From Mrs. Cusht, The Vicarage,
Yellowcubs, Leicestershire.*

Oct. 8, 1914.

DEAREST SISSIE,—I have been far too busy to write before. In this "Clash of Nations," as James finely said in his last sermon, I am distracted to find suitable holiday amusements for the children. Fräulein should have returned from her holiday in Berlin six weeks ago and was prevented with all her boxes ready packed to come; but perhaps it's as well, as James speaks of the Germans in the strongest terms—quite rightly so, of course; but one would be sorry for the poor girl to feel ashamed of her relations.

Our only alien is poor old Miss Schmidt, who has taught music for thirty years. We all try to be lenient and nice to her at my work-parties, which are widely attended. James calls them a mixture of Dorcas and Bellona—ask Harry to explain. The boys are helping to make saddle-pads for the horses at the front. They try each pad on our old Dobbin and are wild for him to go on service at once; but James has just decided that a Vicar's pony's place is in the last line of the Reserves.

You asked me how long the war would continue. We have had quite a lot of talk with the Admiral and dear old General Ramrod about it; but James says, with the utmost respect for their characters, that these naval and military men are so hide-bound. In his opinion hostilities will be over in two months from now. He says:

When the British Lion roars
Foreign legions go indoors!

You know his funny way. The boys are now shouting this all about the garden, and trying to roar like lions. I have the greatest difficulty in preventing them from going to fight other children out of sheer patriotism. The darlings do look so nice and smart. I could not resist buying them flags and tin swords and helmets like real soldiers in spite of the Moratorium, which I called by mistake *crematorium*, and James made delightful fun about it. He also said some clever thing about banks which I can't recall; it may come to me later.

Every one talks of nothing but the war. Even the errand-boys must have their say; I caught one of them setting up our nice loin chops in the dusty drive and knocking them down with pebbles for bombs; while the girl who fetched the laundry stayed for an hour in the kitchen teaching cook First Aid

bandaging, and dinner was spoilt in consequence. However these are all the little discomforts of war and must be borne in a cheerful spirit.

Your affectionate Sister, MARY
P.S.—Dear James's joke was about John Bull and bullion. Harry will understand and appreciate it.

MY BROTHER'S LETTER.

RELATIONS used to be for the most part a bore, and, unless rich, it was well that they were disregarded. But the war has altered all that. The war has brought relations, no matter how humble, into fashion.

Not all, but some. I have as a matter of fact myself one brother in the Fusiliers, in camp, and another who is a special constable and three times has reported an airship by telephone; but these do not count. It is fathers, brothers, cousins, sons, uncles and nephews at the Front who count.

Anyone who can refer to a real relation at the Front is just now conversationally on velvet, while, if a letter from this relation can be produced and read, everyone else must give way. SYDNEY SMITHS, THEODORE HOOKS, RICHARD PORNS, THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAYS even, would be three-a-penny to-day as against one obscure individual who happened to have a brother in the trenches and a letter in his hand-writing.

But that is not all. There is reflected glory too. To know a person who has a relation at the Front is to be immeasurably promoted socially, and most of the conversations which one overhears in trains and elsewhere have some such opening as this: "A friend of my brother's has seen a Belgian . . ." "A cousin of my wife's who is a doctor in a field hospital says . . ." "I know a man who was talking with a wounded Tommy, and he . . ." "An undergraduate friend of my boy's who is just back from France . . ." Once stories begun in this way would empty a room; but not so now. Now they no longer devastate but fascinate. It does not matter what the stories are about, the fact remains that an opening gambit which three months ago would stamp a man as a triple bore now holds everyone breathless. In short, relations at last have come to their own. Another achievement of WILLIAM HOHENZOLLEIN!

For the most part they bear upon German atrocities, just as a little while ago they were the preliminaries to unmistakable evidence of the presence in this country of thousands of Russians travelling from Scotland to Southampton by underground passage and other

mysterious ways. I myself believed in those Russians absolutely, and relinquished them with pain and sorrow; and all because they were attested to by other people's relations. This helps to show what a hold the relation is getting on us. In fact no story of the war is now possible without some kith and kin in it.

Personally I am much out in the cold. Those two brothers I told you of may serve to fill a gap now and then—a gap left by other more entertaining raconteurs—but they are not, as I said, any real good. Both are in England, and one will never leave it. But if things were different . . . If only that soldier brother had joined earlier and had written to me from Rheims, say, or Compiègne, how my stock would fly up! Or if that other one would even now fling away his truncheon, enlist in time to share the march to Berlin, and then sit down to tell me all about it, what a swell I should become! How dinner-parties would assemble to hear me!

As it is, I have to-day to do the best I can either with the tame home-keeping exploits of these two, or, by listening with excessive sympathy or by other parasitical endeavour, acquire a reversionary interest in someone else's relation's narrative. I have even, in order to cut some sort of a figure in a company where relations were being used with dashing success—I have even gone so far as to appropriate the gardener's boy's uncle, last heard of from Cambrai, as a personal and communicative friend, and claim an intimate association with his letter home.

And how splendid if all that could be changed!

"My brother," I could say boldly and with truth,— "my brother has sent me a few lines from Berlin, the substance of which you might care to hear." Of course they would be falling over each other to hear, but that is my artful way. "Ho camped out," I should go on, "in the Thiergarten. He says that to see the French waving their arms and cheering on the top of the Brandenburg Gate was one of the finest things possible to imagine. He had one bit of special luck: he was chosen to be one of the guard to protect the removal of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum pictures which are coming to London. He says that among these is the famous portrait of ALEXANDER DEL BORO (No. 413a) which is among our little lot."

That would be worth living for—the triumph of that relation's letter! It cannot, I fear, be mine; but surely it will be somebody's . . .



Sergeant (looking for likely talent). "DOES YOUR HORSE JUMP AT ALL?"
Recruit. "OH NO, SIR, THANK YOU. HE'S A VERY NICE HORSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOME part of the fascination that I found in *Tributarics* (CONSTABLE) was perhaps due to the interest of a problem. On the cover I am told that the author "chooses to be anonymous in order that his story should not suffer from the least suggestion of a party bias." And of course, after reading this, I simply had to discover who it was. By the time I reached the last page I had formed a tolerably confident guess. But I will not commit myself further than to say that no one, however "well-known in Great Britain and America" (the publisher again is my authority), need be ashamed to own up to *Tributarics*, which is quite one of the best written novels of the year. It is the story of a modern demagogue, a young apostle of political nonconformity, part charlatan, part zealot, who comes to town from a provincial chapel, and ends up a glorious failure as a soured and unpopular Cabinet Minister. There is an unusual quality in the characterisation and humour of this story of *Maurice Sangster*. Page after page abounds with touches of observation which betray the practised hand. The end, in its dry, unemotional justice, approaches real tragedy. One small point. *Maurice's* father-in-law, who hates and wishes to humiliate him, finds his opportunity when a turn of the party wheel throws the Minister out of office and into poverty. Her father thereupon allows *Mrs. Sangster* fifteen hundred a year for household expenses on condition that *Maurice*, who is scraping a bare hundred by his pen, shall not learn of this help till the old man's selected moment for abusing him. An intelligent woman who read the tale objected that no man, even a journalist, could long remain ignorant that he was spending fifteen hundred pounds more than he earned. I think she had a case. But the book remains a remarkable one.

My own feeling about *A Soldier of the Legion* (METHUEN) is that it suffers from some excess of plot. That clever couple, C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, can handle a complicated intrigue better than most; but here their battle-front, so to speak, is of such extent that even they seem to have found it impossible to sustain the attack at every point. We began splendidly. When *Max Doran*, rich, popular and just betrothed to a star of musical comedy, hears suddenly that he isn't *Max Doran* at all, but a pauper changeling, and that the real child of his parents (if I make myself clear) is a dull-witted girl who has been spirited away to Africa—I said to myself, now there is an exciting time ahead. So there was, but not in the way I had expected. For when *Max* goes out to Africa to find the missing one he finds her all right, but himself gets involved in a totally different and not so promising complication. The consequence is that the career of the enriched *Josephine* and her union with the wicked lawyer (all things about which I greatly wanted to hear) have to be dismissed in a few lines. As compensation we get some good desert pictures and a moving description of life in the Foreign Legion, of which *Max* becomes a member. But his other African adventures, and the sub-sub-plot of the abduction of a Moorish maiden by her Spanish lover, left me disappointed and detached. Of course *Max* embraces the heroine on the last page; and I could not but admire the resource with which, having dropped the curtain upon this climax, the authors ring it up again for an added paragraph (my metaphor is getting somewhat uncertain, but no matter), which brings the story to the warlike present. On the whole a readable book, but not quite equal to the best from the same firm.

Since the short prefatory note to *Raymond Poincaré* (DUCKWORTH) tells me that the book was not hastily mobilised and sent into the firing line earlier than its

author had intended, I must conclude that he is prepared to meet the onset of the critic. I will therefore suggest to him—and this the more boldly because he is anonymous—that he sometimes treats French politics, both international and domestic, with an allusiveness rather tantalising to the average English reader. “The events of 1904,” he says airily, and expects us to remember them at once. This is a Gallic trait which would have caused us, I suppose, had we possessed it here, to allude to the open space at the top of Whitehall as “the square of the 21st of October.” There is a supreme interest for us at the present moment in this study of the man whose dignified attitude towards Germany during the Moroccan crisis, and support of the *entente* with ourselves, has gone far to alter England’s traditional policy in European affairs. It is noteworthy that the writer takes a very firm line about our duty in this respect, and gravely deprecates the then growing feeling of friendship with Germany. It is his opinion that M. POINCARÉ probably “exercises more influence in his own country . . . as regards foreign policy than did any of his predecessors.” He would also have us appreciate the French PRESIDENT’s many-sided ability as a lawyer, financier, and educationalist. Indeed, his proposed Budget of 1906 might well have earned him a reputation as formidable as that of one whom I will not name. They tell me that M. POINCARÉ has been to the front. I hope he saw there some worthy fruits of his strong policy in time of peace.

I have not before met with a book by A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, the author of *The Clean Heart* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). That is my loss, for he has a curious intensity of vision, an arresting way of making objective his thoughts by a sort of nervous battering emphasis of repetition. And he has things to say. A curious theme and painful. One *Wriford*, editor and novelist, breaks down from overwork and hovers about the ineffably dread borderline, crossing and recrossing. And first that grotesque tramp, *Puddlebor*, drunken, devout, affectionate optimist, with his “Oh, ye loonies of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever;” then the oldest sea-captain living, with his “portograph” in *The Daily Picture*; then a preparatory school, full of boys; last, and most effectively, simple, sweet laughing *Essie*, daughter of the cert. plumber—all help variously to win him out of his morbid wrestling to mental and spiritual health. A live book this, and to be commended very warmly. But there are one or two difficulties. Those grotesqueries of the tramp and the fantastically laughable adventures of *Wriford* in his company—do they mingle quite smoothly with the painfully realistic manifestations of poor *Wriford*’s state? Can so dreadful a theme ride off successfully on so bizarre a steed? And then again, was not the whole agony of the man on the physical and mental, not the spiritual

plane? For did not *Wriford* before his illness give many obvious signs of unselfishness? Is there not in effect a certain confusion of the clean heart with the unclouded mind? I suspect the author has some subtle sufficient answer. And anyway I urge everyone to make acquaintance with two very lovable folk, the tramp and little *Essie*, among many others.

Ape’s Face (LANE) takes its title from the name bestowed by her family upon the heroine. It is not, you will admit, either a usual or an attractive name; but then Miss MARION FOX is by no means a usual writer, though she is in many ways a strangely attractive one. Perhaps you recall certain earlier tales of hers which displayed the same character-

istics that you will find in this, though I think they were not perhaps quite so definitely bogie. I used a wrong qualification there. Definite is exactly what Miss Fox’s bogies are not, and in this they show their own good sense, and hers. She knows quite well that to define a supernatural element is to lessen enormously its flesh-creeping capabilities. Your flesh will creep all right over *Ape’s Face* several times; though perhaps you may agree with me at the end that the book is really an enlarged Christmas tale, and would gain by being reduced to magazine dimensions. I have not yet told you what it is all about. Very briefly, there is a family and a curse. This curse—with regard to the exact details of which I still find myself a little vague—used to express itself by causing murders from time to time among the brothers and sisters of the House. The tale is told in a detached and purposely elusive way that adds much to its effect, chiefly as it is felt by one *Armstrong*, a stranger who comes to stay with the *Mortons* at a time when their very unpleasant family habit was due to mani-



Special Constable (to suspicious lounge). “NOW, LOOK HERE, IF YOU DON’T CLEAR OFF, I’LL—TELL YOU WHAT I’LL DO—I’LL CALL A POLICEMAN!”

fest itself. “You cannot move about the house without feeling that the thing has nearly *broken through*.” The italics in this chance quotation are mine, and used to emphasize a rare feeling for the most haunting phrase, a feeling which gives distinction throughout to the story.

“Experienced Chauffeur wants situation; careful diver.”

Advt. in “*Gloucester Citizen*.”

A useful man in a whirlpool of traffic.

“When the foe was announced, the country men did open the doors of their stables to let the beasts over run in the neighbourhood. Amongst them was a bull, who came out in the street, smiling, bending his hocks and waitering anxious.

At this time, the gun started to boom. The beast, then, rushed and gone away from the village. On the knoll a german section had just taken place. The bull fell amongst, his horns forward, fool of rage. He knocked down the Germans like skittles.”

“*Démocratie de L’Ouest* (English-French edition).”

This is almost as picturesque as some of the work of the “Eye-witness at General Headquarters.”



The following incident has been forwarded by the Special Constable himself, but the Authorities will not permit the publication of his actual portrait:—

Small Boy (suddenly noticing Special Constable). "LOOK AHT! COPPER!"

Girl. "WHERE?"

Boy. "THERE—AGIN FENCE."

Girl. "GARN, SILLY—FRIGHTEENIN' ME!"

CHARIVARIA.

"THE KING," says *The Manchester Courier*, "has returned all his German Orders." So much for the taunt that Britain's object in taking part in the War was to pick up German orders.

We hear that, in addition to lowering the lights at night, the authorities intend, in order to confuse the enemy, to alter the names of some of our thoroughfares, and a start is to be made with Park Lane, which is to be changed to Petticoat Lane.

The KAISER is reported to have received a nice letter from his old friend ABDUL ("the D—d"), pointing out that it is the fate of some kind and gentle souls to be misunderstood.

Matches, it is stated, are required at the front—to put an end, we believe, to Tommy Atkins' reckless habit of lighting his cigarette by applying it to the burning fuse of a bomb.

A Sikh non-commissioned officer

has, according to *The Central News*, delivered himself of the following saying:—"Power is to kings, but time belongs to the gods. The Indians know how to wait." This will no doubt call forth an indignant rejoinder from the Teutonic Waiters' Association.

"Property insured in London is valued at £1,320,000,000," according to an announcement made by Lord PEEL last week. One can almost hear the KAISER smacking his lips.

At last the authorities have acted, and the premises of a German firm with concrete foundations have been raided. This bears out the promise of certain high officials who declared that they would take action when a concrete example was brought to their notice.

The official "Eye-Witness" in a recent despatch tells us how a British subaltern saw, from a wood, an unsuspecting German soldier patrolling the road. Not caring to shoot his man in cold blood, he gave him a ferocious kick from behind, at which the startled

German ran away with a yell. This subaltern certainly ought to have figured in "Boots' Roll of Honour" which was published last week.

Why, it is being asked, do not the French retaliate for the damage done by the Germans to their cathedrals and drop bombs on Berlin? The persons who put this question have evidently never seen Berlin or they would know that you cannot damage its architecture if you try.

The KAISER has announced his intention of eating his Christmas dinner in London. We trust that Mr. MCKENNA and his men will see to it that His Majesty will, anyhow, find no mince pies here. [NOTE.—"Mince pies" should be pronounced "mean spies." This greatly improves the paragraph.]

According to one report which reaches us the KAISER is now beginning to quibble. He has pointed out that, when he said he would eat his Christmas dinner at Buckingham Palace, he did not mention which Christmas.

TO THE ENEMY, ON HIS ACHIEVEMENT.

Now wanes the third moon since your conquering host
Was to have laid our weakling army low,
And walked through France at will. For that loud boast
What have you got to show?

A bomb that chipped a tower of Nôtre Dame,
Leaving its mark like trippers' knives that scar
The haunts of beauty—that's the best *rèclame*
You have achieved so far.

Paris, that through her humbled Triumph-Arch
Was doomed to see you tread your fathers' tracks—
Paris, your goal, now lies a six days' march
Behind your homing backs.

Pressed to the borders where you lately passed
Bulging with insolence and fat with pride,
You stake your all upon a desperate cast
To stem the gathering tide.

Eastward the Russian draws you to his fold,
Content, on his own ground, to bide his day,
Out of whose toils not many feet of old
Found the returning way.

And still along the seas our watchers keep
Their grip upon your throat with bands of steel,
While that Armada, which should rake the deep,
Skulks in its hole at Kiel.

So stands your record—stay, I cry you grace—
I wronged you. There is Belgium, where your sword
Has bled to death a free and gallant race
Whose life you held in ward;

Where on your trail the smoking land lies bare
Of hearth and homestead, and the dead babe clings
About its murdered mother's breast—ah, there,
Yes, you have done great things!

O. S.

TOMMY BROWN, RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Tommy Brown had been moved up into Form II., lest he should take root in Form I. He had been recommended personally by the master of Form I. to Mr. Smith, the guardian deity of Form II., as "the absolute limit." After a year of Tommy, Mr. Smith had begun to mention him in his prayers, not so much for Tommy's good as for his own deliverance—mentally including him in the category of plague, pestilence, famine and sudden death.

Though the pervading note of Mr. Smith's report upon Tommy was gloom, deep gloom, he must have had some dim hopes of him, for, at the end of the Summer Term, he had placed his hand upon Tommy's head and said, "Never mind, my boy, we shall make a man of you some day."

A new term had begun; Tommy Brown had mobilised two days late, but he was in time for Mr. Smith's lecture on "The War, boys."

The orator spoke for an hour and a quarter, and at the end he wiped his brows with the blackboard duster under the impression that it was his handkerchief. Meanwhile Tommy had eaten three apples, caught four flies, written "Kiser" in chalk on the back of the boy in front of him, exchanged a catapult with Jones minor for a knife, cut his finger, and made faces at each of the four new boys. Mr. Smith caught him in one of these contortions, but he was speaking of Louvain at the moment and took it as a compliment.

Suddenly Tommy found himself confronted with a number

of sheets of clean paper. "The essay is to be written on one side of the paper only," said Mr. Smith.

Tommy asked the boy next to him what they had to write about, and the reply, "The War, you fool," set him thinking.

A deathlike stillness fell upon the room; Tommy Brown looked round, frowned heavily, dipped his pen in the ink and then in his mouth, and thought hard.

Then, after much frowning, he delivered himself of the following, the ink being shared equally between himself and the paper:—

"The wor was becose the beljums wouldnt let the jermens go over there fields so they put minds in the sea and bunbarded people dead with airplans. It was shokkin. The rushens have got a steme roler. We have got a garden roler at home and I pull it sometimes. I dont like jermens. Kitchener said halt your country needs you and weve got a lot of drednorts. The airplans drop bombs on anyone if your not looking it isnt fare yours truly T. Brown."

The essay completed to his satisfaction, Tommy Brown conveyed to his mouth a sweet the size and strength of which fully justified the name "Britain's Bulwarks" attached to it by the shopkeeper.

He then leaned back with the air of one who had done his duty in the sphere in which he found himself and proceeded to survey the room.

The other boys were still writing, and for fully half a minute Tommy looked at them in pained surprise.

He then read his own essay again and, finding no flaw in it, frowned once more on his fellow pupils and wrote: "My father won the Victoria Cross Meddle." Having written this he looked round again somewhat defiantly. His eye caught one of the new boys beginning another sheet.

Tommy's essay just filled two-thirds of a page. He would fight that new boy. Just then the words of a war poster came into his head and he wrote in large letters: "Your King and country want you."

Tommy studied this for a minute, and then, as the appeal seemed directed to himself, he wrote: "I'm not old enuf or I'd go my brothers gone I'm not a funk I let Jones minor push a needle into my finger to show him."

It seemed to Tommy Brown that the other boys possessed some secret fund of information, even the new boys. He'd show those new boys after school. Having made up his mind on this point he printed at the bottom of his essay, "Kitchener wants men." As an after-thought he added, "My father was a man."

He let his gaze wander round the room until it fell upon the face of his master, and then, under some impulse, he wrote the fateful words, "Mr. Smith is a man."

"Finish off now!" rang out the command from Mr. Smith.

Tommy saw the other boys putting sheet after sheet together, and he had hardly filed one. He racked his brains for something to add to his essay, and there came to his mind the words written under his father's portrait. He had only time to put down "England expects—" when his paper was collected.

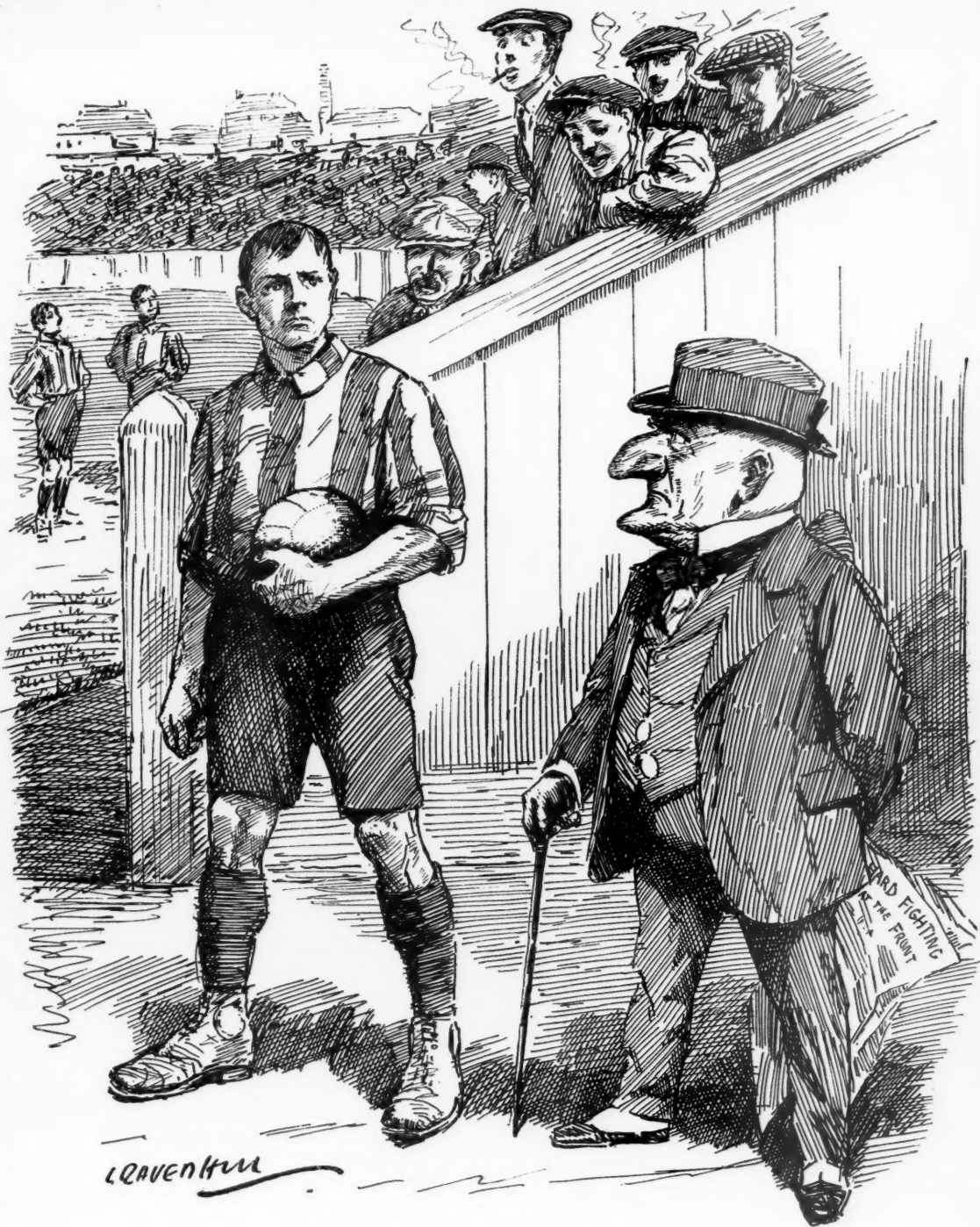
No one ever read Tommy Brown's essay excepting Mr. Smith, and he burnt it.

A lady teaches Form II. now, and Tommy Brown is eagerly looking forward to the day when Mr. Smith will return to occupy once more the post that is being kept open for him, for Mr. Smith has promised to bring Tommy home a German helmet.

"A number of shells burst together and almost at the same moment he saw a large cigar-shaped cigar fall to the earth."

Bolton Evening News.

The unusual shape of it struck him at once.



THE GREATER GAME.

MR. PUNCH (to Professional Association Player). "NO DOUBT YOU CAN MAKE MONEY IN THIS FIELD, MY FRIEND, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE FIELD TO-DAY WHERE YOU CAN GET HONOUR."

[The Council of the Football Association apparently proposes to carry out the full programme of the Cup Competition, just as if the country did not need the services of all its athletes for the serious business of War.]

5

THE SUNDAY EVENING EDITION.

Mrs. HENRY looked up. "I think I hear that boy again selling evening papers," she said. "I suppose they must come off the 9.5 train. But it's a strange thing to happen on a Sunday—here."

The Reverend Henry was already at the window. He throw it up and leaned out.

"One can't approve of it, but I suppose in war time—" Mrs. Henry was beginning when her husband cut her short. "Hush—I'm trying to hear what he is saying. I wish boys could be taught to speak distinctly." There was a pause.

"I can't make him out." The Reverend Henry's head reappeared between the curtains. "It's really most exasperating; I'd give a lot to know if the Belgian army got out of Antwerp before it fell."

"Couldn't you shout down and ask him?"

"No, no. I cannot be discovered interrogating urchins about secular affairs from a second storey window on Sunday evening. Still, I'd like to know."

The Reverend Henry perambulated the room with knitted brow.

"I never bought a Sunday paper of any sort in my life. Never."

"I suppose one must have some principles," said his wife.

"But it's enormously important, you know. They may easily have been surrounded and captured." He returned to the window. "Hullo, he's gone to the door. I say, Cook has bought one. This is exciting. I should never have thought Cook would have done that."

"It raises rather a nice point," said Mrs. Henry.

The Reverend Henry returned resolutely to his book. The shouts of the newsvendor died away.

"We must not forget," said the Reverend Henry irrelevantly, "that Cook is a Dissenter." Then suddenly he broke out. "I wish I knew," he said. "I am not paying the least attention to this book and I shan't sleep well, and I shall get up about two hours before the morning paper arrives, and be restive till I know whether the Belgians got out. But what am I to do? I can't ask Cook."

"I might go down," his wife volunteered. "I needn't say anything about it, you know. I could just stroll about the kitchen and change the orders for breakfast. The paper is pretty sure to be lying about. There may be headlines."



Alf (reading French news). "ALL THE CINEMAS IN CALAIS ARE SHUT UP. MY WORD! THAT BRINGS THE HORRORS OF WAR PRETTY CLOSE HOME!"

"No," said the Reverend Henry with determination, "I really cannot consent to it."

"Well, I may as well go to bed. Don't sit up late."

The Reverend Henry did sit up rather late. He was wide awake and ill at ease. At last he listened intently at the door and then took a candle and stole down the passage.

The Reverend Henry had not been in his own kitchen for close upon ten years, and he did not know the way about very well. He had adventures and some moments of rigid suspense while the clatter of a kicked coal-scuttle died away in the distance. But when at last he crept noiselessly up-stairs he was assured of a good night's rest.

"What a mess your hands are in," said Mrs. Henry sleepily.

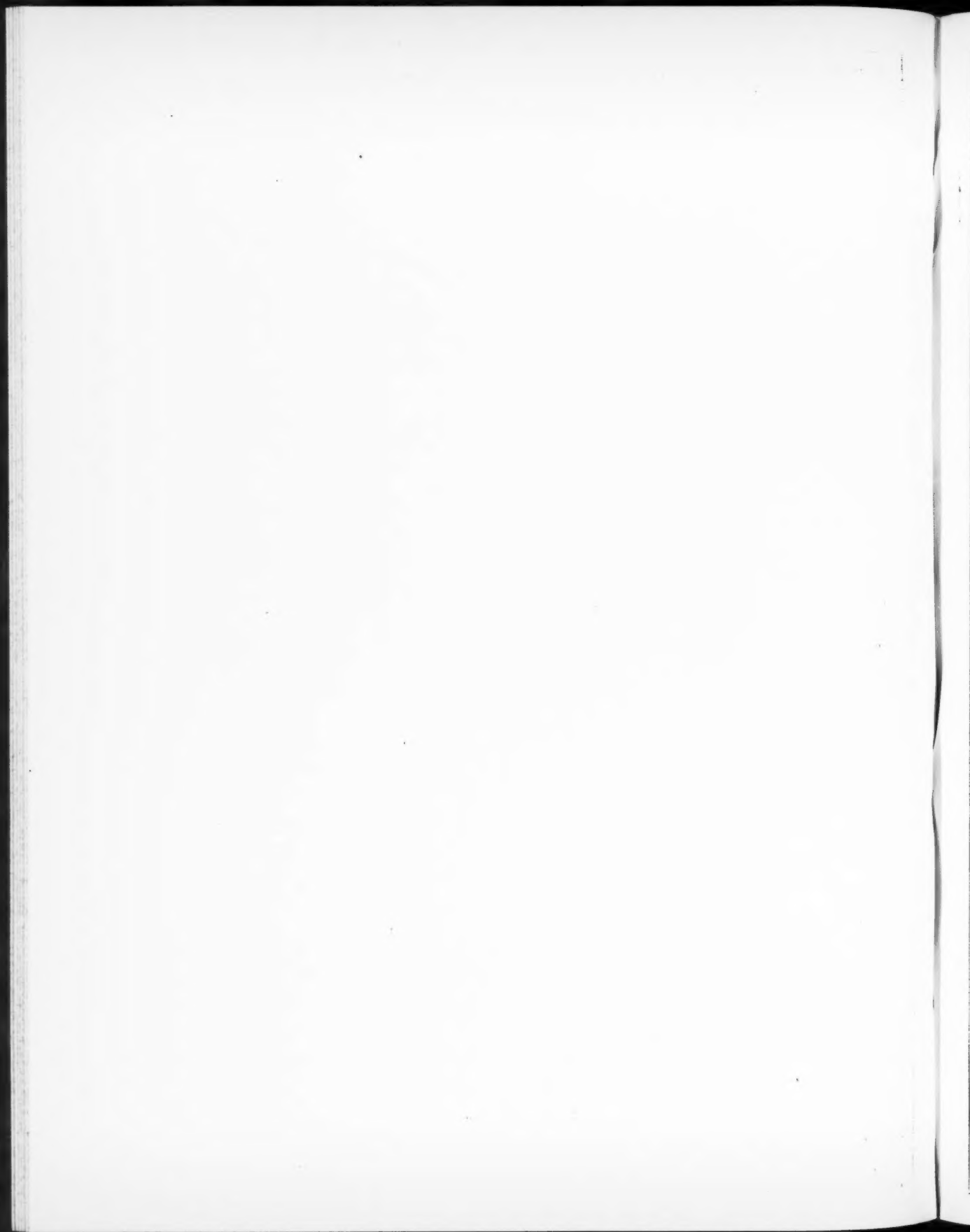
"Yes," said Henry. "That miserable woman had used it to lay the fire. But it's all right. They did get out—most of them."

"British Troops Fighting (Official)."—*Western Mail*.

So the Censor has let the secret out at last, and the rumours of the last 70 days prove to be well founded.

"Five hundred German prisoners were landed in Dublin yesterday afternoon, and conveyed under escort to Templemore, County Tipperary."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

It's a long, long way, but they've got there at last.



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UNINTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

"My dear," I said, "you are always proposing things, and then, when they are carried *nem. con.*, you argue against your own proposal."

"It's unfair to use Greek to me."

"*Nem. con.*," I said, "is rich old Castilian and, put simply, means that nobody—I am nobody—objects."

"But we can't afford a new tea-set."

"Then why did you ask so many to tea at once?"

"I didn't think," said Alison. "They are coming to make pyjamas for our soldiers in the trenches, and I simply thought that the more people came the more pyjamas there would be."

"How many cups have we?"

"Only five tea-cups. Jessie broke two more yesterday, and there's one with a piece out that you or I could use. Oh! and there are the two breakfast cups and two odd ones which would make up the number, but they're such a mixed lot."

Jessie is our domestic staff and a champion china-breaker.

"If Jessie," I said, "were not so good to young Peter I should insist on handing her back her credentials. Hold! I have the germ of an idea. Leave me to work it out, please. I see credit, nay kudos, in it."

At the end of ten minutes Alison looked in again.

"I'm just putting the finishing touches," I said.

"Kindly ask Peter to spare me a few moments. He's sailing his boats in the bath, I imagine. By the way, what time are these people coming?"

"Half-past four," said Alison, "and it's now nearly four."

"Then please see that Jessie brings in tea at five exactly."

"Why exactly?" said Alison.

"Why not?" I said. "Five is a very good hour, and it's part of my scheme."

"It's most mysterious," said Alison.

"It's particularly ingenious," I said.

"Everything dovetails in beautifully, and if you'll carry out your small share all will be well. By the way, if I make any remark to the company before tea which is not—er—strictly true, you will please to take no notice of it."

"I'll try not to," said Alison, "if it isn't too outrageous."

"Oh, no," I said, "nothing to shy at. But I might find it necessary to say something about a Worcester tea-set. Listen," I said before she could interrupt. "When you hear me say, 'Worcester tea-set' you say 'Great heavens!' or whatever women say under stress of great emotion. But sit tight. Don't go and see about it."

"See about what?"

"The Worcester tea-set, of course."

"Now look here, old pal," I said at the close, "quarter to exactly, in the bathroom."

"Right-o! Daddy." Peter (ætat. 9) has a wrist-watch already and winds it regularly, so I knew he wouldn't fail me.

At a quarter to five I was talking to Mrs. Padbury, the Rector's wife, about the doings of the various Armies in the field. I was sitting in such a position that, while seeming to attend only to her, I could keep an eye on the drawing-room clock behind her. Every detail of my scheme had been carefully arranged; it now only remained for the actors to play their . . .

Crash!

"Bless my soul," I said, "that sounds remarkably like the Worcester tea-set," and looking at the clock again I knew that Peter had made the "loud noise off" at the exact moment. "Good lad," I said to myself.

"Great heavens!" said Alison.

I was delighted. I had been more afraid of Alison's getting stage fright than of anything else, and there she was playing her part like a veteran actress. Things were going really splendidly.

It was at this precise moment that the grandfather clock in the kitchen gave out the first stroke of five, and at the same moment Jessie entered bearing a tray, on which were the five drawing-room tea-cups which were intact, the single ditto with a piece out, two breakfast

cups and two odd ones.

So the one player, the kitchen clock, whose part had been overlooked, had spoilt the whole show by being nearly fifteen minutes fast; and the fact that Jessie tripped on the doormat as she came in, with fatal results to the rest of our tea-things, was a mere circumstance.

Alison blames me for everything.

The next pyjama conference is to be held at the Rectory.

From a well-known Firm's catalogue:—

"Our roll of honour to date: 487 employees joined the colours."

The question, "Shall women fight?" has now been decided.



The St. John Ambulance Association, which forms part of the Red Cross Organisation of Great Britain, derives its name and traditions from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (Knights Hospitallers), founded at the time of the Crusades. It has at this moment many thousands of workers engaged in tending the wounded at the seat of war and in the hospitals of the Order.

In peace time it does not appeal to the public for subscriptions, but under the stress of war it finds itself in urgent need of help, and is absolutely compelled to ask for funds. Gifts should be sent to the Chief Secretary, Colonel Sir Herbert C. Perrott, Bt., C.B., at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C., and cheques should be crossed "London County and Westminster Bank, Lothbury," and made payable to the St. John Ambulance Association. In aid of its work, a Concert (at which Madame Patti will sing) is to be given at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, October 24th.

"But we haven't got one."

"My dear girl," I said, "try to imagine we have. In this little drawing-room comedy you've only one line to learn, and your cue's 'Worcester tea-set.'"

"But what's the idea?" said Alison.

"The idea," I said, "is great, but it is as well you should not know the whole plot of the piece yet. Play your one line, and I, as stage manager, will answer for the rest of the cast."

"And what's Peter got to do with it?"

"I want him to have tea with Jessie."

"Right," I said. "Peter's part is important, but is played off—in the wings, as it were."

My interview with Peter was not a long one.



A UNITED FAMILY.

Irish would-be Recruit. "BEG PARDON, CAPTAIN, BUT THE MAN IN THERE WON'T LET ME GO TO FIGHT BECAUSE OF ME EYE."

Captain. "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN THE ARMY?"

Would-be Recruit. "I HAVE, SORR."

Captain. "WHAT REGIMENT?"

Would-be Recruit. "ME BROTHER WAS IN THE LEINSTERS."

STICK TO IT, RIGHT WING!

(A few suggested official communiqués, respectfully offered to the authorities in Paris.)

MONDAY.

ENEMY, towards Lassigny, made attack,
But after suffering heavy loss withdrew.
We have made progress near to Berry-au-Bac,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

TUESDAY.

Near the Argonne we had a slight reverse
(Though what the Germans said is quite untrue).
Along the Meuse things seem a little worse,
But on our right wing there is nothing new.

WEDNESDAY.

We gather that sensational reports
Announced the fall of Antwerp ere 'twas due;
There 's still resistance in some Antwerp forts,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

THURSDAY.

Our left is making progress, and it looks
(For the straight line is getting very skew)
As if our forces might surround von Kluck's.
Meantime, on right wing there is nothing new.

FRIDAY.

Fighting in centre; German loss immense;
Our casualties, it seems, were very few.
All up the left wing Germans very dense;
May they remain so! Right wing, nothing new.

SATURDAY.

In some few places we have given ground;
In several others we have broken through.
Our left is still by way of working round,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

SUNDAY.

On our left wing the state of things remains
Unaltered, on a general review.
Our losses in the centre match our gains,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

L'ENVOI.

So it goes on. But there may come a day
When WILHELM's cheek assumes a different hue,
And bulletins are rounded off this way:—
"And on the right wing there is something new."

"The prisoner, who was said to be an Indian barrister's window, was placed on the floor of the Court."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.
The prisoner would have looked better in the roof as a skylight.

"THE DOUBLE MYSTERY."

ACT I.

Scene: The house of Judge Hallers. Also of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER; that is to say, The Garrick.

Doctor Ferrier (professionally). Now tell me the symptoms. Where do you feel the pain?

Judge Hallers. At the back of the head. I've never been myself since I fell off my bicycle. My memory goes.

Ferrier. Ah, I know what you want. Open your mouth. (*Inserts thermometer.*) This will cure you . . . Good heavens, he's swallowed it!

Hallers. There you are, that's what I mean. I thought it was asparagus for the moment. Haven't you another one on you?

Ferrier. Tut, tut, this is very singular. (*Makes another effort to grapple with it.*) What books have you been reading lately?

Hallers. One about Dual Personality. It's all rubbish.

Ferrier (quoting from the programme with an air of profound knowledge). Cases showing prevalence of this mental disorder are to be found everywhere. (*Gets up.*) Well, well, I will come round to-morrow with another thermometer. Good night. (*Exit.*)

Hallers. Dual personality — nonsense! (*A spasm seizes him. He scowls at the audience, ties a muffler round his neck and loses his identity.*) Gr-r-r-r! Waugh-waugh! Gr-r-r-r-r! Przemysl! (*Exit growling.*)

ACT II.

Scene: "The Lame Duck" café, a horrible haunt of depravity.

Poulard (the Proprietor, to long-bearded customer). Yes, Sir?

L.-B. Customer. H'sh! (*Removes portion of beard.*) I am Inspector Heidegg!

Poulard. Fried egg?

Inspector (annoyed). Heidegg. (*Replaces beard.*) A gang of desperate desperados, headed by the ruffianly ruffian whom they call The Baron, will be here to-night. I shall be hiding under the counter. Ten men and two dachshunds surround the house. If you betray me your licence will not be worth a moment's purchase.

(*He dives under the counter. Poulard, rather upset, goes out and kicks the waiter.*)

Enter the gang of desperados, male and female. A scene of horrible debauchery ensues.

Charlier (revelling recklessly). Small lemonade, waiter.

Picard (with abandoned gaiety). A dry biscuit and a glass of milk.

Jacquot (letting himself go). Dash, bother, hang, bust!

Picard (to Merlin). Why don't you revel?

Merlin (giving Suzanne a nudge). What-ho! (*Relapses into silence again.*)

Picard (gaily). A song! a song!

Charlier (in an agonised whisper). You fool, none of us can sing!

Picard. What about the girl who sang the recruiting song before the play began? Isn't she behind the scenes still? (*Cracking his biscuit.*) Well, let's have a dance anyway. We must make the thing go. Waiter, another glass of milk.

Enter Judge Hallers in scowl and muffler.

Charlier (enthusiastically). Ha! The Baron!

Hallers. I mean business to-night, boys. Look at this! (*He produces a dagger and a pistol.*)

Charlier. What a man!

(*He throws away his pea-shooter in disgust. Jacquot, who has just begun to strop a fish-knife, realizes that he has been outdone in devilry, and gives it back to the waiter. Picard replaces his knotted handkerchief.*)

Hallers. Yes, boys, I've got a crib for you to crack to-night. It's Judge Hallers' house. (*A loud bumping noise is heard from the direction of the counter.*) What's that?

It is Inspector Heidegg. (Raising his head incautiously, in order to catch his first sight of the notorious Baron, he has struck the top of his skull against the counter and is now lying stunned.)

All. A spy!

Hallers. Bring him out . . . Ha! Who is he? Is that his own beard or Clarkson's?

Charlier. It's a police inspector in a false beard!

Mr. BOURCHIER (contemptuously). A real artist would have grown a beard. (*Producing his knife.*) He must die.

(*There is a loud noise without.*)

Noise without. Open! Bang-bang. Open! Bow-wow, bow-wow. (*It is the police and the two dachshunds.*)

Hallers. Quick! The trap-door!

(*They escape as the dachshunds enter.*)

LAST ACT.

Scene: Next morning at Judge Hallers.

Dr. Ferrier. Good morning, Judge. I've come with that other thermometer. I have ventured to tie a piece of string to it, so that in case the—temperature goes down again—But what's happened here? You seem all upset.

Hallers. Burglary. I dropped asleep at my desk here last night, and when I wake up I find that a criminal called The Baron and two accomplices have burgled my house. The Baron escaped, but Heidegg caught the others.

Ferrier. Extraordinary thing. What theatres have you been to lately?

Hallers. Only the Garrick. (*Enter Heidegg.*) Well, anything fresh to report, Inspector?

Heidegg. Yes, Judge. The prisoners say that you are The Baron. But they say you had a muffler on last night. That might account for our dachshunds missing the scent.

Hallers. Good heavens, what do you make of this, Doctor?

Ferrier (picking up programme). Cases showing prevalence of this mental disorder—

Hallers. You mean I am a dual personality! (*Covers his face with his hands.*)

Ferrier. Come, come, control yourself.

Hallers (calmly). It is all right; I am my own man—I mean my own two men again. What shall I do?

Ferrier. You must wrestle with your second self. I will hypnotise you. (*He glares at him.*)

Hallers (after a long pause). Well, why don't you begin?

Ferrier. You ass, I'm doing it all the time. This is the latest way . . . There! Now then, wrestle!

(*A terrible struggle ensues. After what seems about half an hour the Judge, panting heavily, gets The Baron metaphorically down on the mat, and—*)

Ferrier. Time! (*Replacing his watch.*) That will do for to-day. But continue the treatment every morning—say for half an hour before the bath. Good day to you.

Hallers. Wait a moment; you can't go like this. We must have a proper curtain. Ah, here's my fiancée. Would you—Thank you!

(*The Doctor leads her to the Judge, who embraces her.*)

CURTAIN.

A. A. M.

"It was dark, and as he stumbled on his way he called out, 'Are you there, Fritz?' A French soldier with a knowledge of German shouted back, 'Here.'"*—Daily Mail.*

At the critical moment his knowledge of German seems to have failed him.

From the report of the Manchester Medical Officer of Health:—

"An important step forward was taken in 1909, when an Order of the Local Government Board made Tuberculosis of the Lungs obligatory on the Medical Officers of the Poor Law Service; in 1911 a second Order extended the obligation to other Institutions."

So far, luckily, the Order has not been extended to journalists. Regarding it, however, from the standpoint of the onlooker, we think that the L. G. B. has gone a little beyond its powers.

WHY HAVE WE NO SUPERMEN LIKE THE GERMANS?



HOW THEY MIGHT BRIGHTEN REGENT STREET.



HOW THEY MIGHT WAKE UP OUR RESTAURANTS.



AND HONOUR US WITH THEIR GALLANTRY.



AND, BEST OF ALL, HOW AMUSING TO SEE THEM MEET A SUPER-SUPERMAN.



FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

STORM OF RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION AT THE ENEMY'S HEADQUARTERS ON THEIR BEING SHOWN A "BARBAROUS AND DISGUSTING ENGINE OF WAR" IN USE BY THE ALLIES. [The Germans have taken a strong objection to the French 75 m/m gun.]

THE GREAT SHOCK.

(Or a tragic result of Armageddon as gleaned from the *Evening Press*.)

No more the town discusses
The Halls and what will win;
Now stifled are the wags' tones
On Piccadilly's flagstones,
And half the motor-buses
Have started for Berlin.

New eyes to war adapting
We stare at the Gazette;
Yon eager-faced civilian,
When posters flaunt vermilion
And boys say "Paper, capting,"
Replies "Not captain—yet."

"Remains," I asked, "no station
Of piping peace and sport?
Oh yes. Though kings may
tumble,

No howitzers can rumble,
No sounds but cachinnation
Can boom from DARLING's Court.

"That garden of the Graces
Can hear no cannon roar;
From that dear island valley
No bruit of arms can sally,
But men must burst their braces
With laughter as of yore.

"While dogs of war are snarling
His wit shall sweep away
Bellona's ominous vapour;"
Therefore I bought a paper
To see what Justice DARLING
Happened to have to say.

In vain his humour sortied,
In vain with spurts of glee
Like field-guns on the trenches
He raked the crowded benches;
My evening print reported
No kind of casualty.

No prisoner howled and hooted,
No strong policemen tore
With helpless mirth their jackets,
There was not even in brackets
This notice: "(Laughter—muted
In deference to the war.)"

EVOR.

A Traitor Press.

"BRITISH PRESS BACK THE ENEMY."
Manchester Courier.
Punch anyhow backs the Allies.

Cardiff claims the honour of having
enlisted the heaviest recruit in the
person of a police constable weighing
nineteen stone odd. He should prove
invaluable for testing bridges before the
heavy artillery passes across.

A ROYAL CRACKSMAN.

WHEN the housebreaking business is
slack

And cracksmen are finding it slow—
For all the seasiders are back
And a great many more didn't go—
Here's excellent news from the front
And joy in Bill Sikes's brigade;
Things are looking up since
The German CROWN PRINCE
Has been giving a fillip to trade.

His methods are quite up to date,
Displaying adroitness and dash;
What he wants he collects in a crate,
What he doesn't he's careful to
smash.

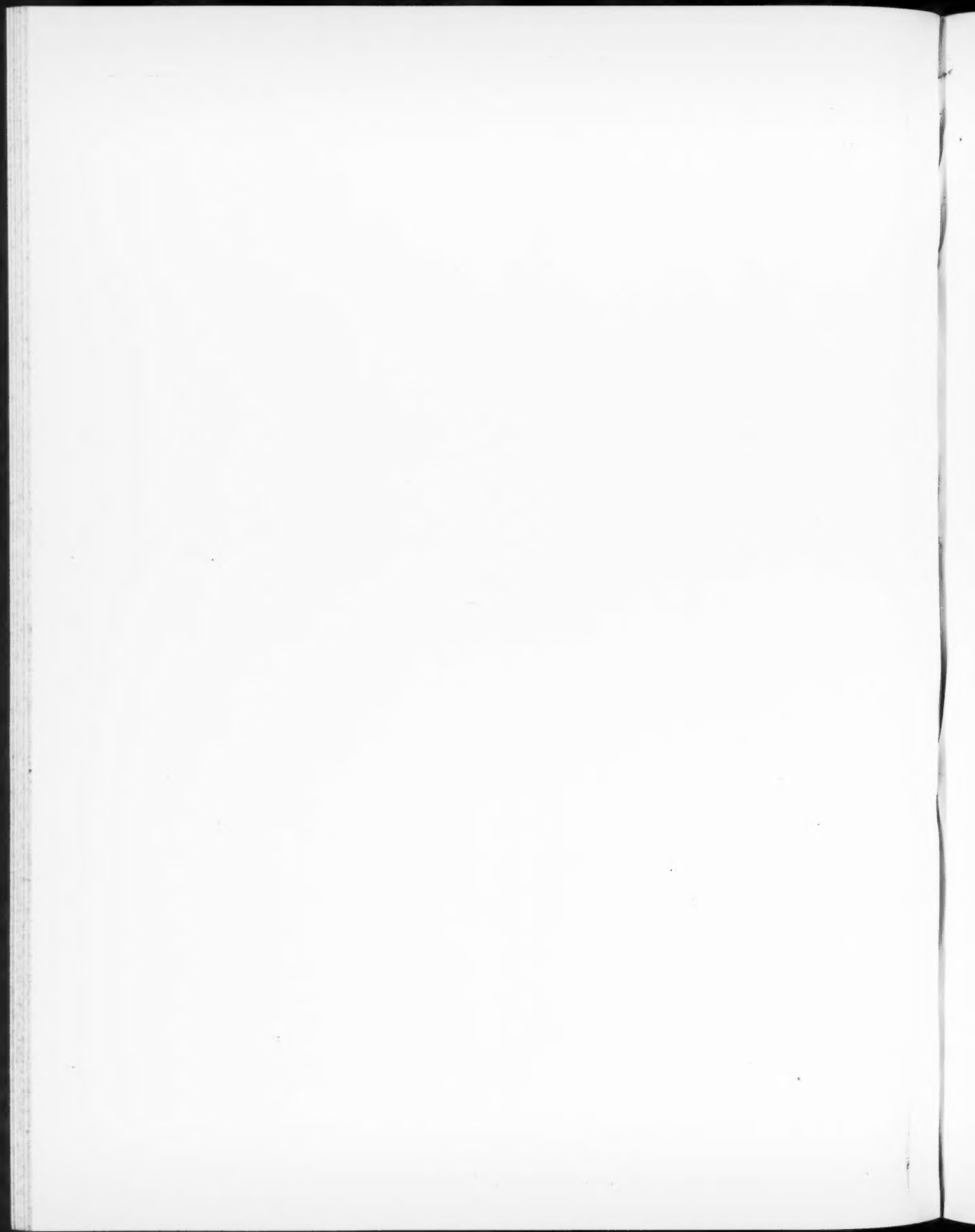
An historical château in France
With Imperial ardour he loots,
Annexing the best
And erasing the rest
With the heels of his soldierly boots.

Sikes reads the report with applause;
It's quite an inspiring affair;
But a sudden idea gives him pause—
The Germans must stop over there!
So he flutters a Union Jack
To help to keep Englishmen steady,
Remarking, "His nibs
Mustn't crack *English* cribs,
The profession is crowded already."



UNCONQUERABLE.

THE KAISER, "SO, YOU SEE—YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING."
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. "NOT MY SOUL."





MORE HORRORS OF WAR.

Lady Midas (to friend). "YES, DO COME TO DINNER ON FRIDAY. ONLY I MUST CAUTION YOU THAT IT WILL BE AN ABSOLUTE PICNIC, FOR MY FOURTH AND SIXTH FOOTMEN HAVE JUST ENLISTED."

WAR ITEMS.

THE reiterated accusations made by Germany of the use of dum-dum bullets by the Allies, although they are not believed by anyone else, appear to be accepted without question by the German General Staff. New measures of retaliation are being taken, which, while not strictly forbidden by International Law, may at any rate be said to contravene the etiquette of civilised warfare. We learn from Sir JOHN FRENCH's Eye-witness that numbers of gramophones have made their appearance in the German trenches north of the Aisne River.

Papers captured in the pocket of a member of the German Army Service Corps contain bitter complaints of the enormous strain thrown upon the already over-taxed railway system in Germany by the KAISER's repeated journeys to and fro between the Eastern and the Western Theatres of War. He is referred to (rather flipantly) as "The Imperial Pendulum" (*Perpendikel*). The writer, while re-

cognising the eager devotion with which the KAISER is pursuing his search for a victory in the face of repeated disappointment, congratulates himself that the Imperial journeys, though they are not likely to be discontinued, will at least grow shorter and shorter as time goes on. Indeed, it is hoped that before long a brief spin in the Imperial automobile-de-luxe will cover the ground between the Eastern and Western Theatres.

WORKS OF KULTUR.

IN some respects, apparently, the enemy has been less affected by the War than we have. While in England the book-trade has been slightly depressed, in Germany it seems to be flourishing. We give samples from the latest catalogues:—

POETRY.

The most interesting volume announced is *A Humming We Will Go, and Other Verses*, by WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, whose *Bleeding Heart* attracted so much attention.

HISTORY.

Kaiser's Gallie War Books, I. & II., a new edition, very much revised since August by General von KLUCK and other accomplished scholars, are certain to be of great use for educational purposes.

NATURAL HISTORY.

In this department a work likely to be enquired for is *The Dogs of St. Bernhadi*, by General von MOLTKE.

FICTION.

The demand for fiction in Germany is said to be without parallel and the supply appears to be not inadequate. Among forthcoming volumes there should be a demand for *Der Tag*; or, *It Never Can Happen Again*.

GENERAL.

Proverbial Philosophy contains the favourite proverbs of various persons of eminence. From the Imperial FINANCE MINISTER comes: "It's never too late to lend." From General MANTEUFFEL (the destroyer of Louvain library): "Too many books spoil the Goth." The CROWN PRINCE contributes: "Beware the rift within the loot."

ZEITUNGS AND GAZETTINGS.

ROOSEVELT UNMASKED.

It is sad to relate, but persistent efforts to maintain the disinterested claim on American friendship which we Germans have always (when in need of it) advanced, continue to be misrepresented in that stronghold of atheistical materialism and Byzantine voluptuousness, New York. To the gifted Professor von Schwank's challenge, that he could not fill a single "scrap of paper" with the record of acts of war on our part which were incompatible with Divine guidance and the promulgation of the higher culture, the effete and already discredited ROOSEVELT has merely replied, "Could fill Rheims." This is very poor stuff and worthy only of a creature who combines with the intellectual development of a gorilla the pachymenia of the rhinoceros and the dental physiognomy of the wart-hog. ROOSEVELT, once our friend, is plainly the enemy and must be watched. Should he decide, however, even at the eleventh hour, to fall in line with civilisation, he can rely on finding in Germany, in return for any little acts of useful neutrality which he may be able to perform, a generous ally, a faithful upholder of treaty obligations, and a tenacious friend. There must surely be something that America covets—something belonging to one of our enemies. Between men of honour we need say no more.

BASE CALUMNY EXPOSED.

Let us speak plainly with regard to the Rheims affair. We have successively maintained that this over-rated monument of Arimasian decadence (1) was not injured in any way; (2) was only blown to pieces in conformity with the rules of civilised warfare; (3) was mutilated and fired by our unscrupulous and barbaric opponents themselves; (4) was deliberately pushed into our line of fire on the night of the 19th September; (5) never existed at all, being indeed an elaborate but puerile fiction basely invented by a baffled enemy with the object of discrediting our enlightened army in the eyes of neutral Powers. Any of these was good enough, but what now appears is better. Exact measurements have since demonstrated beyond all question of cavil that Rheims Cathedral had been built with mathematical accuracy to shield our contemptible enemy's trenches around Chalons from

our best gun positions outside Laon. This act of treachery proves that, instead of Germany being the aggressor, France has been cunningly preparing ever since 1212 A.D. for the war which at last even our chivalrous diplomacy has been powerless to avert.

GENEROUS OFFER TO MONACO.

It is time for Monaco to reconsider its position. Should it maintain its present short-sighted and untenable neutrality what has it to gain from England, France, or Russia? Nothing that it has not already got. Monaco very naturally wants something more. Let us be frank. We of Germany



PERCY REYNOLDS.

"PUTSCH! DEX WAS JUST A FEW THINGS VAT I USE TO FRIGHDEN DER CATS FROM MEIN GARTEN!"

speak very differently. It is not desirable to be specific, but short of that we may say that whatever Monaco asks for it will be promised. England, we would then repeat, is the enemy. Has Monaco forgotten the sinister malignity of an article in an English paper disclosing "How to Break the Bank at Monte Carlo." It is unnecessary to labour the point, to which we will return in our next issue. Monaco, in short, like Turkey, Bolivia, China, the United States, Hayti and Oman, is the natural ally of Germany.

"After exhaustive research a Scotch scientist has decided that no trees are species is struck as often as another."

Vancouver Daily Province.

He must have a rest and then try some more research.

THE SLUMP IN CRIME.

"PRAISE is due to criminals," remarked Mr. ROBERT WALLACE, K.C., at the London Sessions, "for the self-control they are exercising during this period of stress and anxiety."

It is to be feared that Mr. WALLACE's views are not entirely shared by the legal profession. As the junior partner in Mowlem & Mowlem confided to our representative: "That's all very fine, but what's to become of us? Not a burglar on our books for the last six weeks. Not a confidence man; not a coiner; not a note expert. And they had the opportunity of their lives with

the JOHN BRADBURY notes! We shall have to shut up our office, and then what's to become of our clerk? What's to become of our charwoman? I ask you, what's to become of our charwoman's poor old husband dependent on her? No, let's have patriotism in its right place!"

An old-established firm of scientific implement merchants showed even more indignation. "We had taken our place in the firing-line in the War on Germany's Trade," they declared. "We had made arrangements for home manufacture to supplant the alien jemmy. No British burglar would need to be equipped with anything but all-British implements, turned out in British factories and giving employment to British workmen only. And now what do we find? The market has gone to pot. Yes, Sir, to pot. And that's the reward for our patriotic efforts!"

Opinions of other representative men in the criminological world have reached us in response to telegrams (reply paid):—

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE: "Ruin stares me in the face."

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER: "Have decided to suppress *Raffles* for the period of the War."

MR. RAFFLES: "Have decided to suppress GERALD DU MAURIER for the period of the war."

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON: "Have always maintained that patriotism is the curse of the criminal classes. Will contribute ten guineas to National Fund for Indigent Burglars Whose Front Name Is Not William."

Crown Prince WILHELM: "Have nothing to give away to the Press."

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "My first telegram for three months. To be a criminal needs brains. There are no English criminals."



Nurse. "GOODNESS ME! WHAT 'AVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOUR DOLLS?"

Joan. "CHARLIE'S KILLED THEM! HE SAID THEY WERE MADE IN GERMANY, AND HOW WERE WE TO KNOW THEY WEREN'T SPIES?"

WITH HIGH HEART.

THE long line of red earth twisted away until it was lost in the fringe of a small copse on the left and had dipped behind a hillock on the right. Flat open country stretched ahead, grass lands and fields of stubble, lifeless and deserted.

There was no enemy to be seen and not even a puff of smoke to suggest his whereabouts. But the air was full of the booming of heavy guns and the rising eerie shriek of the shrapnel.

Behind the line of red earth lay the British, each man with his rifle cuddled lovingly to his shoulder, a useless weapon that yet conveyed a sense of comfort. The shells were bursting with hideous accuracy—sharp flashes of white light, a loud report and then a murderous rain of shrapnel.

"Crikey!" said a little man in filthy rain-sodden khaki, as a handful of earth rose up and hit him on the shoulder; "crikey! that was a narsy shave for your uncle!"

The big man beside him grunted and shifted half an inch of dead cigarette from one corner of his mouth to the other. "You can 'old my 'and," said he with a grin.

Four or five places up the trench a

man stumbled to his knee, coughed with a rush of blood and toppled over dead.

"Dahn and aht," said the big man gruffly. "Gawd! If we could get at 'em!"

The wail of a distant shell rose to a shriek and the explosion was instantaneous. The little man suddenly went limp and his rifle rolled down the bank of the trench.

His friend looked at him with unspeakable anguish. "Got it—in the perishing neck this time, Bill," gasped the little man.

Bill leaned over and propped his pal's head on his shoulder. A large dark stain was saturating the wounded man's tunic and he lay very still.

"Bill," very faintly; then, with surprise, "Blimey! 'E's blubbing! Poor old Bill!"

The big man was shaking with strangled sobs. For some moments he held his friend close, and it was the dying man who spoke first.

"Are we dahn-'earted?" he said. The whisper went along the line and swelled into a roar.

The big man choked back his sobs. "No, old pal, no!" he answered, and "No-o-o-o!" roared the line in unison.

The little man lay back with a contented sigh. "No," he repeated, and closed his eyes for ever.

THE SOUTHDOWNS.

THE Grey Men of the South
They look to glim of seas,
This gentle day of drouth
And sleepy Autumn bees,
Pale skies and wheeling hawk
And scent of trodden thyme,
Brown butterflies and chalk
And the sheep-bells' chime.

The Grey Men they are old,
Ah, very old they be;
They've stood upside the wold
Since all eternity;
They stand in a ring
And the elk-bull roared to them
When SOLOMON was king
In famed Jerusalem.

KING SOLOMON was wise;
He was KING DAVID's son;
He lifted up his eyes
To see his hill-tops run;
And his old heart found cheer,
As yours and mine may do
On these grey days, my dear,
Nor'-East of Piddinghoe.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE COST."

Mr. Samuel Woodhouse, of the middle classes, being anxious to distract his son John during the critical moments of Mrs. John's confinement, relates how, in similar circumstances more directly affecting himself, he had been playing tennis, and the strain of the crisis had quite put him off his game. The little jest is, of course, adapted from the familiar lines:—

"I was playing golf the day
When the Germans landed . . ."

It is of material interest not so much because it is borrowed (for it is not the only joke that Mr. THURSTON has conveyed) as because it serves as a brief epitome of the play. For the thing started with the War, and we were getting on quite well with it when an element of obstetrics was introduced and became inextricably interwoven with the original design. Indeed it went further and affected the destinies of the country at large. For England had to wait till the baby was born before it could secure its father's services as the most unlikely recruit in the kingdom.

But you must hear more about this John. He was an intellectual who threatened to achieve the apex of literary renown with a work in two volumes (a third was to follow) on the Philosophy of Moral Courage. At the outbreak of the present war he was at once torn asunder between his duty to his country and his duty to himself. The latter seemed to have the greater claim upon him, and this view was encouraged by an officer who found himself billeted upon the Woodhouse ménage. The dilemma had already worried John (and us) a good deal even before the extension of the age limit made him roughly eligible for the army. Indeed I never quite gathered what it was that ultimately decided him to enlist. Anyhow, six months later he received a bullet in the head, and the wound, though I am glad to say that he survived it, left him incapable of any further intellectual strain.

That was "the cost" of the war to him. Its cost to us (in the play) was almost as heavy. For John's head still retained such a command of brain power that he contrived to be very fluent over his theories of war in general, theories not likely to be of any vital service at a time when our men of fighting age are wanted to act and not think.

I give little for Mr. THURSTON's generalities (his talk of "hysteria," which was never a British foible, showed his lack of elementary observation), but the character of John intrigued me as a fair example of the type of egoist,

very common among quite good fellows, who is more concerned to satisfy his own sense of the proper thing to do than to consider in what way, less romantic perhaps, he can best devote to the service of his country the gifts with which nature has endowed him.

The play went very well for the first two Acts. The various members of the Woodhouse family were excellently differentiated. The father (played with admirable humour by Mr. FREDERICK ROSS) bore bravely the shock to his trade, and took a manly but quite ineffectual part in household duties for which he had no calling. His lachrymose wife (Miss MARY RORKE) was a sound example of the worst possible mother of soldiers. John we know, and Mr. OWEN NARES knew him too, and very thoroughly. John's wife (I can't think how she came to marry him) had the makings of an Amazon and would gladly have spared her husband for KITCHENER's Army at the earliest moment. Her part was played very sincerely and charmingly by Miss BARBARA EVEREST. John's eldest sister regretted the war because she had some nice friends in Germany, but she caught the spirit of menial service from her sisters, of whom the younger was a stage-flapper of the loudest. Finally the second son (Mr. JACK HOBBS) was a nut who began with his heart in his socks but shifted it later into the enemy's trench.

Perhaps the best performance of all—though it had little to do with the war and nothing to do with child-birth—was that of Miss HANNAH JONES as Mrs. Pinhouse, a perfect peach of a cook. There were also two characters played off. One was a maid-servant who declined to come to family prayers on the ground of other distractions. I admired her courage. The other was Michael, the precious infant whose entry into the world had occupied so much of our evening. Everybody on the stage had to have a look at him. I felt no such desire. He bored me.

For a play that made pretence to a serious purpose there was far too much time thrown away on mere trivialities. At first the exigencies of the stage demanded compression. The news of the ultimatum to Germany, the mobilisation, the rush to enlist, the attack on Germany's commerce, were all stuffed into the space of a few minutes. But the whole of the Third Act (laid in the kitchen) was wantonly wasted over the thinnest of domestic humour.

There is a light side, thank Heaven, even to war; but Mr. THURSTON had a great chance of doing serious good and he has only half used it. I am certain

(though he may call me a prig for saying it) that if he had set himself to serve his country's cause through the great influence which the theatre commands, he could have done better work than this; and he ought to have done it. O. S.

The Ambassadors' Theatre is producing a triple bill which includes a "miniature revue" entitled *Odds and Ends*. The cost of the production may be gathered from the following note in the preliminary announcement:—

"N.B.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has spared no economy in mounting this Revue."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

AMONG the more notable novels announced for immediate publication is *The Man in the Platinum Mask* by Samson Wolf (Black and Crosswell). By a curious and wholly undesigned coincidence the name of the hero is ATTILA, while a further touch of actuality is lent to the romance by the fact that the author's aunt's first husband fought in the Italian War of Independence.

Another story strangely opportune in its title, which was however chosen many months ago, is *With Nelson in the North* by Hector Boffin (Arrow and Long-i'-th'-bow). Its appeal to the patriotic reader will be further enhanced by the interesting news that the author's wife's maiden name was Collingwood, while he himself is a great admirer of HARDY.

The same publishers also announce a *Life of ATTILA* by Principal McTavish, which was completed last March before the name of the redoubtable Hun had come so prominently before the public—another instance of the intelligent anticipation which is the characteristic of the best and most selling *littérateurs*.

Few writers of romance appeal to the generous youth more effectively than the Countess Corezeru, from whose exhilarating pen we are promised a tale of the Napoleonic era under the engaging title of *The Green Dandelion* (Merry and Bright). The pleasurable expectations of her myriad readers will be heightened when they learn the interesting fact that the Countess recently visited Constantinople, where such thrilling happenings have lately been in progress.

"The Petrograd correspondent of the 'Mesaggero' telegraphs that the Austro-German Army was yesterday completely defeated in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, and suffered unanimous losses."—*Liverpool Echo*. Carried, in fact, *nem. con.*



Boy Scout. "XOUSE ME, MUM. 'AV YER SEEN ANY GERMANS ABOUT 'ERE?"

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. V.

(From ALBERT, King of the Belgians.)

SIR,—This comes to you from France. Hospitably received and nobly treated by the great and chivalrous French nation I must yet remember that I am an exile on a foreign soil, that my country has been laid waste and that my people, so laborious, so frugal and so harmless, have seen their homes destroyed and have themselves been driven ruthlessly forth to cold and hunger and despair.

Yes, your designs on Belgium have been accomplished—for the time. A people of sixty-five millions has prevailed against a people of seven millions; a great army has overwhelmed a little army; careful schemes long since prepared have outmatched a trustfulness which you and your Ministers fostered in order that in the dark you might be able to strike a felon's blow with safety to yourself. No considerations of honour hindered you. Indeed, I do not know how I can bring myself to mention that word to one who has acted as you have acted. If I do so it is in order that I may tell you that for an Emperor (or any other man) to be honourable it is not enough that he should have great possessions, glittering silver armour, and armies obedient to their War Lord's commands. It is not enough that he should make resounding speeches and call God to witness that he is His friend. It is not even enough that he should succeed in carrying through his plans, and earn the applause of those flatterers who, agreeing with you, believe that an Emperor crowned with success and capable of bestowing favours can do no wrong. No, there must be something more than this. What that something is I will not discuss with you. To do so would be useless, for, since you will never possess it, you can never satisfy yourself that I am right.

And even in regard to this "Success" with which you comfort yourself are you so perfectly sure of it? How do

you feel when you call von MOLTKE to you and question him about the progress of the war?

"How goes it," you say to him, "in the East?"

"We hope," he replies, "to hold the Russians in check, but they are very numerous and very brave."

"Presumptuous villains! And in the West?"

"In the West the French and English," he says, "still bear up against us. They have thrust us back day after day."

"May they perish! But, at any rate, there is Belgium. Yes, we have crushed Belgium and taught the Belgians what it means to defy our Majesty." And von MOLTKE, no doubt, will murmur something that may pass for approval and will withdraw from the conference.

I believe you admire SHAKESPEARE. Do you remember what *Macbeth* says?

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here."

But that it cannot be. Blows have their consequences, immediate and remote. You first, and then your memory, will be stained to all generations by this deed of treachery and blood. How have you excused it? "With necessity, the tyrant's plea." You had to hack your way through, you said, and it was on my people that your battle-axe fell. So when Louvain was burnt and its inhabitants were shot down you assured the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES that your heart bled for what "necessity" had forced you to do. President WILSON is a man of high principles and deep feelings. I wonder how he looked and how he felt when he read your whimpering appeal.

You have destroyed Belgium, but Belgium will rise again; and, even if fate should ordain that Belgium is to be for ever wiped away, so long as one Belgian is left alive there will be a heart to execrate you and a voice to denounce your deeds.

ALBERT R.

THE SURPRISE.

A SEQUEL TO "THE CHOICE."

Mr. Julius Bannockburn hung up his hat with a bang and stepped angrily into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Bannockburn was comfortably seated in an arm-chair, with the tea-table at her side and a fire blazing.

"That's right," she said placidly, ignoring her husband's very obvious mental disarray,—"just in time for a cup of tea."

"No tea for me," he said darkly.

"Oh, yes. It'll do you good," she replied, and poured some out.

"By the way, how much do you give for this tea?" Mr. Bannockburn sharply inquired.

"Two-and-eight," she replied.

He grunted. "I get excellent tea in the City which retails at two shillings a pound," he said. "Better than this."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Bannockburn, "you don't often have this. This is my tea. You prefer Indian."

"And why so many different kinds of cake?" Mr. Bannockburn went on.

"You wouldn't grudge me those?" she answered. "Surely, even with the war, little things like that might go on?"

Mr. Bannockburn sent his eyes round the room on a tour of critical exploration.

"Yes," he continued, "and how can you do with a fire—at any rate such a fire—on a day like this? The room is like an oven." He scowled murderously at the innocent flames and opened the window.

"I felt distinctly chilly," said Mrs. Bannockburn. "Besides, a fire is so much more cheerful."

"Cheerful!" said Mr. Bannockburn with a snarl. "I'm glad something is cheerful."

"My dear," said his wife soothingly, "you're over-worried. You've had a hard day at the office. But I've got something to show you that will make you happy again." She smiled gaily.

"Happy!" Mr. Bannockburn echoed with abysmal bitterness. "Happy!" He groaned.

"Yes, happy," said his wife. "Now drink your tea," she added, "and then light a cigar and tell me all about it."

"Cigars!" said Mr. Bannockburn; "I've done with cigars. At any rate with Havanas. We're on the brink of ruin, I tell you."

"Not any longer," said his wife with a little confident laugh. "That's all right now. Taking the new name was to settle that, you know."

Mr. Bannockburn was attempting to eat a cake, but at these words he gave it up. He struck a match angrily and

lit a cigar—a Havana. "Well, what is it you want to show me?" he asked.

"The cards," she said. "They look splendid. Here," and she handed a visiting-card across the table and drew his attention to the delicate copper-plate in which their new name had been inscribed: "Mrs. Julius Bannockburn."

Mr. Bannockburn scowled afresh. "How many of these have you ordered?" he asked anxiously.

"Five hundred for each of us," she replied. "And they're done. They all came this morning."

Mr. Bannockburn groaned again. "What ridiculous haste!" he said. "Where was all the hurry?"

Mrs. Bannockburn laughed. "Well, I must say!" she exclaimed. "You to complain of things being done quickly! I've done all you told me," she continued. "Everything. I sent a notice to the Post Office about the telephone directory, telling them to alter the name. I sent to KELLY'S about the London Directory. I told all the tradespeople. I got the cards. I even went further and ordered a few silver labels for your walking-sticks and umbrellas. I thought you would like that."

Mr. Bannockburn puffed at his cigar and said nothing.

"Aren't I a good head clerk?" she went on. "But, after all, when one does change one's name it is wise to go right through with it, isn't it?"

"Yes," said her husband ominously, "when one does change one's name."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Bannockburn asked sharply. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Everything," he said. "I've had a notice forbidding changes of name altogether. Everyone has had it."

"When did you get it?" his wife inquired with a flutter.

"To-day."

"Then it's all right," she said excitedly. "We made the change several days ago."

"Yes," replied her husband, "but the notice goes on to say that everyone who has changed since the war began must revert to the name he had before the war commenced. You can't get away from that."

"But we paid for it," Mrs. Bannockburn exclaimed. "We paid for it. Why did they take our money?"

"They didn't know then," said her lord. "It's only just decided by this infernal Government."

Mrs. Bannockburn turned white. "This is terrible," she said. "And how unfair! How grossly unfair! It's not as if we were Germans. I'm not a German at all, and you are merely a

German's son, and British to the core. Of course they'll give the money back?"

"It says nothing about that," replied the Briton.

"How very unlike England!" she said.

"Yes," he agreed; "but the point is, apart from the horrible expense of it all, that here we are, saddled with a name which is bound to keep customers away and which we thought we had got rid of for ever. It's horrible. It's wrong. It's a shame." He paced the room furiously.

Mrs. Bannockburn—or, as we now should say, Mrs. Blumenbach—looked in the fire for a few moments in silence. "Well," she said at last, "we must make the best of it, I suppose; we're not paupers anyway, and things are never so bad as one fears. After all, we haven't been to so very much expense. A few cards and so forth. You, dear, can hardly have spent a penny over it."

"Eh," said Mr. Blumenbach sharply—"what?"

"I said that the cost to which we have gone since we changed our name is very trifling," his wife repeated. "You yourself have been put to no expense at all, except perhaps office paper."

Mr. Blumenbach looked suspiciously at her and resumed his walk. "No, no," he said; "that's fortunate certainly."

At this moment a servant entered bringing the post, which included a long roll of paper addressed to "Mrs. Julius Bannockburn."

"I wonder what this can be," she remarked as she reached for a paper-knife.

Her husband snatched it and held it behind him. "Oh, I know all about that," he said; "it's a mistake. It's meant for me, not you."

"But it's addressed to me," said his wife. "Please let me have it."

Mr. Blumenbach for a moment flashed lightning. "Oh, all right," he said, "take it. I might as well confess to my folly, and, after all, I did it as a pleasant surprise for you, even though it's a failure. But I heard about some heraldic fellow, and I got him to draw me up a Bannockburn pedigree. A Scotch one, you know. I was going to have it framed in the hall. Burn the thing without looking at it."

"Was it—was it—very expensive?" his wife asked tremblingly.

"Fifty pounds," he said, half in pride at his own recklessness and half as though having a tooth out.

"Fifty pounds!" Mrs. Blumenbach moaned, and burst into tears.



Lady (diligent reader of spy articles and exposures of Anglo-German businesses) to alien window-cleaner. "LOOK HERE! YOU NEEDN'T COME ANY MORE."

Window Cleaner. "ENDIRELY BRIDISCH GOMBANY, LADY."

Lady. YES, I DARESAY. BUT FOR ALL I KNOW YOU MIGHT BE PART OF THE FLOWER OF THE GERMAN ARMY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAN imagine the feelings of a romantic maiden who, prone to choose her novels by title, has set down on her library list *The Price of Love* (METHUEN), and finds herself landed with one of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's intimate little guides to "Bursley" and the four other drab towns. And yet if she will set her teeth and read the first fifty pages without skipping she will discover that she is being let into real secrets of real human hearts; that handsome *Rachel* (penniless companion to a benign old lady), and her debonaire *Louis* (who somehow never can run straight where money is concerned), are becoming known to her as she knows few, if any, of her friends; and that, because known, they are extraordinarily interesting. She will see *Rachel* drawn out of the haven of her staunch and critical common sense by her infatuation for *Louis*; threatened by the shipwreck of despair when she realises his weakness and her irrevocable mistake, and again putting into a new harbour of determination to pay the price of her love and make the best of things. And I should not be altogether surprised if even our romantic library-subscriber finds the next live-happily-ever-after story a little flat by comparison. For there is no doubt that Mr. BENNETT has some uncanny power of realising the conflict of human souls, and that there is an astonishingly adroit method in his mania for unimportant and unromantic detail. I refuse altogether to accept as adequate (or appropriate) his explanations of the

adventures of the banknotes on the night of their disappearance, but I am grateful for every word and incident of this enchanting chronicle and for the portrait of *Rachel* in particular.

Modern Pig-Sticking (MACMILLAN) is a book that, appearing at this particular moment, has an air of detachment not without its own charm. Chiefly, of course, it appeals to a special and limited public—a public, moreover, that is at present too busy to give it the attention that it would otherwise command. Certainly Major A. E. WARDROP's spirited pages deserve to rank with the best that has been written about this sport. As one frankly ignorant, I was myself astonished to find how considerable a body is this literature. As for the gallant Major's own contribution, it is sufficiently well-written to make tales of sporting feats and adventures interesting to the outsider. Which is saying a lot. At the same time his sense of humour is sufficiently strong to save enthusiasm from becoming oppressive. Certainly he loves his theme, as I suppose a good pig-sticker should. "To see hog and hunter charge each other bald-headed with a simultaneous squeal of rage is," he says youthfully, "always delightful." It is all, in these more strenuous times, most refreshing and even a little wistful in its naïveté. The honest and brave gentlemen whose exploits it records are about another kind of pig-sticking now. One hopes that practice with the Indian variety may help them in their chase of the Uhlan road-hog. Here's power to their spears!

For all his good humour, Mr. PETT RIDGE can say a hard thing now and then about humanity in general and point it with a touch of startling sarcasm. Possibly it is this combination which makes him the favourite author he is. While we get tired of the harsh satirist who is always up against us, and pay little attention to his teaching, we not only profit by the occasional home truths of the genial humourist, but thoroughly enjoy hearing them. Certainly it is not Mr. RIDGE's plots which so attract everybody, including myself. *The Happy Recruit* (METHUEN) might as well (or even better) have been plotless. There is the central figure, *Carl Siemens*, who comes to England from abroad in his youth and has an unremarkable career, and there is a mysterious and rather tiresome trunk which is mentioned from time to time and finally opened; but apart from these the book is but a collection of little episodes more or less about the same people, the *Maynard* family in particular. It is not the story that lends the charm but the people who come into it, that upper-lower section of Londoners whose little peculiarities of thought, word and deed Mr. Ridge so perfectly understands. Through their mouths he utters his truest sayings, and they make his books always worth reading. It should be added that this one has nothing to do with present warfare; it is antedated by a reign and a half. In this the title is misleading, for there are so many recruits about nowadays and all of them are happy.

After reading Messrs. HUTCHINSON'S announcement that the critics describe Mr. F. BANCROFT as the most remarkable South African novelist now at work, I searched for a talent that was too successfully hidden for my finding. I was on the track of it two or three times, and once at least the scent was so hot that I thought the quarry was mine; but it got away. With *Dalliance and Strife* the author completes a trilogy upon the Boer War, but here we are given too much flirtation and too little fighting. His liberality in the matter of heroines compensates me not at all for his niggard accounts of the war. That he himself should apparently take more interest in dalliance than in strife seems to indicate sheer perversity, for, when once he has ceased to toy with tennis-teas and trivialities, it is possible to respect the opinions of those admiring critics even if it is impossible to agree with them. The little fighting and the few whiffs of the veldt that we are given come as welcome reliefs to the rather stuffy atmosphere that Mr. BANCROFT has been at such pains to create. The British officer in his hours of dalliance is in his hands merely a figure of fun, but the militant Boer in field and camp is a faithful picture, so faithful, indeed, when contrasted with the other, that it leaves me astounded at such a combination of skill and futility.

Germaine Damien was a little girl with considerable

force of character. Having been told by a Socialist shoemaker that Squires were a mistake, she endeavoured to correct this error by driving a large knife into the first specimen of the race whom she met. This was *Miles Burnside*, a decent young man enough, and one obviously qualifying to be the hero of the story. So that when, quite early in its course, *Germaine* caught him asleep and apparently left him dead with a dagger in his heart, I was for a little time considerably puzzled as to how Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS was going to get on with her tale. However, I need not have worried. Of course *Miles* was not dead; indeed the last six words of the book tell you that "His

smile was good to see." And naturally he wouldn't have been smiling like that if he had not been enfolding the heroine in his strong arms. But before this happy moment we had a lot to get through. *Miles* on recovery had told the properly apologetic *Germaine* that she must never, never let anybody else know about the dagger business, and she said she wouldn't. Personally, if I had been *Germaine*, I should have done the same. Later in life, reflecting upon this injunction, and discovering that her grandfather had also killed a man, *Germaine* got it into her head that the habit was inherited, and the idea worried her quite dreadfully. This, I suppose, is why her story is called *The Cost of A Promise* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Eventually, however, when the thing had gone on long enough and the revelation of her secret had scared away a superfluous rival, *Miles* informed her that her grandfather's record was (forgive me!) not germane to the matter, and that she was as sane as anybody in the story. Myes. But Mrs. REYNOLDS has done better.

WILHELM.

"No good thing comes from out of Kaiserland,"
Says Phyllis; but beside the fire
I note

One Wilhelm, sleek in tawny gold of coat,
Most satin-smooth to the caresser's hand.

A velvet mien; an eye of amber, full
Of that which keeps the faith with us for life;
Lover of meal-times; hater of yard-dog strife;
Lordly, with silken ears most strokeable.

Familiar on the hearth, refuting her,
He sits, the antic-pawed, the proven friend,
The whimsical, the grave and reverend—
Wilhelm the Dachs from out of Hanover.

We are surprised to hear of police constables being accepted for service abroad in view of the ban on the export of copper.

Austrians are being urged to send newspapers to the front to serve as chest-protectors for the troops. If possible the papers should be German, as these lie best.



"IT 'TAIN'T 'ARE FINE TER BU A GENERAL, COS 'E
CAN CALL A BLOKE 'POODEN FICE,' AN' 'AVE 'IM
SHOT IF 'E SORCES 'IM BACK."

CHARIVARIA.

REPORTS that Germany is not best pleased with Austria-Hungary are peculiarly persistent just now. There would indeed seem to be good grounds for Germany's displeasure, for a gentleman just returned from Budapest says that the HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR has actually issued an official circular to the mayors and prefects throughout the land enjoining upon them the duty of treating citizens of hostile states sojourning in their midst with humanity and sympathy.

Inquisitive people are asking, "What is the KAISER's quarrel with the Bavarians?" He is reported to have said, the other day, "My wish for the English is that one day they will have to fight the Bavarians."

The King of BAVARIA, by the way, has been operated upon for a swelling of the shoulder blade. We are glad to hear that he is progressing favourably, and it is hoped that the swelling will not, as in the case of another distinguished patient, spread to the head.

For the following little story we are indebted to the German army:—"Fears are now entertained of an epidemic breaking out among the German troops in Antwerp, as, the German artillery having destroyed the municipal waterworks, there is no drinkable water available."

Several striking suggestions have reached the authorities in connection with the danger from Zeppelins. One is that St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey should be covered over with dark cloths every night, and that shoddy reproductions of these edifices should be run up in another part of London, and be brilliantly illuminated so as to attract the attention of the enemy.

Another method of confusing the airships, it is pointed out, would be to drain the Thames, and to flood a great thoroughfare, say that from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush, and to place barges on it so that it would be mistaken for the river and cause the airmen to lose their bearings.

Meanwhile the authorities who are responsible for the safety of London are said to be anxious to hear of an intrepid airman who will undertake to paint out the moon.

There are, of course, always pessimists among us, but we would beg the editor of *The Barmouth and County Advertiser* to try not to be downhearted. Impressed, no doubt, by the recent sale of two German warships to Turkey, he gives voice to the following opinion in a leader:—"Our Fleet to-day is supreme; but no one knows when an auction may take place . . ."

It has suddenly become more imperative than ever that the War should be finished quickly. A publishing firm



"IT'S ALL VERY WELL, JARGE, FOR YOU T' SAY WHY DON'T KITCHENER AN' FRENCH DO THIS AN' THAT? BUT WHAT I SAY IS, IT DON'T DO FOR YOU AN' ME T' SAY ANYTHINK WHAT MIGHT EMBARRASS EITHER OF 'EM."

has issued the first volume of a history of the war with an announcement that it will be completed in four volumes at a fixed price. If the war should last longer than a year the last volume threatens to achieve such a size that the publisher would either have to go back on his word or be ruined.

The L.C.C. has just produced a new, revised, up-to-date and fully detailed map of London, and the German War Office is furious to think that it has been put to the needless expense of compiling a similar document itself.

It has been pointed out that the War has had a most satisfactory effect on criminality. And even in civil actions witnesses would seem to be turning

over a new leaf, and even insisting on giving evidence against themselves. For example, we learn from *The Northwood Gazette* that a van driver, charged the other day with damaging a motor-car, said in cross-examination:—"I pulled up about fifteen years after the accident happened."

In spite of the War our Law Courts pursue the even tenour of their way, and the Divisional Court has just been asked to decide the important question, Is ice-cream meat? Personally we should say that, where it is made from unfiltered water, the answer is in the affirmative.

"DE WET OF THE SEA."
Daily Mail.

We should have thought this well-known characteristic was hardly worth mentioning.

"DISGUISED SPIES" was the title of a paragraph in a contemporary last week. These cases must surely be exceptional. We always think of spies as wearing a recognised uniform, or at least a label to indicate their profession.

"CORK STEAMER SUNK BY MINE."—*Evening News.*
This war is shattering many of our illusions.

MR. FRED EMNEY, who is now appearing at the Coliseum, would like it to be known that he is not an Alien Emney.

The New Censorship.

"The country in which so much interest centres may be briefly described. From near — to — and onwards in a south-easterly direction there is a low range of chalky hills, closely resembling our South Downs. There is no harm in saying definitely that not a German is on this line."—*Daily Telegraph.*

No apparent harm, but you can't be too careful. If the news gets round to the Germans that they are not there, they might at once set about to correct this defect.

The Tandem.

"Mr. F. Marsham-Townshend's Polygamist, 3, 6-2, E. Crickmere O
Mr. F. Marsham-Townshend's Polygamist, 3, 6-2, O. Grant O"
Irish Times.

Racing, you will be glad to be reminded, still goes on, but of course only for the sake of creating employment. By putting two jockeys upon the same horse the desired end is attained more easily.

CANUTE AND THE KAISER.

[Thoughts extracted from a sea-shell (howitzer pattern) by
Our Own Special Conchologist on the Belgian Coast.]

THERE was a King by name CANUTE

(In ancient jargon known as KNUT),

And I, for one, will not dispute

The kingly figure which he cut;

A god in multi—so his courtiers said—

Whatever thing he chose to have a try at,

He did it (loosely speaking) on his head,

By just remarking, "*Fiat!*"

One day they sat him by the sea

To put his virtue to the test,

And there, without conviction, he

Threw off the following, by request:—

"Ocean," he said, "I see your waves are wet"

(Bravely he spoke, but in his heart he funk'd 'em),

"So to your further progress here I set

A period, or *punctum*."

He knew it wasn't any good

Talking like that; and when the foam

Made for his feet (he knew it would)

He turned at once and made for home;

And "I'm no god, but just a man," he cried,

"And you, my sycophants, are sorry rotters,

Who told your KNUT that he could dare the tide

To damp his heavenly trotters."

* * * * *

The scene was changed. Another strand;

Another god (alleged) was there

(In spirit, you must understand;

His actual frame occurred elsewhere);—

"O element designed for German ships,

Whose future lies," said he, "upon the water,

I strike at England! Ho!" and licked his lips

For lust of loot and slaughter.

Then by the sea was answer made,

And down the wind this word was blown:

"Thus far! but here your steps are stayed;

England is mine, I guard my own!"

And as upon his ear this challenge fell,

Out of the deep there also fell upon it, or

Close in the neighbourhood, a singing shell

From H.M. *Mersey* Monitor.

And just as old CANUTE (or KNUT)

Stopped not to parley when he found

His line of exit nearly cut,

But moved his feet to drier ground,

So too that other Monarch, much concerned

About his safety, looked no longer foam-ward,

But said, "This sea's too much for me," and turned

Strategically home-ward.

O. S.

WAR AND THE HIGH HAND.

Scene: A MOTHERS' MEETING.

"THEY do say as this old Keyser or Geyser or whatever
'e calls 'isself be goin' to 'op it."

"Afraid of 'is life, if t'other side should win—that it?"

"Likely 'e is—an' well may be. T'other side be our side
in that case, bain't it?"

"That's it. An' it's 'im for 'isself an' the rest for
themselves, from what I can see."

"This old Keyser, 'e's to blame for most ev'rythin' hap-
penin' nowadays. Reg'lar firebran' in our midst, 'e do seem."

"Daresay 'e was drove to it, if we could but see all."

"Some woman nagged 'im into it—if you ask me."

"They do say 'e craves for peace with 'is whole mind."

"Parson 'e says on Sunday as the hypocrit' cries for
peace where there is no peace."

"This war seems to take people out of their true selves,
makin' of 'em ravenin' beasts."

"Men, too, as otherwise acts quiet an' well-meanin'
enough. You 'eard what Doctor done?"

"What 'e done?"

"Not to old Sally's son, Jim?"

"'Im as 'urted 'is 'and blackberry time—a year ago
this very month?"

"'Im. Ill unto death, 'e were, with blood poisonin', and
Doctor 'e says what a shockin' state 'is blood must 'ave
been in for the poison to serve 'im so."

"An' old Sally been a-keepin' of 'im ever since. 'Er
needle been at it reg'lar, but 'ardly earnin' a livin' wage
owin' to the meanness of them who 'as it to pay."

"An' a poisoned and, when the worst be over, ain't
no bar to the appetite."

"Glad she's been to do it sooner than lose 'im, as she
lost 'is brother with 'oopin'-cough."

"That must be a matter of twenty-five year ago—before
ever Jim was born."

"You ain't told us yet, dear, what Doctor done."

"I'm comin' to that. Jim, 'e's not without 'is uses an'
'e's more time, like, to read the paper than the other men.
So 'e reads the news an' tells it all over at 'Plough an'
'Orses' nights, an' they do say the way 'e urges of the men
to 'list is somethin' wonderful."

"Not thinkin' of goin' 'isself, of course?"

"Ain't 'e 'ad a poisoned 'and? Still, this 'e did; to a lot
of chaps as 'eld back 'e says—'If you goes to Doctor to
be examined I'll go with you,' 'e says—could a man do
more? 'I tell you honest,' 'e says, 'that with my poor
'and I'm a man marked down for stayin' at 'ome, worse
luck. What would I give,' 'e says, 'to go forth in the
pride of ealth, same as you? Still, I'll go to Doctor
with the rest of you, if only to show 'ow these things
should be done."

"Ow many went?"

"Three in all, includin' of Jim. 'E led the way up to
Doctor's surgery, then 'e waved the others in front of
'im. 'Take the sound men first, Sir,' 'e says, 'an' then, if
you'll spare me a minute, I'll take it kind."

"What did Doctor do?"

"Doctor 'e does as Jim says and takes 'im last, after
tellin' the other two as they were better at 'ome. 'I been
waitin' for you,' 'e says, an' 'e turned on Jim that fierce as
never was. 'A 'and as 'as been perfectly well for the last
six months to my certain knowledge ain't goin' to prevent
you fightin', he says, 'so off you go an' 'list."

"Poor old Sally! No one to work for now but just
'erself, then?"

"War be an awful thing, it seems, for raisin' the wicked
passions in peaceful men. Keyser, Geyser—whatever 'e
calls 'isself—and our old Doctor . . . it be all the same."

Extract from Fortress Orders at Malta:—

"A box containing butchers' implements, and marked with a red
cross. Finder should communicate with the D.D.M.S., 28, Strada
Britannica, Valletta."

If we did not happen to know through our Secret Intelli-
gence Bureau that D.D.M.S. stands for Deputy Director
of Medical Services we should suspect that the Germans
had been once more using the sign of the Red Cross as a
screen for their barbarities.



THE LIMIT.

Scene: THE COAST OF BELGIUM.

THE KAISER: "WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

WILD WAVES: "WE WERE JUST SAYING, 'THUS FAR, AND NO FARTHER!'"





UNDER ONE FLAG.

Genial Person (to retired Colonel, who for the past two months has put in fourteen hours a day recruiting). "LOVELY MORNING, SIR. I SEE YOU'RE ON OUR SIDE."

THE WATCH DOGS.

VI.

DEAR CHARLES,—We're tired of this place, so we're going to move on. Some said, "Let's go to Egypt and doze in the sun." Others were for India, and one, having a flame in Guernsey, proposed that the Division might just as well go to the Channel Islands as anywhere else. But what tempted the majority was the thought of a season's shooting without having to pay for so much as a gun licence, and so we decided for the Continent. We gave formal notice to the War Office of our requirements, said we would let them know in due course what time we should want trains, ships and motor omnibuses to start, and asked them to call for our luggage at an hour we would name, indicating that in the case of each man it would not be more than a couple of trunks or so, half-a-dozen odds and ends of smaller bags, and a case of golf clubs. To this

the War Office replied that they were in receipt of our favour, thanked us for our kind patronage, assured us of their immediate attention to our esteemed commands on this and all occasions, and begged (positively begged) to be allowed to remain our obedient servants. If then you hear (as you probably will in a few days) of our departure, you will appreciate the exact manner of it: a duly deliberated and quietly dignified excursion, undertaken by us in our own way at our own time, because we happen to feel so inclined and not because we happen to be so ordered. (Speaking in the language of the registered alien, "Yes, I don't think.")

Meanwhile we watch with interest the effect of our new recruits upon the battalion as a whole. You will remember that those recruits are from all classes, and the presence of the so-called Non-manual is clearly marked in the daily conversation overheard. Thus in the good old B company you will hear: "'Ere, Bill, where's me pull-

through?" "I ain't seen yer ruddy pull-through." "You'm a liar; you've bin and took it." "Get off with yer; I ain't. If yer want a ruddy pull-through, why don't yer pinch Joe's ruddy pull-through? 'E's away on guard." In F Company as now constituted it runs: "Angus, have you seen my pull-through anywhere?" "No, Gerald, I have not." "You are sure you haven't taken it by mistake?" "I assure you I have not; but, if you want a pull-through, I am sure Clement would not mind your borrowing his temporarily."

Among our last draft of recruits was a newly-joined officer who had been at the military business before. What he liked about us was that we are Territorials, immune from this new "platoon" system. "I like people," he said, "who call half a company a half-company." He had tried the new business, but couldn't manage it; he could give the "On the left: Form section" all right, but when it came to platoons he would shout, "Form . . ." and then could

think of nothing better than pontoon or pantagoon. His brother, it appeared, had joined a Territorial regiment up North, being methodical he had read all the letters from the front which have appeared in the Press, and set about equipping himself accordingly. Even if he should lose all except what he stood up in he meant to keep dry and warm; so he scrapped all his shirts, socks, vests and whatnots, and substituted others of monstrous weight and thickness, lined his tunic with fleece, his breeches with waterproof, his puttees with fur, and his boots, it was said, with all three. Within twenty-four hours of completing his fortifications he was sailing for India.

We all contemplate that time when our valises shall be, unhappily, no longer with us. The odd things we must still have are: towel, razor, soap, shaving soap, shaving brush, tooth-brush, extra boots, socks and so-on's, mess-tin, knife, fork, spoon, revolver, ammunition compass, clasp-knife, field-service pocket-book, note-books, sketching-books, lamp, flask, bandages, mug and housewife. These might be accommodated in the haversack or elsewhere, but that all available sites are already occupied by what we, or better still our relatives, friends and acquaintances, consider indispensable, such as pipes, tobacco, matches, compressed victuals and drinks, maps, dictionaries, medicine-chests, chocolate,

purses, cheque-books, letter-pads, fountain-pens, fountain-pen fillers, chronometers, electric-torches, charges for same, unpaid bills, unanswered correspondence, sponges, ointments, mittens, bed-socks, camera, boot-brushes, dubbin and spare parts. Obviously one will eliminate (as you were about to write and suggest) the bills and the correspondence, but those, Charles, are the only things that don't occupy room. What else can one eliminate? The only thing is to reform one's life and learn to be a panttechnicon; one may also, with a little ingenuity, use one's clothes to serve a double purpose. I have only got as far as evolving a scheme for tying up all the outlets of my breeches and then filling them with air, so that one leg makes a bolster and the other a pillow—two articles which, you will observe, were omitted from the inventory.

By the way, our new officer was only gazetted on the very day he travelled down with us. He started badly with a heavy reverse and casualty list, for we played bridge on the way and he lost his first day's pay, messing allowance and field allowance, all except twopence, which goes (I believe) to income-tax. When we arrived at our billet we found Pay in process. A private, who has a moment or so ago saluted and withdrawn with his pay, seeks re-admission. "Colour-Sergeant!" he says. "What is it?" "I think you have given me sixpence short." To which the brutal Colours replies briefly, "Op it." Later another private comes. "Colour-Sergeant!" says he. "What is it now?" "I think you have given

STUDIES IN DISCIPLESHIP.

(In humble imitation of the exploits of the German Wireless Service.)

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD and MR. KEIR HARDIE have joined Mr. BLATCHFORD in a recruiting campaign, with most gratifying results. In the course of one of his speeches Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD announced that the experience he had gained while tiger-shooting in India had enabled him to organise an elephant-gun battery, with which he was shortly about to proceed to the front.

It is reported that, at the instigation of the Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX, the Republic of San Marino has declared war on Germany, and appointed the

Chevalier as *generalissimo* of its forces, which are estimated at 250 men.

Great consternation has been caused in Vienna on receipt of the news that, in view of BEETHOVEN's full name being VAN BEETHOVEN, and his origin Dutch, he has been removed from the list of belligerent composers and regarded as a neutral by concert-givers in London and Paris. A counter-movement has in consequence been started with the object of treating BEETHOVEN as a hostile alien during the progress of the war.

The transports of enthusiasm caused in Berlin by the announcement that Mr. G. B. SHAW had decided to be known in future as MR. BERNHARDI

SHAW have given place to bitter disappointment on the peremptory denial of the rumour by the famous comedian himself. As a matter of fact he is hesitating between Benckendorff, Balakirev and Bomboudiac.

"War F. N. Belgian Manager going home, sold new F. N. Motorbike 2½ H.P. kick starter at cost price."

Advt. in "Ceylon Independent."

The starter will probably consider that it is not worth it.

"A flag day on behalf of the Belgian refugees was held at Wimbledon yesterday. A procession was formed in front of the Town Hall headed by the High Sheriff of Paris, M. Leo Strachey."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

We welcome M. STRACHEY to England, and trust that he will be impressed by such British institutions (e.g. *The Spectator*) as he may chance to come across during his stay.



Mary Jane (at climax of fearful story of German spy). "AND WHEN THE POLICE SEARCHED THE CELLARS THEY FOUND ENOUGH AMBITION TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE OF LONDON."

me sixpence too much." "Come in, my lad, come in," replies the kindly Colours.

We were lectured in map-reading and so forth this morning, and were told that, all else failing, we might get our bearings from observing the direction in which the local church pointed. But an active brain suggested that these Germans had no doubt thought of that years and years before and, in order to deceive us, had built their churches with the east windows pointing west. When, the other day, the R.A.M.C. man inspected the feet of the battalion, the same intelligent unit wished to know who had got the first prize and whether for quality or quantity.

Yours, HENRY.

"PROGRESS IN NORTHERN FRANCE." *North Eastern Daily Gazette*.

Przemysl, however, remains in Galicia.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Who ran to watch how Nancy fell
Beneath a storm of shot and shell,
And, when she didn't, felt unwell?

The KAISER.

Who stimulates his gentle sons
To ape the manners of the Huns?
Who doesn't feed the Bear with buns?

The KAISER.

Who circulates ingenious glosses
To minimize his army's losses,
And scatters showers of Iron Crosses?

The KAISER.

Who suffers agonizing pains
When stern necessity constrains
The bashing-in of Gothic fanes?

The KAISER.

Who has for several weeks of late
Omitted to communicate
With any foreign potentate?

The KAISER.

Who in a cage of steel, we're told,
The tides of war about him rolled,
Watches the scroll of Fate unfold?

The KAISER.

FALSE PRETENCES.

SINCE the War began the military experts have monopolised one corner of the smoke-room. Don't imagine I am going to write about them. It is in the other corner of the smoke-room that the Cheering-Up Association meets. There we all come and relate our business troubles and listen to the troubles of our friends. It is wonderful how consoling other people's troubles are. Robinson brightens perceptibly when he discovers that Jenkins is also heading for the Bankruptcy Court.

Of course the talk began with Mitchell's play. It always does. We have followed with tempered interest its pilgrimage from one manager to another these two years.

"All U P," groaned Mitchell. "Algernon Princeton had promised faithfully to produce it in October. Now he's closed his theatre. He's a pretty patriot. If it had run—let us put it moderately—two hundred nights I should have made £4,000 clear. American rights would have been worth quite as much. Touring companies in the provinces, Colonial rights, translation rights—why, I should have made ten thousand—no, in business matters one must be accurate—say, twenty thousand. It's all that WILLIAM! If I wasn't over age and hadn't tobacco heart, I'd go and have a pop at him myself."

"That's just speculative loss," said Nairn. "Now I've lost an actual



The Recruit here portrayed, being most anxious to get into KITCHENER's Army, is determined to accommodate himself to any conditions as they arise.

Officer (filling in form). "WHAT'S YOUR RELIGION?"

Zealous Recruit. "WELL, WHAT ARE YOU SHORT OF?"

income. You men know I'm by way of being a financial authority. Well, who wants financial advice nowadays? I give you my word of honour I've sold nothing since the war began except half-a-dozen articles on the weakness of Germany's financial position. If it is anything like my financial position the war won't last long. I envy Wilson over there. He's got something to sell that's wanted. Nothing like the wholesale woollen business nowadays."

Wilson shook his head. "You don't know all," he said. "I don't mind telling you fellows in confidence that I owe over four thousand pounds, and

I don't know when I shall be in a position to pay it."

Everyone looked sympathetic, and when Wilson had risen from his seat and walked towards the door there was a general murmur of "Poor fellow, it's hit him very hard."

Wilson paused at the door and looked back. "Did I mention," he said, "that I owe that sum to German manufacturers?"

It was unanimously voted by the Cheering-Up Association that no club rule was violated when Mitchell hurled a match-stand at the member whom we had been cheering up on false pretences.

THE LAST LINE.

III.

As our wives remark to each other nowadays over the knitted helmets, "It's extraordinary how dark London is at night." They then drop two and purl two, and add, "Particularly as the evenings are drawing in so." But while they prattle of it thus lightly we (their husbands) are outside in it all, marching . . . and wheeling . . . and tripping over each other. At what risk to ourselves I will show you.

It was Thursday the 22nd, and at six o'clock our Company might have been seen (had there been a better light to see it by) progressing smartly in column of platoons. The shades of night were falling fast as over Regent's Park we passed, and my platoon was marching last, excelsior. As my platoon came opposite our Commanding Officer he gave the order, "About turn." We did so. "Form fours, left"—we made it that. The night fell thicker; I can now speak only for myself and my immediate neighbours. "Right incline"—we inclined rightly. Another "Right incline" and a "Halt," and then the C.O. came up to look for us. My platoon had got together somehow, and murmurs came to us from the platoons behind us. You know how quickly a rumour will run through a company. Such a rumour now ran through ours. It went from man to man; it came to me at last; it went on . . . it got to our Commander.

"No. 1 platoon missing!"

The C.O. came up to us, struck a match and counted us. Only three platoons—we were a platoon short.

The rumour was true!

We never saw that platoon again. Its story, as we piece it together from the tales of park-keepers, policemen and other non-combatants, is as follows. It failed to hear the order "About-turn" and marched straight forward. In the Regular Army a combination of obedience with initiative is taught the recruit; we are still at the implicit obedience stage. No. 1 platoon had its orders. It came to some railings three hundred yards further on and climbed over. At the Ornamental Lake it took to the water. The survivors continued the march south. They were seen for a moment at the Marble Arch, and then again at Epsom. Nothing more is known definitely; but a specimen of the Corps badge has been found on the beach at New Shoreham, and it is supposed. . . . Well, well—we shall miss them.

These, then, are some of the dangers which we who drill in the evenings face cheerfully. But there are other spirits,

less brave but more energetic, who drill in the early mornings. I have been told the hour at which they fall in, and I tried at once to forget it. I am in bed then. But there is, I know, one hero who comes up thirty miles from the country to attend. In order to be there punctually he has to get up three days beforehand each morning, and have his breakfast over-night; but he does it . . . And I think the Germans ought to know.

However, he and all of us had our reward last Saturday, when we marched down to camp five hundred strong. It was not so much the remarks of the spectators (many of whom foolishly mistook us for Belgian refugees) which flattered us, as the respectful way in which the police held up the traffic to let us pass. Five hundred men take some time passing; to delay for that time the taxi of some impatient War Office official, bulging with critical despatches, gave one an importance never to be acquired in civil life. For a mere editor not even a tricycle would be held up.

As I have said, our exact status in the military world was misapprehended by the spectator. It so happened that our more elderly members were on the left or pavement side, and it was from the pavement side that I heard the remark (evidently from one who felt that his relief-fund subscription had not really been wanted), "Well, they don't look 'ungry.'" Others on this side surmised that we were suspected waiters rounded up from the different restaurants, and made humorous complaints to us in our late capacities—as that their ice-pudding had been fried too long. But on the road side we did better. Dear ladies, observing only the flower of the Corps (myself and others), took us for the real thing and called down blessings and kisses upon our heads; and for a time we even deceived a small boy who had been watching us eagerly. But only for a time. "Lumme," he said aloud to himself, "there's *anuvver* of 'em wiv knock-knees," and disillusionment cannot have been long delayed.

It may be admitted that some of the more active ones feel it a little that they have to carry the more elderly ones with them. A suggestion has been made that there should be an age-limit of eighty-five, but I don't know if it will come to anything. Another suggestion is that a special Veterans' Wing should be formed, which, instead of marching, would go out at the week-ends with a couple of cement-hounds, and look for cement foundations. It is felt that the work would be useful and yet not too

active. It is in the same spirit that we discuss what will be done with the Corps as a whole when the Germans arrive. The pessimistic view is that we shall be immediately interned by the War Office, to keep us out of trouble. Others, more hopeful, think that we might be kept for "exchanges," in case the enemy make any notable captures. For instance, five of us might be considered the equivalent of an artillery mule; a platoon would balance a Territorial subaltern; and the whole bunch could be offered for (say) the return of the Albert Memorial. But the most popular impression is that we shall be asked to give some sort of display in the centre, *in order to lure the Germans on*. And while we are forming fours strongly and persistently in rows of them . . . the real attack (Regulars and Territorials—with rifles) . . . will fall suddenly upon their flanks . . . and decimate them.

So we talk, but at heart we take it seriously; and very seriously and gratefully we take the real soldiers who give up their time to teach us, and do not seem to think that that time will be altogether wasted. A. A. M.

MISTAKEN POLICY.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I am directed to give you notice that the Vesuvius Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. has lately acquired the freehold of these premises and desires to have the insurance against loss or damage by fire transferred to itself. The premium, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per cent. on their value, is fifteen shillings. Upon receipt of this sum I will give immediate instructions for a policy to be issued and forwarded to you.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, Secy.,

The Vesuvius Fire Insurance Co., Ltd.

H. JONES, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, I find that I have an unexpired policy for £1,000 with the Etna, an office which has enjoyed my confidence for many years and in which I have other insurances. Under this policy I am held covered till Lady Day not only against fire, but also against lightning, explosions of gas—most things, in fact, except riots, earthquakes, the King's enemies, aeroplanes and volcanoes. Regretting, therefore, that I am unable to give you the business, because of the more extensive benefits conferred by the Etna,

I am, yours faithfully,

The Secy.,

H. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insec. Co.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter, but I would beg to refer you to your lease. You will find it there expressly stipulated that you shall insure in some office of repute in London or Westminster to be approved of in writing by the Lessors. In these circumstances you will no doubt be persuaded of the desirability of sending me the premium forthwith, in order to effect an insurance which has your Lessors' approval. It is possible that the office you name would give you credit for so much of the premium as is proportionate to the risk unexpired. Yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, etc., etc.

H. JONES, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I feel very keenly the suggestion that the Etna is an office of questionable repute. The likelihood of fire is small, as unfortunately the premises are at present standing empty, though I have a tenant in prospect. But in any case it is unthinkable that the Etna could not assemble a thousand pounds, should the need arise. If you care to write to me again shortly before Lady Day with terms no less advantageous than those I now enjoy, I do not say that I should not be prepared to consider them. But in the meantime this unprofitable discussion must cease.

Yours faithfully,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I am directed to inform you that, unless the premium for effecting a fresh insurance in this office is forwarded within a week, proceedings will be taken to enforce the forfeiture of your lease without any further notice whatever. Yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, etc., etc.

H. JONES, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous of effecting an insurance of these premises against fire, I should be obliged if you would kindly give instructions for a policy to be issued at once. I enclose postal order for fifteen shillings. The policy when issued should be forwarded to me. Yours faithfully,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that owing to my absence in Scotland the safe receipt of this policy was not sooner acknowledged. But I still more regret to have to inform you that the insured premises were totally destroyed by fire at a late hour last night, the cause of ignition being ascribed to the caretaker's habit of



Patriotic Teacher. "ENGLAND EXPECTS—" NOW, WILL ONE OF YOU BOYS FINISH THE SENTENCE? "ENGLAND EXPECTS—" "

Bright Pupil. "TO WIN!"

smoking in bed. Whilst sympathising with you in your loss, I find, on reference to my lease, that I am under covenant to reinstate them as speedily as possible. As I particularly wish to avoid any unpleasantness with my Lessors, may I ask you to proceed with the work at once?

Yours faithfully,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday, which has been handed to the Claims Department. I recollect that in a former letter you adverted to an existing policy with the Etna Office, and as that office will be liable to contribute a share of the moneys covered

by the double insurance you are required to furnish particulars of the policy.

Yours truly, D. SMITH, etc., etc.
H. JONES, Esq.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose, as requested, particulars of my policy with the Etna. For my own part, I do not quite see how it will help you, since, profiting by your advice, I succeeded in obtaining a part rebate of premium—thus, I apprehend, releasing the risk. But no doubt you know best. Yours very truly,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

"91 TO SING SOLO."

Asbury Park Evening Express.

Too many.



First Trooper. "THAT'S A NICE PAIR OF OOLAN BOOTS YOU GOT THERE, BILL."

Second Trooper. "YUS; NOT BAD. HAD TO KNOCK OUT SIX OF THE BLIGHTERS AFORE I GOT A PAIR TO FIT ME!"

IN DARKEST GERMANY.

(Being a humble appeal to English Divines, suggested by the attitude of Teuton Professors to the Belgian atrocities.)

HEAR me, most noble missionaries who,
Toiling on Africa's half-tutored shore,
Had words quite recently at Kikuyu
Whereof the motley bard may say no more.

I would not dare to judge of warring creeds;
It may be that the dark-skinned Hottentot
Has skill to balance up his spirit's needs
And know that this is truth and that is not.

But there are sloughs of ignorance so deep
That sect and rubric seem to fade away,
Souls unaroused as yet from barbarous sleep
That have not glimpsed the prospect of the day.

These have no art to tell the wrong from right
Who tot up two and two to sums unknown;
Uganda, relatively erudite,
Has wants unfelt by Frankfurt and Cologne.

So, when the flags are furled, the trumpets mute,
And soft-voiced messengers replace the guns,
Let it be yours to stifle old dispute
And found a first-aid mission to the Huns;

Teaching them not at first the subtler things
Of dogma, suited to a folk more wise,
Such gospel as ye bear to savage kings,
But "steal no longer" and "have done with lies."

Tell them that murder is esteemed "*tabu*,"
That the Red Cross is now a sacred sign;
Tell them no more than that; it will be new;
They have no need of ritual on the Rhine.

Let presently a non-sectarian school,
Where knowledge shall be taught to Teuton men
That mumbo-jumbo is an out-worn rule,
Be built at Heidelberg or Gottingen.

There shall the Vandal sages come and go,
And learn at last why Belgium felt chagrin,
And pace the Prussian goose-step very slow,
From class to class, with lots of halts between.

They shall attain in time, but not as yet,
To starrier heights that now the negroes win;
Meanwhile your common goal is clearly set
To wake the untouched blindness of Berlin. *EVOE.*

Another Impending Apology.

"Lieutenant Asquith's first thought is for the comfort and feeding of his maw . . ."—*Daily Record*.

From an ante-War advertisement:—

"HOLIDAY COURSES IN GERMAN,
KAISERSLAUTERN, RHENISH PALATINATE.
Lectures under the auspices of the International Peace
Association.—Aug. 3 to Aug. 29."

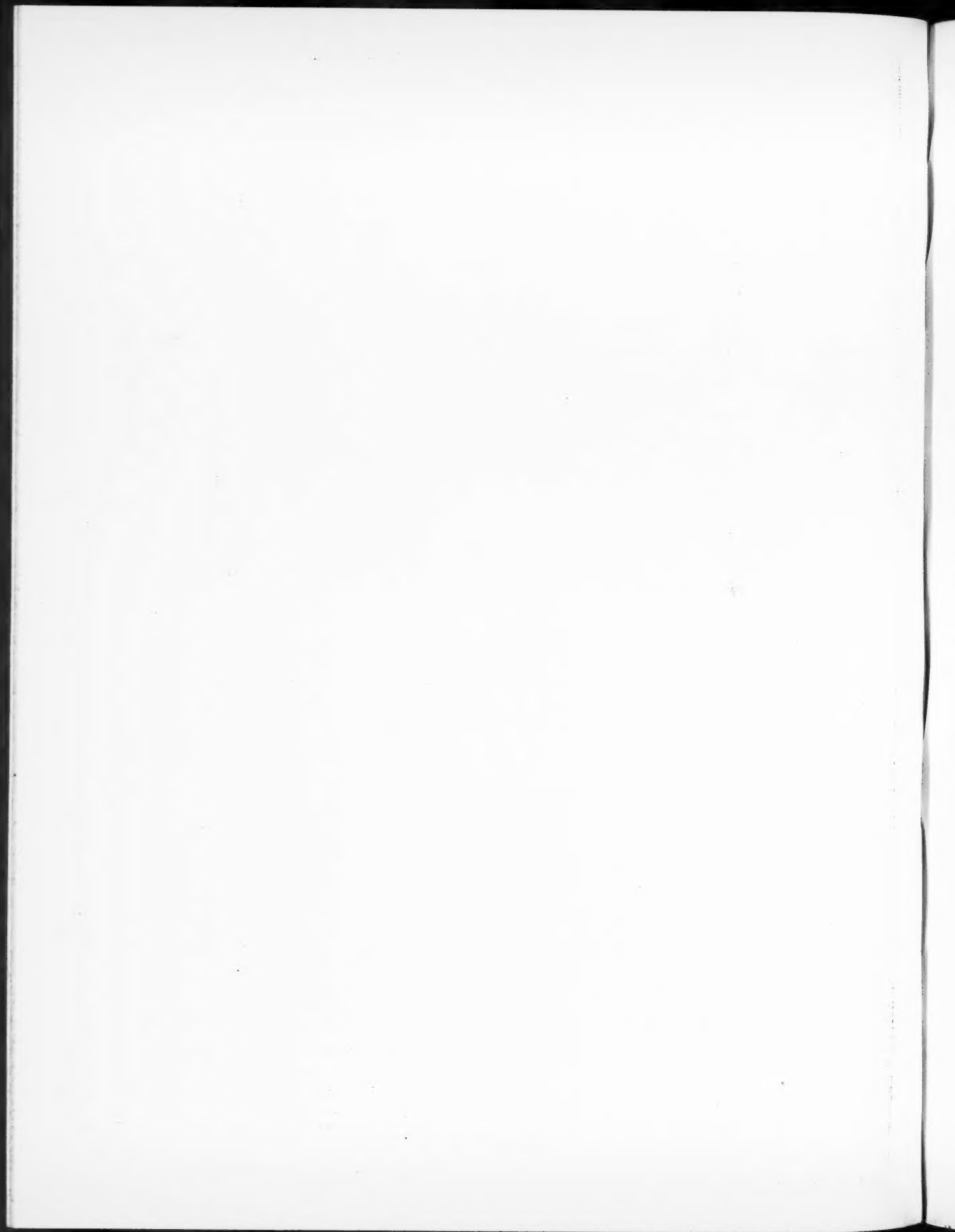
This course of pacific lectures has had to be postponed, but it is hoped that it may be given by the end of next summer under the auspices of the Allies in Berlin.



A PLAIN DUTY.

BRITANNIA (to Holland). "MY RESOURCES AND MY OBLIGATIONS ARE GREATER THAN YOURS; LET THIS SERVICE FALL UPON ME."

[The number of Belgian refugees in Holland is probably ten times as great as the number in England.]





"WELL, WILLIAM, HEARD ANYTHING OF YOUR SON?"

"NO, MISS; BUT THEY'LL SEND 'E TO THE FRONT RIGHT AWAY. 'E BE JUST THE MAN THEY BE WANTIN' THERE."

"I'M SURE HE IS. BUT WHY DO YOU THINK HE WILL GO STRAIGHT TO THE FRONT?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, MISS, 'E'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW 'EM THE WAY ABOUT. 'E WAS AT THE BOER WAR, AN' KNOWS ALL THEM FURRIN' PARTS."

THE REAL REASON.

Mr. Arthur Grayson, recently returned from Bad Nauheim, brings an interview with His Excellency Herr von BODE, which he obtained under curious circumstances. It seems that the famous Director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, and for long the ultimate arbiter of taste in Germany, wishing to send a message to the American people, wrote to an American journalist, also, as it chanced, named Grayson, and also a resident in the other Grayson's hotel, making an appointment. But the American Grayson had then gone, and the English Grayson, having opened his letter by mistake, and being not unwilling to see Berlin for himself during war-time, carried the missive to the capital, met the illustrious virtuoso and received the confidences intended for the instruction of New York and Washington, correcting their preposterous view of the German origin of the war.

We now give Mr. Grayson's words: "To make you understand the situation clearly," said Herr von BODE, "we

must go back a little into history. Some years ago I was offered by an English dealer a wax bust of Flora, which I saw in a moment was by LEONARDO DA VINCI. No trained eye could have mistaken it for anything else. I therefore bought it and made it the very jewel of this superb collection. England, however, always envious and acquisitive, in matters of connoisseurship dense, and now mad with rage to think that I alone had sufficient culture to discern the true and beautiful, at once set up the cry that the bust was the work not of LEONARDO in the fifteenth century, but of an Englishman named LUCAS in the nineteenth. They stopped at nothing in defence of this claim. The English sculptor's son was even produced to remember his father at work on it; while it was affirmed that a piece of his father's waistcoat had been used as an internal support for the bust. The campaign of calumny and mis-information, in short, was as thorough as if WOLFF's Bureau—I mean it was very thorough."

"And what happened?" I asked.

"We had no doubt ourselves," said

my companion. "Had Mr. TUSSAUD himself sworn that he was the modeller only yesterday we should have had no doubt, so indelibly, to the competent German eye, was the genius of LEONARDO stamped upon it. But we permitted the bust to be opened from the back, and true enough a piece of modern cloth was found within. That, however, as I say, could not affect the authenticity of the work, for it might easily have been sent to LUCAS for renovation, and it is well known that a renovator often stuffs something inside the shell of these busts to keep it from falling in while he is at work."

"Still it was, perhaps, awkward for you?" I asked.

"In the contemptible English art circles some cry of triumph was raised," he replied, "but no one in Germany was shaken. Moreover, they knew—what I knew—that England raised these doubts merely to cover her own original stupidity and ignorance. She was now convinced that it was by LEONARDO, because she knew I could not err, and her game was to belittle the bust. How barbaric! how devilish!

but how characteristic! And why did she belittle it?" he continued.

"Why, indeed, go to that trouble?" I said.

"Because"—his words were slow and impressive—"because she wanted it! She wanted it, hungered for it, thirsted for it. She had let it go and she could not forgive herself. How much she wanted it no one will ever know!" He paused.

"What then did she do?" he resumed. "Fearing that her bitter attack on the bust was useless, and served only to make us prize it the more, she began to plot to steal it. I could not tell you the number of attempts that have been made to get possession of this world-wonder. No one could tell you. Day after day Englishmen, dis-

Fortunately we knew that. We therefore marched through Belgium first."

"With these words the famous virtuoso sat back in his chair.

"If you will consent to be blindfolded for a part of the journey—a necessary precaution which I am sure you will appreciate," he remarked a moment or so later;—"I will show you the priceless masterpiece in its hiding-place. Then you will understand. Also I should like the world to know how Germany reveres and guards its choicest treasures."

"Naturally I consented, and a bandage being bound over my eyes I took the hand of my companion and was led away.

"You may wonder that after everything that has been happening recently

my virtuosity. The cause of my ennoblement."

"Before us was the famous wax bust, fresh from the hands of LUC—I mean LEONARDO.

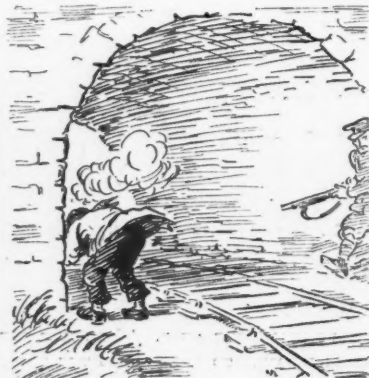
"And the early-Victorian waistcoat," I said, "which the clumsy fellow who renovated this bust always stuffed into the Leonardos which he was called upon to botch—you still have that?"

"Oh no," replied the enthusiast hastily, "we threw that away. Why keep that? But you can understand," he continued, "why we have taken all the precautions we have? Whatever else might be lost in any attack on Berlin—should one be within the bounds of possibility—this must be saved."

"Not only must," I replied, but



I.



II.



III.

"MORNING, MATE. BIT BREEZY FOR GETTING A LIGHT, AIN'T IT?"

guised even as German gentlemen, thronged the museum, all asking the way to the bust. We were continually on our guard. Attendants patrolled the room day and night. Our efforts were successful."

"He paused again and looked at me in triumph.

"Yes," he resumed, "the bust remained where it was. England, in despair, then decided that a supreme effort must be made, and began to arm and mobilize. The art faction got hold of Sir EDWARD GREY—nobbled him, as you say. It was upon learning of this treacherous preparation and its dastardly motive, that our sublime KAISER took the action he did. I say it with conviction, there would have been no war but for England's mad desire to possess again the LEONARDO wax bust."

"But what about the violation of Belgium?" I asked.

"Ah!" he said darkly. "It was England's in ention to march through Belgium to Berlin to get the bust.

I was willing thus to entrust myself to a German, but you must remember that so far as he knew I was an American, a member of a country whose goodwill has been angled for with every conceivable bait. It is not as if I had been a cathedral or a French priest or a Belgian mother.

"For how far I was led I cannot say, but we seemed to descend an incredible distance into the earth and then pass along interminable passages. At last my eyes were unbound and I discovered myself to be in the midst of a company of soldiers armed to the teeth, obviously underground, and I saw opposite me, in the light of an electric torch, a massive iron gate, which the supreme expert proceeded to unlock.

"We entered a gloomy cavern and again were confronted by a massive gate, which in its turn was also unlocked, revealing an inner chamber in the midst of which was a glass case.

"My companion reverently uncovered. 'The triumph of my career,' he murmured. 'The coping-stone of

will be saved. I feel certain that your plans have been sufficient. England, whatever else she may take from Berlin, will leave this bust with you."

"He wrung my hand. 'You hearten me,' he said. 'But now for the return journey;' and again the bandage was applied."

Among other items being produced at the Ambassadors' Theatre by an Anglo-Fianco-Belgian company is "My Lady's Undress." A contemporary describes this as "a good take-off."

"English submarine after a rude battle drowned the German Ship Heine." This is from *The Bahia Blanca Times* (the only foreign paper we take in), and shows how the news gets about.

The Daily News quotes the *Berlin Taegliche Rundschau* as follows:—

"Germany and Holland . . . are neighbours of ethnological affinity and united by numerous commercial and intellectual bonds." Even the bombs in Germany are cultured.

THE ARREST.

"EXCUSE me, but can you tell me which is Hunter Street?" said the tall pleasant-looking man with the slightly foreign accent.

"Hunter Street," I said, waving a vague hand, "lies over there. It is," I continued, fixing him with a stern look, "for constabulary purposes a chapel-of-ease to Bow Street."

He did not seem in the least perturbed.

"Ah!" he said, "a special constable, I suppose?"

I was only going on duty—theoretically I am never off duty—but I am missing no chances.

"Yes," I said, "I am. Do you mind telling me, quite between ourselves, you know, whether you are a German spy?"

He smiled slightly.

"Because if you are," I said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind holding on a minute. The strap of my truncheon has (tug) got fouled (tug) with my (tug) braces."

I got it out at last and stroked it lovingly. "I can't start before I'm ready," I said. "Rather neat bit of wood—what? Chose it myself at Bow Street. I take a 13½-ounce racquet, you know."

"You seem," he said, "to have given up caring whether I am a German spy or not."

"Your mistake," I said; "I was merely gaining time to size you up properly. Better take your pince-nez off. Broken glass is such a nuisance, don't you think?"

He ignored the friendly hint. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I am partly German."

"Show me the German part," I said, gripping the corrugations of my truncheon more tightly. "I'm a little pressed for time."

"And partly French," he went on.

"That's rather awkward," I said.

"And I was born in Russia."

"Worse and worse," I said.

"And spent practically the first twenty years of my life in Italy."

"This," I said, "is the absolute boundary. Yours is a case for the New Prize Courts."

"But you haven't formally arrested me yet," he said.

"True," I said, "I'm just coming to that part, but at the moment I've forgotten the opening movements of the half-nelson."

"My wife," he said musingly, "will be very annoyed. She's extremely English, you know."

"Look here," I said, "I really think I shall let you go, after all. So little of you is the enemy, so much the friend, that I don't care to take the



TALES FROM THE TRENCHES.

Some of our Soldiers, who were within seventy yards of the German trenches, hoisted an improvised target. The Germans did the same. Both sides signalled the result of the shooting.

First Tommy. "GET DOWN! DO YOU WANT 'EM TO COP YER?"

Second Tommy. "BLIMY! THE PERISHERS SIGNALLED MY BULL A MISS, AND I'M JUST AGOIN' TO 'OP OVER AN' TELL 'EM ABRAHT IT."

responsibility of arresting you. But perhaps I ought to resign. Come and have a sandwich, I've just time for one, and we can talk it over."

"Right," he said, "we may as well. By the way, it was my grandparents on my mother's side who were French and German." Then, producing his warrant card, he said, "I am a Special too. My name's Briggs."

The following reaches us from General Headquarters abroad:—

"ARMY TROOP ORDER, No. 40.—Information has been received that many Field Service postcards are arriving at the G.P.O. without any address on them. The instruc-

tions printed on the cards that nothing as to be written on them does not apply to the address. O.C.'s are requested to bring this fact to the notice of all ranks. Oct. 12, 1914."

The discipline in the Army seems to be almost too good.

"The German Press is conducting a campaign to prove that Belgium was deceived by the English, who, it is asserted, depicted the Germans as sausages; hence the people were frightened when the German troops approached."—*Yorkshire Evening Press*.

The Scotch, however, are even less polite, *The Aberdeen Evening Express* announcing boldly—

"GORILLA FIGHTING ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER."

THE KHAKI MUFFLER.

THE blinds were drawn, the lamps were lit and the fire was burning brightly. I was reading an evening paper—we get the 5.30 edition at the moment of publication, though we are thirty miles from London—and I had just found *Prezmyzle* (my own pronunciation) on the map for the thousandth time. Helen says that quite in the early days of the war she was told it ought to be pronounced *Perimeeshy*, but that seems impossible. Rosie declares for *Prozmeel*. Still she isn't very confident about it. One thing seems certain: when the Russians take this jaw-cracking town they will pronounce it quite differently from the Austrian form, whatever that may be. Just think of what happened to *Lemberg*. There appeared to be a kind of finality about that, but no sooner were the Russians in it than it turned into *Lwow*. After that anything might happen to *Przemysl*.

However, there were the three of us sitting in the library. I was helping the common cause with the evening paper and the map, and Helen and Rosie were knitting away like mad at khaki mufflers for *Lady FRENCH*. Click-click went the needles; the youthful fingers moved with incredible deftness and celerity, and line after line was added by each executant to her already enormous pile. There had been a long silence, and the time for breaking it seemed to have come.

"Well done, both of you," I said. "You really are getting on to-day. A week ago I thought you'd never get finished, and now——" I waved my hand encouragingly at the two heaps of wool-work.

"There," said Helen, "you've made me drop one."

"Pick it up again," I said with enthusiasm. "What were girls made for if not to pick up dropped stitches? But tell me," I added, "what would happen if you didn't pick it up?"

"My soldier," said Helen gloomily, "would go into the trenches and, instead of having a muffler, he would suddenly find himself coming undone all over him. Do you think he would like that?"

"No," I said, "he wouldn't. No soldier could possibly like a thing of that sort when he's got to fight Germans."

"I wonder," put in Rosie, "what *my* soldier will be like. I think I should like him to have a moustache—yes, I'm sure I want him to have a moustache."

"He'll have a moustache all right," said Helen, who is practical rather than dreamy. "And he'll have whiskers, too, and a beard as long as your arm. Do you think people have time to shave when they're in trenches?"

"Well, anyhow," said Rosie, "both our soldiers will be very brave men."

"That," said Helen, "is quite certain. Let's put in some good hard stitches to thank them for their bravery."

There was a short silence while this operation was performed with great zeal. The fingers flew through their complicated task and the web seemed to grow visibly.

"Haven't you both," I said, "done about enough? Talk about mufflers! In my day a muffler was something a man wore round his neck; but your mufflers would serve to clothe a whole platoon from head to heel with something left over. Benevolence is all very well, but you shouldn't overdo it. There isn't a soldier alive who wouldn't trip over your mufflers. Think of him tripped up by a muffler and caught by a German."

"*Lady FRENCH*," said Helen, "wrote in her letter to *The Times* that every muffler was to be two yards and a half long and twelve inches broad."

"Well," I said, "you've got the breadth all right."

"Yes," said Helen, "we got that in the first line, and

we've never let go of it since. Anybody could get the breadth. You could do that if you tried."

"Graceless child," I said, "you don't seem to be aware that in my earliest boyhood I once began to knit a sock."

"But you didn't finish it," said Helen. "I know that story."

"Fathers," said Rosie, "could knit very well if they tried, but they won't try."

"Come," I said, "I won't compete with you in knitting, but I'm game to bet you've done seven feet six inches in length already."

"All right," said Helen, "we'll bet a penny. Only remember, mine was only six feet yesterday and Rosie's was four inches shorter."

I spread the fabrics on the floor and set to work with a tape measure. The first result was, Helen five feet eleven inches; Rosie five feet six inches.

"This," I said, "is maddening. You are imitating *Penelope*."

"I don't know about *Penelope*," said Helen, "but you haven't straightened them out enough."

I smoothed them out carefully and measured again. This time the result was, Helen six feet two inches; Rosie five feet ten inches.

"Capital!" I said; "I will do some more smoothing."

"No," said Helen, "that won't be fair to *Lady FRENCH* or our soldiers. We must give them an inch or so over, if anything;" and they picked up the unfinished mufflers and set to work at them with renewed energy.

* * * * *

This was four days ago. Now both the mufflers are gloriously finished and ready to be despatched. When our two soldiers wear them we hope they will feel that there is a little magic in them as well as a great deal of warmth. There is love knitted into them and admiration and gratitude, and there are quiet thoughts of beautiful English country-sides and happy homes which our soldiers are helping to guard for us, though they are far away. R. C. L.

THE LOST SEASON.

(A Point of View.)

FAREWELL to the stretches of pasture and plough
And the flicker of stems through the gorse on the hill,
And the mulberry coats there, alone with them now,
To cheer as they're finding and whoop at the kill;
Farewell to the vale and the woodland forlorn,
To the fox in his earth and the hound on his bench;
Unheard is the pack and unheeded the horn,
So loud and so near are the bugles of *FRENCH*.

The lines of blood hunters are gone from the stalls
And a host of good men to the millions that meet,
For grim is the Huntsman, in thunder he calls,
And continents roar with the galloping feet;
There's a country to cross where the fences are steel,
And, though many must fall and the finish is far,
There is none shall outride them, with heart, hand
and heel,
Who have gone hard and straight in "The Image of
War."

The German "Dove."

(Suggested by recent exploits of the "Taube" Aeroplane.)

In ancient and in happier days the Dove
Stood as an emblem sure of peace and love;
Now must we link it with the fiend who flies
Down-dropping death on children from the skies.



Sportsman. "LAST TWO CARTRIDGES, DAN. WHAT'S TO BE DONE NOW?"
 Dan'l. "YE'LL HEV TO TAKE TO THE BAINIT, COLONEL."

A NEW ART.

[It is rumoured that Cinema playwrights, following the example of certain well-known stage dramatists, are likely in future, in addition to the film representations, to publish their works in novel-form. The manuscript of one of the earliest of these productions has just come into our hands.]

LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

CHAPTER I.

The last rays of the setting sun, shining through the windows of the Foreign Office, fell upon Clement Carmichael, the brilliant young Foreign Secretary, as he sat at his desk studying despatches. A slight noise caused him to raise his head sharply, and he observed a stranger of alien appearance standing before him.

Without a word the intruder produced a revolver and levelled it at Carmichael. Caught like a rat in a trap, the latter, after a moment's hesitation, handed over the despatches and leaned back with an expression of bitter despair.

"It is Raymond Blütherski!" he gasped when he was again alone. "I am ruined!"

CHAPTER II.

There was not an instant to be lost.

Dashing down the steps of the Foreign Office, Carmichael leapt into the waiting motor and shouted hoarsely to the driver. A moment later the car was disappearing rapidly down the street.

CHAPTER III.

Felix Capperton, the detective whose fame had penetrated two hemispheres, was playing chess with his daughter Madge, a tall and beautiful blonde. Suddenly the door opened and Carmichael entered hastily. In a few tense words he explained the situation to the famous sleuth, while Madge Capperton stood silent, pressing her hands to her heart.

The detective pointed meaningly at the chessboard, and Carmichael bent over it with an expectant face.

"It is checkmate!" he said.

"We will checkmate Blütherski!" replied the other confidently.

The eyes of the Foreign Secretary met those of the girl and a sympathetic smile passed between them.

CHAPTER IV.

In his private sanctum Capperton with skilful fingers fixed a moustache and side whiskers to his lean and mobile

face. His daughter handed him a soft hat and a Gladstone bag, and he was transformed before her eyes into a commercial traveller.

CHAPTER V.

Raymond Blütherski paced the deck of a Channel steamer, deeply absorbed in the fateful despatches. Suddenly he turned smartly on his heel's.

He was face to face with Capperton, disguised as a commercial traveller.

Accustomed to such emergencies his mind was made up in an instant. Rolling the papers into a ball, he hurled them into the mouth of a large ventilator which stood near.

Unhesitatingly the detective threw himself into the ventilator and disappeared head first. With a cry of baffled rage Blütherski followed.

CHAPTER VI.

In the bows of the same steamer stood Madge Capperton and Clement Carmichael, gazing anxiously before them. Her fingers tightened on his arm. Their faces took on an expression of horror and despair.

A huge liner was bearing directly down upon them!

CHAPTER VII.

In the treacherous waters of the English Channel the brilliant young Foreign Secretary supported Madge Capperton with one arm, while with the other he swam strongly towards the only floating object in view.

As they drew near he perceived that it was a large ship's ventilator. It was sinking fast, and from its mouth protruded the heads of two men engaged in a life-and-death struggle. They were Capperton and Blütherski.

With a cry of encouragement Carmichael redoubled his efforts.

CHAPTER VIII.

A ship's lifeboat, propelled by strong and willing arms, travelled swiftly across the sea. Presently a shout went up from the man in the bow. Four figures were seen struggling frantically in the water, and the rowers bent themselves with renewed energy to their oars.

CHAPTER IX.

On board the liner which had been responsible both for the collision and the *re-cue*, Raymond Blütherski, a sinister figure, was seen to leave his cabin and disappear down the corridor. An instant later Carmichael and Capperton entered stealthily. With quick cat-like movements the detective pushed open the door and tip-toed into the cabin.

Carmichael waited outside in an attitude of intense watchfulness. As a steward passed down the corridor he assumed a careless expression and lit a cigarette with nonchalant elaboration.

Directly the steward had gone the watcher resumed his vigil, every nerve on the alert.

CHAPTER X.

Inside the cabin the detective hurriedly opened drawers, turned over bed-clothes, tapped partitions and felt in boots. Then with an expression of disappointment he turned to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

In the corridor the two men stood face to face.

"Have you found them?" asked Carmichael hoarsely.

"No. They have sunk in the sea!" replied the other.

CHAPTER XII.

Across the smooth waters of the English Channel a motor-boat moved swiftly. In the bows the Foreign Secretary and the detective gazed earnestly forward.

Presently the latter clutched Carmichael's arm with an oath. Another boat had come into view, and they perceived that a diver in full costume was climbing into it.

The motor-boat came to a stop alongside the other. It could be seen that the diver held in his hand a ball of paper.

CHAPTER XIII.

The diver's headpiece was being unscrewed. On either side of him stood Capperton and Carmichael, each with a loaded revolver.

At length the cumbrous helmet was lifted off and the face of the diver was revealed.

It was Madge!

CHAPTER XIV.

The motor-boat drew up beside the quay and the Foreign Secretary stepped out with the detective and his daughter. All were plainly in a joyous mood, and they smiled happily at each other.

So gratified were they at their success that they quite failed to observe three men, who crept up stealthily behind them and thrust pads soaked in chloroform over their mouths.

In a few seconds the struggles of the victims ceased, and their inert bodies were roughly thrust into a waiting motor.

From the driver's seat Blütherski smiled sardonically.

CHAPTER XV.

Madge Capperton lay in a cellar of Blütherski's house, tightly bound and gagged. But her indomitable spirit was not yet cowed.

Using the edge of a rough stone as a saw she was laboriously severing the cord which tied her wrists. At length her persistence was rewarded and the frayed ends of the rope fell apart.

In fifteen seconds she stood up free.

CHAPTER XVI.

In another cellar, similarly shackled, the resolute detective was exerting all his mighty strength to burst his bonds.

With a superhuman effort he broke the cord which held his arms, and in fifteen seconds he also was free.

CHAPTER XVII.

In a small room in the same house the detective's daughter methodically pressed her hand against picture after picture hung on the walls. Her face was grimly determined.

At last she was successful. A large section of the wall slid back, revealing a dark opening.

After a few seconds' natural hesitation the brave girl stepped through the aperture.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Raymond Blütherski lay asleep. On his dressing-table rested the fatal ball of paper.

Suddenly a portion of the wall moved back and Madge Capperton appeared

in the opening. As noiselessly as possible she crept forward and snatched up the despatches. In a few seconds she would be safe!

At that instant Blütherski awoke, leapt out of his bed and grasped her roughly by the arm. But he had reckoned without Capperton.

The commanding figure of the detective appeared in the room. He levelled a large revolver at Blütherski, and the latter threw up his hands with a cry of baffled hate.

CHAPTER XIX.

In a moonlit garden Clement Carmichael was waiting impatiently. Presently Madge came to him with a radiant face and placed the lost despatches in his hands. His reputation was saved!

Seizing the girl in his arms he pressed his lips to hers in a long passionate kiss.

THE END.

CASUS BELLI.

(For a sensitive Scot.)

TEA-SHOP, how I loathe thee!
Our connection's o'er,
Henceforth I don't know thee
Any more.

'Tisn't that I did not
On thy pastry dote;
'Tisn't that it slid not
Down my throat;

'Tisn't that thy crumpets
Fell a trifle flat—
If I've got the hump it's
Not from that.

'Tisn't that the waitress
Tried to wink at me,
Or let fall a stray tress
In my tea;

'Tisn't that I tossed thee
Tenpence in the till
For a snack that cost thee
Almost *nil* . . .

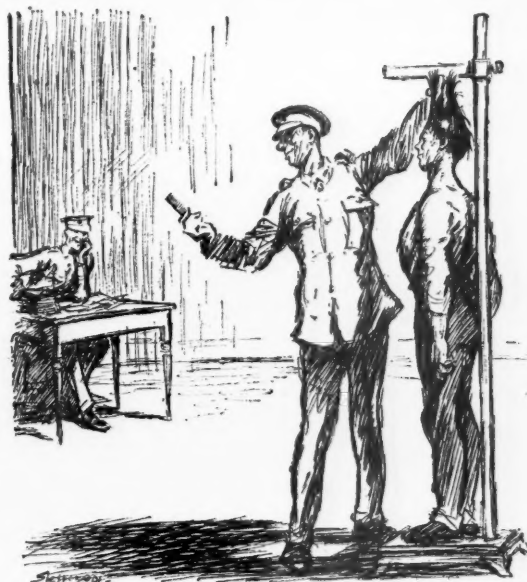
Nay, 'twas *this* unnerved me—
Just a scöne alone,
Which the lass who served me
Called a scöne.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

In connection with his chief Cartoon of this week, *Mr. Punch* begs to invite his readers to help the kind people of Holland on whom the care of so many Belgian refugees has fallen. Contributions will be gladly received by the International Women's Relief Committee (Miss Chrystal Macmillan, Treasurer), 7, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.



Scene: A Recruiting Station in Ireland. IN ORDER NOT TO LOSE A STALWART RECRUIT WHO HAPPENS TO BE UNDER THE STANDARD HEIGHT MEASUREMENT THE EXAMINING OFFICER MAKES A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION TO SERGEANT O'FLANAGAN—



—WHICH SUGGESTION SERGEANT O'FLANAGAN CARRIES OUT WITH A HIGHLY SATISFACTORY RESULT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Coasting Bohemia is the attractive title of a series of essays upon men and matters by Mr. COMYNS CARR, issued in a portly volume published by MACMILLAN. During the last forty years Mr. CARR, eminently a clubbable man, has made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship of a galaxy of painters, authors and actors. He was equally at home with MILLAIS, ALMA-TADEMA, ROSSETTI, BURNE-JONES, WHISTLER, GEORGE MEREDITH, HENRY IRVING and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. A shrewd observer, quick in sympathy, apt in characterisation, he has much that is interesting and informing to say of each. Perhaps the chapter on WHISTLER is the most attractive, since in some respects his individuality was the most pronounced. In a couple of brief sentences, pleasing in the slyness of their gentle malice, Mr. CARR hits off a striking quality in the character of the WHISTLER we most of us knew. "At times," he writes, "Whistler was even greedy of applause, and, provided it was full and emphatic enough, showed no inclination to question its source or authority. There were moments indeed when, if it appeared to lack volume or vehemence, he was ready himself to supply what was deficient." Mr. CARR has in his time played many parts. He made a start at the Bar, but did not get further than the position of a Junior, which suited him admirably. As a critic, he cannot plead in extenuation the dictum of DISRAELI that critics are those who have failed in Literature and Art. He has written several successful plays, was English editor of *L'Art*, was among the founders of the New Gallery, and remains established as one of our best after-dinner speakers. Of such is the kingdom of Bohemia. From these various sources he draws a stream of reminiscence that runs pleasantly through many pages. The only drawback to the delight with which I read them arose from the circumstance that

the volume was uncut. Why should a harmless reviewer be compelled to "coast Bohemia" armed with a paper-knife, interrupted, when he comes to an exceptionally interesting point, by necessity for cutting a chunk of pages? R.S.V.P., MESSRS. MACMILLAN.

The ease with which the nuptial knot
In Yankee-land is severed—such is
The underlying theme of what
The Letter of the Contract touches;
So, but that BASIL KING has brain
And uses it when he is writing,
The book (from METHUEN) might contain
Little that's novel or inviting.

Yet it's so good it's doomed to miss,
I rather fear, the approbation
Of folk who hope such books as this
May help the cause of reformation;
For, if divorce in U.S.A.
Inspires such work, it stands to reason
To change the law in any way
Amounts to literary treason.

In contemplating the present season's output of fiction I have been impressed by the number of novels that might apparently have been written with an eye to the conditions that attended their publication. Which, unless one credits our romancers with much further sight than is commonly supposed to be their portion, is absurd. The thing is a coincidence; and of this there is no more striking example than the story that ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK has prepared for the world this autumn. She calls it *The Encounter* (ARNOLD), and it is all about the struggle between "the Nietzschean attitude of mind in Germany," as exemplified in an egotistical, crack-brained genius named *Ludwig Wehlitz*, and the ideals of civilized Christianity exemplified in several

other more agreeable persons. You will own that this is at least *à propos*. The whole thing is, of course, quite charmingly told. All the characters are thoroughly alive; most of all perhaps the placid, tolerant and entirely practical mother of the heroine. *Persis Fennamy* had been introduced to the genius as a suitable disciple and possible helpmate by the *Signorina Zardo*, who worshipped him from afar. *Persis* met *Ludwig*, was interested, impressed and even willing to admire. There were two other men also, attendant upon the great one: *Conrad Sachs*, who was gentle and deformed, and *Graf von Ludenstein*, who represented another type of German manhood. He represented it so well, indeed, that, when *Mrs. Fennamy* discovered that he had taken *Persis* off for an intimate conversation in a wood, even her tolerant placidity was deranged. But it was all right, and *Persis* escapes heart-whole from the lot of them, clay superman and all. She is to be congratulated. So is the author, for her book is both apt to the moment and interesting in itself.

There is, for all its gaiety, a certain external quality of pathos (now that the German is to us so sinister a figure) in much of *The Pastor's Wife* (SMITH, ELDER), with its types of an East Prussian village drawn in with those deft, half kindly, half malicious touches to which the creatrix of *Elizabeth of the Garden*

has accustomed us. *Ingeborg* is the daughter of an English bishop—a bishop, by the way, so needlessly odious that even those who would cheerfully believe the worst of the order must protest against this hitting below the gaiters—and she meets her pastor in a railway carriage on a cheap trip to Lucerne. This so-utterly-by-the-pursuit-of-knowledge-dominated *Herr Dremmel* (his subject is scientific manure) has a lapse from the even paths of research into the disturbing realms of love, and with an egotistic single-mindedness which is beyond all praise overwhelms her into marriage by the heroic process of ignoring all objections, refusals and

obstacles. And lo! in this manse of lonely Kokensee we have a problem! *Elizabeth*, tongue in cheek, in the mask of INSEX! . . . I couldn't get myself to believe in the ineffable preoccupations of *Herr Dremmel* that made so desolate a pastor's wife; nor could I see the later enchanting *Ingeborg* in the little negligible mouse of the episcopal study (though I liked them both); and, as I said, I entirely refused to accept the bishop. But I heartily and thoroughly

enjoyed the story, the happy little strokes of humour and irony, the apt, pert thumbnail-sketches of the subsidiary characters, the tender love of country things and moods; and saw that I'd been an ass to take it all too seriously. It was written to charm—and it's charming.

Laughter in these dark days is so wholesome a corrective that we mustn't be too exacting with Mr. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, that fertile spinner of yarns, when in *The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton* (METHUEN) he presents us with the diverting idea of a mean, little, loud, untruthful auctioneer's clerk converted by the eating of a mysterious brown bean into a paragon of candid truth, refined taste and romantic desire. There's an amusing scene when *Burton's* chief, a thoroughly resourceful specimen of his tribe, cries down, under the same mysterious influence, the pseudo-antiques he is selling, and so intrigues his

old friends the dealers that, with a curious naïveté, they make absurdly high bids in the belief that the auctioneer is up to some profitable little game. *Mr. Alfred Burton* himself becomes at a stroke a famous author just by merely writing what he sees and seeing true. (But wouldn't his readers also need a nibble at the bean?) Finally falling from grace as the effect of this food of the gods wears off, he accepts a directorship of the new mind-food company, "Menatogen," which brings him untold wealth. Quite innocent fooling which yet leaves one with the impression that our popular authors let themselves off rather lightly from the labour of working out their themes.



A GARGOYLE OF NÔTRE DAME DE PARIS.

(With acknowledgments to the etching by M. Méryon.)

SPIRITS OF EVIL, WHEN THEY'RE THROWN
OUT OF A CHURCH, ARE TURNED TO STONE;

BUT THE ABOVE WAS PETRIFIED
EVEN BEFORE HE GOT INSIDE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE *Fremdenblatt* of Hamburg congratulates itself that "the British campaign of pin-pricks is fast coming to a miserable end." If the reference is to bayonets, our contemporary is in error.

A Berlin news agency states that General LEMAN, of Liège, is actually a German. It is characteristic of the Germans to bring an accusation like that against a brave and innocent man in adversity.

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* records the foundation of a "German Truth Society." We are glad that it is realised over there at last that there is a difference between Truth and German Truth.

It is semi-officially announced that the KAISER's headquarters are now in France. His headquarters were recently seen in Russia.

A detachment of British cavalry, while playing water polo in the Oise, suddenly spotted a patrol of German Uhlans, jumped on their horses naked, and in that state charged the enemy. We understand that a protest has been lodged at the War Office by the British Propriety League.

A motor wireless section in Scotland is searching for a mascot and regimental pet, and a Glasgow newspaper invites its readers to supply a suitable animal. What would be wrong with a wireless terrier?

Shortly before the outbreak of the war, it is said, the KAISER ordered a Gloucester spotted pig in this country. Later on the shipment of the pig was countermanded. Presumably sufficient pigs had already been spotted in the German army.

A pretty tribute to our ability to keep our hair on in a crisis was paid last week at the Bow County Court by an itinerant vendor of a hair restorer. He informed the Court that since the war there had been no demand for his goods.

A correspondent writes to *The Times* to object to the nickname "Tomnies" applied to our soldiers. "Thomasess" would undoubtedly be more respectful and dignified.

An original production of *Everyman* is to be given at the Cathedral Hall, Westminster, on the 12th, 13th and



"NOT BIG ENOUGH! D'YER KNOW 'OO I AM? D'YER KNOW FOIVE YEAR AGO I WAS CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT OF WAPPING?"

"I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'RE A GOOD MAN; BUT, YOU SEE, YOU DON'T COME UP TO THE REQUIRED MEASUREMENTS, SO I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE END OF IT."

"OH, ALL RIGHT, THEN. ONLY, MIND YER, IF YER GO AN' LOSE THIS 'ERE WAR—WELL, DON'T BLAME ME—THAT'S ALL!"

14th instant, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. We trust that Everyman will do his duty and bring in a large sum for this admirable object.

The French authorities have seized ten race-horses stabled at St. Symphorien, near Tours, which belonged to M. MUMM, of the famous champagne firm, who is a German subject. Motto for those Germans who were captured speechless in the neighbourhood of Rheims:—"Mumm's the word!"

We note that there is a strong cast in *The Glad Eye* which has made its appearance again.

Which reminds us that they are calling a certain cheery correspondent on our Generalissimo's Staff "The Glad Eye Witness."

The latest news from South Africa would seem to show that Beyers are sometimes sold.

THE FLASH-LIGHT THAT FAILED.

(Lines suggested by a recent incident on the Firth of Forth.)

THERE was a young alien in Fife
Who on spying was keen as a knife,
Till a sentry—good egg!—
Plugged him bang through the leg
And ruined his prospects for life.

"Along the coast the French Fleet are now aiding the British monitors, smashing the heavy buns rolled up to the coast by the Germans."

In the heavy bun department we fear no rivals, and the Germans will soon find that in more than one railway-station refreshment department they will meet their Waterloo.

TO A FALSE PATRIOT.

He came obedient to the Call;
He might have shirked like half his mates
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,
Still go to swell the football gates.

And you, a patriot in your prime,
You waved a flag above his head,
And hoped he'd have a high old time,
And slapped him on the back and said:

"You'll show 'em what we British are!
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake;"
And took him round from bar to bar
And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,
Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,
He held himself the soldier's way—
And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you; you're all right;
Your easy conscience takes no blame:
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,
He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand
Nothing of all his bitter pain;
You have no regiment to brand;
You have no uniform to stain;

No vow of service to abuse,
No pledge to King and country due;
But he had something dear to lose,
And he has lost it—thanks to you. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. VI.

(From Professor HERMANN MÜLLER, Ph.D., Private in the
—th Regiment of Prussian Infantry.)

Belgium.

YOUR MAJESTY.—I am one of your Majesty's most loyal and most faithfully devoted subjects, and, if I now write to you, it is not because I doubt for one moment that you are inspired in all your actions by a clearer wisdom and a firmer grasp of facts than any that I can pretend to, but because there are certain questions which obstinately press upon me to such an extent that I must relieve my mind of them.

At the beginning I was a firm believer in the necessity of this war, and in the perfect and not-to-be-shattered justice of our cause. I had read all that there was to read: TREITSCHKE, NIETZSCHE, BERNHARDI, FROBENIUS and a hundred others, from whose writings it can be most easily shown that Germany alone among nations has the power and the will to expand and to rule; that expansion and rule must be accomplished by war, which, far from being a misfortune, is a noble object to be aimed at and not avoided by statesmen; that all other nations are degenerate and must for their own good be crushed by Germany; and that any nation which resists Germany is through that very act an enemy of the human race. I also believed that German culture is something different from and superior to such culture (if it be worthy of the name) as is possessed by other countries. All these beliefs I set out in my booklet entitled, "Der Lorbeerkrantz," which I humbly and with the most profound heart's-devotion dedicated to your august

and glorious Majesty. Did you, I wonder, deign to cast your Imperial eyes on this effort of my pen? How well I remember obtaining my first copy of the book on the happy day that saw its publication. It seemed printed in letters of gold, and, filled with high yearnings and expectations, I took it home to my beloved Anna. We read it aloud together, turn and turn about, with laughter and applause and tears, for we saw therein the foundation of fame.

So, at the war's beginning, I shouted with the rest for my KAISER and my country, knowing that the war was just and that we should end by annexing England's colonies, after destroying her armies and her ships, and those of France and Russia into the bargain.

Well, that is already, as it seems to me, a thousand years ago, and I must admit that at that time I did not consider it possible that I myself with all my weight of learning as well as my regulation knapsack should be marching about, or lying in a trench on the plains of Flanders, divided by a few hundred yards from English soldiers, who have in their hands rifles and bayonets, and know how to use them. In the intervals of firing, as we lie there, a man has time to think, and it is wonderful how clear his ideas become in such conditions. Some of us do not think or think only what they are told. Poor simple fellows, they still believe they are even now at the gates of Paris, and that to-morrow is the day appointed for the entrance; whereas I know that, having been close to Paris in a mad rush, our armies have since retreated day after day.

But all this happened before I myself had to join the fight with the older men. Now I know that the English and the French have much to say for themselves, and, in any case, that it is plain nonsense—I beg Your Majesty's pardon for using this word, but it is there and I will not strike it out—it is plain nonsense to believe that the good God who has made us all has had any interest in making our Germans out of better clay than that which He has used for other men. I cannot even make an exception in the case of your Imperial Majesty's own self. Thus do my thoughts run in the trenches during this dreadful battle. What things have I heard, what awful sights have I seen since I received my marching orders! I think of Anna and of little Karl, and hope only that some day I shall be far away from these scenes in a place where peace shall reign and I can see them both again. But when will this be?

With most humble respect,

HERMANN MÜLLER.

"THE GREATER GAME."

This Cartoon, which deals with professional football and the War, and appeared in the issue of *Punch* for October 21, has now been reprinted in the form of Posters and Handbills. These will be gladly sent free of charge, for the purpose of distribution or exhibition, to anyone interested in recruiting among football players and the enormous crowds that attend League Matches. Applications, stating the number required, should be addressed to The Secretary, *Punch* Offices, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., who will gratefully acknowledge any contributions towards the expense involved.

"The Greater Game" is also being reproduced in the form of a Lantern Slide for exhibition at Cinemas, etc.

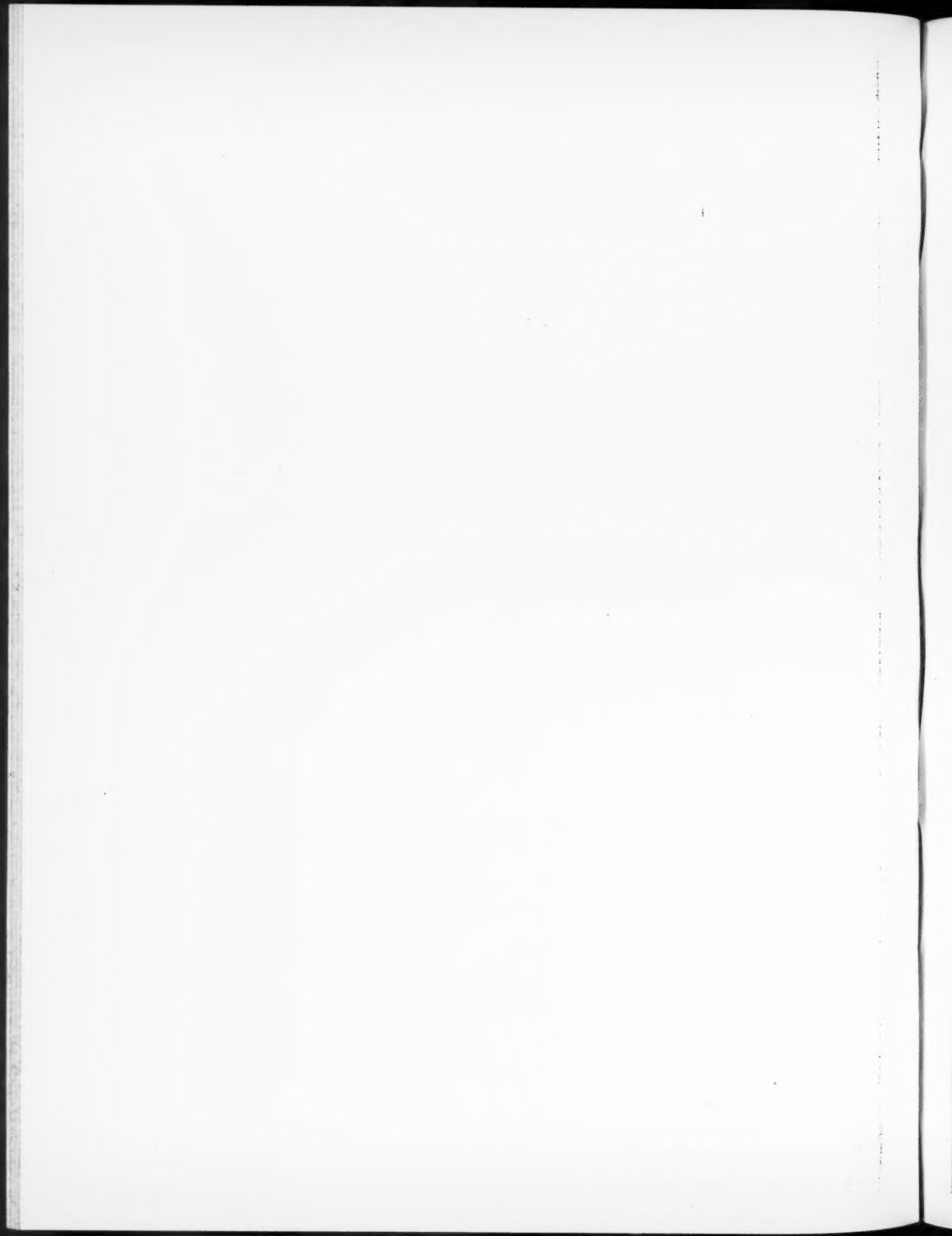
"Plaintiff, Mr. W. E. Brown, trading as Brown & Co. (Incorporated in England) and Messrs. Brown & Co. (Incorporated in England), claimants, v. Defendants, Messrs. Brown & Co. (Incorporated in England) and Messrs. Brown & Co. (Incorporated in England), defendants."—*Bournemouth Echo*.

In our "List of firms which must have a telegraphic address" Mr. BROWN takes a high place.



FOREWARNED.

ZEPPELIN (as "The Fat Boy"). "I WANTS TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP."
JOHN BULL. "RIGHT-O!"





Jim (just leaving for Egypt). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, MOTHER; TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. I'LL BRING YOU A PYRAMID WHEN I COME BACK HOME."

Mother. "THA MUN DO NOWT O' T' SOORT, LAD. THA MUNNA GET THYSEN I' ANY TROUBLE FOR ME."

ANOTHER INNOCENT VICTIM OF THE WAR.

SIR,—Will you grant me the hospitality of your columns for the exposure of a grievance? The rest of the Press, which until recent months have welcomed my communications, seem to have become indifferent to matters affecting the health and comfort of the intellectual classes.

I am a professional man. For the past five-and-twenty years, with only one exception (the year following the Diamond Jubilee of the late QUEEN VICTORIA), I have fallen a victim during the first days of November to an attack of bronchial catarrh. In this distressing complaint, as you may be aware, an early symptom is a fit of sneezing, with other manifest discomfort which I need not here particularise.

For the past twenty-five years (with the one exception to which I have alluded) my first sneeze has been the signal for alarm among the women-folk of my household. My elder sister goes quietly upstairs for the bottle of ammoniated quinine; my younger sister explores the recesses of a cupboard for the piece of red flannel to which I have been accustomed; and Emily, the maid,

without being instructed, puts the kettle on the gas-stove. Any lady visitor there may be in the house is ready with suggestions of alternative remedies, recalling numerous interesting and instructive examples. Light and nourishing dishes are prepared for my dinner; a hot-water bottle is placed in my bed; and in the bedroom a fire is lit. I retire to rest at 9.30, and, having disrobed and covered myself with an augmented supply of blankets, I am brought a glass of hot milk by one of my sisters, who gently places my dressing-gown round my shoulders while I drink it. Afterwards I lie down to sleep, with the bell-push within reach. A tap at the door wakes me next morning. "May I bring in a cup of tea, dear Septimus?" asks my other sister. I am implored to remain in bed for the day, and swift arrangements are made with the butcher, when he calls, to telephone a message to the office. Emily refrains from singing while washing up, and wears felt slippers during her duties about the house.

Such, Sir, has been the routine attending this practically annual event for the past five-and-twenty years.

But I regret to inform you that a secret and sinister change has been at work in our domestic relations. The first sneeze of this year's attack took place last evening. My once attentive sisters, immersed in wool and flannel of all shades, took no notice; Miss Annistay, an old family friend, alone remarked upon my condition, stating that colds were very prevalent, and adding somewhat irrelevantly that it must be terrible in the trenches this weather. For dinner I had nothing more sustaining than our customary fare, and when I asked for hot milk at bedtime my sisters inquired, "Whatever for, Septimus?" I sought my chamber, only to find, on enquiry, that my dressing-gown, my extra blankets and my hot-water bottle had disappeared—gone, I understand, to a local hospital. And, far from remaining in bed to-day, I am writing this from my office, an exceedingly draughty apartment.

Yours cordially,

SEPTIMUS CODDELL.

P.S.—Of course I thoroughly approve of the idea that we must all make sacrifices in time of war; but, as I tell my household, these sacrifices should be personal and not vicarious.

OUR GUY.

WE feel just a little hurt that the police have not prohibited our village bonfire. Why shouldn't Zeppelins come to Little Pilswick? Why should an arrogant metropolis monopolise everything? Still we hid our mortification and the Guy Committee met as usual in the saloon bar of the "Bull."

In the first instance Prodgers moved that the celebration be dropped, and that all material already collected be given to the Belgian refugees. It was pointed out to him that a gift of two empty tar-barrels and half-a-dozen furze bushes, though meant in all kindness, might prove embarrassing to any relief committee. Besides, we are happy in the entertainment of two Belgian families, and the feeling was that the sight of an uncul ured fire would cheer them. So Prodgers was temporarily crushed. Then came the all-important question of the guy.

Mr. Flodden, the landlord, began the di-cussion. "Last year we'd LLOYD GEORGE, but we can't have no politics now, though he's—well, I wish I could tell him what he is. Year before we'd the Squire for stopping up that footpath, but he's in the Yeomanry now, so he's barred."

"The KAISER!" cried Jenkins. "Have him with mailed fists holding up a torn scrap of paper."

"No, the CROWN PRINCE," suggested Webb. "Everyone would know him if we put a silver spoon in each hand and hung a silver coffee-pot round his neck."

"DE WET," proposed Cobb.

"Had him twelve year or more ago," said the landlord. "DE WET's off."

A fierce controversy now ensued between partisans of the KAISER and the CROWN PRINCE. Prodgers argued ably that it was much worse to destroy a cathedral than to steal plate; whilst Unwin, the jobbing builder, declared that the damaging of a cathedral gave work to a very deserving class of men, and said he would very much rather see the parish church-tower knocked down than the Vicar's spoons stolen. At last feeling ran so high it was decided to put the matter to the vote. Five voted for the light-headed KAISER, five for his light-fingered heir. All eyes turned on the landlord to see which way his casting vote would go.

"Friends all," said Mr. Flodden, "we've kep' ourselves respectable in

this village. Even our guys have been respectable, though, mind you, that LLOYD GEORGE—well, if it wasn't wartime, I'd say he come precious near the line. Now what's the good of us letting ourselves down to burn these 'Uns? What about old GUY FAWKES? I grant you he wanted to blow up the 'Ouses of Parliament; but, if there was licensing bills in those days, I don't blame him. I say stick to old Guy and be respectable."

It was carried unanimously.

Somewhere in his rush from theatre to theatre of the war a message will reach the KAISER. The hatred of a world may flatter him, but the cold, chilling contempt of Little Pilswick will pierce to his very heart.

report about you from your house-master. It is only then that I know you have wasted three months of golden time." ("Golden time" was a happy inspiration.)

"Old Starks is a rotter," said William briefly.

"Now I put you on your honour, William, to send me a truthful report of your progress at the half-term. Then if you are not doing well I can write and ask that you should have special attention. On your honour, mind."

"Yes, father. Shall we go across to the refreshment-room now?"

"Ah, yes, certainly," I said, noticing a signal drop. "Oh, no; here's your train coming in."

Then having done my duty I forgot all about the promised report. It arrived unexpectedly this morning. He had framed it precisely on the model of his house-master's reports:—

Position in Form. First.

Progress. Very marked; decidedly more attentive and industrious.

Latin. A distinct improvement in versification. Translates easily and intelligently.

Greek. Displays remarkable promise.

("Of course it won't be much use to him in my leather business," I said to my wife; "still it shows grit.")

Mathematics. Again marked progress is to be recorded.

Conduct. Courteous, orderly, obedient. A good influence in the house.

General Remarks. Will achieve a high position in the school, but must take care that too close absorption in study does not interfere with his athletic development.

"Most gratifying," I said to my wife. "I just put the boy on his honour. I don't believe in lecturing boys. Ah, what's this at the bottom?"

I read with horror the foot-note, "Per Wireless from Berlin."

I am a parent, so I instructed my wife to write a letter saying how much I was pained by William's frivolity. I am a patriot, so, without her knowledge, I slipped a postal order for ten shillings into the envelope.

We hear there is no truth in the report that Mr. JAMES WELCH intends renaming his successful farce (now moved to the New Theatre) "When Nights Were Dark."



OBVIOUS EMBARRASSMENT OF LITTLE BINKS, WHO HAS INJURED HIS HAND IN THE PEACEFUL OCCUPATION OF PICTURE-HANGING, AT BEING MISTAKEN FOR A WOUNDED HERO.

THE REPORT FALLACIOUS.

I HAVE a son, William. But there are compensations; he is at school.

It was at the crisis of parting at the station that it seemed to me necessary to give William a word of parental advice. I hate seeing small boys at such moments stuffing themselves in refreshment-rooms.

"William," I said, "life is not all cricket and football."

"No, father," replied William, looking hard at the refreshment-room, "there's golf."

"That, William, is scarcely a game. I should describe it in my own case as an exercise taken under medical advice, to obtain relief from business strain."

"Father," burst out William, "there's Chess in minor in the refreshment-room."

"William," I proceeded, "at the end of each term I receive an unsatisfactory



Visitor (leaving inn after sleepless night). "I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A GERMAN?" Landlord. "DO I LOOK LIKE IT?"
 Visitor. "NO; BUT I THOUGHT I'D JUST ASK BECAUSE MY ROOM LAST NIGHT HAD A CONCRETE BED IN IT."

THE GREAT PETARD.

(Being some further reliable information about the enormous siege gun which is to shell us from Calais.)

THIS is the tale of the Master Hun
 And how, on thinking it over,
 He bade his henchmen build him a gun
 With a belly as huge as the Heidelberg Tun
 To batter the cliffs of Dover.

See how the Uhlans' lances toss!
 As a mother her child they love it;
 Guarding it well from scathe and loss
 They have stamped its side with a big Red Cross,
 And the white flag waves above it.

First it was cast in Essen town;
 Junkers in gay apparel
 Flocked to sample its high renown,
 And a dozen or more, they say, sat down
 To dinner inside its barrel.

Fair and free did the Rhine wine flow
 Till the face of every glutton
 Shone with a patriot's alter-glow,
 And then they retired a mile or so
 And the WAR LORD pressed the button.

Hoch! The howitzer stood the test,
 Belching like fifty craters,
 And (this is perhaps the cream of the jest)
 There was more than metal inside its chest,
 For they hadn't removed the waiters.

Now it has come on armoured trains
 To the further side of the Channel;
 Prayers are said in a hundred fanes
 For its godlike soul, and whenever it rains
 They muffle its throat with flannel.

Strange indeed is the cry of its shells,
 Like a pack of hounds in full wail,
 Like the roar of a mountain stream that swells
 Or like anything else from a peal of bells
 To the bark of a wounded bull-whale.

But the worst of it is that when—and if—
 It begins its work of slaughter
 It will possibly harm the Kentish cliff,
 But it's perfectly certain to go and bill
 The French one into the water.

So when you shall hear a noise on high
 Like the medium brush of a barber,
 And a monstrous bullet falls from the sky
 And blows off the head of a Prussian spy
 As he dallies in Dover Harbour,

You shall know that at last the WAR LORD's host,
 By dint of a stout endeavour,
 Have chipped off a bit of the Calais coast
 And caused the isle that they pant for most
 To be further away than ever.

EVER.

THE PEACE CIGAR.

"By the way, Lorna was there this morning," said Celia. "Her brother's in the War Office."

"And what did KITCHENER tell him when they last had lunch together?" I asked.

"Well," smiled Celia, "he does say that—"

I get all my best news from Celia nowadays. When I meet you in the City and mention that I know for a fact that the KAISER is in hiding at Liverpool, you may be sure that Celia saw Vera yesterday morning, and that Vera's uncle is somebody important on the Liverpool Defence Committee.

Twice a week Celia ties up parcels for the Fleet. Ordinary people provide the blankets, sea-boots, chocolate, periscopes and so forth; Celia looks after the brown paper and string, which always seems to me the most tricky part. There are a dozen of them, all working together; and you can imagine (or, anyhow, I can) Vera or Kitty or Isobel, her mouth full of knot, gossiping away about her highly-placed relations, while Beryl or Evelyn or Lorna looks up from the parcel she is kneeling on and interrupts, "Well, my brother heard—I say, where did you put my scissors?"

"Well," smiled Celia, "Lorna's brother in the War Office says the war will be over by Christmas."

"Hooray," I said; and I went out and looked at my cigar.

This cigar arrived at my house in a case of samples last July. The samples went up from right to left in order of importance, each in his own little bed—until you got to Torpedo Jimmy at the end, who had a double bed to himself. Starting with *Cabaja fino* in the right-hand corner, the prices ranged from about nine a penny to five pounds apiece, the latter being the approximate charge for T. James or any of his brethren.

Celia was looking over my shoulder when I opened the case, and she surveyed my brown friends with interest.

"When are you going to smoke that one?" she asked, touching Torpedo Jimmy's cummerbund with the tip of her finger.

"On your birthday," I said.

"Bother, then I shan't see much of you. Couldn't you smoke it on two ordinary days instead?"

"You can only smoke a cigar that size after a very good dinner," I explained.

"What was the matter with the tapioca pudding last night?" said Celia sternly.

"I mean you must have champagne and bands and lots of lights, and

managers bowing all round you, and pretty people in the distance, and—all that sort of thing. You can't do that at home. Besides, I shall want a waiter or two to hold the far end of it while I'm smoking. It'll be all right going there; we can put it on the top of a cab."

"Of course it will be lovely going out with you," said Celia, "but Jane will be very disappointed. She'd have liked to hear it buzzing."

"I hope it won't buzz," I said.

"Couldn't you smoke it now, and then we'd go out next week and celebrate your recovery." She sighed. "My birthday's a long way off," she said wistfully, thinking of the band and the lights and the pretty people in the distance—and not necessarily in the distance either.

"Well, p'raps we'll think of another excuse. Anyhow it will be a very great day, and if I survive we shall often look back upon it."

Celia stroked it again.

"It's just like a torpedo, isn't it?" she said. And so we called it Torpedo Jimmy. A torpedo is actually a little bit bigger. Not much, however.

That was July. When August came we knew that there would be no excuse before the birthday and that the birthday would be no excuse. The great dinner was postponed. It didn't matter, because we forgot about the great dinner.

But towards the end of September Celia came across the sample case again. All the beds were empty now but one. Torpedo James still lay in his four-poster, brown and inscrutable.

"Better put him away," she said, "and on the day that peace is signed you can take us both out."

And so Torpedo Jimmy became a symbol. The more I long for peace, the more I long for that historic smoke. When Louisa's brother or Nora's uncle has a long pessimistic talk with KITCHENER, then I look sadly at my cigar; but when FRENCH and JOFFE unbend to Vera's stepfather or Beryl's cousin and give him words of cheer, then I take it out and pinch it fondly, and already I see the waiter coming round with a torch to light it.

I have been looking at it to-day, and I see that it is giving a little at one end. I fancy that the moth has been getting at it. Well, if it does not last till peace is signed, it will be a peace that I shall not believe in. For a stable peace, as all our eminent novelists keep pointing out in all the papers, many things are necessary, and one of them is that I should smoke my cigar happily on the first night of it. Torpedo Jimmy must do himself justice. No premature

explosions; no moths flying out from the middle of it; no unauthorised ventilation. The exact moment must be chosen by the Allies. My cigar must be ripe . . . and yet not too ripe.

Celia says she is sure it will be just lovely. So sure is she that she suggests hanging the cigar in the hall and tapping it to see how the war is going. "When it taps exactly right, then we shall know the war is just over."

But I think we shall know that anyhow. EDWARD GREY will break it to Beryl's nephew all right; Celia will climb down off her parcel and rush home to me with the news; I shall ring up the restaurant and order dinner . . . and at eight o'clock, in great spirits, we shall get into our taxi and drive off together—Celia and I and Torpedo Jimmy. A. A. M.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE WAR

(An essay in the prevailing mode).

THE actual cost of hostilities has been estimated by reliable authorities at the enormous sum of £143,468 0s. 0½d. *per diem* for this country alone. The odd halfpenny presumably represents the cost of an evening edition bought by the official contradictor in the exercise of his duties.

Amongst the (more or less) skilled industries that have been gravely affected by the outbreak of hostilities must now be placed the making of prophetic fiction. It is calculated that the number of novels dealing with *The Next Great War* that have had to be scrapped must run well into four figures.

On the other hand, the number of novelists who will in the future begin their Historical Romances, "It was in the late summer of 1914," is beyond human calculation.

In view of the reported insurance of Westminster Abbey against damage by air-craft, a correspondent asks what steps are being taken towards the illumination of the Albert Memorial.

It is at least odd that Olympia should have been selected as the Ideal Home for our Undesirable Aliens. The last German production in the same building was *The Miracle*. Many of the interned are said to be expecting another.

"Mrs. Mallaby Decley is doing good work in securing withers for horses."

Narrow Observer.

And now every horse which goes to the Front can be certain of having its own withers.



First Lady (horriſied at bright ſcarlet muffler for Navy, the creation of ſecond lady). "MY DEAR—THE COLOUR! IT'LL MAKE A TARGET FOR THE GERMANS!"

Second Lady. "OH! THEN IT'LL HAVE TO DO FOR THE STOKER."

THE LADY'S WALK.

I KNOW a Manor by the Thames;
I've ſeen it oft through beechen ſtems
In leafy Summer weather;
We've moored the punt its lawns beſide
Where peacocks ſtrut in flaunting pride,
The Muſe and I together.

There I have ſeen the ſhadows grow
Gigantic, as the ſun ſinks low,
Leaving forlorn the dial;
When zephyrs in the borders ſtir,
Diſtilling ſtock and lavender
To fill ſome fairy's phial.

There, when the duſk joins hands with
night,
(I like to think the ſtory's right—
I had it from the Rector—
Still, don't believe unleſs you chooſe!)
Doth walk, between the ſhapen yews,
A little pretty ſpectre,

The Lady Roſe, a well-born maid
Whoſe true-love in this garden glade—
A bold, if faithleſs, fellow—
Had loved, but leit her for the ſake
Of venturing with FRANKIE DRAKE,
And died at Puerto Bello;

While ſhe—poor fooliſh loving Roſe—
Of heart-break, ſo the ſtory goes,
Died very ſhortly after,
One day—as Art requires—when Spring
Had ſet the hawthorns bloſſoming
And waked the lanes to laughter.

And ſo adown theſe alleys dim,
Where oft ſhe'd kept a tryst with him,
She nightly comes a-roaming;
And, ſorrowing ſtill, yet finds content,
I fancy, where "Sweet Themmes" is
blent
With flower-beds and the gloaming.

Ah me, the leaf is down to-day;
Does ſtill the little phantom ſtray,
Poor pretty ghoul, a-shiver,
When ſad flowers droop their weary
heads
Along the chill Autumnal beds
Beſide the miſty river?

Or does it, at the year's decline—
As ſenſible as Proſerpine—
When Autumn ſkies do harden,
Go down and coax the ſeeds to grow
Till daffodillies ſtand a-row
And April's in the garden?

I cannot tell; what's more, I doubt
We've other things to think about
This ſorrowful November;
I only know for ſuch ſad hours
That dainty ghoul and Summer flowers
Are pleaſant to remember.

The Absolute Limit.

"The directors of the Bradford Club have reviewed the poſition in regard to the free admission of ſoldiers to the ground, the number of men thus admitted having been far greater than was anticipated. It has now been decided that men in uniform or bearing other credentials of ſervice ſhall be admitted to ſection E on payment of the nominal ſum of 3d. This will prevent the jostling of the ordinary patrons."—Bradford Daily Telegraph.

A cruiser here and there may be ſunk,
a regiment here and there may be cut
up, but thank God our Bradford football
patrons will never again be jostled by
any of theſe vulgar ſoldiers in uniform.

Notice in a Batterſea window:—

"BRIDE CAKES
ANY SIZE

TO SUIT ALL POCKETS."

In theſe days of narrow ſkirts moſt wo-
men will find the guinea ſize ſufficient.



FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

TACTICAL USE, BY THE ENEMY, OF THE MORE RESILIENT UNITS OF THE LANDSTURM FOR NEGOTIATING BELGIAN DYKES.

OUR LITERARY WAR LORDS.

["The other day the enemy's artillery fire on my battery was so great that we were forced to take cover. I sat crouched in my 'funk-hole' for seventeen solid hours. Luckily I had Jacobs's 'Sea Urchins' with me, which I read to the accompaniment of screaming and bursting shells."]

Officer in the Royal Field Artillery.

Mr. Punch, while remarking that he is not surprised that the shells screamed in the circumstances, begs to assure his readers that, if the following information corresponds with the facts, Mr. JACOBS is not the only author who has been solacing our troops in the trenches.

Miss Carrie Morelli writes: "There has so far been no public mention of any books of mine being read in the trenches and affording solace to our gallant troops. This, however, is because all the reports from the Front come from men, and men are notoriously jealous of feminine activity in literature as elsewhere. I have no doubt in my own mind that many a soldier in action has been cheered by hurried glances at my novels, a list of which can be forwarded on application."

An unsigned letter from the Isle of

Man states that the writer, who rightly wishes to remain anonymous, possesses a copy of a novel of astonishing genius, in which a German bullet is embedded. This book, it seems, was the inseparable companion of a soldier in the 3rd Manx Highlanders, who carried it always next his heart, and in its position in that intimate and honoured spot it saved his life. The writer, who confesses to being the author of the novel in question, states that he would divulge both his own name and that of the title of the book but that his objection to publicity amounts to a mania.

The publishers of *The Orangery*, by Mrs. Markley, write to inform us of an astounding incident which throws a new and sensational light on the campaign in the Western Theatre of War. It appears that at a critical moment during the great effort of the Germans to break through the left flank of the Allies, General von KLUCK absolutely refused to see or consult with his Staff for the space of three hours. It subsequently transpired that a copy of *The Orangery*, which had been found in the knapsack of a British prisoner, had come into the General's possession

and so absolutely enthralled him that he abandoned all thought of strategy or tactics until he had finished its perusal. Owing to the extraordinary power of Mrs. Markley's genius the German advance was paralysed, and the Allies, resuming the offensive, drove the enemy back in confusion, with results which have vitally affected the progress of the campaign.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has just received a remarkable letter from a British marine who was recently landed on the coast of Flanders. The writer describes how, as he was reading one of Mr. BENNETT's recent articles on the war in a carefully excavated trench, a "Jack Johnson" shell descended directly over him, but was suddenly diverted by the article, and soared away at right angles, bursting with a terrific chuckle at a safe distance.

Latest War News.

Turkey has now joined the "Soss-idges"—a trifle earlier in the year than usual.

We understand that Pietermaritzburg will shortly change its name to Petrobothagrad.



THE EXCURSIONIST.

Scene: TICKET OFFICE AT — (censored).

TRIPPER WILHELM. "FIRST CLASS TO PARIS."

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

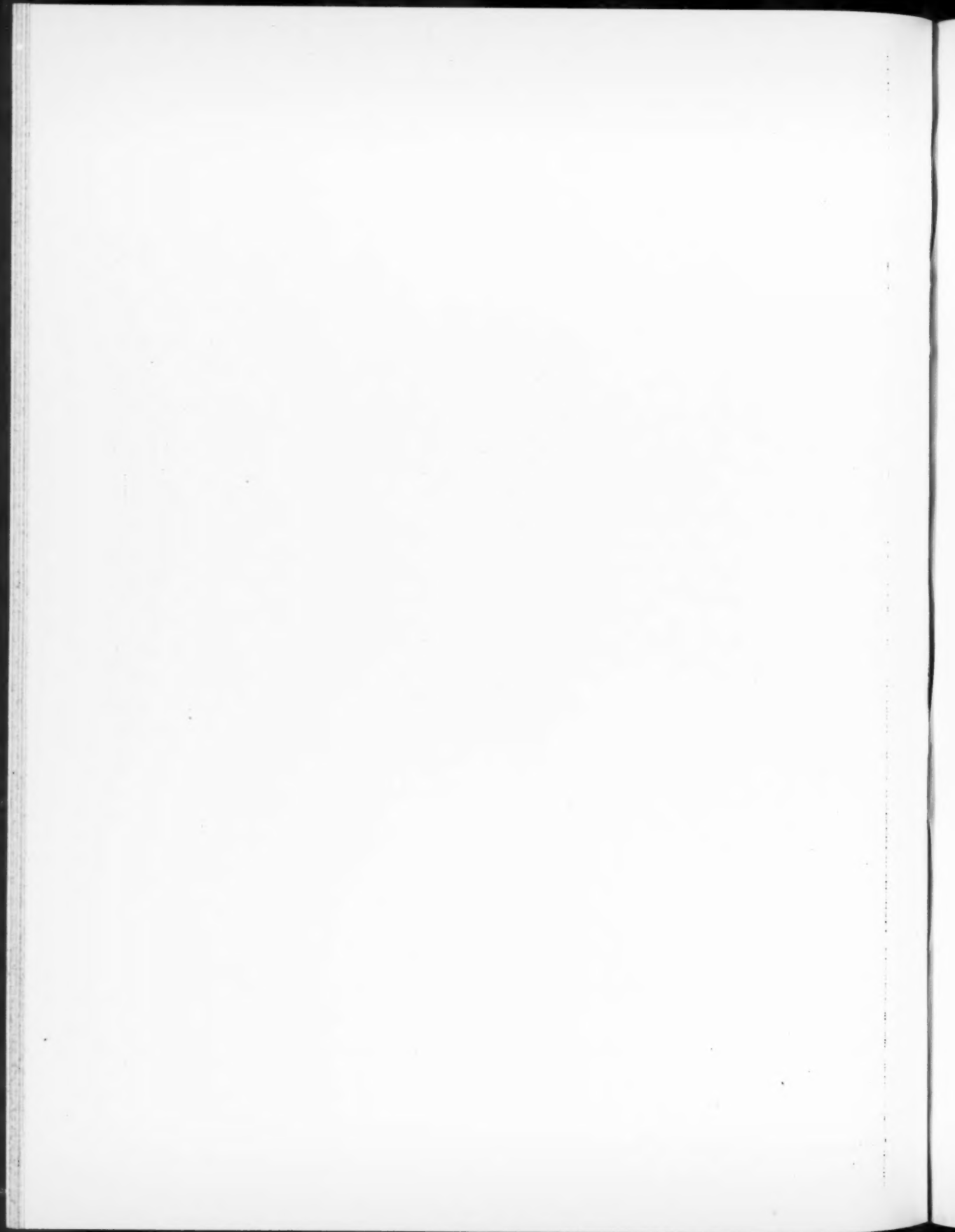
WILHELM. "THEN MAKE IT WARSAW."

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

WILHELM. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT CALAIS?"

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

WILHELM. "HANG IT! I MUST GO SOMEWHERE! I PROMISED MY PEOPLE I WOULD."



BRITAIN TO BELGIUM.

SISTER, for the tears that thou hast shed,
 Sister, for thy dear undying dead,
 For the sons thou hast not grudged to give,
 Loyally, that Liberty might live;
 Sister, for the little child
 Dead beside a hearth defiled—
 Do I dream my love alone
 Can atone?

Can I bring again the brave that fell
 When thy heaven crumbled into hell?
 Can I banish from before thine eyes
 Haunting visions under haggard skies?
 Blazing home and blackened plain,
 Can I make them fair again?
 Can I ever heal thy smart,
 Broken Heart?

Sister, we be women, thou and I;
 Sorrow's craving who can satisfy?
 None may pay thee back so dear a loss,
 Only let me help to bear thy cross.
 Seek and hungry in their need
 Let me succour, let me feed;
 Little Sister, freely take
 For their sake.

AS OTHERS WISH TO SEE US.

THE ingenious German device of writing private letters to English friends filled with German justifications of the War and news of the gaiety and normal prosperity of Berlin is now being carried farther, and extracts from private letters purporting to be addressed by English people to German friends have begun to be printed in the Berlin papers. Here follows an illustration of this type of composition:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sure you will like to hear from me, especially as I am in a position to enlighten you as to the deplorable condition of things in England under the fear of the Mailed Fist and forebodings of the worst. For it is only too true that all the best and most knowledgable people here have thrown up the sponge and are prepared for the inevitable.

A private letter is probably the only means of communicating the real situation to you, for the English papers of course do not tell the truth. In fact you must believe nothing they say, for there is a great conspiracy here to maintain the fiction that we are high-spirited, eager and confident. Everything is done to foster that illusion.

BERNHARDI's great book has been translated and is being largely sold, and it is awful to watch the faces of the people reading it—how they blanch



“HE'S AS WILLING AS A CHRISTIAN; STRIKE ME BLIND IF HE ISN'T,” SAID SIKES.”

Oliver Twist, Chap. XVI.

(With apologies to the late Fred Barnard.)

and quiver. It is curious, you might think, that they read it at all; but you know the dread fascination of the snake for the humming-bird. The bird sees its doom, but cannot escape, and in fact draws nearer.

Would you believe it of this nation, so famous for its phlegm, that at the outset of the war there was such a panic among our intellectuals that they could not write prose at all, but all the papers were full of rhyme? As you know, there is no sign of hysteria more trustworthy than this.

You may have heard that recruiting has been brisk and keen, but do not believe this. Only by huge bribes have men been induced to join at all. The

finances of the country are being taxed to the utmost to find the extra “palm-oil” which these mercenaries demand.

The Birmingham factories are feverishly busy making dum-dum and explosive bullets.

You may have gathered from the papers that football goes on as usual. This is so, outwardly, but as a matter of fact the games are played with no spirit and are kept going wholly by force applied by the Government, whose aim is thus to suggest a feeling of security in the country. A few misguided people, who completely misunderstand the situation, hold that footballers should go to the Front and fight; but the Government take a more

prudent view and will not allow this, holding that their agility on the field in League Matches and so forth is of high service as an anodyne and distraction. I have heard of more than one case of a well-known herculean player, accustomed not only to big money but applause and hero-worship, seriously wondering if fighting were not his real duty and if he ought not to make a bolt for the Front, but being compelled to acquiesce in the Government's plans and go on drawing his salary for the public pursuit of an air-bladder. This shows you to what a pass things have come.

There are also hundreds of young actors in London alone who are being forcibly kept in the country to go on entertaining and playing the fool for the same sedative purpose. These

youths are all healthy and fit, but it is held that their true function is to work in the theatres and halls to beguile the audiences and divert their thoughts from the terrible reality of German invasion. With each step that the Germans draw nearer the mummery redoubles their efforts to excite laughter. Thus did NERO fiddle.

The terror produced by your nerve-racking Zeppelins is constant. Hardly a soul is now to be seen in the streets of London. Everyone is below the earth, in the Tubes and subways, which are packed by white and trembling crowds. Every cellar is congested, the top floors having been wholly abandoned. As a sign of the times I may tell you that a Company, called the Aerated Dread Co., has been formed to provide iron suits for those who can afford them,

and on the Board of Directors are both the PRIME MINISTER and Sir EDWARD GREY. So awful is the agitation from which everyone here is suffering under the Zeppelin menace that the noise of a tyre bursting in the street often prostrates as many as forty passers-by.

No more to-day, my friend. I will write again soon and add to the melancholy picture of a once powerful nation shuddering with craven fears.

Give my love to your dear children.

Your devoted K—L—.

"On the sea dyke the Germans have posted heavy artillery. . . . They have also posted guns in the dunes."—*South Wales Echo*.

This settles us. We shall now begin our War Poem.



FROM THE RECRUIT'S POINT OF VIEW.

Sergeant. "FORM FOURS!" "AS YOU WERE! FORM FOURS!!" "As you were!! FORM FOURS!!!" "...!!!!!!!"

ARCHIBONG.

[Encouraged by the example of some eminent followers of TYRTEUS, Mr. Punch has great pleasure in printing the following topical soldiers' song, composed by one of his young men after reading about a British force that seized Archibong in the Cameroons.]

O we're marching on to good old Archibong;
And we're going most particularly strong;
For our beef is really "bully,"
And they feed us very fully—
Yes, the feeding 's fit for any restaurong,
Très long,
Fit for any fust-class London restaurong.
What 's the matter with the road to Archibong?
We didn't come out here to play ping-pong
Or to get up a gymkhana—
But we 'll all have a banana
When we've driven back the Proosians to Hong Kong,
Ding-dong,
When we've driven back the Proosians to Hong Kong.
What 's the matter with the town of Archibong?
It isn't quite as lively as Boulong;
But the name is very tuneful—
Yes, I 'll have another spoonful,
For I never liked my soda-water strong;
It 's wrong
For a man to drink his soda-water strong.

Then here's a parting cheer to Archibong,
Where the natives play divinely on the gong;

It's not so cool and airy
As the town of Tipperary,
But it's just as good for tittuping along
In a song,
It's just as good for tittuping along.

Scalped.

From Battalion Orders of a certain regiment:—

"The Brigadier-General regrets that the 5th are noticeable throughout the brigade for the long, slovenly and unkempt condition of men's hair. The Commanding Officer considers that this reflects on the credit of the battalion and directs Company Commanders to take immediate steps to have this slight removed for good and all."

What's in a Hyphen?

From a cinema advertisement:—

"THE TWO-STEP CHILDREN (DRAMA)."
It sounds rather more like Musical Comedy.

"Between them the vessels of the Allies succeeded in destroying a German battery of field artillery, dispersed a German bridging train collected to force the passage of the Yser, blew up an ammunition column, killed General von Tripp, expressed pleasure at the Russians winning in Galicia, and even regarded it as compensation for his wound."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

Is there anything the Fleet can't do?

LITTLE AND GOOD.

YOUNG Thompson was a bit too short,
But hard as nails and level-headed,
And in his soul the proper sort
Of dogged pluck was deeply bedded;
To join the ranks he almost ran,
But saw the weedy supersede him;
Though he was every inch a man,
His country didn't need him.

He read each passionate appeal
On wall and window, cab and cart;
How impotent they made him feel!
He tried once more, though sick at heart.
In vain! He saw the sergeants smirk;
He argued, but they wouldn't heed him;
So sullenly trudged back to work—
His country didn't need him.

But, now the standard height's curtailed,
Again he goes to join the ranks;
Though yesterday he tried and failed
To-day they welcome him with thanks.
Apparently he's just as small,
But, since his size no more impedes him,
In spirit he is six foot tall—
Because his country needs him.

THE MYSTERY OF PRINCE —.

WE seek information of the present whereabouts of Prince — of —.

Some few weeks ago the news came that he was carried wounded into a Brussels hospital, with a velvet mask over his face, so that none might recognise him. The PRINCE was visited in hospital by a tall man, also heavily masked, but not so heavily as to conceal a pair of soaring moustaches, freshly waxed. None dared speculate as to Who this Visitor might be. The hush was tremendous. The Visitor silently pinned on the patient a specimen of the Iron Cross and as silently left.

It was the 37000th Iron Cross bestowed since the outbreak of war.

At the autopsy it was proved conclusively that the bullet inside the PRINCE was of German origin.

After the post-mortem the PRINCE was luckily captured by the Belgians, and held at Antwerp as hostage for the good behaviour of the German troops occupying Brussels.

When the fall of Antwerp became imminent the PRINCE was secretly removed to England. A fortnight ago he was seen in a motor-car driving round Battersea Park, accompanied and guarded by an English officer.

The PRINCE wore his saxe-blue full-dress tunic, his corn-gold moustache

and his rather stout face, and was looking considerably depressed.

Since that date no word has come of him. The Censor seems to have rigidly suppressed all evidence of his movements.

Is the PRINCE kept prisoner on a trawler sweeping the North Sea for mines? Has he escaped in the German submarine which ventured up the Thames as far as the lower end of Fleet Street? Or is he interned in the searchlight apparatus at Charing Cross to insure it against attack by Zeppelins?

We seek exact information.

"As regards the quality of this beverage, he said he was at a loss to know on what grounds they called it coffee."—*Daily Mail*.

Coffee grounds, no doubt.



T. B. D.

Officer's Steward. "WILL YOU TAKE YOUR BATH, SIR, BEFORE OR AFTER BACTION?"

Journalistic Candour.

"There comes a time when no responsible organ of public opinion can keep silence without sacrificing the tacit obligation under which it lies to its readers."—*The Globe*.

We are glad to note that in the same article there is a subsequent and reassuring reference to our contemporary's "well-deserved reputation for straightforwardness and accuracy."

The author of *Secrets of the German War Office* writes of the German FOREIGN MINISTER'S "atrocious taste in waistcoats":—

"The one he had on still sticks in my memory. It was a lurid peach-blossom creation, spotted with greed."

It is to guard against this that so many of his compatriots tuck their napkins in at their necks.

AN ESCAPED PRISONER.

It was summertime, years ago, in the early days of the war.

Having distributed myself quite satisfactorily within a hammock, I had just decided that nothing short of invasion or the luncheon bell should disturb me, when my flapper niece shot forth in my direction from the French windows of the morning-room.

In one hand she flourished an empty birdeage and in the other what proved to be a tin of enormous hemp seeds.

"Wake up!" she cried as she approached rapidly through the near distance. "The precious Balaam has escaped! The brute must have got out while I was fetching his clean water, and the windows were wide open!"

The prospect of a canary hunt across country with a temperature at 80 degrees in the shade positively made me shiver.

"Your father is the man to catch it for you, Eileen," I suggested. "He's most awfully good at catching things. I—er think he's somewhere on the tennis-court."

"He's not, because he was splashing about in the bath-room just now when I wanted to fill Balaam's water-bottle."

"All right," I said resignedly, "I'll come. Was Balaam the man or the ass? I forget. And while we're at it why should you call the bird Balaam at all?"

Eileen was in no mood for foolish questionings.

"Get up!" she ordered. "I call him Balaam because he's not a proper canary—he's a mule."

"Then I am not at all sure," I began hopefully, "that I can countenance the keeping of mules in birdeages! Should the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals get to hear of it, they would certainly—"

"There he is!" interrupted Eileen shrilly as something yellowish flew jerkily across a neighbouring cabbage bed. "That's Balaam! Take the cage. I'll wait here in case he comes back!"

By the time I had reached the further end of the cabbage bed I was just in time to see a tawny bird vanish over a hedge, flop tantalisingly across the road and disappear among the branches of an apple-tree on the other side.

What I now see to have been a mistaken idea of my duty towards Eileen led me painfully through two

hedges to the foot of the tree in whose branches Balaam the Mule was possibly enjoying the first-fruits of his liberty.

In vain I produced vocal effects calculated to charm away the love of travel from the breast of any canary; then, as Balaam persistently refused to come to me, I proceeded slowly but surely, and accompanied by the cage, to make my way to him.

Whether tree-climbing shares the same age limit as that assigned to recruits, or whether the cage was too severe a handicap, I don't know, but halfway up I somehow found myself marooned on an obviously inadequate branch.



Salesman. "No, SIR, NEITHER OF THESE MASKS WAS MADE IN GERMANY."

For several minutes I balanced uncertainly. Then someone began to pass along the road beyond the hedge. As it seemed probable that their owner might prove of use to me, I hailed the footsteps with a shout.

The footsteps stopped and I shouted again.

This time there was a faint scream in answer and a mauve-and-white bonnet lobbied agitatedly up the road.

After a few more minutes of delicate and masterly balancing I was relieved to hear the approach of quite a number of people from the other side of the orchard.

Evidently the mauve-and-white bonnet had thoroughly realized my perilous position, for my rescuers seemed to include almost the entire village. Even the Vicar was there, armed with an assegai—no doubt a missionary trophy. It was thoughtful of them to have

turned out in such numbers to rescue a mere visitor, but still one ploughman with a ladder would have been ample.

Soon words floated up to me from the mouth of the leading rescuer. "I'll learn him!" he was saying with fervour. "I'll learn him to come German-spying round my orchard!"

Balaam or no Balaam, I drew the line at being assegaied to death as a Teuton spy, so I dropped the cage with a bang and, clinging to the end of my branch, I at last succeeded in gaining the ground in moderate safety.

When I had finished explaining about Balaam, they were convinced, though evidently disappointed.

"You see," explained the Vicar, prodding the apple-tree regretfully with his assegai, "poor Miss Tittlepatter said that she had been attacked by German spies from this very orchard."

At the third prod of the Vicar's assegai, a brown-and-yellow bird flew self-consciously from the top of the apple-tree and perched in full view on a five-barred gate.

"There he is!" I hissed, moving stealthily forward with the remains of the birdeage. "There's Balaam the canary!"

"Kenary!" contemptuously remarked the rescuer who had been so anxious to undertake the education of Teutonic spies. "That ain't no kenary; that's a bloomin' yellowammer!"

When, a dishevelled wreck, I reached my own gateway, I was met in the drive by Eileen.

"It's all right after all," she remarked cheerfully. "The stupid bird was on the curtain pole all the time. So lucky, because, if he had got out, it would have meant an awful bother. And, I say, is it true that they've caught a German spy down in the village?"

In aid of the Arts Fund for the relief of the many members of the artistic professions who are in distress owing to the War, a *Matinée* under the patronage of QUEEN ALEXANDRA will be given at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 3 o'clock. Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM will produce BACH's *Phœbus and Pan*, and Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER will produce *Philip the King*, a new play by Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD. Mr. Punch very heartily commends the cause to his readers.



Huntsman. "BLANKETY-BLANK THAT BLOOMIN' KAISER! I WISH MY 'OUNDS 'AD 'IN!"

Farmer. "WHAT'S 'E BIN DOIN' TO YOU NOW, JACK?"

Huntsman. "DOIN'? JUST LOOK AT THE 'OSSES 'E'S LEFT US TO RIDE!"

NOTES BY A WAR-DOG.

Now I don't want to snarl at the Cause—whatever it may be—but it isn't all beef-bones and country walks by any means. I first became aware of it about the same time the Dachs-hund at the corner house began to declare he was an Aberdeen Terrier. From that time on I scented something wrong, though could never quite dig it out. For one thing, the parrot began to practise a new phrase about "Down with the Kai . . .!" and also "Veere" the something or other. Then Mabel—who does absurd things but has to be tolerated because she waits upon me—started tying coloured ribbons in my hair, and later sticking little flags in my collar; but I put a stop to that. A week ago things came to a head, and don't look like improving.

For the last five years my daily life has been brightened in manner following. We live next door to a railway station and a pastry-cook's. Every morning Mabel gives me a round hard thing she calls a penny, and very slippery to hold in one's mouth. I

carry the penny to the pastry-cook's. The girl takes it and gives me a currant biscuit in exchange. Sometimes there are people in the shop, and then I gaze upon them meltingly. If they are the right sort, they melt—according to their means; usually it's pastry. The rest of the day I spend loafing about the station and the pastry-cook's. Now all that is changed.

Last Thursday Mabel took me to a Committee, a place full of typewriters and ladies; and I was registered—so they said; Mabel being given a sheet of paper all over scribble, and a wooden box with "War Relief Fund" on it. "On Monday, dear," said Mabel, "you begin."

I have begun. Would you believe it? I had to wear that beastly box tied to my collar! Retrievers, I know, are used to that sort of thing; but I'm a Collie. All that day I hung about on my old beat, and every now and then somebody gushed and called me silly names, and dropped a penny into my box. Conceive the hideous mockery of my position! By four o'clock there was I sitting outside that confectioner's,

wearing enough pennies to buy the shop out, and yet not a Bath bun to the good!

But that wasn't the worst. About five an urchin came along, looked at me, grinned, and tried to put something in my box. Clumsy little beast, he trod on my foot. I sprang forward with a growl, and his offering, whatever it was, rolled on the pavement. Round turned an old lady, and, "Oh you wicked boy," she cried, "trying to put buttons in the hospital box! No wonder the dog growled, sensible creature." She began fumbling with her purse, and I was certain I saw a macaroon in her eye. "There," she said, "there's half-a-crown for you, Doggie, dear," and, before I could stop her, put it in the box. I could have bitten her.

Yesterday an old gentleman stopped to stare at me, and, absent-mindedly putting his hand in his pocket, brought out something rather like a penny, but smaller and bright yellow, and dropped it into the box. The very next moment he gave a violent start, looked wildly about him, turned the colour of cold veal, and muttering, "Lord bless my soul . . .

what have I done? . . . thought it was only" . . . made a clumsy grab at my collar. Of course I knew what he was after; he wanted my pennies; so I just ambled off, and very soon outdistanced him. An Airedale, I suppose, would have held him till the police arrived, but I'm a Collie.

That very same afternoon, wandering about the station, I chanced to saunter into the ticket-office. The clerk's a man with a very well-regulated mind. He gives me chocolate. Just then, however, he was out, but his three-year-old boy-puppy was there sitting on a table all covered with bits of cardboard and little piles of pennies, ordinary brown ones, big white ones and a few little yellow ones. Well, in less time than it takes to cock your ears, that baby was shovelling pennies through the slit in my box and chuckling with joy. I stood it as long as I could, and then, in the nick of time, snatched a big white penny out of his paw and bolted off to the confectioner's. Imagine my astonishment when the girl actually refused to serve me! "Oh, Scottie," she cried, "there must be some mistake; I *know* your mistress wouldn't give you a two-shilling piece."

I thought Mabel was going to be ill when she felt the weight of my box. She dragged me off that very afternoon to the Committee, and when they discovered I'd collected seven pounds ten in three days the idiotic things they said about me beat anything in my experience since the time I killed the mouse in the conservatory. But I will say Mabel did the right thing by me at the pastry-cook's.

She's going to take me to a Church Bazaar to-morrow. But I doubt if a bazaar can beat that ticket-office.

HERBERT.

"I HAVEN'T introduced Herbert to you yet, have I?"

Stella-my-niece spoke with her eyes on the *matinée* hat before her, and concluded, *à propos* of the hat, though at first I feared of Herbert—"I do hope and pray that it will come off. Hip! Hip! She's pulling out pins."

"I had no idea there was—a Herbert."

"Oh, Nunckle! and you're responsible for the fact that he's mine at all!"

"I responsible?"

"Well, but for you I never might have seen him even; and I'm sure there isn't another like Herbert in the whole round world. Everyone wants him."

Presently I enquired when she proposed to introduce this paragon to the person responsible for him.

"I've got him here to-day."

I looked at her in pained silence, for Stella-my-niece, calmly fishing for "hard ones" in a chocolate box, was, as it were, sheltered under the lee of a long-haired gentleman who occupied rather more than double half-a-crown's worth of red velvet seat.

"There?" I whispered, pointing to the long-haired gentleman who neighboured her, and wondering what her mother would have to say about it all.

Stella-my-niece smiled.

"Do you imagine that I should bring Herbert into the pit?"

"Point him out to me."

"I can't. Now they're going to begin!" She snuggled down into her place and invited me to do likewise in my own as the curtain rose and revealed the legs of one of our leading actor-managers, and the audience clapped, hoping for more. "Now we're going to enjoy ourselves! Don't forget to hold my hand if anything pops."

Stella-my-niece has made it a stern rule that we are not to talk during the Acts, contriving to telegraph her appreciation of most things by fervent clutches at my arm; but to-day the effects of this salutary regulation were spoilt for me by Herbert. My attention wandered.

"Is he an actor?" I asked sternly, as the lights leaped up again.

"Which do you mean? I think they were all perfect darlings in that scene."

"Why, Herbert, of course."

"HERBERT—Sir HERBERT? He isn't in this, is he? I didn't see anyone looking as bored as he does. Hunt him up in the programme—it's down there under your boots."

"I didn't mean TREE. I meant Herbert—your Herbert."

"My Herbert?" Stella-my-niece opened her mouth showing astonishment and very pretty teeth.

"Yes, your Herbert. He's an actor fellow, isn't he?"

"No, he's an umbrella—my new umbrella. I bought him with the sovereign you sent me for my birthday, and he is such a darling! I felt he ought to have a name of his own, so I called him Herbert. He looks like that."

"A girl's name—Maud, for instance, only one doesn't use them in the garden much—"

"A girl's name, like Pauline, may suit your fountain pen, and Dad may call the motor 'Mary Jane' when he's pleased with how he's mended her; but I decided I would have a man's. It sounds better to say, 'Herbert is seeing me home, thank you.' The sad thing is that I'm sure I shan't keep him long; he's so pretty. When he's waiting for

me in umbrella-stands I feel nervous, and in trains. He's so unique—so utterly unlike anyone else's umbrella. I know you'll love him."

I did as soon as ever I saw him coming out of the cloak-room hanging on her arm. There was a gentle coyness in the turn of Herbert's handle, a nutty daintiness about his little gold tie which made me look involuntarily for his socks.

"Now, you wait and see if someone doesn't try to run off with him before we get home," said Stella-my-niece. "I'll hold him on a long lead so that people will think he's out by himself, and we'll await developments."

We settled ourselves by tact and firmness in a crowded *après-matinée* 'bus, and Stella-my-niece, having set down all her belongings the better to persuade the programme to ride inside her pocket, took Herbert by his long tassels, leaving him leaning against the seat between herself and her neighbour, a lady with many trimmings and a book.

"I hope she'll go before we do," said Stella-my-niece in my ear. "I sort of feel that she'll try to take Herbert."

She did; as she read, her hand reached out and took a grip upon Herbert's immaculate head! Stella-my-niece stifled a squeak of pure excitement.

"Oxford Street," announced the conductor dispassionately, and the trimmed lady shut her book and rose to get out. Stella-my-niece, holding Herbert by his tassels, smiled indulgently.

"You have my umbrella, I'm afraid," she said sweetly. "It is such a very uncommon one that I simply couldn't be mistaken."

The trimmed lady looked round; so did everyone in the 'bus. Then she pointed to a slim object propped against the seat between Stella-my-niece's blue skirt and my own striped garments.

"That's yours by the gentleman; they're just the same pattern."

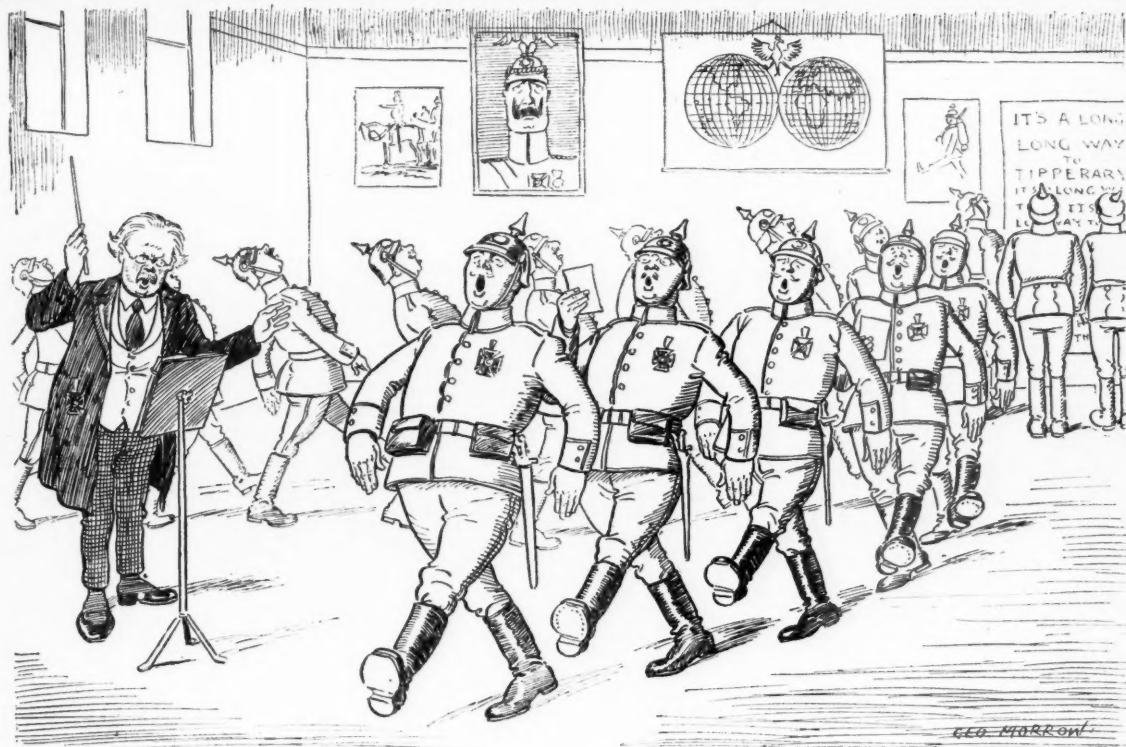
So they were!

As Stella-my-niece said afterwards at tea, the worst of it was that it proved that Herbert wasn't quite unique; at the best he was a twin. I think that privately we thought him something worse than a triplet, but we neither knew quite how to say it. Anyhow, all the Herberts are fascinating.

The Universal War.

"Into this gap the Germans placed a number of gnus—six or eight."—*People*.

The "Gorilla Warfare" (mentioned last week) having failed, the enemy tries a new dodge. But the Allies remain unalarmed.



LATEST DEVICE OF THE ENEMY.

LEARNING TO SING "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" FOR THE PURPOSE OF DECEIVING THE ALLIES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF, as is just conceivable, the Teuton braggart fails to convert the universe into a German empire, his downfall will be partly due to his lack of humour. Among the things that go to make this saving grace are an agile imagination and a nice sense of proportion, and it is when a man starts lying about himself that he shows most clearly whether or not he has it. Some weeks ago an "Honorary Committee of thirty-four distinguished" (or, if you will, notorious) "Germans and a Board of Editors," eleven strong, gathered together to concoct an epoch-making fib, which, upon completion, was labelled "The Truth about Germany: Facts about the War," and was circulated, secretly but thoroughly, throughout the United States. The Forty-five Liars content themselves with a methodical misstatement of every fact, disregarding all the evidence, and, indeed, their own diplomatists' admissions, to the contrary. There is no ingenious perversion of the truth, no subtle invention of argument and no appeal whatever to the intelligence of the reader; it is from beginning to end heavy and quite incredible bosh. Though it was never intended to be read in this country, Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has been lucky or clever enough to secure a copy of it, which he reproduces cheaply under the title *Germany's Great Lie* (HUTCHINSON). I congratulate him upon having obtained such excellent copy, but I think he has somewhat spoilt the effect of it by the manner of his annotations interposed in italics. His facts and quotations are apt and useful, but his indignant denials and sarcastic epithets run to excess; every time one reads the emphatic assertion

that black is white one does not want to have also to read that this is an amazing lie. I recommend the public to consume every word of the text, but to omit the larger part of the notes.

In the nature of things it is possible that the 1914 crop of gift-books for boys may not be a bumper one as far as quantity is concerned, but Mr. HENRY NEWBOLT has already removed any danger of a famine. Indeed, he has done more than that, for, if quality can (as it should) be considered a satisfactory substitute for bulk, there is no reason why 1914 should not be remembered as a year in which the palates of discerning boys were most delightfully tickled. I find a difficulty in preventing my congratulations upon *The Book of the Blue Sea* (LONGMANS) from being fulsome. To begin with, the title itself is simply irresistible. Then, before you even get to the preface, there are some verses, "The Song of the Larboard Berth," which cry "halt" so arrestingly that after I had got by them and was fairly revelling in the entrancing pages that follow I kept on going back to have another look at

"When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks
And engines rumble slow . . ."

To a nicety Mr. NEWBOLT knows how to reproduce the spirit of the sea and of adventure thereon, and whether he is writing of EDWARD PELLEW, JOHN FRANKLIN, DAVID FARRAGUT, or of Trafalgar, it is only possible to escape from his grip when he endeavours to be a little edifying. Boys may conceivably resent this tendency to point out what they can see extraordinarily well for themselves, but all the same they will admit their heavy debt to him.

The Book of the Blue Sea (I must write that again), excellently illustrated by Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON, had better be confiscated forthwith by parents who do not wish their sons to become sailors. And in the end I am left wondering whether the Admiralty, overburdened by clamorous applicants, would not be wise to intern Mr. NEWBOLT in one of those camps where no ink or paper is provided, because, if he repeats this performance, we shall want a dozen new naval colleges and hundreds and hundreds more ships.

Shifting Sands (LANE) reads like a book with a purpose from which the purpose has been by some oversight omitted. When a young person fails to "find herself" (as the phrase used to go) there should surely be provided some foil to her instability, either implicit in the behaviour of other characters or expressed in the meditations of the author. Even if the author only means to tell us that human life is all like this, she ought at least to let us know that she means it. *Gabrielle Brenda* is presented to us by ALICE BIRKHEAD as a girl brought up in the remoter parts of Cornwall by a father who was a semi-retired doctor and something of a dreamer. She develops dramatic talent, and having become engaged to her instructor gives him up to her younger sister for no better reason apparently than that she has always been accustomed to give that sister everything she wants. Afterwards *Gabrielle* becomes the secretary of a domineering little manufacturer in the Black Country with expensive sons and daughters. She resists his proposals of marriage and also the temptation to purloin his eldest daughter's fiancé, and then reverts to her original vocation, without finding on the stage either satisfaction or any remarkable success. For I see no indication that the offer of a fairly lucrative engagement in America, with which the book ends, is regarded by the author as the golden moment of her heroine's career. Altogether I am at a loss whether to learn from *Shifting Sands* the disadvantages of a haphazard education, the unfair position of woman in the labour-market, or merely the irony of fate. And this is a pity because, though the manner of the story is very episodic, there are scenes and conversations of considerable vivacity and truth.

BARONESS ORCZY is to be congratulated on a distinctly ingenious idea. Searching about her, no doubt, for a successor to the famous *Pimpernel*, her attention was caught by a certain picture in the WALLACE Collection, a picture everyone knows and admires for its rollicking and adventurous high spirits. "Capital!" said she (as I imagine it); "why not trace back the line of *Blakeney*, and make the subject of this picture the ancestor from whom he inherited his endearing qualities?" *The Laughing Cavalier* (HODDER

AND STOUGHTON) is the result. Having thus divined the origin of the hero, I feel that any further indication of his character would be almost superfluous. You will certainly not find this new *Blakeney* unworthy of his house. It is perhaps something of a surprise to find him a mercenary in seventeenth-century Holland; but the old touch is there. Thus, having been hired by a gang of conspirators to abduct the sister of one of them, who has overheard their plans for the slaying of the Stadtholder, and keep her prisoner till the deed be done, what more *Blakeneyish* than that he should recognise in his captive the particular object of his affections? or that, having abducted the girl according to instructions received, he should presently be offered untold gold by her distracted parent for her discovery and return. A faintly embarrassing situation this, even for an ancestor of the elusive *Pimpernel*. How he manages to turn it all to favour and romance you must allow Baroness ORCZY to tell you herself. Incidentally, the appearance of the book at this particular moment, and in spite (so the publishers inform me on a slip) of the author's first resolve to postpone it, proves her to possess something of the sporting spirit of her creation. Here's luck to them both!

A novelist creating a novelist-hero is on dangerous ground. If he be a little less than perfectly sincere he runs risk of being pretentious, fatuous even. But sincerity is just Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT's conspicuous quality, and here in *The Unpetitioned Heavens* (HUTCHINSON) it commands a dexterous and fastidious workmanship. You'll find, if you read a scene over again, that there's more, not less, in it than you thought. Mr. MARRIOTT makes his characters alive by realisation of their subtleties rather than of their obviousnesses, and that's a feat to which I doff my beaver.

The main theme, sensitively felt and developed, is a delicate one—the love of a middle-aged woman for a man who is rapt in worship at a distance of a younger woman, the other's friend. The manœuvring of the elder, which might easily have been vulgarised on the one hand or devitalised on the other, just remains refreshingly and believably human. Mr. MARRIOTT's story is not a yarn, but a brocade of intricate design and exquisite colouring. Let justice be done and *The Unpetitioned Heavens* fall to a wide circle of perceptive readers.

The Patriot.

"At Monday's meeting, Mr. H. H. Gibbs, J.P., the Chairman, expressed the opinion that the town should not be so conspicuous at night, as in the event of a Zeppelin raid Bognor might be mistaken for Portsmouth."—*Southern Weekly News*.

It would be small consolation to England, if Bognor Cinema Palace fell, that Portsmouth Dockyard had been saved.



Amateur Constable (Policeman's son). "I ARREST YER ON SUSPICION O' STEALIN' A RESERVOIR. ANY 'OLLERIN' 'LL BE TOOK DAHN AGIN YER."

CHARIVARIA.

"IN Buenos Aires and other parts of Argentina," *The Express* tells us, "people are tired of the war, and a brisk trade is being done in the sale of buttons to be worn by the purchaser, inscribed with the words 'No me habla de la guerra' ('Don't talk to me about the war')." The KAISER, we understand, has now sent for one of these buttons.

The Crown Prince RUPPRECHT of Bavaria, in an order to his troops last week, referred to the British in the following words:—"Here is the enemy which chiefly blocks the way in the direction of restoration of peace." Conceive a "contemptible little army" being able to do that! It makes one wonder whether the first epithet was perhaps a misprint for "contemptuous."

The Germans are now calling the Allies a Menagerie, though curiously enough it is the others who have a Turkey waddling after them.

According to a report which reaches us the crews of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* are wearing a most curious garb, being clothed in Turkish fezes and breaches of neutrality.

"GERMANS MOWED DOWN
FRENCH MARINES' BIG FEET."

Irish Independent:
This is really a most unfortunate misprint, for it is just this kind of carping statement that leads the Germans to say we are falling out with our Allies.

There is much speculation as to whether there is German blackmail behind the announcement that the maximum period of quarantine for imported dogs has been reduced from six months to four.

The only animals left alive in the Antwerp Zoo are reported to be the elephants, which are now being used for military traction purposes. Later on it is proposed by the Germans to drive them into the lines of the Indian troops with a view to making the latter home-sick.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON asks in *The Evening News*, "Why is the Poet Laureate so strangely silent?" Everyone else will remember Mr. BRIDGES' patriotic lines at the begin-

ning of the War, and we begin to suspect that Mr. ASHTON's well-known repugnance to writing for the papers has been extended to the reading of them.

The Daily Mirror, to signalise its eleventh birthday, produced a "Monster Number," yet it contained no portrait of the KAISER.

Happening to meet a music-hall acquaintance we asked him how he thought the war was going, and he replied, "Oh, I think the managers will have to give in."

America is evidently attempting to attract some of the devotees of winter

during the present war." This, however, will not involve many alterations.

Orders have been issued by the Federal Council of the German Empire that no bread other than that containing from 5 to 20 per cent. of potato flour will be allowed to be baked. Such bread is to be sold under the name of "K" bread. At first this was taken to be a graceful tribute to Lord KITCHENER, but it is now officially stated that "K" stands for the German for potatoes.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* complains that English prisoners in Germany "are allowed to lead the lives of Olympian Gods." Our choleric contemporary is evidently unaware that we are allowing German prisoners to reside in Olympia, which is the next best thing to Olympus.

The British steamer *Remuera* reported on reaching Plymouth last week that a German cruiser had attempted to trap her by means of a false S.O.S. signal. We ought not, we suppose, to be surprised at a low trick like this from the s.o.s.sidges.

There is one quality that no one can with justice deny to the Germans, and that is thoroughness. The other day, having laid a mine, they seem to have used one of their own cruisers to test its destructive power.

"It is noticeable," says *The Daily Mail*, "that the Kaiser's speeches no longer include references to God, only Frederick the Great." This confirms the rumours of a quarrel.

Famous Town Captured by Germans.

"In the south of Ypres we have lost some points, D'Appui, Hollebeke, and Landvoorde," *Worcester Daily Times*.
If your map doesn't give D'Appui, buy a more expensive one.

"Capstan Hands.—First-class Men, used to chucking work, for motor vehicle parts." *Advt. in "The Manchester Guardian."*
They ought to be easy enough to get.

"Guardsmen again provided a dramatic element in the trial by guarding the prisoner and the door which fixed bayonets." *Evening News*.
You should see our arm-chair give the salute.



THE AIRSHIP MENACE.

sports who usually go to Switzerland. Another landslide on the Panama Canal is now announced.

We are sorry to have to bring a charge of lack of gallantry against *The Leicester Mail*. We refer to the following passage in its description of an ovation given to Driver OSBORNE, V.C., at Derby on the 31st ult. After describing how, in the course of a great reception given to him by a large crowd at the station, two or three buxom matrons insisted upon embracing him, our contemporary continues: "Driver Osborne has now practically recovered, and reports himself for duty again at the end of this week."

The municipality of Berlin has decided to substitute for the existing designations of some of the principal streets in that city the names of "German generals who have become famous

TO THE SHIRKER: A LAST APPEAL.

Now of your free choice, while the chance is yours
To share their glory who have gladly died
Shielding the honour of our island shores
And that fair heritage of starry pride,—
Now, ere another evening's shadow falls,
Come, for the trumpet calls.

What if to-morrow through the land there runs
This message for an everlasting stain?—
"England expected each of all her sons
To do his duty—but she looked in vain;
Now she demands, by order sharp and swift,
What should have been a gift."

For so it must be, if her manhood fail
To stand by England in her deadly need;
If still her wounds are but an idle tale
The word must issue which shall make you heed;
And they who left her passionate pleas unheard
Will have to hear that word.

And, losing your free choice, you also lose
Your right to rank, on Memory's shining scrolls,
With those, your comrades, who made haste to choose
The willing service asked of loyal souls;
From all who gave such tribute of the heart
Your name will stand apart.

I think you cannot know what meed of shame
Shall be their certain portion who pursue
Pleasure "as usual" while their country's claim
Is answered only by the gallant few.
Come, then, betimes, and on her altar lay
Your sacrifice to-day! O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. VII.

(From the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.)

Bordeaux.

SIRE,—You will pardon me, I know, if for a moment I break in upon the serious occupations and meditations in which your time must be spent. I like to picture you to myself in the midst of your Staff, working out for them and your armies great problems of strategy and devising those movements which, so far, have overwhelmed not your foes so much as the minds of your fellow-countrymen. You too, Sire, sanguine and impetuous as is your nature, are no doubt beginning to realise that a great nation—let us say France, for example—is not to be overcome by mere shouting and the waving of sabres, or by the making of impassioned speeches in which God, having been acclaimed as an ally, is encouraged to perform miracles for the benefit of the Prussian arms. I do not deny that your soldiers are brave and that your armies are well equipped; but our Frenchmen too have guns and bayonets and swords and shells and know how to make use of them, and their portion of courage is no smaller than that of the Prussians, or even of the Bavarians whom you have lately been vaunting. Moreover—and this you had perhaps overlooked—they have something which is deadlier and more enduring than shot and shell and steel—the unconquerable spirit which leaps up in the hearts of men who are gathered to defend their country from invasion and their national existence from destruction.

Oh, Sire, how little you have understood France and her people; how little you have understood the minds and motives of men! "France," your Professors and your

Generals told you, "is degenerate; her population is smaller than ours; she has lost her skill in fighting and her courage; she has no culture, never having heard of TREITSCHKE and having neglected the inspired writings of NIETZSCHE; she will be an easy prey, for no one will lift a hand to help her. England is lapped in ease behind her ocean and will never fight again; Russia is distant and slow, and we can despise her; Belgium will never dare to deny us anything we care to ask. Let us make haste, then, and crush France to the earth for ever." So you planned, and your legions set out to trample us down, with the result that is now before the eyes of the world.

Only a few words more. There is at Sampigny, in Lorraine, a modest country-house, which was, in fact, my home. Your troops passed through the place, and for no military reason that I can discover they reduced this house to ruins. I know that that is a small price to pay for the honour of being allowed to represent the French nation in this hour of peril and glory, and I pay it willingly. When so many are laying down their lives with joy why should I complain because a few walls have been shattered? But I am reminded and I wish to remind you of another story. One hundred and eight years ago, in October, the Great NAPOLEON, having scattered your predecessor's armies to the four winds of heaven, proceeded to Potsdam, where he visited the tomb of the great FREDERICK. They showed him the dead King's sword, his belt and his cordon of the Black Eagle. These Napoleon took, with the intention of sending them to Paris, to be presented to the *Invalides*, amongst whom there still lingered a few who had been defeated by FREDERICK at Rosbach. Certainly the relics took no shame from such a seizure and such a guardianship. But the palace at Potsdam was not destroyed and stands to this day. I do not wish to liken myself to FREDERICK, nor do I compare you with NAPOLEON, but I tell you the story, which is true, for what it is worth. I wonder if you will appreciate it?

Agree, Sire, the expression of my distinguished consideration.
RAYMOND POINCARÉ.

THE IRON CROSS.

(For German looters.)

*[In tempi barbari e più feroci
S' appiccavano i ladri in sulle croci;
In tempi men barbari e più leggiadri
S' appiccano le croci in petto ai ladri.—GIUSTI.]*

In former ferocious and barbarous times,
The thief was hung up on the cross for his crimes,
But Culture to savages offers relief—
The cross is now hung on the breast of the thief.

"Amended and more stringent regulations concerning the lights of London have been issued by Sir E. R. Henry, the Commissioner of Police. A number of them are in the same terms as those which were published in *The Globe* nearly a month ago, but others make important changes. For example, the third order, as originally drafted, ran: 'The intensity of the inside lighting of shop fronts must be reduced from 6 p.m. or earlier if the Commissioner of Police on any occasion so directs,' but it is now as follows:—

The intensity of the inside lighting of shop fronts must be reduced from 6 p.m. or earlier if the Commissioner of Police on any occasion so directs."—*Globe*.

The italics ought to make it a lot darker.

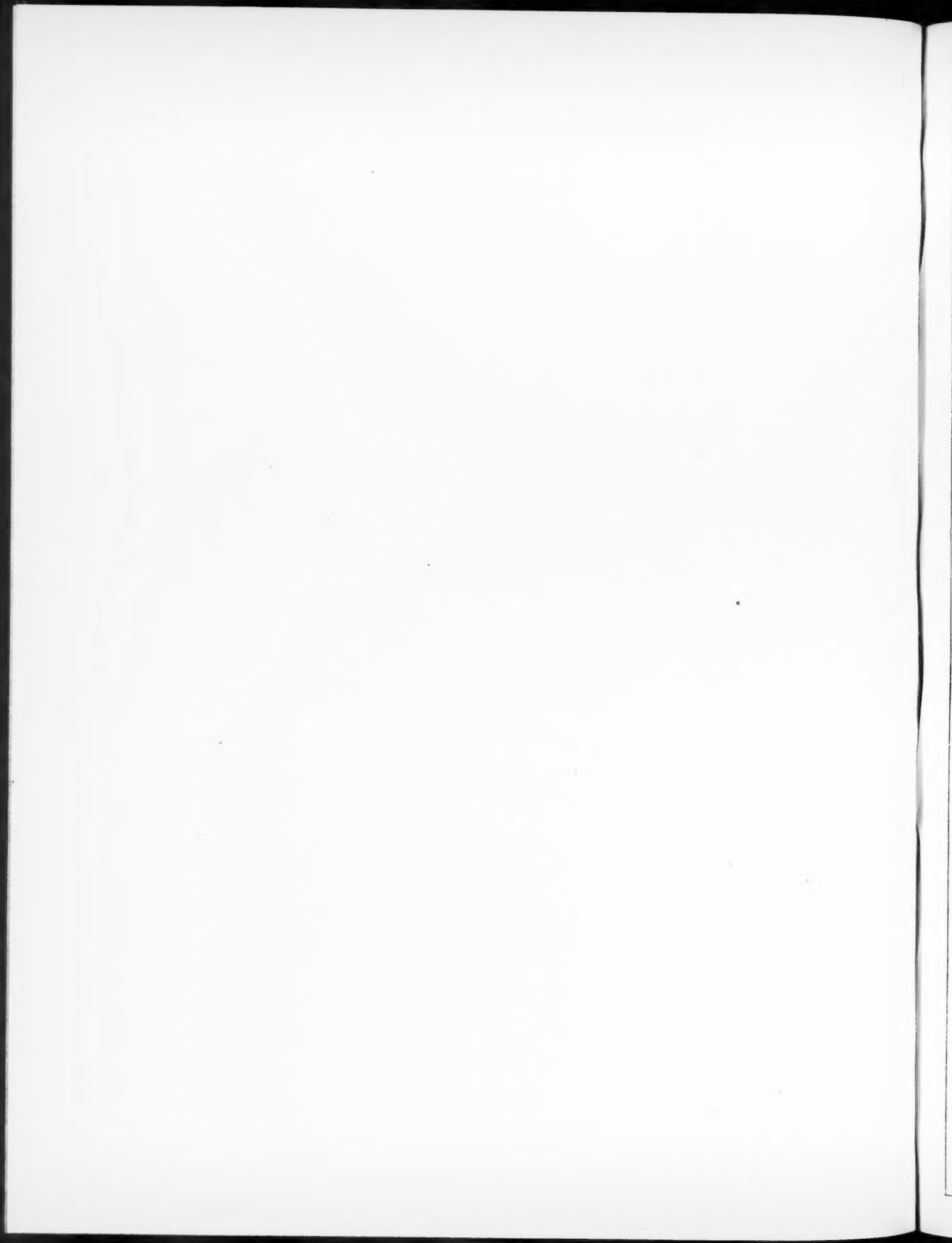
Gifts of money for the purchase of blankets are being made in Germany not less than here, and we understand that a large sum has been sent out to South Africa addressed: "De Wet Blanket Fund."



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

THE KAISER (to Turkey, reassuringly). "LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO EXPLODE."

TURKEY. "YES, I QUITE SEE THAT. BUT WHERE SHALL I BE WHEN IT'S ALL OVER?"





Talkative Passenger. "I SEE THAT THE YOUNG EARL OF HARBOUR HAS JUST DONE A VERY PLUCKY ACT AT THE FRONT."
Rabid Socialist (indignantly). "WELL, SO HE OUGHT."

THE MISUSED TALENT.

(A mild apostrophe to the young man next door.)

Augustus! ever prone at eve to gurgle a
 Melodious distych from the music-halls,
 Piping in summer from beneath a pergola,
 Piping to-day behind these party-walls,
 Three months ago and more, when Mars had thrust us
 In doubt and dread alarm and cannons' mist,
 I found one solace, for I mused, "Augustus
 Will probably enlist."

"I know not what his dreams of glory may be,
 I know not if his heart is full of grit,
 But I do know that he disturbs the baby,
 And, judging by his lungs, he must be fit;
 His is the frame, or else I've never seen one,
 His are the fitting years to fight and roam,
 He has no ties (except that pink and green one)
 To tether him to home."

"When he returns he'll possibly be sager;
 If not (for glory of his long campaign)
 We shall be thrilled to hear the sergeant-major
 Singing the good old songs he loved again;
 Bel'ona, too, has something of the witch in her;
 It may be he will learn more tact and grace
 When that mild tenor has been turned by KITCHENER
 Into a throaty bass."

Thus jestingly I dreamed. And now, Caruso,
 You have not bugged one inch upon the road;
 Whi e half the lads have got their khaki trousseau,
 You still retain that voice and nut-like mode;

Peace holds you with the tightness of a grapnel,
 And, still adhering to her ample hem,
 You enfilade us with your tuney shrapnel
 From 9 to 12 P.M.

So here's my ultimatum. Though it loosens
 The kindly bonds that neighbours ought to keep,
 I'll take a summons out to curb the nuisance
 Unless you stop it. Can I laugh or weep
 For those who fling their challenge at the blighting
 gale,
 Who smile to hear the cannon's murderous croon,
 When you go on like a confounded nightingale
 Under a fat-faced moon?

The streets are darkened now that once were ringing
 Through all the lamp-lit hours with festal fuss,
 And songs are changed, and so's the time for
 singing,

But I'd be greatly pleased to hear you, Gus,
 Out in the road there, watched by Anns and Marics,
 Op'ning your throttle to the mid-day light;
 Fate gave it you to prove that Tipperary's
 A long way off. *Left—Right! Evoe.*

We commend *The Pioneer* to the notice of our evening contemporaries. Its "Extraordinary War Special" — price, one anna—consists of the following:—

"No Reuter received since 8.30 a.m."

A more enterprising paper, such as *The* — or *The* — [censored] would have provided some new headlines from yesterday's news.

TOMMY BROWN, PATRIOT.

II.

Tommy Brown has already been in disgrace, although it is only a fortnight since he wrote the famous patriotic essay which determined Mr. Smith, his Form-master, to go to the Front. You see, Miss Price, who is deputising for Mr. Smith, does not like lizards, and has an especial aversion to white rats, whereas Tommy is very fond of these and other dumb animals.

So Tommy was reported to the Headmaster. At first the Headmaster thought that the application of "some-what severe measures, my boy," would meet the case; but whoever heard of caning a curly-headed boy with blue eyes and an ink-stain on both lips? The interview took place in the Headmaster's study. To the question, "What do you mean, Sir, by bringing lizards and white rats to school?" Tommy said, "Yes, Sir," and then, after thinking for fully three seconds, he said he had a ferret at home, and did the Headmaster know how to hold a ferret so that it couldn't bite you?

It seems that ferrets, if they once get hold of your thumb, never let go—not never—and that you have to force their jaws open with a penholder; also ferrets exhibit a marked preference for thumbs. All this information Tommy conveyed without drawing a breath. The Headmaster said, "Quite so, my boy, quite so. But don't you know it is extremely reprehensible conduct to bring animals to school in your pocket?" Well, you see, that is how Tommy's mother talks to him, so he knew what to do, and, looking up into the Headmaster's face with that wistful look of his, he imparted the deep secret that he had a tortoise.

Tortoises, the Headmaster learnt, had a way of getting lost among the cabbages, but, if you wanted to prevent them from straying, all you had to do was to turn them over on their backs and put a piece of brown paper over them for their feet to play with. Also they were stuck fast in their shells, because Tommy had tried. A boy had told Tommy that tortoises laid eggs, but although Tommy had showed his tortoise a hen's egg and then put the tortoise in a nice new nest the tortoise had taken no step in the matter.

However, Tommy promised never to bring any more animals to school and to express his sorrow to Miss Price.

And he was richer by sixpence when the interview closed.

At parting, Tommy offered to lend the Headmaster his tortoise for a week, and told him that, if he stood for a whole hour on its back, it wouldn't hurt it, because Tommy had trained it; also it never crawled out of your pocket.

Tommy apologised to Miss Price for bringing the white rats to school—they weren't white rats really, not to look at; they were rather piebald through constant association with ink. Also he brought an apple and showed her how, by holding it a certain way whilst eating it, she would miss the

hutch, and he had already used the cover of his mother's sewing-machine for the piebald rats.

On the other hand, you could get a mouth-organ with a bell on it for ninepence; he knew.

It was a splendid instrument!

Tommy took it to bed with him and put it under his pillow, and when his mother came to see that he was all right at night his hand was clutched round it as he slept—content.

The next day Tommy gave an organ recital in the playground before a large and enthusiastic audience. For a marble he would let you blow it while he held it. For two marbles you could hold it yourself.

One boy paid the two marbles, and noticed the words "Made in Germany" in small letters on the under side. The silence that followed the announcement of this discovery was broken only by the sound of Jones minor biting an apple. All eyes were on Tommy Brown. For the fraction of a second he hesitated, and in that fraction Brook tertius giggled.

Tommy seized the mouth-organ with a determination that was almost ferocious; he threw it on the ground, stamped on it with his heel again and again, and finally took and pitched it into a neighbouring garden. He then fell upon Brook tertius and punched him until he howled.

Before Tommy Brown could go to sleep that night his mother had to sit by his bedside and hold his hand; he never released her hand until he was fast asleep. How like his father (the V.C.) he looked!

She wondered what made him fess so in his sleep and what had become of his mouth-organ with the bell on it.

"FRENCH PRESIDENT AT THE FONT."

Leicester Daily Mercury.

Where he received his baptism of fire?

"German infantry on the morning of the 5th ventured an assault and were repulsed by blithering fire."—*Pioneer.*

Some of their Professors should be able to do good work in the blithering line.

"Reuter's agency learns that according to an official telegram received in London Turkish vessels have entered the open port of Odessa and bombarded Russian ships."

6 to 1 agst Cheerful, 7 to 1 agst Flippant."

South Wales Echo.

Not at all; we remain both.



HOW TO BRING UP A HUN.

THE TEUTONIC SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK.

bad part. In further sign of amity he showed her his knife, and especially that instrument in it which was used for removing stones from horses' hoofs. Not that Tommy had removed many stones from horses' hoofs, not very many, but if you had a tooth that was loose it was very helpful. Miss Price gave him a new threepenny bit, and Tommy tried hard to please her in arithmetic by reducing inches to pounds, shillings and pence.

With ninepence in his pocket Tommy felt uneasy. It was a question between a lop-eared rabbit and a mouth-organ. A lop-eared rabbit, that is to say a proper one, cost two shillings; for ninepence it was probable that you could only get a rabbit which would lop with one ear.

Besides, a lop-eared rabbit meant a



WHAT OUR TAILOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Scene I. A PERFECT FIT.

Scene II. AFTER A WEEK'S DRILL.

BEGBIE REBUKED.

FLEET Street was thrilled to the depths of its deepest inkpot last week when it read in *The Daily Chronicle* of the historic meeting between Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE and Mr. W. J. BRYAN in New York. The sensation was caused not so much by the announcement that Mr. BRYAN "has the long mouth of the orator, the lips swelling and protruding as he speaks, thinning and compressing when he is silent," or that "the full and heavy neck, which seems to be part of the face, is corded with muscles," although either of those statements is startling enough. Nor was it Mr. BEGBIE's struggle to decide whether he should devote his attention to the great statesman or to the railway station in which they met, the statesman being selected only just in time. No, what nearly stopped the clock of St. Bride's church was this paragraph in Mr. BEGBIE's record of the event: "At this point I asked quite innocently, and with a real desire for information, an obvious but indiscreet question, which Mr. BRYAN rebuked me for asking, reminding me that he was a member of the Government."

What a subject for an Academy painting in oils! Or, if MILTON had been living at this hour, how he would have immortalised the touching scene!

A desire to present to our readers some fuller details of this world-staggering event prompted us to cable to a few correspondents in New York. One cables back: "The scene was dramatic in the extreme. The journalist, his big blue eyes brimming with innocence, gently breathed his question, when the great statesman shook his shaggy mane and roared out his rebuke like a lion in pain. The journalist's apologetic gesture was one of the most delicate things I have ever seen."

Another tells us:—"When Mr. BEGBIE put his question so great a stillness reigned throughout the crowded railway station that you could have heard a goods-train shunt. Mr. BRYAN looked long and earnestly at the journalist, then, placing his hand affectionately on his shoulder, he said to him in a throbbing voice, "Oh, HAROLD, how can you?"

"The Incurrigibles."

"The enemy made attacks, but each effort was repulsed with great laughter."—*Star*.

"One recalls in this connection the statement made by Alexander the Great, that Napoleon's invasion of Russia was defeated not by the Cossacks, but by Generals January and February."—*Stock Exchange Gazette*.

This reminds us of CÆSAR's comment on the sack of Louvain:—"Magnificens est, sed non bellum."

WIRELESS.

THERE sits a little demon
Above the Admiralty,
To take the news of seamen
Seafaring on the sea;
So all the folk aboard-ships
Five hundred miles away
Can pitch it to their Lordships
At any time of day.

The cruisers prowl observant;
Their crackling whippers go;
The demon says, "Your servant,"
And lets their Lordships know;
A fog's come down off Flanders?
A something showed off Wick?
The captains and commanders
Can speak their Lordships quick.

The demon sits a-waking;
Look up above Whitehall—
E'en now, mayhap, he's taking
The Greatest Word of all;
From smiling folk aboard-ships
He ticks it off the reel:—
"An' may it please your Lordships,
A Fleet's put out o' Kiel!"

"Much indecision prevails as to what the value of sultanas will be in the near future."
Daily Telegraph.

What the Germans want to know is the price of Sultans.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WAR GOSSIP.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The situation here is unchanged, though we have made some progress in knitting. Forgive me, *m'amie*, but one does get so much into the *despatch* habit! The other day I'd a letter from Babs, in which she told me she'd "nothing fresh to report on her right wing" before she pulled herself together.

Norty's at the front as a flying-man. He's finding out all sorts of things, dropping bombs on Zeppelins and covering himself with glory. I had a few lines from him last week. He dated from "A place in Europe" (they have to be *enormously* cautious!), and said he was having the time of his life. He was immensely pleased with the last letter I managed to get through to him, and was particularly struck, he says, with my advice to him: "Find out all you can, and above all don't get caught;" he considers it simply *invaluable* advice and says all airmen ought to have it written up in letters of gold somewhere or other.

Stella Clackmannan's had a fortnight's training as a nurse and is off. I ran in to see the dear thing the night before she left. She'd been posing to a photographer in her Red Cross uniform for *hours* and *hours* and was almost in a state of *collapse*; but the heroic darling said she was ready to do even *more than that* for her country. In one photo she's sitting by a cot with her hands folded, looking sad but *very* sweet. In another she's standing up, singing, "It's a long way to Tipperary;" and in a third she's bandaging someone (she had one of the footmen in for this photo), and, *à mon avis*, it's the least successful of all. She appears to be *choking* the poor man! However, they're immensely charming, and will all be seen in the "Aristocratic Angels of Mercy" page of next week's *People of Position*.

Dear Professor Dimsdale has only just got back to England from his eclipse expedition. I'm not sure now whether it was an eclipse or an occultation, but anyhow the only place where it could be properly seen was a mountain in the Austrian Tyrol. It was due in the middle of August, and the last week in July the Professor set off with his big telescope and his lenses and his assistants and his note-books and everything that was his. He lived a week or two on the mountain, to get used to the atmosphere and prepare all his things, so he didn't know what was going on in the world below. And then, just as the eclipse or whatever it was

began, and the Professor was looking up at the sky for all he was worth, a lot of fearful creatures came rushing up the mountain and said there was a war and that he was an alien enemy and that he was making signals and that his big telescope was a new sort of howitzer; and they pushed him down the mountain, and broke his telescope and all his lenses, and tore up his note-books, and shook their fists at him and used such language that he said for the first time in his life he was sorry he was such a good linguist!

They finished by shutting him up in a fortress, and there he's been ever since. He hardly knows how it was he got away, but he believes the whole garrison was marched off to meet the Russians, and that they're all prisoners now—which is his only drop of comfort. I've tried to console him for having missed what he went to see. I said, "Perhaps the eclipse or whatever it was will happen again soon—or one like it." He groaned out, "My dear lady, that particular conjunction of the heavenly bodies will not occur again for 2,645 years, 9 months, 3 weeks and 2 days." So there it is, my dearest!

Would it cheer you up to hear a small romance of war and knitting? Here it is, then. Some time ago Monica Jermyn brought round some terrific mitts she'd knitted to go in one of my parcels for the troops. She's easily the worst knitter who ever held needles! "My dear child," I said, "what simply ghastly mitts! They're full of mistakes." "What's it matter?" Monica answered. "Mistakes will keep them quite as warm as the right stitches. Besides, they're all right. I knit ever so much better now than when I used to make socks for the Deep Sea Fisherman last year." "That's not saying much," I said. "I remember those socks for the Deep Sea Fishermen, and I doubt whether even the *deepest* sea fishermen would know how to put them on! What's this?" "It's a message to go with the mitts," replied Monica. This was the message:—"The girl who made these mitts hopes they will be a comfort to some dear brave hands fighting for her and her sisters in England." "Oh, my dear!" I remonstrated. "It's very young and romantic of you, but don't you think it's just a little—" "No, I don't!" she cried. "And if it is, I don't care. Please, please let it go!" So it went.

Soon after that the Jermyns went down to their place in Sussex, and later I heard they'd some convalescent war heroes as guests. Monica wrote me: "All six of them are dear brave darlings, of course, but *one* of them is

*darling*er than the others. Tell it not in Gath, dear Blanche, but I think I've met my fate!" Later she wrote: "He's getting on splendidly. He turns out to be a cousin of the Flummerys. He performed *prodigies* of valour, but won't say a *word* about it. When he leaves us my heart will quite, quite break—and I sometimes hope his will too!"

Yesterday came the following:—"Claude and I belong to each other. And what, oh *what* do you think helped to lead up to the dear, delicious finale? But wait. My hero is almost quite well now, and this morning, when we took what would have been our *last* little walk in the grounds, it happened! He walks *beautifully* now, though he still needs an arm at about the level of *mine* to lean on. It was a chilly morning and, as I was looking down and trying to think of something to say, I gave a sudden shriek, for on his dear heroic wrists I recognised—*My Mitts!* And when he heard I'd made them he was just as *confondu* as I was. 'They were in a bale of conies sent to my company,' he said, 'and I had the lading out of them to the men. But when I came to these mitts, with the sweet little message pinned to them, I simply couldn't part with them! And to think *you* made them—and wrote the little message! It makes one believe in all those psychic what-d'-you-call-'ems.'

"I felt a crisis was coming and so I said hurriedly, 'Oh, I only wish they were worthier of—of—brave hands and wrists. I'm a wretched knitter—they're full of mistakes—I kept forgetting to keep to the pattern—it ought to have been, *knit two together and make one*'—but of course you don't understand knitting.' 'I understand it right enough if *that's* all there is to it,' he said. "'Knit two together and make one.' Monica—no, you mustn't run away—' And that's all you're going to be told, Blanche, except that the powers that be have given their consent and I'm too happy for words!'"

Et voilà mon petit roman de guerre et de tricotage.

My poor Josiah is still at the uttermost edge of beyond. He began to come home, and the boat was chased and ran to an island for shelter, and then the island was taken by one of our enemies and he was a prisoner. Then it was retaken by one of the Allies and he was free again. Since then more things have happened and he's been a prisoner again, and free again. And now he's lost count, and says he doesn't know *what* he is or *who's* got the island!

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.



Cyclist. "MANY RECRUITS GONE FROM THIS VILLAGE?"

Shopkeeper. "No, Sir."

Cyclist. "Oh, why's that?"

Shopkeeper. "WELL, SIR, AFTER GOING CAREFULLY INTO THE MATTER, WE, IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, DECIDED TO REMAIN ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL."

FATHER WILHELM.

"You are bold, Father WILHELM," the young man said;
"Your moustache, too, is fiercer than mine;
But I'm tempted to ask by the size of your head,
Do you really suppose you're divine?"

"In my youth," said his father, "you probably know
That I held the most orthodox views;
But since I have hypnotized HARNACK and Co.
I simply believe what I choose."

"You are bold," said the youth, "as I've mentioned
before,
Yet you frequently talk through your hat;
For you told us the English were worthless in war;
Pray what was the reason of that?"

"In my earlier days," said his sire, "through and through
I studied that decadent race,
And in failing to prove that my forecast was true
They have covered themselves with disgrace."

"You are bold," said the youth, "and the Nietzschean
creed
Cries, 'Down with the humble and meek';
Yet the sack of Louvain made your bosom to bleed;
Why were you so painfully weak?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I studied the Arts
With a zeal that no force could restrain;
And the love of mankind which that study imparts
Has made me unduly humane."

"You were bold," said the youth, "but it seems to be clear
That you're losing your grit and your fire;
And, if I may whisper the hint in your ear,
Don't you think that you ought to retire?"

"I've answered three questions," the KAISER replied,
"That might baffle the wit of a ZANCIG;
I'm tired of your talk and I'm sick of your 'side';
Be off, or I'll send you to Danzig."

The Way of the Turk.

THE position of Turkey is muddled and murky,
But the course she's resolved to pursue
Is true to her mind, which we constantly find
A l'Enver(s) et contre tous.

"The Hun and the Tartar stand together—*par mobile patrum.*"
Newcastle Daily Journal.

We cannot speak with equal confidence of the head of the
Tartars, but the KAISER certainly makes a very mobile
parent.



Cavalry Instructor (to nervous Recruit). "NOW THEN; NONE O' THEM COSSACK STUNTS 'ERE."

THE WATCH DOGS.

VII.

DEAR CHARLES,—We haven't gone yet. Upon my word, we don't know what to do about it. We start off for the Continent and then we halt and ask ourselves, "Won't they be wanting us to go to Egypt and have a word with the enemy there?" So we come back and change our underclothes and start out again; but we haven't got far before a persistent subaltern starts a scare about invasions. At that we halt again and have a pow-wow. Thick underclothes for the Continent; thin underclothes for Egypt, but what underclothes for home defence? And that, old man, is the real difficulty about war: what clothes are you to make it in? Our official programme is, however, clearly defined now. It is this: We sail on or about — to —, and thence to —, pausing for a cup of tea at —. We then change direction left and turn down by the butcher's shop and up past the post-office. Here we form fours, form two deep, slope arms, order arms, present arms, trail arms, ground arms, take up arms, pile arms, unpile arms, move to the right in fours, by the left, left wheel. The essence of these manœuvres is that

they make it impossible for even the most acute enemy to guess which is our real direction. He gathers that it is one of two things: it is either right or, failing that, left. But which? Ah, that is the secret! Sometimes I am in some doubt myself after having given the order.

Our musical *repertoire* is extensive, and, I venture to think, very aptly and poetically expresses the feelings of soldiers in the several aspects of military life. Their deep-seated respect for ceremonial is expressed thus, to the *Faust* airs:—

"All soldiers live on bread and jam;
All soldiers eat it instead o' ham.
And every morning we hear the Colonel say,
'Form fours! Eyes right! Jam for dinner to-day!'"

His heart's sorrow upon leaving his fatherland is rendered exactly thus:—

"The ship is now in motion;
We're going to cross the Ocean.
Good bye-er!
Fare-well-er!
Farewell for ever-mo-er!"

And lastly his deep concern for his country's and his own and everybody's welfare is thus put:—

"I don't care if the ship goes down,
It doesn't belong to me."

We had a Divisional Field Day yes-

terday. Recollecting a previous experience, the G.O.C. sent for his three Brigadiers, when the division was assembled for action, and, it seems, said to them, "There must be less noise." The Brigadiers, returning to the field, called out each his four battalion-commanders and said to them, distinctly, "There must be less noise." The twelve battalion commanders called out each his eight company-commanders, who called out each his four section-commanders, and in every instance was repeated, quite audibly, the same utterance, "There must be less noise." Three hundred and eighty-four section-commanders were engaged in impressing this order, with all the emphasis it deserved, upon the men, when the General rode on to the field. His anger was extreme. "THERE MUST BE LESS NOISE!" said he.

Yours ever,

HENRY.

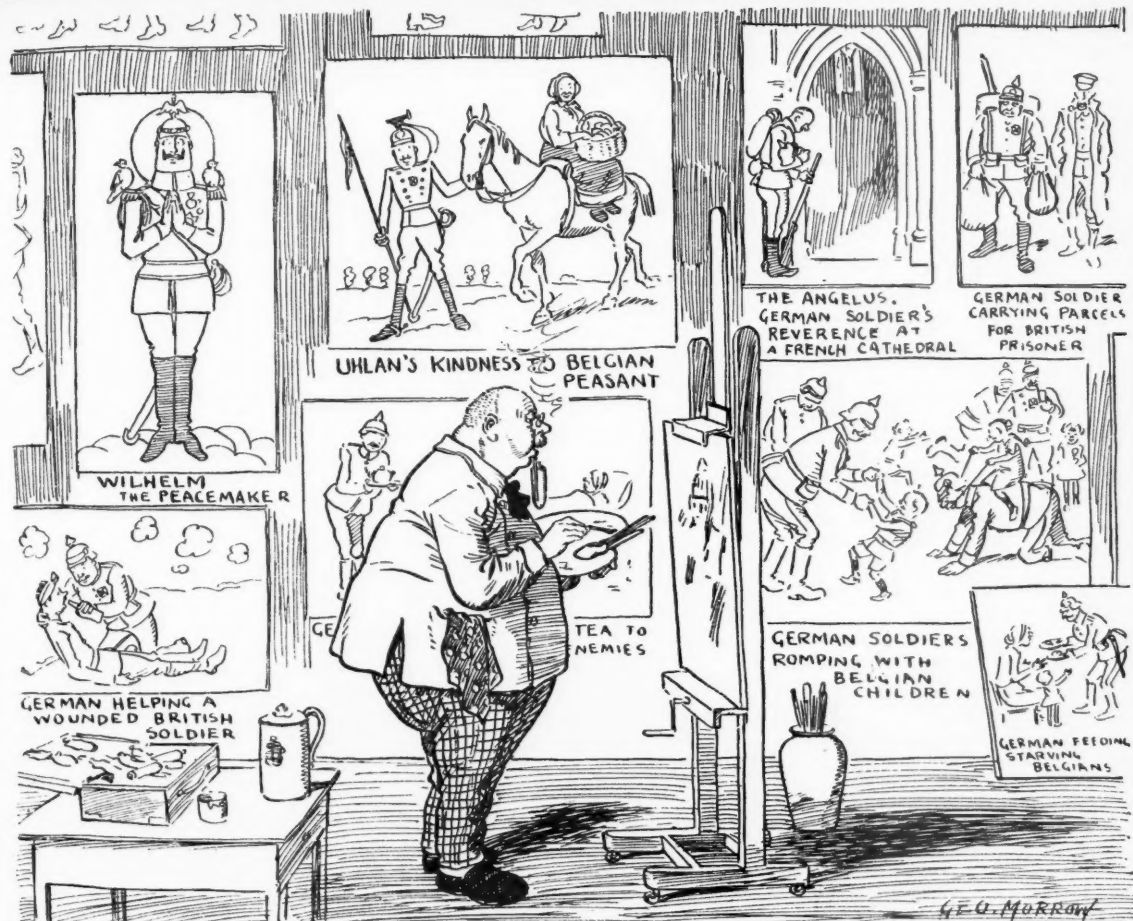
"The Press also avoids very carefully all discussion of the status of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. Practically the only reference to the subject is a remark in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that Turkey has alone to decide what ships are to fly under her flag."—*Times*.

If Turkey decides that the *Goeben* is to fly, we hope she will warn the man who works the searchlights at Charing Cross.



“A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE.”

ABLE-BODIED CIVILIAN (*to Territorial*). “THAT OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A GOOD LEAD, MATE.”
TERRITORIAL. “YES—AND I MEAN TO TAKE IT! WHAT ABOUT YOU?”



A PRUSSIAN COURT-PAINTER EARNING AN IRON CROSS BY PAINTING PICTURES IN PRAISE OF THE FATHERLAND FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION.

"CHARLIE" BERESFORD.

By TOBY, M.P.

"LORD CHARLES has broken his chest-bone—a piece of which was cut out in his boyhood leaving a cavity—his pelvis, right leg, right hand, foot, five ribs, one collar-bone three times, the other once, his nose three times." Thus Mr. COPE CORNFORD in one of the notes with which he illuminates the *Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford*, published by Messrs. METHUEN in two volumes, illustrated with a score of plates, the portrait of Lady CHARLES adding the charm of rare beauty to the collection.

For many years I have been honoured by the friendship of Lord CHARLES, and have had frequent opportunity of witnessing his multifarious supremacy. Till I read this amazing catalogue of calamities, I never dreamt that among other claims to distinction he might have been billed as The Fractured Man, principal attraction in

a travelling show, eclipsing the One-Legged Camel, the Tinted Zebra, and the Weird-Eyed Wanton from the Crusty North, who can sing in five languages "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." Ignoring the monotony of experience suffered by the ribs, and noting the obtrusiveness of one collar-bone, we may, with slight variation from a formula in use by the SPEAKER in the House of Commons, declare "The Nose has it." Happily no one regarding Lord CHARLES's cheery countenance would guess that its most prominent feature had been "broken three times."

Here is a man whose life should be written. Fortunately the task has been undertaken by Lord CHARLES himself, and the world is richer by a book which, instructive in many ways, valuable as throwing side-lights on the slow advance of the Navy to the proud position which it holds to-day on the North Sea, bubbles over with humour.

Record opens in the year 1859, when Lord CHARLES entered the Navy, closing

just half-a-century later, when he hauled down his flag and permanently came ashore. Within the space of fifty years there is crammed a life of adventure richly varied in range. A man of exuberant individuality, which has occasional tendency to obscure supreme capacity, of fearless courage, gifted with a combination of wit and humour, Lord CHARLES is the handy-man to whom in emergency everyone looked not only for counsel but for help. It is a paradox, but a probability, that had he been duller-witted, a more ponderous person, he would have carried more weight alike in the councils of the Admiralty at Whitehall and of the nation at Westminster.

As these memoirs testify, behind a smiling countenance he hides an unbending resolution to serve the public interest, whether aboard ship or in his place in Parliament. Perhaps the most familiar incident in his professional career is his exploit during the bombardment of Alexandria, when the signal

flashed from the flag-ship, "Well done, *Condor*." A more substantial service was his command of what he describes as "the penny steamer" *Safieh*, whose manœuvring on the Nile amid desperate circumstances averted from Sir CHARLES WILSON's desert column, hastening to the rescue of GORDON, the fate which earlier had befallen STEWART.

Another splendid piece of work was accomplished when, after the bombardment of Alexandria he was appointed Provost-Marshal and Chief of Police, and had committed to his charge the task of restoring order. His conspicuous success on this occasion bore fruit many years later when he was offered the post of Chief Commissioner of Police in the Metropolis. His story of the Egyptian and Soudan Wars, carried through several chapters, is a valuable contribution to history. It suggests that, all other avenues to fame closed against him, Lord CHARLES would have made an enduring name as a war correspondent.

It is a circumstance incredible, save in view of the authority upon which it is stated, that, as part of the reward for his splendid service in the Soudan, Lord CHARLES narrowly escaped compulsory retirement from the Service before he had completed the time required to qualify for Flag Rank. The Queen's Regulations ordained that before a captain could win this prized position he must have completed a period of from five to six years of active service. In 1892, Lord CHARLES, the flag almost in reach of his hand, applied for permission to count in the 315 days he was strenuously and brilliantly at work in the Soudan. The Board of Admiralty, invulnerable in their environment of red tape, refused the request, repeating the *non possumus* when on two subsequent occasions the request was preferred.

It must be admitted that the Board had no reason to regard Lord CHARLES with favour or even with equanimity. When returned to Parliament, the man who had superintended the mending of the boiler on the penny steamboat on the Nile, devoted himself to the bigger task of mending the Navy, at that time in an equally pitiful condition. During his brief and solitary term of office as Junior Lord of the Admiralty, Lord CHARLES, who thought he was put there to do some work, drew up a

memorandum on the necessity of creating at the Admiralty a Naval Intelligence Department. The memorandum was laid before the Board, and the Junior Lord was told he was meddling with high matters that did not come within the scope of his business. A few weeks later a Naval Intelligence Department (of a sort) was created. *Sic vos non vobis*.

'Twas ever thus. Lord CHARLES, whether in office, on active service, or from his familiar place above the Gangway in the House of Commons, bringing to bear upon Naval affairs the gift of keen intuition and the endowment of long practical experience, has, with one exception, done more than any man living to deliver the Navy from mistakes inevitable in the case of the over-lordship of a civilian who is subject

Instead he put his hand on my knee and asked, "Are you a German?"

"Unless I am descended from HENGIST or Horsa," I replied, "there isn't an atom of culture in me."

"Then I can confide in you. A disturbance is advancing in this direction from Eastern Europe."

"You mean that the CROWN PRINCE is retreating towards us from Poland?"

"No," he snapped. "And another disturbance is coming from the vicinity of Iceland."

"Good heavens! This is too much. At my time of life how am I to learn how to pronounce *Pzreykjavik*."

"Let me tell you what I prophesy for the next few days. Saturday will be bright."

"Splendid! A cheerful week-end will do us all good."

"Sunday will be gloomy, and on Monday will come the downfall."

"WILLIAM's or ours?"

"Accompanied by strong south-westerly winds, rising to a gale, and a rapid fall of the barometer. So now you know. My mind is easy. I have told someone. I have been cruelly misinformed—only allowed to predict just wet or fine from day to day. I felt that I must tell someone. The Censor and Count ZEPPELIN between them were killing me."

I pitied the agony of the professional weather forecaster. I promised to respect his confidence. I left the carriage proud of

the fact that I was one of the two men in England who knew what Saturday's weather would be. That is why I left my umbrella at home while apparently every other man took his out. It is also the reason why my new topper was ruined. And now I wonder whether the prophet was mistaken, or whether at the last moment he detected signs of culture in me and lied.

From an Indian paper:—

"The Germans are continuing the questionable tactics of sowing floating mines in neutral waters to the danger of neutral shipping, as well as of British and French war vessels. They are apparently tying them in Paris, so as to make it more difficult to avoid them."

As a result, the *Iron Duke* has had to give up entirely its morning run down the Rue de Rivoli. At the same time we are glad to hear that these floating mines are tied. It stops them from floating quite so much.



GERMANISED TURKEY.

"DERE YOU ARE, MEIN FRIENDT; DER SAME OLD FLAG MIT A LEEDLE DIFFERENCE."

to currents of political and party feeling. By way of reward he has received more kicks than ha'pence.

ANOTHER RUINED TRADE.

I HAD secured an empty compartment. Something in my blood makes me rush for an empty compartment. I suppose it is because I am a Briton, yet it was another Briton who intruded upon my privacy.

At the first glance I saw that he would talk to me about the—well, what do you expect? I can always tell when men want to talk about it. Would that I had the same subtle instinct when they wish to borrow money! I was ready for him. If he said, "Have you heard?" I was going to answer, "About the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR ordering Lord FISHER to be imprisoned in the Tower as a spy? Why, my brother-in-law told me all about it last week."

IN THE WINGS.

(NOTE: If this essay in the well-informed manner achieves any success, the credit is largely due to the timely interruptions of the Censor.)

Few people, I think, realise the tremendous significance of waterproof overalls in a war like the present. I was talking to one of our most prominent Midland manufacturers at Sheringham the other day and he remarked confidentially [passage deleted by the Censor] at fifteen per cent. reduction to our soldiers for spot cash.

Which reminds me of a stifling Malta afternoon, when I first saw the good ship *Sheringham* steam slowly up through the haze of Sliema Creek. It was in the early days of the Navy's grey-paint era. The change was a drastic one, as all service-men admitted. And why grey? I make no secret of the fact that I have always advocated ultramarine for the Mediterranean station; but the Grey Water School, you know—well, there, I must not be indiscreet.

Life on a cruiser may be the tally for some, but give me the nimble t.b.d.! There you have none of "the great monotony of sea" which drove W. M. T. to his five meals a day. Nothing but the charming *fraternité* of the ward-room, the delightful inconsequences of the chart-house kitten, and the throb of the oil-fed turbine! Unless I am greatly mistaken [passage deleted by the Censor—which shows that I wasn't].

I was dining the other evening at the Buckingham Palace with a friend who is well known in Foreign Office circles. The conversation turned, naturally enough, on the dangers in our midst from foreign waiters. The English waiter who was attending us happened at the moment to dislodge with his elbow a wine-list which, in falling, decanted a quantity of Sauterne into the lap of my *vis-à-vis*, who remarked [passage deleted by the Censor].

I learn from reliable sources that one wing of our "contemptible little army" is resting upon —. Dear old —! How often have I wandered down your sleepy little High Street to the *épicerie* of our lively old *Thérèse*! But that was in the old days, before the black arts of Kaiserism transformed the peace of yesterday into the Armageddon of to-day. Next week I shall deal more intimately with life behind the scenes in German frontier towns; but you must wait with what patience you can for these further confidences.



"No, Sir, they wouldn't take our Fred, 'cos they said he 'd a-got bellucose veins."

GREY GIBBONS.

With fingers too canny to bungle,
With footsteps too cunning to swerve,
They swing through the heights of the
jungle,
These stalwarts of infinite nerve;
Blithe sailors who heed not the breezes
Which play round their riggings
and spars,
Lithe gymnasts who live on trapezes
And parallel bars.

In ballrooms of plantain and mango
They scamper, they slither and slide
In the throes of a tropical tango,
In the grip of a Gibbony glide;
'Tis thus in these desolate spaces,
Away from humanity's ken,
They mimic the civilised races
And strive to be men.

As the grey little acrobats patter
O'er creepers of myriad shapes,
They mouth not the meaningless
chatter
Of dull and demoralised apes;
But, proud of their portion as
creatures
Who know not the stigma of tails,
They screw up their weather-worn
features
And practise their scales.

And oft in this primitive Eden
When I study some antic that hints
At the physical fitness of Sweden,
The speed of American sprints,
I dream of the wreaths and the ribbons
Their prowess would certainly win,
If there weren't any war, and my
gibbons
Could go to Berlin. J. M. S.

MY FAVOURITE PAPER.

By A VORACIOUS READER.

ALL day long I read the papers that keep this little island noisy and tell us how we ought to be governed. I can't help it. I want to know the latest, and reading the papers seems (more or less) the way to get at it. The best way of all, of course, is to meet a man at a club or a resident in a locality favoured by retired colonels; but, in default of those advantages, one must buy the papers. And then of course it follows that one reads far too many papers and gets one's head far too full of war news. Still, what would you have? The war is so eminently first and everything else nowhere that this is inevitable.

Outside suggestion has its share, too. Morning papers are a matter of course. One reads one's regular morning papers and no others. But after that the trouble begins with the evening paper placards, each with its lure. How can one resist them? The progress of the Allies! The repulsing of the enemy! The ten miles gained! The Russian advance! A German cruiser sunk! Each newsman has a different bait, and as the day goes on they become more attractive, so that one goes to bed at night filled with optimism. Well, these all have to be bought.

Speaking as a reader of too many of them I must admit to a grievance or two; and the chief is the difficulty that we have in finding the fulfilment of all the promises which are set out in the headings to the principal war news. For example, I find among these headings on the day on which I write a reference to a German admission of failure and dismay. But can I find the thing itself? I cannot. It may be there, but again and again has my eye travelled up and down the columns seeking the nutritious morsel and not yet has it alighted thereon, and that is but one case out of many. Sometimes after a long hunt I do track these joyful tit-bits down, and then discover that they are separated from the heading by several columns. Some day a newspaper editor will arise who can achieve a really useful index to his contents. *The Times* used to have something of the sort, but under the stress of battle that has gone.

Another grievance—but I shall say no more on that subject. Grievances are for peace time, when a general huffiness and stuffiness about the way that everyone else conducts business is natural and indeed expected. In wartime no one should be harassed by criticism. So I pass on to the paper which I like best of all those now being published. I like it because it contains

the news I most want to read, and every day, or rather every night, it gets better and will continue to get better until the Brandenburg gate opens to let the Allies in. This paper is not a morning paper and not an evening paper. It is published at night, in the smallest of the small hours, and I am its sole subscriber, for it is the paper of my dreams. Whether or not I am its editor I could not say. That question leads to the greater one which would need a volume for its decision: Do we compose our own dreams, or are they provided by Ole Luk Oie or some other dream-spinner? Anyway, no one can read the paper of my dreams but I, and it is, after all, the best reading. It contains the oddest things. Last night it had a fine article about a football match in the North of England. Twenty-two terrific fellows, whose united salaries came to a respectable fortune and whose united transfer fees, should their Clubs ever let them go, would be sufficient to build a *Dracnought*, had been charging up and down the ground in a series of magnificent rushes, while ten thousand North of England lads roared themselves hoarse to see such glory. Suddenly a newspaper boy, reckless of his life, dashed on to the ground with a placard stating that a whole regiment of British soldiers had been trapped by a German ruse and annihilated. In an instant the game was broken up and every player and every spectator who was of age ran like hares to the nearest recruiting office and enrolled themselves as soldiers. They had seen in a flash that the only chance for England to get rid of this German menace was for every eligible man to do his share.

In another part of the paper I read of a young and powerful man in an English village who, on being asked if he did not think that England was in danger, replied "Yes." He was then asked if he did not think that it was necessary to fight for her, and he replied "Yes" again. He was then asked who in his opinion were the most suitable volunteers to come to her aid, and he replied, "Other people." So far the story is not appreciably different from a story that you might read anywhere. But the version in my paper stated that he was seized by all the company present and not only ducked in the nearest horse-pond but held under the water for quite a long time, and then held under the water again.

And another article—a most exciting one—described the success of a British aviator who flew over Essen and dropped five bombs on KRUPP's gun factory and did irreparable damage.

I forget his name, but, although he was pursued, he got clear away and returned to the Allies' lines. There was a fellow for you!

So you see that I get some good reading out of my favourite paper. And more is to come!

THE PRICE OF WAR.

Now woe is me! My treasure, my delight,

My guerdon after many toilsome days,
Shall gladden me no more. It was a sight

To bid men gape in wonderment, and praise

My patient courage that endured despite
The gibes of friends and Delia's pitying ways.

Ah, cruel fate that forced my hand
to snip

Such costly growth as graced my
upper lip!

Moustache most cherished! Not as
other men

That let their lush growth riot as it
will,

With just a formal waxing now and
then,

Did I maintain it. Nay, with loving
skill

And all the precious oils within the ken
Of cunning alchemists I strove until
Its soaring points aspired to pierce
the skies,

And I was martial in my Delia's
eyes.

Great store of gold I lavished. Yea, I
went

To one that works in metals and I
bought

A kind of dreadful iron instrument

With leathern straps, most wonder-
fully wrought,

And wore that horror nightly, well
content

To bear such anguish for the prize
I sought.

And all this patient toil was thrown
away—

They stoned me for the KAISER
yesterday!

At a time when every penny that can be spared is needed for the help of our soldiers in the field and of our wounded, or to relieve the distress of the Belgian refugees or our own sufferers from the War, a public appeal is being made to the citizens of Newcastle-on-Tyne for subscriptions to a fund for presenting a testimonial to their Lord Mayor, on the ground that he has done his duty. We beg to offer our respectful sympathy to the LORD MAYOR of Newcastle-on-Tyne.



G. L. STAMPS.
L.P.M.

Colonel of Swashbucklers. "NAH THEN, SWANK! THE WIMMIN CAN LOOK ARTER THEIRSELVES. YOU 'OP IT AND JINE YER REGIMENT."

A TOBACCO PLANT.

I HAD done the second hole (from the vegetable-marrow frame to the mulberry-tree) in two, and was about to proceed to the third hole by the potting-shed when I thought I would go in and convey the glad news to Joan. I found her seated at the table in the breakfast-room with what appeared to be a heap of tea spread out upon a newspaper in front of her. Little slips of torn tissue-paper littered the floor, and on a chair by her side were several empty cardboard boxes. The sight was so novel that I forgot the object of my errand.

"What's all that tea for, and what are you doing with it?" I asked.

"It isn't tea; it's tobacco," Joan replied, "and I'm making cigarettes for the soldiers at the front."

"Where on earth did you get that tobacco from, if it *is* tobacco?" I went on.

"Let me see now," mused Joan, pausing to lick a cigarette-paper—"was it from the greengrocer's or the butcher's? Ah! I remember. It was from the tobacconist's."

Joan gets like that sometimes, but I do not encourage her.

"But what made you choose this Hottentot stuff?" I enquired.

"The soldiers like it strong," Joan replied, "and this looked about the strongest he'd got."

"What does it call itself?"
"It was anonymous when I bought it, but you'll no doubt see its name on the bill when it comes in."

"Thanks very much," I said. "That's what I should call forcible fleecing. Not that I mind in a good cause—"

"Isn't it ingenious?" interrupted Joan. "You just put the tobacco in between the rollers, and twiddle this button round until—until you've twiddled it round enough; then you slip in a cigarette-paper—like that—moisten the edge of it—twiddle the button round once more—open the lid—and shake out the finished article—*comme ça!*"

An imperfect cylindrical object fell on to the floor. I stooped to pick it up and the inside fell out. I collected the *débris* in the palm of my hand.

"How many of these have you made?" I asked.

"Only three thoroughly reliable ones, including *that one*," she replied. "I've rolled ever so many more, but the tobacco *will* fall out."

"Here, let me give you a hand," I suggested. "I'll roll and you lick."

"No," said Joan kindly but firmly.

"You don't quite grasp the situation. I want to do something. I can't make shirts or knit comforters. I've tried and failed. My shirts look like pillow-cases, and anything more comfortless than my comforters I couldn't imagine. I wouldn't ask a beggar to wear an article I had made, much less an Absent-Minded Beggar."

"What about that tie you knitted for me last Christmas?" I said.

"Yes," said Joan; "what about it? That's what I want to know. You haven't worn it once."

It was true, I hadn't. The tie in question was an attempt to hybridise the respective colour-schemes of a tartan plaid and a Neapolitan ice.

"That," I explained, "is because I've never had a suit which would set it off as it deserves to be set off. However, if I can't help I won't hinder you. I only came in to say that I had done the second hole in two. I thought you would like to know I had beaten bogey." And I retired, taking with me the little heap of tobacco and the hollow tube of paper.

When I reached the seclusion of the mulberry-tree I found that the paper had become ungummed, so I placed the tobacco in it and succeeded after a while in rolling it up. The result,

though somewhat attenuated, was recognisably a cigarette. I lit it, and when I had finished coughing I came to the conclusion that if only I could induce Joan to present her gift to the German troops instead of to our Tommies it would precipitate our ultimate triumph. I had to eat several mulberries before I felt capable of proceeding to the third hole. When I got there (in two) I found it occupied by a squadron of wasps while reinforcements were rapidly coming up from a hole beneath the shed. Being hopelessly outnumbered I contented myself with a strategical movement necessitating several stiff rearward actions.

Joan, growing a little more proficient, had in a couple of days made 500 cigarettes. I had undertaken to despatch them, and one morning she came to me with a neatly-tied-up parcel.

"Here they are," she said; "but you must ask at the Post Office how they should be addressed. I've stuck on a label."

I went out, taking the parcel with me, and walked straight to the tobacco-nist's.

"Please pack up 1,000 Hareems," I said, "and post them to the British Expeditionary Force. Mark the label 'Cigarettes for the use of the troops.' And look here, I owe you for a pound of tobacco my wife bought the other day. I'll square up for that at the same time. By-the-by, what tobacco was it?"

"Well, Sir," the man replied, "I hardly like to admit it in these times, but it was a tobacco grown in German East Africa. It really isn't fit to smoke, and is only good for destroying wasps' nests or fumigating greenhouses, which I thought your lady wanted it for, seeing as how she picked it out for herself. Some ladies nowadays know as much about tobacco as what we do."

I left the shop hurriedly. The problem of the disposal of Joan's well-meaning gift was now solved. I returned home and furtively stole up the side path into the garden. Under cover of the summer-house I undid the parcel and proceeded rapidly to strip the paper from those of the cigarettes that had not already become hollow mockeries. When I had collected all the tobacco I went in search of the gardener, and encountered him returning from one of his numerous meals.

"Wilkins," I said, "there is a wasps' nest on the third green, and here is some special wasp-eradicator. Will you conduct the fumigation?"

As Joan and I were walking round the garden that evening before dinner Joan said—

"I don't want to blush to find it fame, but—do you know—I prefer doing good by stealth."

A faint but unmistakable odour was borne on the air from the direction of the third green.

"So do I," I said.

OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

My wife attributes our success (so far) in the entertainment of Belgian Refugees solely to the fact that we have not, and never have had, a vestige of a committee. We all work along in the jolliest possible way, and we have no meetings, or agenda, or minutes, or co-opting of additional members, or remitting to executives or anything of that kind. We just bring along anything that we think will be useful. Some of us bring clothes and others butter or umbrellas, or French books, or razor-strops or cigarettes. Hepburn, the dairy farmer, keeps sending cart-loads of cabbages; old Miss Mackintosh at the Brae Foot sends threepence a week. And when we are short of anything we just stick up a notice to that effect in the village shop. I issued a call for jam yesterday and ever since it has rained pots and pots. We have three large families of Belgians and we have already got to the stage where the men are at work and the children at school—though no one really has the least idea what they do there.

But although I admit that it is magnificent to be without a committee—we escaped from that by the simple plan of getting the Belgians first and trusting to the goodwill of the Parish to take care of them afterwards—there are other important factors in our success. There is our extraordinary foresight—of course it was a pure fluke really—in obtaining among them a real Belgian policeman. You can have no idea what a fine sense of security that gives us in case anything goes wrong. We have already enjoyed his assistance in a variety of ways, and we have something still in reserve in the very unlikely event of his being professionally called in—his uniform. When we put him into his uniform the effect will be tremendous.

Then again we have the advantage of being Scotch. I simply don't know how English country people are going to get on at all. Here we find that by talking with great emphasis in the very broadest Scotch—by simply calling soap *sape* and a church a *kirk* you can quite frequently bring it off and make yourself understood. I had a most exhilarating hour of mutual lucidity with the one that makes furniture in the carpenter's shop. It

seemed to me that he called a saw a *zog*, which was surely quite good enough; and when he referred to a hammer as a *hamer* it might surely be said to be equivalent to calling a spade a spade.

Still the language difficulty remains, and the worst of it is that it gives an altogether unfair advantage—where all are so anxious to help—to the few select people in our neighbourhood who happen to be able, fortuitously, to talk French. They are—(1) Dr. Anderson, whose French is very good; (2) my wife, who is amazingly fluent in a crisis, though her constructions simply don't bear thinking of; (3) the school-master, who is weak; (4) the joiner, who is bad; (5) myself, who am awful. Several of our Refugees talk French.

Of course we all have pocket-dictionaries, but even they don't always help us out. I found my wife once engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the one who does the cooking about some household necessity that was sadly lacking. She was completely baffled. It was pure stalemate, a deadlock. I pulled out my dictionary and suggested to the cook (by illuminative signs) that she should look it up and point to the English word. There was some rejoicing at this, and she at once called upon the collective wisdom of her whole family. At last they got it with much nodding of heads and exhibited the book, buttressed with an eager finger at the place. And we looked and read "A young gold-finch;" so you will see that that didn't help us much. It was only by the almost miraculous emergence of the word *Fat* in the course of their own private conversation shortly afterwards that light came to us.

That they are quite at a loss to understand the meaning of honey in the comb did not greatly surprise us—though it was rather queer—but the Parish is deeply distressed at their total ignorance of oat-meal. They are quite at sea there, and so far have only employed it for baiting a bird-trap: and that touches us closely, for the very foundation of our being in these parts is oatmeal. Even their beautiful devotion to vegetables of all sorts cannot, we feel, compensate for their attitude of negation towards this very staple of existence. There is a strong party among us bent on their conversion. We hope with all our hearts that they will be comfortable and contented among us till the day comes when they can return to their own country; and we feel that their exile will not have been entirely wasted if they have learned to appreciate the purpose fulfilled by porridge in the Divine Order of things.



WORD PERFECT.

Sentry (on duty for first time). "'ALT! WHO GOES THERE? ADVANCE TO WITHIN FIVE PACES, AND GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN 'WATERLOO.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the good old days when that royal pipsqueak, our FIRST JAMES, came to the throne, if you were a physician of a little more than common skill and furnished with theological opinions of a modernist complexion, or a lonely woman with (or without) some cunning in the matter of herbs, who cherished a peculiar (or normal) pussy-cat, you were quite likely to be burnt out of hand. And, in her competent way, MARY JOHNSTON, in *The Witch* (CONSTABLE), deals with this dark blot on the escutcheon of Christianity. Through what suffering and what joys *Dr. Aderhold*, the kindly free-thinking mystic, and *Joan Heron*, the simple village maid, found their ultimate and, for the times, merciful release by halter in place of fire, readers who have nerves to spare for horror will read with eagerness. It is indeed a dreadful story. Miss JOHNSTON is not one of your novelists who lets herself off the contemporary document, and on her reputation you may take it she is not far out. The grim tale serves to show to what lengths the force of suggestion will, in times of excitement, carry folk otherwise sober and truthful. Manifestly preposterous evidence, freely given, was freely admitted by trained legal minds—evidence on which innocent lives were sacrificed at the average rate of over a thousand a month in England and Scotland in the two centuries of the chief witch-baiting period. But, after all, have we not, most of us, near relations who saw a quarter-of-a-million of astrakanned Russians steal through

England in the dead of an August night? And have we not— But I grow tedious. *The Witch* is an eminently readable story of adventure of the coincidental kind.

What I like best in the stories of Mr. W. W. JACOBS, apart from their mere hilarity, is their triumphant vindication of the right to jest. They spread themselves before me like a pageant representing the graceful submission of the easy dupe. They tempt me to filch away chairs from beneath stout and elderly gentlemen who are about to sit down. Take the case of *Sergeant-Major Farrer* in *Night Watches* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). He was afraid of nothing on earth, or off it, but ghosts, and he despised the weedy young man who was in love with his daughter. So the weedy young man dared him to come to a haunted cottage at midnight, and, dressed up as a spectre, terrified the soldier into something more than a strategic retreat, with the result that he surrendered his daughter. In real life of course it is different. I know a colour-sergeant, and somehow I rather think that if I—but never mind. In Mr. JACOBS' beautiful world, as it is with *Mr. Farrer* so is it with *Peter Russet*, with *Ginger Dick* and with *Sam Small*. They know when the laugh is against them, and, waiving the appeal to force or to law, they grumble but retire. There is one exercise in the gruesome in *Night Watches*, but it hardly shows Mr. JACOBS at his best in this particular vein. There are also several charming illustrations by Mr. STANLEY DAVIS, executed with a buff tint, which help to sustain the gossamer illusion.

If I were a woman I should always be a little irritated with any story which shows two women in love with the same man. Miss MAY SINCLAIR in her new novel does not mind how much she annoys her own sex. She shows us no fewer than three women engaged in this competition, and they are sisters. True, there was not much choice for them in their lonely moorland village, which contained a young doctor and no other eligible man. Of this fellow *Roucliffe* we are told that "his eyes were liable in repose to become charged with a curious and engaging pathos," an attraction which had broken many hearts before the story opened, and gave to their owner a great sense of confidence in himself. This set me against him at the start, but the three sisters, as I said, were not in a position to be fastidious. *Mary's* love for him was of the social-domestic kind; *Gwendolyn's* was spiritual; *Alice's* frankly physical. Though alleged to be "as good as gold," *Alice*, the youngest of *The Three Sisters* (HUTCHINSON), was one of those hysterical

women who threaten to die or go mad unless they get married—a very unpleasant fact for a young doctor to have to discuss with her sister, and for us to read about. Indeed, if I were to tell in all its incredible crudity the story of the relations of this gently-bred girl with the drunken farmer who, to her knowledge, had previously betrayed her own servant-girl, I think even Miss SINCLAIR would be revolted. Her exposure of certain secret things which common decency agrees to leave in silence is a treachery to her sex, not excusable on grounds of physiological interest; and I, for one, who was loud in my praise of the fine qualities of her great romance, *The Divine Fire*, confess to a sense of almost personal sorrow that such high gifts as hers, which still show no trace of decline in craftsmanship, should have suffered so much taint. I sincerely hope that the noble work she is now doing with the Red Cross at the front—where the best wishes of her many friends follow her—may make more clear the claim that is laid upon her to devote her exceptional powers as a writer to the higher issues of life and death; or, at the least, to something cleaner and sweeter than the morbid atmosphere of her present theme.

It has been my private conviction that the most depressing and shuddersome of all natural prospects is the wide expanse of mud and slime to be found at low water in the estuary of a tidal river. Such scenes have always been singularly abhorrent to me. Mr. "ADRIAN ROSS" appears to share this feeling, for out of one of them he has made the novel and very effective setting for his bogie-tale, *The Hole of the Pit* (ARNOLD). It is a story of the Civil Wars, though these have less to do with the action than the uncivil and very gruesome war waged between the Lord of Deeping Castle and the Unseen Thing that lived in the Pit. The Pit itself is real joy. It was covered always by the tide, but could be distinguished

by a darker shadow on the surface of the sluggish stream, a shadow streaked at times by wavering bands of greyish slime, strangely agitated . . . There were smells, too, dank, sodden, drowned smells that came in upon the sea mist. Moreover, Deeping Castle I can only describe as an eligible residence for the immortal *Fat Boy*. It was built right upon the water, within convenient distance, as the auctioneers say, of the Pit; and between the two of them your flesh is made to creep more than you would believe possible. As for the great scene where the Thing finally gets out of the Pit, and comes slobbering and sucking round the castle walls—I cannot hope to convey to you the horror of it. Perhaps you may feel with me that Mr. Ross has been at times a little too confident that the undoubted thrill of his bogie would save it from being unintentionally funny. I confess I did laugh once in the wrong place. But everywhere else I shivered with the fearful joy that only the best in this kind can produce.



Hedger. "THERE'S AWFUL ACCOUNTS IN THIS 'ERE PAPER OF THEY GERMANS—SEEMS THERE'S SOME PEOPLE AS DON'T 'OLD NOTHING SACRED."

Huntsman. "AH! YOU MAY SAY SO! AND IT AIN'T ONLY GERMANS. ONLY LAST NIGHT I FOUND AS FINE A DOG-FOX AS EVER I SEE WITH A BULLET-WOUND THROUGH 'IS 'EART!"

have been better. There was a real snap in the struggle between the English hero, *Hilary Warde*, who had nearly perfected a system of wireless telephony, and the Berlin magnates who wished to bluff him out of the results. As I say, I liked these early scenes and some others subsequently that dealt with rather sensational finance (it always cheers me up when the hero makes half-a-million pounds in a single chapter!) better than those that had to do with *Warde's* domestic entanglements and the deterioration of his character. And the climax seemed inadequate to the point of bathos. But there is much in the tale to enjoy; and you might read it if only for a vivid word-picture of what Berlin used to be like before the beginning of the great *débâcle*. This has now an interest almost historical.

"TURKISH AMBASSADOR LEAVES BORDEAUX."

The Turkish Ambassador left Paris yesterday on a visit to Biarritz. He announced before leaving that he would return. This was the first visit paid by the Turkish Ambassador for over a fortnight. He did not see Sir Edward Grey, but had a long conference with Sir Arthur Nicolson, Permanent Under-Secretary.

Edinburgh Evening News.

The only possible answer to this extraordinary conduct was a declaration of war.

CHARIVARIA.

CONTRARY to the usual custom there were no official dinners on the eve of the opening of Parliament. The explanation of this is clear to the German Press. It was due to scarcity of food.

Upon receipt of the Japanese ultimatum, the KAISER, it may be remembered, cabled to the commander of his Chinese fortress:—"Bear in mind that it would shame me more to surrender Kiaochau to the Japanese than Berlin to the Russians." The kind-hearted Russians will now, we feel sure, have less compunction in taking Berlin, seeing that the blow will have been softened to an anticlimax.

The KAISER's hair, it is said, is now bleached; but this attempt to look like a white man will deceive no one.

Just as we go to press a report reaches us which certainly bears the impress of truth on the face of it. It declares that the CROWN PRINCE has been shot for looting by a short-sighted brother-officer who did not recognise the son of God's Vice-regent on Earth.

"The British Navy is in hiding," says the *Kö.nische Zeitung*. We beg our fragrant contemporary not to worry. In due course the Germans shall have the hiding.

It is so frequently stated that the leaders of the German Army attach no importance to the lives of their men that it seems only fair to point out that last week Brussels was fined £200,000 for wounding a couple of German policemen.

Neither the French, Russian, Belgian, nor British troops like the idea of fighting against the mere youths whom a paternal KAISER is now sending in on the firing line, and a humane suggestion has been put forward for correcting this embarrassment. Would it not be possible, it is asked, to arrange Boys' Own Battles, in which the German little ones would be opposed by the young of the Allies?

"Klopstock, one of our greatest geniuses," says the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, "taught us, 'Be not excessively just.' We shall endeavour now to follow that teaching." We

should say that there is no great danger of the German nation breaking down under the strain of this effort.

"How ever do the Teutons manage to produce so many lies about us?" asks "A Lover of Truth." Our correspondent is evidently not much of a gardener or he would have heard of "Intensive Culture."

The reply published by the *Vossische Zeitung* to the protest of French clergymen against the destruction of Louvain and the shelling of Rheims Cathedral contained at least one un-

When in Breslau, *The Evening News* tells us, the KAISER promised that the Russian Army should be crushed. Fortunately in this case the undertaking was not even written on a scrap of paper.

"For thirty-two years," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "Egypt has had to endure British rule." Curiously enough this bright little sheet does not go on to point out that during the same period the poor Egyptians have also had to put up with a good deal of prosperity.

A Beauty Spot.

"This photograph of the town of Pervyse, on the road from Nieupoort to Dixmude, has been taken and retaken by both sides several times. Our photograph was taken just after it had again come into the possession of the Allies."—*Daily Chronicle*. It is now the German photographer's turn again.

Another song for the KAISER:—"COME 'TSING TAU ME."

Translation of a letter received by *The Morning Post*:—"By spring-time of the 6,000,000 German soldiers there will remain only three capable of fighting."

The CROWN PRINCE and two privates.

"PATRIOTISM FOR PAUPER CHILDREN.—The Lambeth Guardians yesterday decided that in order that the Poor-law school children may have an opportunity of appreciating the position of national affairs the usual practice of allowing each child an egg for breakfast on Christmas morning be suspended this year."—*Times*.

If this doesn't learn them to love their country, it ought, at any rate, to encourage them to honour and respect the patriotic Lambeth Guardians.

"Pending operations for her capture, or destruction, effective steps have been taken to block the Königsberg in by inking colliers in the only navigable channel."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

Aren't they black enough already?

Examples of official enthusiasm are always welcome, and we therefore give further publicity to the following:—"The Cossacks who have been mobilised in the Amur district have sent the following telegram to the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces:

'Your children are coming to your aid, father commander. They come shouting 'Hurrah!''

The Grand Duke Nicholas replied: 'I shall be very pleased to see you.'—*Reuter*."



"WOT'S THE USE OF THIS 'ERE EARLIER CLOSING?"
"WY, IN CASE OF A ZEPPELIN RAID. IF THE 'UN SMELLS BEER 'E'LL 'AVE IT!"

fortunate expression. It asserted that the GERMAN EMPEROR and the German People are both permeated with a burning love of peace.

The Rev. Mr. EDWARDS has resigned his assistant curacy at Tottenhall under somewhat peculiar circumstances, but we are sure the case is not so bad as *The Wolverhampton Express* would have us believe. According to our contemporary this gentleman exhorted his congregation "not to hate the Germans, but rather to pay for them."

A wounded Tommy in one of our London hospitals, on being asked, the other day, by a lady visitor what he thought of the French soldiers, replied that he very much admired the French Curaçaos.

TO THE BITTER END.

(A word with the War-Lord.)

A RUMOUR comes from Rome (where rumours breed)
That you are sick of taking blow on blow,
And would inter with all convenient speed
The hatchet wielded by your largest foe.

Is it the shadow Christmas casts before
That makes the iron of your soul unbend,
And melt in prayer for this unholy war
(Meaning the part that pinches most) to end?

Is it your fear to mark at that high feast
The writing on the wall that seals your fate,
And, where the Christ-star watches in the East,
To hear the guns that thunder at your gate?

For on your heart no Christmas Peace can fall.
The chimes shall be a tocsin, and the red
Glow of the Yule-wood embers shall recall
A myriad smouldering pyres of murdered dead.

And anguish, wailing to the wintry skies,
Shall with its dirges drown the sacred hymn,
And round your royal hearth the curse shall rise
Of lowly hearths laid waste to suit your whim.

And you shall think on altars left forlorn,
On temple-aisles made desolate at your nod,
Where never a white-robed choir this holy morn
Shall chant their greeting to the Birth of God.

Peace? There is none for you, nor can be none;
For still shall Memory, like a fetid breath,
Poison your life-days while the slow hours run,
Till it be stifled in the dust of Death.

O. S.

WHY I DON'T ENLIST.

[Curiosity is often expressed regarding the causes which have prevented young men from enlisting. Considerable interest, therefore, should attach to the following replies to enquiries, an inspection of which has been permitted us by the Secretary of the Patriotic League, an organisation which seeks to stimulate recruiting by writing to young healthy and unmarried men and asking them why they do not join the colours.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I fully understand your views—in fact I am in cordial agreement with them. It would be quite fair to say of most young unmarried men that they could and should be spared. But this cannot be said of all young men. There is a small section of literary and other artists whose lives must continue to be immeasurably precious to the nation which has given them birth. From this company it is impossible for me to exclude myself. There is a higher patriotism, to the dictates of which I must respond. With infinite regrets, and thanks for what is doubtless a well-meant endeavour,

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,
ENDYMION BROWNE.

P.S.—If you should be in town on the 24th, I am giving a reading from my own works at the United Intensities Club—"A Night with Endymion Browne."

DEAR SIR,—What you say is O.K. KITCHENER must have men and all that sort of thing. Show the KAISER who's boss, and so on. But there are some men who *can't* possibly go. And I'm one. It's all very well to say "Go," but *if* I go—let me ask you quite seriously—how on earth is Smoketown Tuesday F.C. to lift the English pot? I don't want to shout about myself, but it is a known fact that I'm positively the *only* centre forward they've got.

I'm worth £200 a week to the gate alone. If you don't care to accept my word, that it is absolutely *impossible* for me to go, I'll refer you to what our secretary says at foot.

Yours, ALF BOOTER.

Note by Secretary—What Booter says is quite true. He is indispensable. We paid £1,000 for his transfer, and could not possibly sanction his leaving us. Besides, some of his many thousand admirers might want to follow his example, and where would our gate be then?

DEAR SIR,—If I was to go and enlist, how could I follow the Occident and help 'em to win the League Championship? There it is, quite short—how? And if I didn't follow, and if others like me didn't follow, how'd the club stick it? How'd it keep going? What price duty of staying at home?

I am, yours truly, BERT SOCKSLEY.

[Dictated.]

SIR,—I snatch a moment to answer your letter, "Why don't I go to fight the Germans?" I *am* fighting them. I cleared £500 this morning which, before the war, would have gone into a German pocket. My motto is "Business as usual," and I have no complaints whatever against the Germans so long as I can go on fighting them some more in my own way.

Yours faithfully, GEORGE CRABBE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter for my brother, John Halton, has reached me by mistake, but I'll answer it. "Why don't I go?" Just send me a recipe for turning me into a boy, and you'll not have to ask me twice.

Yours very sincerely, JOAN HALTON.

DEAR SIR,—I know what my job is, so don't you come poking your nose in where it isn't wanted. I'm for England, I am. And I'm doing my bit. *The Evening Wiper* said only the other day that a Britisher's duty was to keep cheerful, and that the man who did that was serving his country. Well, I *am* cheerful—I didn't turn a hair even over Mons—slept exactly the same, and had bacon and tomato for my breakfast. Then they say, "Carry on." And I do carry on. I go out as usual, dress just as carefully—spats, fancy waistcoat, buttonhole, etc. One night it's the Imperial and another it's the Cinema. Men are wanted to cheer the patriotic songs and to sing the chorus of "Tipperary." I help here. Then I spend my money freely—*freely*, I tell you. Any Tommy I meet can have a drink—half a dozen at my expense, and no return expected. I got two quite blind last night, and never asked 'em for a sou. Then again, I've spent quite a lot on flags. I always wear six on the front of my bike when I scorch through the crowds coming out of church on Sundays. I've got portrait buttons, too, of JOFFRE and KITCH., and I'm never ashamed to wear 'em. And I'm *always* urging chaps to go and enlist. So you see I *am* doing my bit.

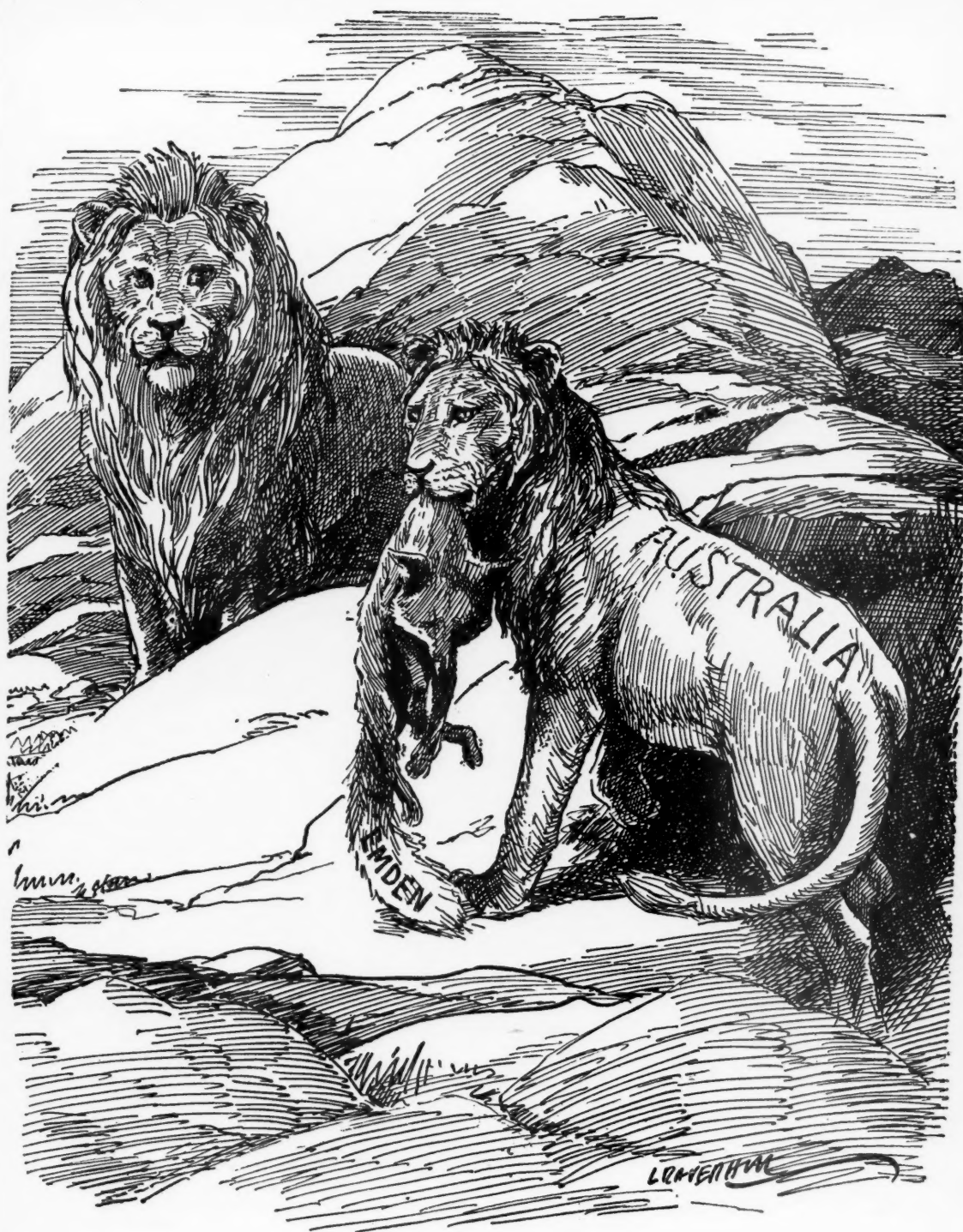
Yours truly, ALBERT SPOTTELE.

In a Good Cause.

A *Matinée* will be given at the Empire on Thursday, the 26th, in aid of *The Daily Telegraph's* Belgian Relief Fund. Among the patrons are The JAPANESE AMBASSADOR, the BELGIAN MINISTER and the Grand Duke MICHAEL.

Many popular *artistes* have offered their services, including Miss PHYLLIS BEDELLS, Miss GLADYS COOPER, Miss ETHEL LEVEY, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, Miss WISH WYNNE, Mr. WILKIE BARD, Mr. WILL EVANS, Mr. ALFRED LESTER, Mr. JAMES TATE, Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Mr. JAMES WELCH.

Mr. *Punch* very heartily commends the cause and its advocates to his gentle readers.



GOOD HUNTING.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.



"MOTHER, LOOK AT THAT POOR SOLDIER: WOUNDED IN BOTH FEET."

WITH ALL RESERVE.

DEPARTING from the time-honoured custom of believing everything they see in print, the British people are learning in these times that one should only run the risk of believing printed news that has passed the Censor. By the time the war is over the new habit will have become established, and we may look for items like the following in our daily papers:—

The right hon. gentleman went on to say that so long as the people of this country permitted the present Government to remain in power, so long would this country be governed in a manner which could never win the approval of the Opposition.

[The above having been passed by the Censor may be accepted as correct.—Ed.]

The weather yesterday varied throughout the country. While in the extreme north it was warm and sunny, in the south snow fell. A violent hailstorm swept Battersea from end to end; yet in Stornoway the day was marked by a sky of cloudless blue. Once more the climate of these islands showed itself to be a fickle and unstable thing.

[The above has been submitted to the Censor, who sees no reason why it should be withheld from the public; and it may therefore be taken that in the main it is moderately accurate.—Ed.]

Lady A.'s dinner-party at the Ritz Hotel last evening was not a great success. The decorations of pink carnations were but moderately admired by her undistinguished guests. The Blue Petrogradese Orchestra played without particular brilliance. Among those absent without reason

assigned were the Duke and Duchess of W., the Earl and Countess X., the Bishop of Y., and Mr. Z., the unknown poet.

[The above has been submitted to the Censor, who possessed no official knowledge of the facts, but considered that the report had an air of sufficient probability.—Ed.]

TO THE UNDYING HONOUR OF A SUPER-PATRIOT.

COMMEMORATE, ye gods, the noble mind
Of Brown (A. J.), a youth of classic parts,
Whose soul was ever faultlessly inclined
To music, verse, and all the gracious arts;
At things of taste, in fact, Augustus John
Was always, and is yet, a perfect don.

But lately I have fathomed deeps unknown
Before in my incomparable friend;
No mere artistic trifle, he has shown
A patriot heart of high heroic trend,
And showered sacrifice with fearless hand
Upon the altar of his Motherland.

I haled him to a "music" hall to hear
The Great Recruiting Song, and watched him wince
And writhe throughout, as though his end were near;
But now I learn that, every evening since,
Brown has been there, in England's sacred cause,
To greet that patriot song with loud applause!

AUNT LOUISA'S SONG SCENA.

JUST as adversity sometimes brings out men's strongest characteristics, hitherto unsuspected, so can amateur theatricals lead to surprising discoveries of humour and resource. Everyone must have noticed it.

No one had ever credited Aunt Louisa with any dramatic sense whatever. She is so gentle and so placid. She was always something of a knitter, and, like all essential knitters, given to sitting a little outside of life; but since the war broke out she has knitted practically without ceasing; and who would dream of going to a knitter for stage effects?

Therefore we were astonished when, in talking over the projected Saturday night's entertainment, Aunt Louisa ventured the statement that she had thought out a scheme for a little interlude, and might she be permitted to carry it out? Just a mere fill up, but topical, or possibly even more than topical—prophetic.

Of course she might.

"Is it a tableau?" our stage manager inquired.

"No, I shouldn't call it a tableau," said Aunt Louisa; "I should call it a song scena."

How on earth did she hear that phrase? She never goes to music-halls. I would as soon expect to hear her speak of "featuring."

"A song scena," she went on, "the hero of which is the KAISER; and I shall want half-a-dozen gentlemen to assist."

The busy fingers knitted away and the gold spectacles were fixed on us with bland benignity. Aunt Louisa writing a song scena and ordering a chorus, just like Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, was not the least of the miracles produced by this war.

A company of six of us volunteered, of whom I was one. Another was Mr. Herbert Foley, who has made private theatricals his life study.

"Anything I can do to help you in coaching the performers and so on," he said, "I shall be only too pleased to do. You know I'm no chicken at this sort of thing."

"Thank you," said Aunt Louisa, "but I think I can manage."

"All right," replied Mr. Foley, "but, of course—Want of experience—"

"First of all," said Aunt Louisa, "I must choose a Kaiser. Someone who can act."

We all became very self-conscious. Our expressions said severally, "No one can act as well as I, but it's rotten form to push oneself forward."

Aunt Louisa scanned us narrowly and, much to everybody else's surprise, picked out Tommy Thurlow. To my mind she could not have made a worse choice; but, as it happened, her judgment was sound.

Foley seemed piqued. "Then what do we do?" he asked.

"You are chorus men," said she.

"Chorus!" said Foley.



Patriotic Wife. "NOW, RICHARD, BEFORE YOU GO, LET ME HEAR YOU REPEAT MY INSTRUCTIONS."

Richard. "I MUST REMEMBER I'M THE HUSBAND OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN, AND I'M NOT TO COME BACK WITHOUT THE KAISER!"

"Isn't that the right word? I know so little about these things. Perhaps I ought to have said 'supers.'"

She then told us what to do, knitting all the while.

On the evening Aunt Louisa's song scena was the success of the show. It was called "The Haunted Kaiser," and it began with a distracted demented Tommy Thurlow, with the familiar Potsdam moustache and an excellent wig from London, rushing on with his fingers in his ears. No doubt as to who it was—the WAR LORD in a state bordering on delirium. Having calmed down a little, he began to sing:—

For years and years I'd waited,
Preparing for *The Day*—

The day that meant for Germany
A universal sway.

Alas, alas,
For my set back!

At this point a number of tea-trays were smitten resonantly "off." Tommy dramatically heard them and sang:—

What's that that smites upon my ear,
The sound of cruel guns I hear,
That sound of fear?

More tea-tray.

The British, French and Russians
They are murdering my Prussians:

Why did I make this war?

They're in my way by day, by night:

In vain, in vain I take to flight,

I'll hear them evermore—

Those guns! Those guns!

Tremendous applause, while Tommy prepared for the second verse and Aunt Louisa's great effect.

Alas! for my ambition,
My glory passed away!
What is there left of Germany
But misery to-day?
Alack, alas,
For such a pass!

Here on several concertinas in different parts of the hall, as well as upstairs, was heard, "It's a long way to Tipperary." Tommy began to behave like a maniac. He rushed about more wildly than before. He stopped his ears. He tried to hide. Then he began to sing again:—

What's that that bursts upon my ear,
That overwhelming song I hear,

That sound of fear?

Though brave my men and wary,

They've been done by "Tipperary;"

Why did I make this war?

It's in my brain by day, by night,

In vain, in vain I take to flight,

I'll hear it evermore—

That song! That song!

Now came the great dramatic effect. On to the stage climbed, in the latest revue manner, from all parts of the house, the army of which I had the honour to be one, all pointing the finger of doom at the cringing Tommy

Thurlow. Having got him well into our midst and broken to the world, we sang at him these stirring lines to a too familiar tune:—

It's a long way to get to Paris,

It's a long way to go;

It's the wrong way through little Belgium,
The wrongest way we know.

Good-bye, KAISER BILLY;

Farewell, O mein Herr;

It's a long, long way to St. Helena,

But your home's right there!

Terrific success; and, after some moments of reluctance, Aunt Louisa, still knitting a sock, was induced to bow.

But it wasn't a bad first effort at drama by an old lady in gold spectacles, was it? I have seen worse by professional writers.



MR. THESPIAN JONES, THE FAMOUS ANIMAL IMPERSONATOR, OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS "COLLECTING DOG" UNDER THE AUSPICES OF A RELIEF COMMITTEE—



—BUT SUDDENLY FORGETS HIMSELF ON THE ARRIVAL OF GOOD NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

THE KAISER'S "HATE."

[The feeling in Germany, it appears, is now quite friendly towards France and Russia, and all the fury of the Press is concentrated on England.]

When first the champions were listed,
When first the shells began to fall,
Some trace of animus existed
Between the Teuton and the Gaul;
King WILLIAM was extremely callous,
Nay, even found a certain zest
In riding from his Potsdam palace
To show his purple to the West.

But what a charm the Frenchman carries!
His compliments how wide they range!
Before King WILLIAM got to Paris
His feelings underwent a change:
"Our ancient feud against the Latin,"
He said, "has sensibly decreased;"
And rising from the trench he sat in
He moved his umbrage to the East.

He trampled on the Polish border;
He cried that Russia was the foe;
The German Press received the order
And answered meekly, "That is so;"
But when King WILLIAM met the Tartar
His soul sustained another wrench,
He found the Slavs were even smarter
At entertainments than the French.

They gave him such a royal greeting
With Cossack horsemen making curves
That WILLIAM asked them, on retreating,
To try his Prussian game preserves;

"Duke NICHOLAS is not the canker,"
He told his German scribblers then;
"His treatment has disarmed my rancour"
(It certainly disarmed his men).

"Out yonder in the circling billows
There lies the object of my scorn,
We hate these English armadilloes,
We wish they never had been born;
Their name to us is rank and fetid,
And on their sins our rage is fed;"
And all the German Press repeated
Precisely what the KAISER said.

Eh well. That water is a worry!
And doubtless, if the iron glove
Should meet us here in Kent or Surrey,
Its clasp might soften into love;
We might despatch him with a grey grin,
And al! the German Scribes would vow
"Our bugbear is the Montenegrin;
We do not hate the English now."

But better still to cool his dudgeon
Where week by week our nobler sons
Have proved Britannia's no curmudgeon
By salvos of applauding guns;
To save him toil without his landing,
To meet him with more warm advance,
And help to share that "understanding"
He has with Russia and with France.

Evon.

THE LAST LINE.

IV.

We progress. The days when the whole art of war consisted of "On the left, form platoons . . . On the left, blanket," are over. Skirmishing, signalling, musketry, Swedish drill—a variety of entertainment is now open to us; there is even a class for buglers. To give you an idea of the Corps at work, I offer you a picture of James and myself semaphoring to each other.

James is in the middle distance, a couple of flags draped over his person. I am going to send him a message. I signal to him that I am about to begin; he waves back that he is ready. Now then . . .

My mind becomes a complete blank. I find that I have absolutely nothing to say to James.

"Go on," says my instructor.

"Yes, but what?" I ask. All desire to interchange thought with James has left me.

"Anything. Ask him, if a herring and a half costs three ha'pence, how much—"

"Yes, but that's too long. It would take me at least a week, and by that time the herring would be censored. No, I've got it."

It has occurred to me suddenly that it would annoy James if I reminded him of his professional life. He looks so military in his puttees and khaki shirt.

"Do—you—want—a—nice—mortgage?" I signal.

James takes it up to "nice," and then breaks down. The "m-o" he reads as "s-w" (an easy mistake to make), and he imagines that I am offering him a nice sword—a fitting offer to one of his martial appearance. When the third letter turns out to be not the "o" which he expected, he loses his head and signals "Repeat."

I give it him again slowly. He reads the first five letters as s-w-r-t-g and assumes this time that I am offering him a nice town in Poland. It is five minutes before we get the mortgage properly established, and by then James is utterly disgusted.

He is now going to send a message to me. There is nothing half-hearted about James when he has his khaki shirt on.

"Why the devil don't you send up those guns?" he signals.

General James is hard pressed. The enemy is advancing in echelon against his left wing; cavalry beat themselves against the hollow square on his right; his centre has formed platoon after platoon unavailingly. Still the enemy comes on. Where the devil are those guns?

I signalled back:

"Sorry, but B Company is using the bullet."

It was a blow to James. Reluctantly he came to his decision.

"Must fall back," he said, and he caught a flag between his legs and did so . . .

Well, there you have us signalling. To show you us skirmishing I cannot do better than describe the fierce engagement between A and C Companies, which resulted in the entire annihilation of A. But perhaps that would not be fair. I am a prejudiced recorder; let one of A Company speak.

He was annoyed.

"We worked round their flank," he said, "and we'd got quite close up to them under cover of a wood when we came on one of them smoking a pipe. He said he was an outpost, and that he'd decimated us all long ago."

"What did you do?" asked his friend.

"We scragged him."

Personally I had a safer position among the supports. A decimated enemy in the first flush of annoyance can be dangerous. I merely lay in a ditch and counted ants . . . But I was very glad to hear we'd won.

Rifle exercises go on apace. We have a curious collection of weapons ("weapons of precision" as they are called by those who have never seen my targets), an order for six hundred of one family having fallen through, owing to a clerical error. "We can offer you 600 rifles, 1900 pattern," the firm wrote; but an inspection of them showed that the "6" and the "9" had got mixed up.

But even with more modern weapons than these we are not very formidable as yet, and for some weeks we must rely on other methods of striking terror into the hearts of the enemy. Luckily we are acquiring an excellent substitute for lead. As an example of "frightfulness" nothing can exceed the appearance of one of our really mixed platoons lying on its backs and waving its legs in the air. This is one of the Swedish drill movements . . . and, as I think I have mentioned before, we are all ages and shapes . . .

Let me conclude with a little story to show the dangers to which we are subject and the fearlessness with which we face them. I cite the case of Reginald Arbuthnot Wilkins.

R. A. Wilkins is just as keen as they make them, and it is his great sorrow that, being in an important Government office, he is not allowed to enlist. For my liking he is too smart; when he does a "right-turn" he does it with a jerk that you can almost hear. The

click of the heels is all very well, but Reginald Arbuthnot makes his neck click too. An "eyes-right" nearly takes his head off.

A dozen of them, including Reginald, were being taught saluting the other day. There was an imaginary Field-Marshal or somebody on the left, and they were told to turn the head smartly to the left, at the same time bringing the right hand up to the salute. . . . "Sa-lute!" Reginald Arbuthnot Wilkins whizzed his head round to the left, but accidentally brought the wrong hand up. There was a crash as his left thumb met his left eye-ball, and Reginald was in hospital for a week.

The remarkable thing is that the other eleven, quite undismayed, went on practising the salute. That gives you some idea of our spirit.

A. A. M.

STRATEGIC DISEASE.

[Some of the German military authorities having explained that their retreat from Paris was due to the spread of cholera in that city, we may perhaps expect to have something like the following further "explanations" elsewhere.]

Our recent rather smart retreat

From Warsaw need not causedisquiet;

Our army met with no defeat

Nor suffered from defective diet;

We marched away because we knew Warsaw was reeking with the Flu.

Our move from Calais was, of course,

A great strategic retrogression,

We were compelled, though not by force,

To leave another in possession;

But that's no ground for doleful dumps,

Calais was chucked because of Mumps.

Soon we shall see, though scarce as yet,

Huns and howitzers hustled over

Yon nauseous streak of heaving wet

Which still divides our arms from

Dover;

And should "high failure" then occur

Lay the whole blame on Mal-de-mer.

Le mot juste.

"Reports of military movements behind the Germans' front in Belgium are contradictory and too fragmentary to be worth much."—*Western Mail*.

"Mr. Churchill: Six, nine, twelve months hence you will begin to see results that will spell the doom of Germany."—*Daily Mail*. We could spell it better than that in three months.

"The smallness of the members present was due in large measure to the war."

Edinburgh Evening Despatch.

The shortage of food, due to the German blockade, is at last making itself felt.—[*Wireless from Berlin*.]



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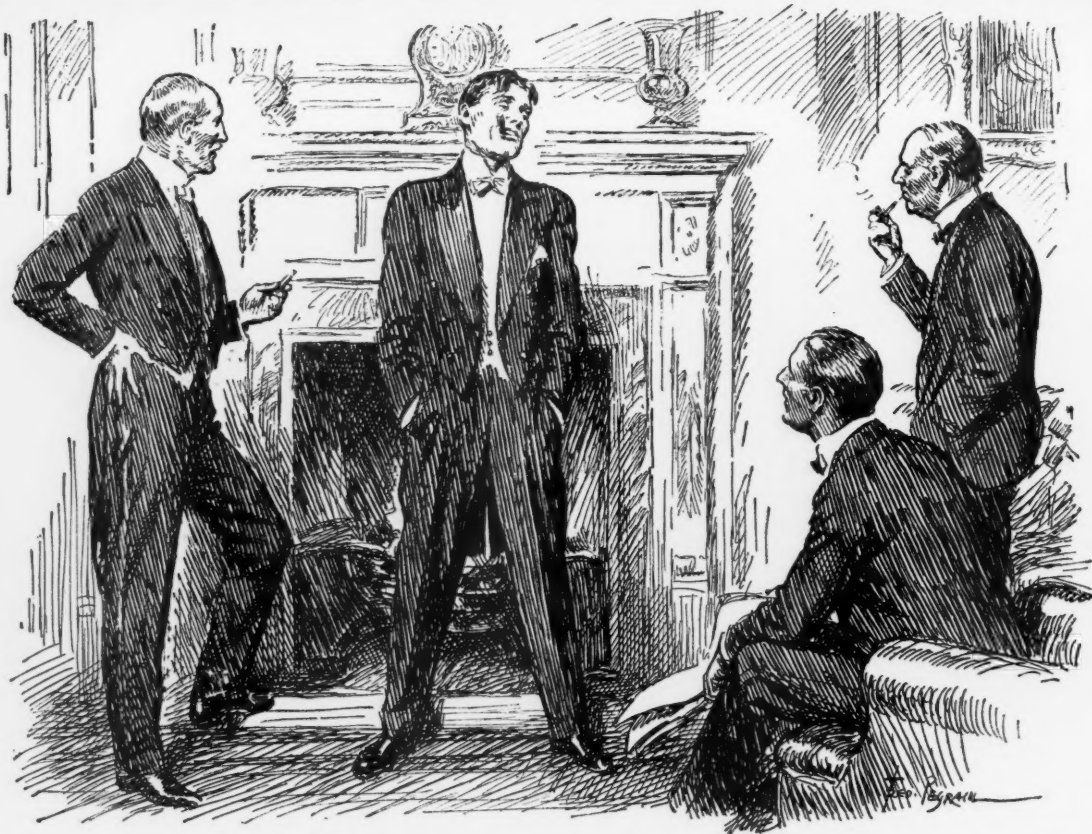


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4

THE HISTORY OF A PAIR OF MITTENS.



"WAAL, IT'S THIS WAY. WE AMURRICANS DON'T TAKE NO SIDES—WE'RE AB-SO-LOOTLY NOOTRAL. WE DON' GIVE A ROW O' BEANS WHICH OF YOU KNOCKS THE KAISER OUT."

SAFEGUARDS.

It was the special terms to Special Constables that tempted me—and I fell.

I don't just remember how many times I fell, but it was pretty nearly as often as the "Professor" of the wily art took hold of me. Before the first lesson was over, falling became more than a mere pastime with me, it grew into a serious occupation.

So I left the jiu-jitsu school at the end of the second lesson with a nodding acquaintance with some very pretty holds and a very firm determination to practise them on Alfred when he got back to the office next day from Birmingham.

I suppose I ought to have persevered with my lessons a little longer, but I was losing my self-respect, and felt that nothing would help me to gain it better than to cause somebody else to do the falling for a bit.

Alfred is six-foot-two, but a trifle weedy-looking, and so good-tempered that I knew he wouldn't resent being practised on.

As he came in I advanced with outstretched hand to meet him.

"How goes it?" he said cheerily, holding out his hand.

"Like this," I said, as I gripped his right wrist instead of his fingers, turned to the left till I was abreast of him, inserted my left arm under his right, gripped the lapel of his coat with my left hand and turning his wrist downward with my right, pressed his arm back. To attack unexpectedly is the great thing.

"Don't be a funny ass," said Alfred, as I lifted myself out of the waste-paper basket.

How I got there I wasn't quite sure, but concluded that I had muffed the business with my left arm by not inserting it well above his elbow for the leverage.

"Sorry," I said; "the new hand-shake. Everybody's doing it."

"Are they?" said Alfred. "Well, I've been having some lessons in etiquette myself the last few days from a naval man I met down at Hythe. Seen the new embrace?"

"Er—no," I said, putting a chair

between us, "I don't think I have; but I'm not feeling affectionate this morning. I'm going to lunch."

Thank goodness, if I do meet a spy, I've got a truncheon and a whistle.

Making the Best of It.

"Now that supplies of German chemicals and drugs are not procurable, sufferers from nervous dyspepsia, etc., should give a trial to nervous dyspepsia, etc."

Bristol Evening Times.

Sufferer (after trial). "No, it's just as painful spelt with an 'i'."

"Other Petrograd despatches state that an increase in taxation by one-half is expected. . . . It is believed the increase will produce a milliard of troubles."—*The Mirror (Trinidad).* We think better of Russian patriotism.

"Four or five had been landed at Ramsgate. It was a comparatively fine, peaceful morning. People were resting on the promenade enjoying the sea, and the fresh air anglers of both sexes were calmly fishing from the pier."

Glasgow Herald.

A hardy race, these South Coast fresh-air anglers. Our idea of November sport with the rod is sniggling for gold-fish in the conservatory.



THE EAGLE COMIQUE.

KAISER (reviving old Music-hall refrain). "HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN CALAIS?"



THE RULING PASSION.

"TEN-SHUN! FORM FOURS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

Ho use of Commons, Wednesday, 11th November.—Both Houses met for what will be last Session of ever-memorable Parliament. Usual ceremony at State Opening by KING, but atmosphere distinctly different from that familiar on such occasions. No crowd talking and gesticulating in Lobby before SPEAKER takes the Chair. That done, Benches seemed strangely empty. In Commons, as in Lords, most men wore mourning, the gloom a little lightened here and there by khaki uniform. Whilst LEADER OF OPPOSITION and PRIME MINISTER spoke Members sat silently attentive. Only now and then subdued cheer indicated approval of a statement or a sentiment. There was sign neither of depression nor elation. The country, fitly represented within these four walls, has undertaken a great task, its performance making heavy demand of blood and money. At whatever cost mean to see it through. Meanwhile are grimly silent.

In course of brief proceedings curious instance forthcoming of prevalence of martial spirit even in unexpected quarters. Did not witness it myself, being at the moment engaged in showing a constituent the House of Lords at historic moment when, in absence of LEADER OF CONSERVATIVE PARTY, GEORGE CURZON

rose temporarily to assume functions he will surely inherit. Story told me by the MEMBER FOR SARK, whom I find a (more or less) trustworthy recorder.

Seems that two new Members were in attendance prepared to take oath and their seat. In accordance with custom they were ranged at the Bar awaiting SPEAKER'S summons. Observing one of them between his introducers, SPEAKER stiffly drew himself up to full height, and called out in ringing tones—

"Ten-shun! Form Fours!"



"THE PILOT IS PICKED UP AGAIN."

[LORD FISHER COMES ABOARD.]

House stared in amazement. Nothing disconcerts Mr. LOWTHER. Recognizing slip, he quietly ignored it; made fresh start.

"Order! Order! Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table."

Thereupon PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, assisted by Mr. BURT, the revered Father of the House, affably conducted towards the Table his parent, Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN, newly elected Member for Hartlepool. Having seen him duly sign roll of Parliament he stood him tea on the Terrace, made him free of the smoking-room, and invited him to partake to-morrow night of famous House shilling dinner.

These filial amenities pleasantly vary the austerity of Parliamentary life.

Business done.—Parliament reassembled. Address in reply to Speech from the Throne moved in both Houses.

House of Lords, Thursday.—A new-comer to Ministerial Bench. It is LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, commonly and affectionately known as "Jack." Three years ago, fatal age limit being reached, Admiralty regretfully but compulsorily Dropped the Pilot. Now, three years older as the almanack counts, actually as young as ever, the Pilot is picked up again. His appearance at the helm greeted with hearty cheer resounding from shore to shore.



A PROMISING SLEUTH-PUP.

Nurse. "I WONDER IF THAT MAN'S A GERMAN SPY?"

Young Briton. "OH, NO, NURSE! HE CAN'T BE. HE HASN'T GOT A GUN!"

Everyone knows that present condition of Navy, making it dominant on all seas, is mainly due to him. Recognized as fitting thing that he should be placed in charge of weapon that with patient endeavour, supreme skill, unerring foresight he had forged. Never yet in time of war have these Islands been in such safe keeping. With K. K. at the War Office and JACK FISHER at the Admiralty British householder may sleep in his bed o' nights unafraid.

By another happy concatenation of circumstance Admiralty is represented in both Houses. With WINFOME WINSTON in the Commons and JACK FISHER in the Lords, the Navy will have a good show. Only doubt is whether FIRST SEA LORD will think it worth while to devote to Parliamentary duties the measure of time exacted from FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY. Essentially a man of action, he has little patience with custom of talking round a matter. Nevertheless well to know that, if occasion serve, he can make a speech far beyond average in respect of power and originality. Discovery made when, six or seven years ago, he fluttered the decorous dovescotes of the Royal Academy by delivering at its annual banquet a memorable speech on condition and prospects of Navy.

Unlikely, too, that JACK FISHER will take part in perfunctory performances, as when the House, meeting at 4.15, sits twiddling its noble thumbs till 4.30, the hour on stroke of which public business commences. There being none, or not any that occupies more than five minutes, they straightway adjourn. But, if serious debate on Naval affairs arises, FIRST SEA LORD may be counted upon to be at his post.

Business done:—Address agreed to. House adjourned till Monday.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

[The author would be very proud if his lines might bring in any subscriptions to the Belgian Relief Fund. Cheques, payable to "Belgian Relief Fund," should be sent to the Belgian Minister, 15 West Halkin Street, S.W.]

Old England's dark o' nights and short
Of 'buses; still she's much the sort

Of place we always used to know.
There's women lonely—hid away,
But mills at work and kids at play,
And docks alive with come and go.

But Belgium's homes is blasted down;
Her shops is ash-heaps, town by town;
There's harvests soaked and full of
dead;

There's Prussians prowling after loot

And choosing who they'd better shoot;
There's kids gone lost; there's fights
for bread.

It's thanks to that there strip of sea,
And what floats on it, you and me
And things we love aren't goings shares
In German culture. They'd 'a' tried
To spare us some, but we're this side.

It's so arranged—no fault of theirs.

Them Belgians had the chance to shirk,
And watch, instead of do, the work;

But no! They chose a bigger thing
And blocked the bully; gave us breath
To get our coats off. Sure as death
They're Men—a King of Men for King.

Don't think they're beat with what
they've got,

And begging pennies, 'cos they're not.

It's this—their job is good and done;
They're fighting-pals; they're hungry,
cold;

We owe for blood that's more than
gold—

A debt of honour, or we've none.

They've stood for us; for them we'll
stand

Right through; and so we'll lend a hand
Until the foe's account is quit.

That happy day is working through;
But, meanwhile, it's for me and you—
Well, dash it, pass along your bit.



"WHY, JACOB, WE THOUGHT A STURDY CHAP LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE ENLISTED. THERE'S NOT A SOUL GONE FROM THE VILLAGE."
 "BAIN'T THERE, THEN? THEY'VE GOT VOWER O' MAISTER'S 'ORSES!"

A TRAGIC MISTAKE AT POTSDAM.

(In the manner of the Spy Books.)

AT about half-past ten this morning I took my little black bag and walked to the Palace. Presenting my pass, I was about to enter by the side door reserved for civilians when I felt a heavy blow on my shoulder and, turning, beheld an officer. Forbidding me to apologise he led me into the palace by another door, and, placing me in a small room and enjoining strict silence upon me, he left me alone. This was so different from the procedure adopted on former occasions that I took stock of my surroundings. The room was obviously a waiting-room, containing as it did a pianola, a gramophone and a photograph album of German generals. I was aroused from my slumbers about two and a-half hours later and beheld before me an elderly bespectacled officer. I knew him at once from the picture postcards as Bluteisen, head of the secret service. He examined me minutely, omitting, however, to look into my little black bag, which clearly escaped his notice. I began to explain, but he ordered silence and beckoned me to follow. He led me up three flights of stairs, along a corridor, down four flights, and so on for about three-

quarters of an hour, his idea, I suppose, being completely to mystify me. At length we arrived at a door deep underground, upon which Bluteisen knocked mysteriously. Receiving no answer he turned to me and said, "Push." I leaned hard upon the door, fell suddenly forward and stepped briskly into the room.

We were in total darkness save for a circle of green light at the further end of the apartment. In this circle was a desk, at which was seated a man writing. One glance at him and I trembled with excitement. *I was in the Presence.*

For fully thirty minutes he kept me standing. Nothing was heard but an occasional graunch, graunch, as he devoured the end of his pen. At last he spoke. "Number?" he said.

I was about to stammer an explanation, but Bluteisen cut me short with a warning look, saluted and said, "Three nine double nine."

"How long have you been here?" the Personage asked.

"About three hours," I replied.

He seemed pleased. Then he gave me a paper. "Read that," he said.

I read it. My hair, usually complacent, rose with fear and astonishment. What I read was this:—"You will blow up the British Albert Memorial

at your earliest convenience. Telegraph when completed, if still alive."

"Have you got it?" he asked. I could only nod. He then held the paper in the flame of a candle till he scorched his finger and thumb.

"You will never see that again," he said. And I never did. Then he thrust his face at me. "You will succeed?" he snapped. "Sire," I ventured, my head swimming with apprehension, "I—I humbly apologise, but I—I have never yet blown up anything."

"What!" he shrieked, giving to his moustaches an upward direction, "what! you are Number three nine double nine, from the Ammunition section, are you not?"

"No, Sire," I replied, "I'm sorry, but I'm not in any section at all."

There was a terrible silence. With one eye he annihilated me, with the other he detained Bluteisen, who was sneaking off into the darkness. Then in a fury he hissed, "What are you? What are you doing here?"

With choking voice I blurted out the simple truth. "Sire," I said, "I have the honour to inform you that I am here to tune the Imperial piano."

I understand that I am to be shot at dawn to-morrow. So, thank heaven, is Bluteisen.

THE DOCTOR'S WAR SPEECH.

Martin Cassidy told it to me. He was there, and he saw the boys form fours when they marched to the station the next day. There were seventeen of them, and he said he'd never forget it.

"'Twas the Docthor's war speech that did ut," said Martin. "He had thin' all in Micky's shebeen—sure they'd have been there annyhow—and the Docthor had volunteerd himself; why not?"

"Yes, the women and childer were admitted. Wouldn't they be wantin' to know the way of it? Av coorse.

"You'd not keep them out annyway. 'Tis the whole of Ballymurky that was there that night.

"'Twas an o-ration the Docthor gave thim. Ye could have heard a pin drop. Isn't it meself that would be away the e now, if they'd let me? Didn't Patsy Doolan have to sit on me head to keep me from gettin' into the thrain with thim?"

"'Sure the KING knows ye've been drawin' the ould-age pension this two years,' sez he. 'Won't he have it down in his note-book?' sez he; 'and you wanten to pass for thirty. Gwan,' sez he."

Old Martin applied a piece of glowing turf to his pipe and sucked audibly before continuing.

"Don't I remimber ivery wurrd the Docthor shpoke," said Martin slowly—"och, the way he had with him.

"'The KAISER is it?' sez he. 'What would ye be askin' for better?' sez he. 'Tis this way and that way wid the KAISER,' sez he, 'and he'll not be aisy till he's wiped Ballymurky off the map, so he would. And the GERMAN EMPEROR is as bad,' sez he. 'It's Bairlin or Ballymurky, boys, so it is,' sez he; 'just that.

"'Is ut have the Germans over here in Ballymurky ye would?' sez he. 'Sure 'tis not butthermilk and praties they'd be contint with, Doolan, me boy,' sez he; 'faith 'tis your pig they'd be afther atin. And 'tis not you the KAISER would be decoratin' with an iron cross; 'tis more like a lick of his shtick ye'd be afther gettin, Doolan—and the thrubble ye've taken with the rain' of the crayther. Och, ye could nivver look the pig in the face again if ye shtayed."

Martin subsided a while to show me Doolan's pig, which was taking the air outside. "And that," he remarked, "is corrosive ividence of what I'm tellin' ye." The pig grunted his compliments, and Martin continued.

"'Wait till I tell ye what they did at Louvain,' sez the Doc. 'Whist now, till ye hear this,' sez he.

"'Och, 'twas black murder they

did there, the villians! The curse of CRUMMLE seize thim,' sez he. 'Arrah! hould yoursilf in, you there, Conlan,' sez he; 'go aisy, now,' sez he; 'sure they'll do worse here. 'Tis not satisfied with Louvain they'll be, Shamus; 'tis knockin' your cabin about your ears ye'll have them—and what will hersilf say to that?' sez he; 'sure, 'twill be the best vintilated cabin in Ireland, so it will.'

"'Is ut the GERMAN EMPEROR ye would have sittin' shmokin' his pipe in your cabin and fryin' sausages in your best pan, without so much as by your lave, and you waitin' on him, Mrs. Murphy?"

"'Sure, ye know it is not, Docthor dear,' sez she.

"'Drivin up and down the street in your side-car he'd be, Patsy Burrke, him and his ginerals, till your horse dropped dead on him, and divil a bit he'd care.

"'I'm lookin' at you there, Larry,' sez the Docthor. 'Tis waitin' for Molly to say the wurrd ye are, Larry, me boy: but sure 'tis yourself that'll say the wurrd now. Och, 'tis fallin' over hersilf Molly will be to see ye in your rigimintals.

"'Ballymurky, is ut? Arrah ye'll not know Ballymurky afther the KAISER has done with it. Isn't it changing the name of the dear ould place that he'll be afther?"

"'First-class he'd be thravellin', no less, with the boots of him on the sate, and him without a ticket; and 'tis Rothenberg would be the name on the station, bad cess to him!

"'Rothenberg! d'ye hear that, Casey? And you a railway porther. Isn't KITCHENER an Irishman, good luck to him, and isn't he lookin' for ye all to go? Isn't the TSAR of Russia himsel goin' to Berlin, and won't he be lookin' for ye there, Micky? What'll he think if ye are not there to meet him? "So Micky didn't come," he'll say; "what's come over him?" he'll say. "Sure he's not the boy I thought he was," he'll say. Just that. And you there, Micky, ye divil, all the time. Ye'd have the laugh on him thin, Micky, so ye would.

"'Begorra!" he'll say, looking round, "sure the whole of Ballymurky's here." And why not? Bedad 'tis not the first time that Ballymurky's been on the spree.

"'The KAISER is ut, boys,' sez the Docthor. 'Arrah have done with ye,' sez he. 'Sure there won't be anny KAISER worth mintioning afther Ballymurky's finished wid him. . . .

"Be this and be that I'm thinkin' the same too," said Old Martin Cassidy, as he relighted his pipe.

THE LIMIT OF IGNORANCE.

(*Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in one of his recent works speaks of having met a Town Clerk who had never heard of H. G. WELLS.*)

As in a Midland city park

Great BENNETT latterly was walking,
He came across a live Town Clerk,
Who, as they stopped and fell a-talk-
ing,

Confessed—so truthful ARNOLD tells—
He'd never heard of H. G. WELLS!

This ghastly ignorance, alas!

Of that renowned investigator,
Whom every age and every class
Hails as its only educator,
Is no experience isolated,
But can be promptly duplicated.

The only Mayor I know—at least

I know by sight—a splendid creature,
Whose presence at a civic feast
Is always a conspicuous feature,
Has lately in his favourite organ
Proclaimed his ignorance of DE
MORGAN.

Again, the other day I ran

Against a friend ('twas in Long Acre),
A simple estimable man—
He plies the trade of undertaker—
Who filled me with dismay and awe
By asking, "Who is BERNARD SHAW?"

My hatter, too, who ranks among

The leaders of his useful calling,
Shows in regard to FILSON YOUNG
An apathy that's quite appalling,
For this benighted, blighted hatter
Has never read *The Things that
Matter!*

Saddest of all, a Don I know,

A man of curious futile learning,
Studied JANE AUSTEN long ago
With admiration undiscerning,
Till Mr. Bennett, thanks to JANE,
Ousted all others from his brain.

THE OLD BULLDOG BREED.

The Wavecrest Hydro, Hastings.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—I have on several previous occasions communicated to you some instructive and illuminating examples of the extraordinary intelligence of my dog Boanerges, but so far (doubtless owing to extreme pressure on your space) you have not been able to publish them.

In view of the present grave national emergency, however, I feel confident that you will be able to find space for the latest instance.

Boanerges is of the old bulldog breed; that is to say, he is not precisely a bulldog, but inherits the breed from one



Daughter (whose husband is at the front). "OH, MOTHER, ISN'T IT SPLENDID? HARRY'S SENT ME THIS PAPER WITH A MARKED PASSAGE ABOUT WHAT HE'S BEEN DOING. IT SAYS, 'CAPTAIN — OF THE — FUSILIERS, UNDER HEAVY —, RESCUED — FROM THE —.' NOW EVERYBODY WILL KNOW HOW BRAVE HE IS!"

of his grandfathers. Superficially he presents more the appearance of a wire-haired retriever pom, and it has been difficult to classify him at Dog Shows. Indeed, I have claimed for him (though unsuccessfully up to the present) a new class, viz., Poin-Poms. *The Canine Chronicle* lent me the weight of its editorial support, suggesting as an alternative name: Dum-Dums, or Soft-Nosed Bulettes, but I fear me it was scarcely dignified enough to carry weight with the authorities.

However, all that is by the way. His heart is in the right place. No WILHELM shall land upon Hastings soil while Boanerges guards the beach.

To resume, it is my custom to take Boanerges with me on my weekly visit to a local picture palace. He enjoys it; it stimulates his already keen intelligence; and there is no charge made for dogs. He stands on my knees with his fore-paws on the stall in front, and follows the films with rapt attention. Occasionally he will express his approval or disapproval by barking, but always in a thoroughly gentlemanly way. He is critical, but not captious; laudatory, but not fulsome.

He makes allowances for the limitations of the camera. He usually cheers at what, I believe, are technically known as "the chases," and his hearty bark of approval is welcomed by the manager of the theatre and by the regular patrons. Indeed, I firmly believe that Boanerges attracts extra patronage to the Thursday matinées. He also enjoys lions and tigers, but not crocodiles or snakes. As I have said, he is of the old bulldog breed.

On Thursday last I took Boanerges with me as usual. It was a dull programme at first, being chiefly devoted to imaginative drama in a Red Indian reservation. Boanerges growled the old bulldog growl once or twice, and I could see that he was disappointed with the performance.

Then came the film of topical events. A heading appeared on the screen: "The Germans in Louvain." I could feel Boanerges stiffen all over his wiry bristles.

The stark ruins were shown, with Prussian soldiers on arrogant sentry-go. Somebody, no doubt a refugee, hissed out: "*A bas les Bosches!*" Boanerges growled a deep menace.

Then came a picture of the main square of Louvain, with a group of generals waiting for the march-past and the salute. The soldiers marched towards us, victorious and triumphant, at the goose-step.

That was the breaking-point. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. All the bulldog strain pounded in his veins. With a roar of anger such as I have never before heard from him, Boanerges leapt from my restraining hands and made for the picture.

He dashed straight at the screen and through it! He devoured a whole company of goose-stepping Prussians at, so to speak, one mouthful.

I also, unwontedly moved, rose in my seat and shouted, "Up and at 'em!" Boanerges hit the boarding behind the screen, and I think that his nose, now in bandages, is permanently damaged. Still, his brave deed echoes through Hastings, and recruiting in the town is brisker than it has ever been before.

This time, Sir, I feel confident that you will not refuse Boanerges his well-deserved place in your columns.

Yours, etc., ANTONY MCWHIRTER.

PARIS AGAIN.

BIG blue overcoat and breeches red as red,
And a queer quaint *képi* at an angle on his head;
And he sang as he was marching, and in the Tuilleries
You could meet him *en permission* with Margot on his knee.
At the little *café* tables by the dusty palms in tubs,
In the Garden of the Luxembourg, among the scented
shrubs,
On the old Boul. Mich. of student days, you saw his red
and blue;
Did you come to love the *fantassin*, le *p'tit piou-piou*?

He has gone, gone, vanished, like a dream of yesternight;
He is out amongst the hedges where the shrapnel smoke is
white;
And some of him are singing still and some of him are
dead,
And blood and mud and sweat and smoke have stained his
blue and red.
He is out amongst the hedges and the ditches in the rain,
But, when the *soixante-quinzes* are hushed, just hark!—the
old refrain,
"Si tu veux faire mon bonheur, Marguerite, O Marguerite,"
Ringing clear above the rifles and the trampling of the
feet!

Ah, may le bon Dieu send him back again in blue and red,
With his queer quaint *képi* at an angle on his head!
So the Seine shall laugh again beneath the sunlight's quick
caress;
So the Meudon woods shall echo once again to "*La
Jeunesse*";
And all along the Luxembourg and in the Tuilleries,
We shall meet him *en permission* with Margot on his knee.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. VIII.

(From Richard Dickson, generall yknown as Cock-eyed Dick,
Private in the South Loamshire Light Infantry.)

I SUPPOSE I ought to beg your Majesty's humble pardon
for using a pencil for this letter, but it's a good pencil, and,
anyhow, we don't run to ink in the trenches. I don't want
to be disrespectful to your Majesty's Highness. Fact is
I'm just a bit fond of you; you're doing our chaps such a
world of good, keeping our hearts up in a manner of
speaking and making us all so angry. When your regi-
ments come out against us, the word goes round, and it's
"Steady, boys; remember we're a contemptible little army;
let's show 'em a bit of contemptible shooting at 800 yards,"
or "Fix your contemptible bayonets and go for 'em;" and I
warrant there's many a German chap out of the fighting
line for good and all just on account of that nasty word.

There's another word, too, that some of your chaps have
slung at us. They say we're a "mercenary" lot, meaning
that we took up with soldiering just because we're paid to
do it. Well, we *are* paid a shilling or two now and then,
but don't you go and make no mistake; we don't stick it
out in the trenches, with Black Marias playing bowls with
us, and the machine-guns crackling at us and the snipers
picking us off just because of getting a few shillings, which
very often we don't get regular. We're in for this job, ah,
and we're going to see it through, too, because we think
it's the right thing to do and because we wanted to do a
turn of fighting. We ain't bloodthirsty, and I'm not going
to say we shall be miserable when it's all over, but while it's
going on we like it. There's risks everywhere, even with
the quietest jobs. I knew a chap once as drove a goat-cart

for children at the seaside, and one day when the wind
was strong it blew off his hat, and he got to chasing it, and
before he knew where he was he'd gone over the cliff. A
careful man he was, too, but he hadn't reckoned up that
particular chance when he put his savings into a goat and
a two-wheeled cart. You can't think of everything, even if
you happen to be a Kaiser. I've heard, by the way, that
you ain't paid so badly for *your* job of Kaisering; and old
Uncle Franky over in Austria, he rakes 'em in, too, but we
don't call you a mercenary pair, though what drove you to
take up the business is more than I can make out.

I don't want you to go and make no mistake. You've
stirred us up a bit with all your talk, but we've got no
grudge against your soldiers. We don't *hate* 'em. They're
good fighting men, though I'm not saying that we ain't
better, and good fighting men don't hate one another. We
got one of your blokes the other day. He came on with
the attack, and when we'd beaten it off, there he was still
coming on. He'd dropped his rifle and his helmet was off,
and he was groping about with his hands, and he wasn't
shouting "Hock! Hock!" but he didn't stop. We didn't
loo-e off at him, there was something so funny about him,
and in another minute he tumbled in right atop of us and we
took him. He told us afterwards he'd lost his spectacles
and couldn't see a yard in front of him, and that was the
reason for his being so brave. He talked English, too, but
in a funny way, slow and particular and like as if he'd got
a bit of suet pudding in his mouth. Well, we soon made
him snug and tidy and then we started to pull his leg and
fill him up, and he swallowed it all down. We told him
something had gone wrong with the beefsteak pie and the
jam tartlets and the orange jelly, and he'd have to satisfy
himself with his own rations; but to-morrow there'd be a
prime cut of mutton and an apple-tart; and he believed all
our fairy tales and said he'd write the story of the English
army's food if ever he got home alive. He was a learned
man too, but his lost spectacles gave him a lot of trouble.
The end of it was we made quite a pet of him, and we were
quite sorry when we got relieved and took him to the rear
and handed him over as a prisoner. There wasn't any
hatred about it. Yours, COCK-EYED DICK.

REPATRIATION.

AN interesting alien, he charmed our hours of ease,
Being either Blue Hungarian or Purple Viennese,
And he cut a gorgeous figure in his blue (or purple) suit
As he coaxed enticing noises from (I think it was) the flute.

If his name upon the programme ever chanced to be defined,
It was Otto Heinrich Ollendorf, or something of the kind,
But his casual conversation served surprisingly to show
That the accent of Vienna much resembled that of Bow.

When the rumour ran that battle was a-going to begin,
He was heard to say *his* country would inevitably win
(Had it chanced that in my presence such an insult had
been said,
As he wasn't able-bodied, I'd have punched the beggar's
head).

He declined in public favour; it was rumoured he was sent
To keep watch upon our doings as he puffed his instrument,
And we said, "Eject this alien, let him soothe the savage
breast

In a beer-house at Vienna or a band at Budapest."

But the way was not so lengthy to his own, his native land;
And where British flautists whistle in a wholly British band
He performs as well as ever, and confesses to the town
(With no fear of unemployment) that his proper name is
Brown.



Tommy (reaching flooded trench lately occupied by the enemy). "WELL, THEY SAY THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE 'OME; BUT IT'S A BLOOMIN' UNCOMFORTABLE PLACE TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT LEAVIN'!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sinister Street, Vol. II. (SECKER) is a book for which I have been waiting impatiently this great while, and I welcomed it with eagerness. The first volume left off, you may remember, with *Michael* just about to go up to Oxford. Knowing what Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE could do with such a theme, I have anticipated all these months that to watch his hero at the university would be to renew my own youth. The book has appeared now, and I am justified of my faith. I say without hesitation that the first half of this second volume (which, by the way, to show that it is a second volume and not a sequel, starts at page 499) is the most complete and truest picture of modern Oxford that has been or is likely to be written. For those who, like myself, have their most cherished memories bound up with the life of which it treats, the actuality of the whole thing would make criticism impossible. But as a matter of fact these seventeen chapters seem to me to show Mr. MACKENZIE'S art at its best. They display just that strange combination of realism and aloofness that gives to his writing its special charm. No one has ever (for example) reproduced more perfectly the talk of young men; and this scattered speech, in what Mr. MACKENZIE himself might call its infinitely fugacious quality, contrasts effectively with the deliberate, somewhat mannered beauty of the setting. Mr. MACKENZIE is an overlord of words, old and new, bending them to strange and unexpected uses, yet always avoiding affectation by the sheer vitality of his strength. As for the matter of these first chapters, one might say that nothing whatever happens in them. They are an

epic of adolescence wherein growth is the only movement. Events are for the second half of the volume. Here *Michael* has come down from Oxford, and has set himself to find and rescue by marriage the girl *Lily*, whom (you remember) he loved as a boy, and who has since drifted into the underworld. About this part of the story I will only say that, though the art is still there and the same haunting melody of style, Mr. MACKENZIE has too strong a sense of atmosphere to allow him to treat squalor in a fashion that will be agreeable to the universe. Frankly, the over-nice will be prudent to take leave of *Michael* on the Oxford platform. The others, following to the end, will agree with me that he has placed his creator definitely at the head of the younger school of English fiction.

For me, the pleasure of travelling consists less in the sight of museums, cathedrals, picture galleries and landscapes, than in the study of the native man in the street and his peculiar ways. When abroad, "I am content to note my little facts," and so is Mr. GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM; in fact, it was he who first thought of mentioning the matter. The reverend canon tours in the U.S.A., which is, when you come to think of it, about the only safe area for the purpose nowadays; he observes the manners and oddities of the Americans, whether as politicians, pressmen, hustlers, holiday-makers, hosts, undergraduates, husbands or wives, and remarks upon them, in *Connaught to Chicago* (NISBET), with just that quiet and unboisterous humour which his public has come to demand of him as of right. His first chapter shows that he has ever in mind the multitude of his fellow-countrymen who have, in the past, made the same journey but for good and all. This memory leads

him at times into excessive praise of his subjects, especially the ladies, and so to apparent disparagement of his people at home. For my part I vastly prefer the Irish, men, women and children, in Ireland to all or any of their relatives and friends elsewhere; for when they leave their island their humour runs to seed and loses that detachment and delicacy which constitute its unique charm. That Mr. BIRMINGHAM, however, was not nearly long enough abroad to suffer this deterioration, must be patent to all who linger over this happy book.

If Miss JESSIE POPE receives her just reward, she will soon have to put a notice in the daily papers to the effect that she is grateful for kind enquiries, but is unable at present to answer them. For I think that any enterprising boy who reads *The Slay Age* (GRANT RICHARDS) will forthwith make it his business to find out the name of the school at which *Jack Venables* amused himself, and that even if unavoidable circumstances prevent him from going there he will, at any rate, remain disgruntled until he can place his finger upon it on the map. After reading these tales of school and holiday life, I can only say that the school which harboured me must have been a dull place, and that I should now like to return there for a term at least—I doubt if I should be allowed to stay longer—and live things up. Miss POPE starts with one great advantage over men who write of boys' schools, because the critics cannot say that her work is autobiographical, and then proceed to "recognise" most of her characters. That is the terror lurking by day and night for any man who dares to write a school-tale. On the other hand, although Miss POPE has fitted herself remarkably well into the skin of *Jack Venables*, who tells these stories but is not (thank goodness) the hero of most of them, she has not been able entirely to avoid what I must call Papal touches. For instance, I do not believe that a boy of *Jack's* age and character would use the word "feasible," and a special society would have to be started for the prevention of cruelty to any boy who ventured to talk of his "aunties." On the whole, however, she has a fine understanding of boy-nature, and if there are some improbabilities in these ingenious stories, she is armed with the crushing retort that the chief characteristic of any properly equipped boy is his improbability.

POSSIBLY owing to some personal disinclination towards violent bodily exertion on the part of his creator, *Father Brown*, the criminal investigator of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's fancy, is not a fellow of panther-like physique. For him no sudden pouncing on the frayed carpet-edge, or the broken collar-stud dyed with gore. He carries no lens and no revolver. Flashes of psychological insight are more to him than a meticulous examination of the window-sill. When the motive is instantly transparent, why bother about the murderer's boots? In the circumstances it is perhaps fortunate for the reverend sleuth that he nearly always

happens to be in either at the death or immediately after it, instead of being summoned a day or two later when the grotesque circumstances of the crime have baffled the panting ingenuity of Scotland Yard. You find him now in this part of England, and now in that, now in America, and now in Italy. He is, in fact, a hedge-priest and has not even a cure of souls in Baker Street. But wherever he goes with his flapping hat and his umbrella he chances on some fantasy of guilt. Yet any pangs we may feel for the absence of the familiar setting—the pale-faced butler in the guarded dining-room of the country-house and the staggered minions of the local constabulary—are assuaged by the brilliant narrative manner in which *The Wisdom of Father Brown* (CASSELL) is set forth. Here is the paradoxical world of Mr. CHESTERTON's imagination described in his own verbiage and proved by actual and grisly events. In that starry dream of a detective story which I sometimes have, where sleuth-hounds are pattering along the Milky Way and pursue at last the Great Bear to

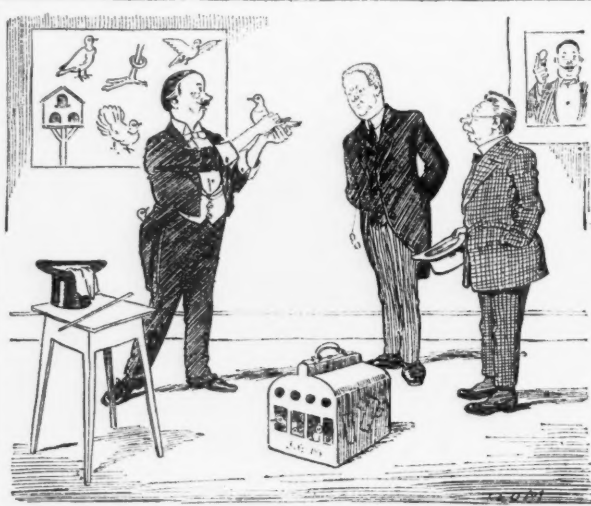
his den, *Father Brown* and *Sherlock Holmes*, the one spectacled, the other lynx-eyed, are following the prey in leash.

Should you, among wild by-ways of Donegal or Connemara, meet a procession composed of *Patsy McCann* the Tinker and the Ass and *Mary* with *Finaun* the Archangel, *Caeltia* the Seraph, *Art* the Cherub, *Eileen ni Cooley* (a savage lady of easy morals), *Billy the Music*, the Seraph *Cuchulain* and *Brien O'Brien*, a lost soul who had a threepenny-bit stolen on him by *Cuchulain* that same, you would guess there's only one living man could be behind it—to wit JAMES STEPHENS, *Crock-of-*

Gold STEPHENS. Fantastic things indeed happen in *The Demi-Gods* (MACMILLAN), which is a kind of inspired nightmare, a sort of Chestertonian inconsequence done into Gaelic, a little less violent and with a little less malt, but even less coherent. At the risk of being reckoned among the egregiously imperceptive I would ask Mr. STEPHENS solemnly whether he is not in danger of letting his fancy take bit between teeth and land him in some bog of sheer literary chaos. The most distant of the futurists notwithstanding, there must be some rules to the game or you don't get your work of art. When those modern wizards of the halls set themselves to a piece of *bizarre* juggling, say, with a string of pearls, a dumb-bell and a rose-petal, they do toss and catch—don't merely let everything just drop. Mr. STEPHENS will know what I mean without caring overmuch. There's something in it all the same. Anyway, there really are in *The Demi-Gods* delicate shy pearls and gleams of the authentic gold of the original *Crock*. And after all it wasn't written for middle-aged gentlemen of the Saxon tribe.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Shipton family were too well known for anything to be said in their praise."—*Buxton Advertiser*.



GERMAN SPIES TAKING LESSONS FROM CONJURER IN THE ART OF CONCEALING PIGEONS.

CHARIVARIA.

ENVER PASHA, in a proclamation to the Turkish troops, says: "The army will destroy all our enemies with the aid of Allah and the assistance of the Prophet." It is rumoured that the KAISER is a little bit piqued about it.

We learn from a German paper that, since the brave Ottomans have discovered that their Culture and that of the Germans are one, many Englishmen who live in Crescents are crying out in fury for an alteration of their addresses.

According to a Berlin journal, about 2,000 players of orchestral instruments have been thrown out of employment by the war. It is suggested that, with a view to providing them with more employment, reverses as well as victories should be musically celebrated in the capital.

We are glad to see that the names of battles in Belgium show a tendency to become more cheery. The other day, for instance, we had the battle of the Yperlee—and we may yet have a battle of Yip-i-yaddy-i-yay.

It is rumoured that a compromise has been arrived at in regard to the proposal, emanating from America, that the war shall be stopped for twenty-four hours on Christmas Day. The combatants, it is said, have agreed to fire plum-puddings instead of cannon-balls.

Among the promotions which we do not remember seeing gazetted is that of KARL GUSTAV ERNST, a German barber-spy. At the Old Bailey, the other day, Mr. Justice COLERIDGE promoted him to be a Steinhauer or stone-hacker.

"MIRACLE" PRODUCER KILLED.

This is unfortunate for the Germans, for if ever they needed a miracle it is now.

"Information that has come into our possession," says *The Grocer*, "proves to our satisfaction that Germany has been receiving plentiful supplies of tea from our shores through neutral countries since the outbreak of hostilities." The italics are ours: the satisfaction appears to be our contemporary's.

A cynic sends us a tip for the recruiting department of our army. "Why go for the single man?" he asks. "We may expect just as much courage from the married man. He has already proved his pluck."

"HOW DE WET ESCAPED.
A MISSING LINK IN THE CORDON."
Observer.

The Germans, who have already been calling the Allied forces "The Menagerie," should appreciate this item.

Angry newspaper men are now calling a certain institution the Sup-press Bureau.

A solicitor having announced that



THE RULING PASSION.

Customer. "BRING ME SOME SOUP, PLEASE."

Waitress (absent-mindedly). "YES, SIR; PURI OR PLAIN, SIR?"

he is prepared to make the wills of the men of a certain regiment free of charge, another enterprising legal gentleman, not to be outdone, would like it to be known that he is willing to act as residuary legatee without a fee.

In his interesting sketch, in *The Times*, of the PRINCE OF WALES' career at the University the PRESIDENT of Magdalen mentions that His Royal Highness "shot at various country houses round Oxford." We hope that this will not be quoted against the PRINCE by a spiteful German Press, should any bullet marks be found one day on the walls of some castle on the Rhine.

It came as quite an unpleasant surprise to many persons to learn from Mr. ASQUITH that the War is costing us a million pounds a day, that being more than some of us spend in a year.

The End of the Press Bureau.

"Members of several guilds carried their banners in the procession which went round the church to the accompaniment of impressive music and the swinging of censers."

Soul's Western Star.

If this had got about, there would have been a bigger crowd at the ceremony. As it was, Fleet Street was taken by surprise, and only had time to prepare a few fireworks for the evening.

"Among other public buildings in a certain town which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning . . . on a day and date which I need not trouble to repeat . . ."

No, this is not from our Special Representative behind the Front; it is the opening passage of *Oliver Twist*, and shows what a splendid War Correspondent DICKENS would have made.

Teuton Anatomy.

"The clay feet of Germany will be revealed when we take off the gloves."—Mr. ARNOLD WHITE in *The Sunday Chronicle*.

So that's where they wear them.

"Questioned with reference to a letter written by him to Steinhauer, in which he said, 'The name of the gentleman in Woolwich Arsenal is —,' the prisoner said that was a false name."

Times.

It's a very silly name anyway.

"The announcement issued by the Press Bureau that carrier pigeons are to be used officially for certain purposes is an extremely interesting reversion to what we had regarded as almost premature ways of carrying news."

Westminster Gazette.

Not so premature as the WOLFF method.

More Information for the Enemy.

"BRITAIN'S SUGAR SUPPLY.

SUFFICIENT FOR EIGHT MOUTHS."

Aberdeen Evening Gazette.

We insist on providing one of them.

"Now came the drums and fifes, and now the blare of the brass instruments, and continuously the singing of the soldiers of 'Die Wacht am goose step, while the good lieges of of Brus-Rhein.'"—*Adelaide Advertiser*.

A good song, but (so it has always struck us) a clumsy title.

Extract from Army Routine Orders, Expeditionary Force, Nov. 9th:—

"It is notified for information that shooting in the Forest of Clairmarais and certain portions of the adjacent country is preserved." Clever Germans are now disguising themselves as pheasants.

THE PRICE OF PATRIOTISM.

HELEN and I are economising; so the other evening we dined at the Rococo.

"That's no economy," you cry; so let me explain.

In common with most other folk who are not engaged in the manufacture of khaki, or rifles, or Army woollens, or heavy siege-guns (to which I had not the foresight to turn my attention before the war came along), we have found it necessary to adopt a policy of retrenchment and reform; and one of our first moves in this direction was to convert Evangeline from a daily into a half-daily. Evangeline is not a newspaper but a domestic servant, and before the new order was issued she had been in the habit of arriving at our miniature flat at 7.30 in the morning (when it wasn't 8.15), and retiring at 9 in the evening.

Now, however, Evangeline goes after lunch, and Helen, who has bought a shilling cookery book, prepares the dinner herself.

On the day in question Helen suddenly decided to spend the afternoon repairing a week's omissions on the part of Evangeline. It proved a veritable labour of Hercules, the flat being, as Helen with near enough accuracy gave me to understand, an "Aegean stable." Tea-time came, but brought no tea. Shortly before seven Helen struck, and declared (this time without any classical metaphor) that she wasn't going to cook any dinner that evening. Not to be outdone, I affirmed in reply that even if she did cook it I wasn't going to clear it away. So we cleaned and adorned ourselves and groped our way to the Rococo.

We were both too tired to go to the trouble of choosing our dinner, and it was therefore that we elected to make our way through the *table-d'hôte*, to which we felt that our appetite, unimpaired by tea, could do full justice. Luxuriously we toyed with *hors-d'œuvre*, while the orchestra patriotically intimated that ours is a Land of Hope and Glory; blissfully we consumed our soup, undeterred by repeated reminders of the distance to Tipperary. It was with the fish that the trouble started.

At the second mouthful it began to dawn upon me that what the band was playing was the *Brabançonne*. I looked around, and gathered that I was not alone in the realisation of that fact; for one by one my fellow-diners struggled hesitatingly to their feet, and stood in awkward reverence while the National Anthem of our brave Belgian Allies was in course of execution. I looked at Helen, and Helen looked at

me, and we both tried not to look too regretfully at our plates as we also adopted the prevailing pose. Not one note of that light-hearted anthem did the orchestra miss, and when it was over the warmth in our hearts almost compensated for the coldness of our fish. We decided to jump at once to the *entrée*.

Whatever else may be said of the *Marseillaise*, there can be no mistaking its identity. The first bar sufficed to bring the whole room to attention, and a promising dish of sweetbreads shared the fate of its predecessor. Before the final crash had ceased to reverberate we sat down with a thump, resigning ourselves to the prospect of doing double justice to the joint. But the orchestra was not so lightly to be cheated of its prey. True, we held out as long as possible while the Russian Hymn began to unfold its majestic length, and Helen actually managed to convey a considerable piece of saddle of mutton to her mouth while she was in the very act of rising. That joint, however, was soon but a memory of anticipation, and our hunger was still keen upon us when the funereal strains of the Japanese Anthem coincided with the arrival of a wild duck. I had always harboured secret doubts of the advisability of Japan's joining in the War, and now they were intensified many times. Cold wild duck is an impossibility even to a hungry man.

Ice-pudding, though scarcely satisfying, seemed to warrant the expectation that it would at least survive whatever further ordeal the band had in store for us. But that hope too was doomed to extinction. When *God Save the King* smote the air the growing lethargy of the company of diners vanished, and all joined with a will in the recital of all its verses. In the glow of loyal enthusiasm that filled the room the ice gradually melted, and as we surveyed the fluid mess upon our plates we knew that our dinner was gone beyond recall.

Weary and unappeased we crept home through the City of Dreadful Night. I found a remnant of cold beef and some pickles in the kitchen, and on this we went to bed. I slept but little, and on five occasions watched Helen, who has dreams, get out of bed and stand to attention.

Of course it might have been worse; for the musicians of the Rococo evidently had not learnt the national airs of Serbia and Montenegro; and Portugal had not then been drawn into the War. But until the trouble is over I shall avoid restaurants which harbour an orchestra. As you say, it is no economy.

TO MR. BERNARD JAW.

ILLUSTRIOUS Jester, who in happier days
Amused us with your Prefaces and Plays,
Acquiring a precarious renown
By turning laws and morals upside down,
Sticking perpetual pins in Mrs. Grundy,
Railing at marriage or the British Sunday,
And lavishing your acid ridicule
On the foundations of imperial rule;—
'Twas well enough in normal times to sit
And watch the workings of your wayward wit,
But in these bitter days of storm and stress,
When souls are shown in all their nakedness,
Your devastating egotism stands out
Denuded of the last remaining clout.
You own our cause is just, yet can't refrain
From libelling those who made its justice plain;
You chide the Prussian Junkers, yet proclaim
Our statesmen beat them at their own vile game.

Thus, bent on getting back at any cost
Into the limelight you have lately lost,
And, high above war's trumpets loudly blown
On land and sea, eager to sound your own,
We find you faithful to your ancient plan
Of disagreeing with the average man,
And all because you think yourself undone
Unless in a minority of one.

Vain to the core, thus in the nation's need
You carp and cavil while your brothers bleed,
And while on England vitriol you bestow
You offer balsam to her deadliest foe.

Extract from a commercial traveller's letter to his chief:—

"DEAR SIR,—On Wednesday next I want you to allow me the day off. My wife having lost her mother is being buried on that date and I should like to attend the funeral."

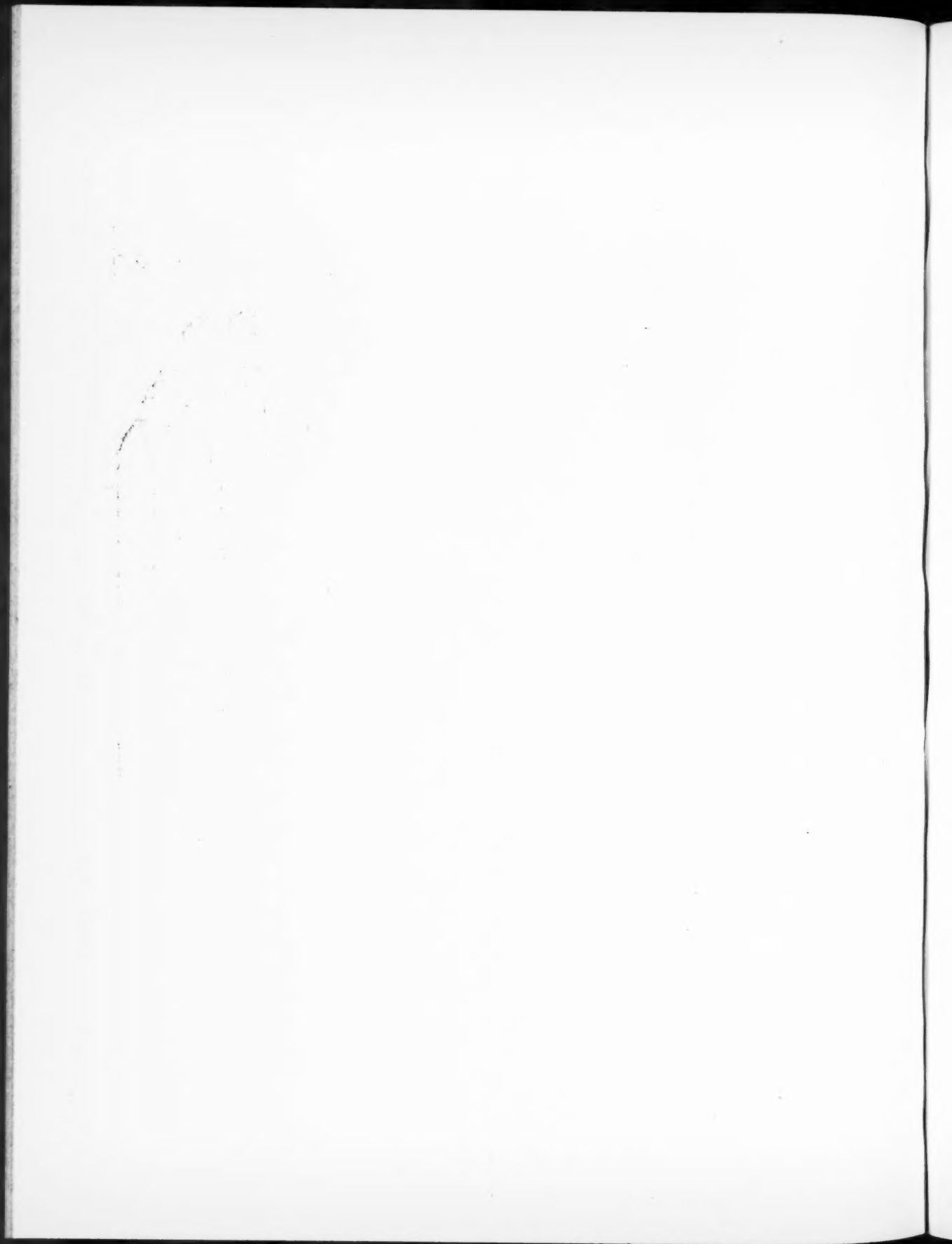
Extract from a child's essay on CROMWELL:—

"In his last years, Cromwell grew very much afraid of plots, and it is said that he even wore underclothes to protect himself."

We wonder if the KAISER knows of this.



CARRYING ON.





The Worst Character in the village (who has repeatedly been pressed by the inhabitants to enlist). "I DUNNA BELIEVE THERE AIN'T NO WAR. I BELIEVE IT'S JUST A PLOT TO GET ME OUT OF THE VILLAGE."

THE AWAKENING.

"HERE no howitzers speak in stern styles,
Light and gay is the leathern bomb,
We pay our sixpences down at the turnstiles,
And that is our centre, name of Tom;
Wild thunder rolls
When he scores his goals,
And up in the air go Alf and Ern's tiles;
But what is this rumour of war? Whence cometh
it from?"

So said Bottlesham, best of cities
Watching the ball from seats above.
"Belgium ruined? A thousand pities!
Bother the KAISER's mailed glove!"
But it left no stings
When they heard these things,
Though they wept as the brown bird weeps for Itys
On the day that the Wanderers whacked them two
to love.

Suddenly then the news came flying,
"English mariners meet the Dutch,
Tars interned, with the neutrals vieing,
Beaten at Gröningen." Wild hands clutch
At the evening sheets
And the swift pulse beats;
Is the fame of HAWKE and FROBISHER dying?
The heart of the town is stirred by the NELSON touch.

Six—five. It's true. And the tears bedizen
The smoke-stained cheeks, and there comes a scream,
"If our English lads in a far-off prison
Are matched one day with a German team
And the Germans win,
They will say in Berlin

That a brighter than all our stars has risen;
Will even the Bottlesham Rovers stand supreme?

"Infantry, cavalry, guard and lancer—
Who on that day will bear the brunt,
With twinkling feet like a tip-toe dancer
Dribbling about while the half-backs grunt?
There is only one
Who can vanquish the Hun!"

And Bottlesham town with a cry made answer,
"There is only one; we must send our Tom to the
front." EVOE.

A RIVAL OF "TIPPERARY."

WHILE much has been written of the songs that inspire
our own brave troops on the march, little is heard of those
affected by our Allies.

Happily Mr. Punch's Special Eye-witness with General
Headquarters in the Eastern Area has been enabled to send
us the words of a song which, set to an old Slav air, is
rendered with immense élan by the gallant Russians as
they go into battle. It is as follows:—

It's a hard nut is Cracow,
It's a hard nut to crack,
But it's not so hard to crack, oh t
When once you've got the knack.
Good-bye, Przemyśl;
Farewell, Lemberg (Lwow);
It's a hard, hard nut to crack is Cracow,
But we'll soon crack it now.

By the more cultured Russian regiments, i.e., those
recruited in the neighbourhood of the German frontier, the
last line is rendered:—

But we'll crack it right off,
to rhyme with Lvoff—the correct pronunciation of Lwow,
according to a contemporary.

AT THE PLAY.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.

I COMMEND Sir HERBERT TREE'S obvious desire to do his duty as an actor-manager and a patriot. His true intent is all for our good; and he supports his choice of a play in which *Falstaff* is the central obsession by a printed quotation from the words of "That Wise Ruler Queen Elizabeth of England," where she says: "'Tis simple mirth keepeth high courage alive." But yet he does not convince me that he has chosen wisely here. For in the first place we are not closely interested in civil war, as we came near to being in the dim Ulster period; and patriotism, which it is his object to encourage, is like to remain unaffected by a play in which our sympathies are fairly distributed between rebel and royalist. In the second place I cannot believe that the glorification of drunkenness and braggadocio in the person of *Falstaff* can directly assist the cause (which at this moment needs all the help it can get) of sobriety and self-respect.

Having made this protest I have little but praise for the performance itself, though I think Sir HERBERT TREE'S own lethargy was not wholly to be excused by the hampering rotundity of his girth; and that all this deliberate sword-play, where you wait till your enemy has got his right guard before you arrange a concussion between your weapon and his, fails to impose itself as an image of War. But it was no fault of the actors if we suffered a further loss of actuality by the incredible amount of fine poetry and rhetoric thrown off by military men at junctures calling for immediate action.

I also venture to make my complaint to the author that the *Falstaff* scenes are given too great a dominance, diverting us from the main issue so long that at one time we almost lost count of it; and that the picture of that fat impostor lying supine in a simulation of death within a few feet of the fallen body of the heroic *Hotspur* was repellent to one's sense of the proprieties.

MR. MATHESON LANG was a brave figure as *Hotspur*; but, after lately seeing that other keen actor, Mr. OWEN NARES, in the part of a modern intellectual discussing the ethics of War, I could not quite get myself to believe in him as *Prince Hal*. He spoke some of his lines with a fine ardour, but he was too high-browed and slight of body, and it was unthinkable that he could ever have persuaded *Hotspur* to die at his hands.

Sir HERBERT TREE affected an almost proprietary interest in the bibulous

humours of *Falstaff*, presenting them with an easy and leisurely restraint; and Mr. BASIL GILL both in form and manner made a quite good *King*. The minor parts upheld the standard of His Majesty's; and a pleasant rattling of steel and shimmer of mail ran through the scenes of active service. Mr. PERCY MACQUOID had seen to it that the period was there, and Mr. JOSEPH HARKER had taken good care that the jewelry of SHAKESPEARE'S verse should have the right setting,



The King (Mr. BASIL GILL) reclaims young Harry (Mr. OWEN NARES) from old Harry (the Devil).

though I could easily have mistaken his Gadshill scene for a section of the Lake Country. O. S.

A GRIEVANCE.

NOTHING is too good for our fighting men. Let my subscription to that axiom be complete; and yet—

Well, it is like this. A man who is only a year or so too old for active service, but feels as fit and keen as a boy, has so many opportunities for regretting his enforced civilism and absence from the arena that it is hard when additional ones are thrust upon him.

He may do his best at home. He may guard gasworks, or organise funds, or campaign as an enlister, or visit the hospitals; but all the time he is conscious that being here is so different from being there. It galls him day and night, and the only thing that can help him at all is the society of lovely women, and now he has lost that!

I hate to grumble, and I have, I believe, shouldered my share of the new

taxes like a man, but I am not made of such stern stuff as to be superior to all human aid, and in my own case the mortification of non-combating, which now and then becomes depressingly acute, is to be alleviated only in this way. Nice women must do their part. But do they? No. They did at first, but no longer.

Let me tell you. The other evening I found myself one of the complacent hosts of a party of merry chattering young women, who seemed to be quite satisfied with our attention. All of us were just beginning to be very jolly, and I had actually forgotten my hard destiny of inactivity, when who should come into the room but an officer on crutches, who happened to be an acquaintance of each of our guests but was unknown both to me and my other just too elderly male friends. In an instant we were alone, and alone we remained for certainly half an hour, while every attention was being paid by our guests to that other. When at last they tore themselves away and returned, their conversation was wholly confined to their wounded friend's adventures, and we need not have been there at all, except to pay the bill.

Now it is no fun to me to deceive anyone but myself, and hence I shall not go about with my arm in a sling and win sympathy and attention to which I am not entitled; but I do appeal to all the young women to have a little pity on some of us compulsory stay-at-homes. Nothing is too good for our fighting men. I repeat it. But just a tiny spark of animation might be retained in the feminine eye when it alights upon an old friend who is debarred from taking arms. Just a spark, otherwise we shall go into a melancholy decline.

Smart Work.

"Owner gone to the front, friend offers his Wolsley . . . £165, an extraordinary opportunity."—*Advt. in "Autocar."*

If we were not confident that we should be wrong in putting upon these words the sinister interpretation which they invite, we shouldn't envy the advertiser when the owner returns.

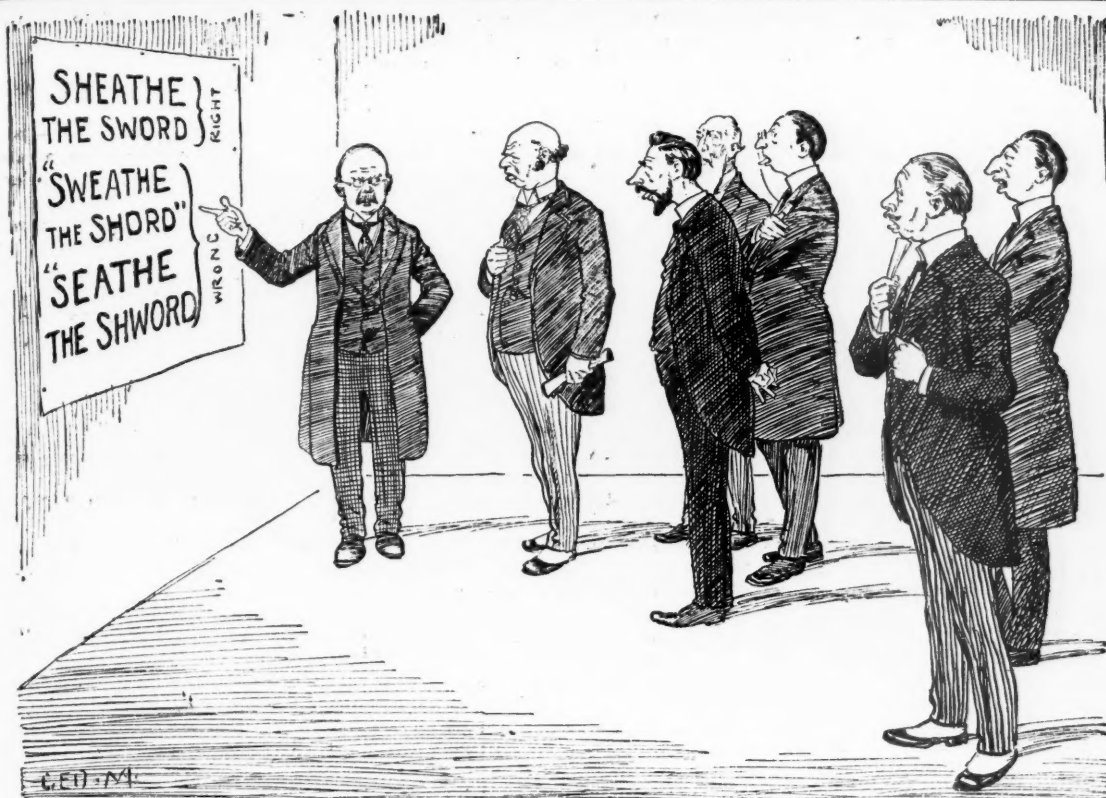
From verses in *Punch*, October 21st:—

"We have made progress near to Berry au Bac,
And on our right wing there is nothing new."

From the French official report, November 12th:—

"We have also made some progress around Berry au Bac."

And on the right wing there was nothing new.



UNRECORDED SCENES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS ATTEND A CLASS FOR THE PURPOSE OF LEARNING TO PRONOUNCE CORRECTLY THE PHRASE: "WE SHALL NOT SHEATHE THE SWORD UNTIL, ETC., ETC."

FAN.

Fan, the hunt terrier, runs with the pack,
A little white bitch with a patch on her back;
She runs with the pack as her ancestors ran—
We're an old-fashioned lot here and breed 'em like Fan;
Round of skull, harsh of coat, game and little and low,
The same as we bred sixty seasons ago.

So she's harder than nails, and she's nothing to learn
From her scarred little snout to her cropped little stern,
And she hops along gaily, in spite of her size,
With twenty-four couples of big badger-pyes:
'Tis slow, but 'tis sure is the old white and grey,
And 'twill sing to a fox for a whole winter day.

Last year at Rook's Rough, just as Ben put 'em in,
'Twas Fan found the rogue who was curled in the whin;
She pounced at his brush with a drive and a snap,
"Yip-Yap, boys," she told 'em, "I've found him, Yip-Yap!"

And they put down their noses and sung to his line
Away down the valley most tuneful and fine.

'Twas a point of ten miles and a kill in the dark
That scared the cock pheasants in Fallowfield Park,
And into the worry flew Fan like a shot
And snatched the tit-bit that old Rummage had got;
Eloop, little Fan with the patch on her back,
She broke up the fox with the best of the pack.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

[The Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, where many Belgian children are now being cared for, is in very urgent need of funds to enable it to maintain its beneficent work. The Treasurer will gladly receive and acknowledge any subscriptions that may be sent.]

O generous hearts that freely give,
Nor heed the lessening of your store,
So but our well-loved land may live,
Much have you given—give once more!

For little children spent with toil,
For little children worn with pain,
I ask a gift of healing oil—
Say, shall I ask for it in vain?

For, since our days are filled with woe,
And all the paths are dark and chill,
This thought may cheer us as we go,
And bring us light and comfort still;

This, this may stay our faltering feet,
And this our mournful minds beguile:—
We helped some little heart to beat
And taught some little face to smile. R. C. L.

"MONITORS AT WORK OFF KNOCKE," says *The Daily Mail*, and by way of reply the Germans knocked off work.

THE PATRIOT.

This is a true story. Unless you promise to believe me, it is not much good my going on . . . You promise? Very well.

Years ago I bought a pianola. I went into the shop to buy a gramophone record, and I came out with a pianola—so golden-tongued was the manager. You would think that one could then retire into private life for a little, but it is only the beginning. There is the music-stool to be purchased, the library subscription, the tuner's fee (four visits a year, if you please), the cabinet for the rolls, the man to oil the pedals, the—however, one gets out of the shop at last. Nor do I regret my venture. It is common talk that my pianola was the chief thing about me which attracted Celia. "I must marry a man with a pianola," she said . . . and there was I . . . and here, in fact, we are. My blessings, then, on the golden tongue of the manager.

Now there is something very charming in a proper modesty about one's attainments, but it is necessary that the attainments should be generally recognized first. It was admirable in STEPHENSON to have said (as I am sure he did), when they congratulated him on his first steam-engine, "Tut-tut, it's nothing;" but he could only say this so long as the others were in a position to offer the congratulations. In order to place you in that position I must let you know how extraordinarily well I played the pianola. I brought to my interpretation of different Ops an *élan*, a *verve*, a *je ne sais quoi*—and several other French words—which were the astonishment of all who listened to me. But chiefly I was famous for my playing of one piece: "The Charge of the Uhlans," by KARL BOHM. Others may have seen Venice by moonlight, or heard the Vicar's daughter recite *Little Jim*, but the favoured few who have been present when BOHM and I were collaborating are the ones who have really lived. Indeed, even the coldest professional critic would have spoken of it as "a noteworthy rendition."

"The Charge of the Uhlans." If you came to see me, you had to hear it. As arranged for the pianola, it was marked to be played throughout at a lightning pace and with the loudest pedal on. So one would play it if one wished to annoy the man in the flat below; but a true musician has, I take it, a higher aim. I disregarded the "FF's" and the other sign-posts on the way, and gave it my own interpretation. As played by me, "The Charge of the Uhlans"

became a whole battle scene. Indeed, it was necessary, before I began, that I should turn to my audience and describe the scene to them—in the manner, but not in the words, of a Queen's Hall programme:—

"Er—first of all you hear the cavalry galloping past, and then there's a short hymn before action while they form up, and then comes the charge, and then there's a slow bit while they—er—pick up the wounded, and then they trot slowly back again. And if you listen carefully to the last bit you'll actually hear the horses limping."

Something like that I would say; and it might happen that an insufferable guest (who never got asked again) would object that the hymn part was unusual in real warfare.

"They sang it in this piece anyhow," I would say stiffly, and turn my back on him and begin.

But the war put a stop to music as to many other things. For three months the pianola has not been played by either of us. There are two reasons for this: first, that we simply haven't the time now; and secondly, that we are getting all the music we want from the flat below. The flat below is learning "Tipperary" on one finger. He gets as far as the farewell to Leicester Square, and then he breaks down; the parting is too much for him.

I was not, then, surprised at the beginning of this month to find Celia looking darkly at the pianola.

"It's very ugly," she began.

"We can't help our looks," I said in my grandmother's voice.

"A bookcase would be much prettier there."

"But not so tuneful."

"A pianola isn't tuneful if you never play it."

"True," I said.

Celia then became very alluring, and suggested that I might find somebody who would like to be lent a delightful pianola for a year or so by somebody whose delightful wife had her eye on a delightful bookcase.

"I might," I said.

"Somebody," said Celia, "who isn't supplied with music from below."

I found John. He was quite pleased about it, and promised to return the pianola when the war was over.

So on Wednesday it went. I was not sorry, because in its silence it was far from beautiful, and we wanted another bookcase badly. But on Tuesday evening—its last hours with us—I had to confess to a certain melancholy. It is sad to part with an old and well-tried friend, particularly when that friend is almost entirely responsible for your marriage. I looked at the

pianola and then I said to Celia, "I must play it once again."

"Please," said Celia.

"The old masterpiece, I suppose?" I said, as I got it out.

"Do you think you ought to—now? I don't think I want to hear a charge of the Uhlans—beasts; I want a charge of our own men."

"Art," I said grandly, "knows no frontiers." I suppose this has been said by several people several times already, but for the moment both Celia and I thought it was rather clever.

So I placed the roll in the pianola, sat down and began to play . . .

Ah, the dear old tune . . .

Dash it all!

"What's happened?" said Celia, breaking a silence which had become alarming.

"I must have put it in wrong," I said.

I wound the roll off, put it in again, and tried a second time, pedalling vigorously.

Dead silence . . .

Hush! A note . . . another silence . . . and then another note . . .

I pedalled through to the end. About five notes sounded.

"Celia," I said, "this is wonderful."

It really was wonderful. For the first time in its life my pianola refused to play "The Charge of the Uhlans." It had played it a hundred times while we were at peace with Germany, but when we were at war—no!

We had to have a farewell piece. I put in a waltz, and it played it perfectly. Then we said good-bye to our pianola, feeling a reverence for it which we had never felt before.

* * * * *

You don't believe this? Yet you promised you would . . . and I still assure you that it is true. But I admit that the truth is sometimes hard to believe, and the first six persons to whom I told the story assured me frankly that I was a liar. If one is to be called a liar, one may as well make an effort to deserve the name. I made an effort, therefore, with the seventh person.

"I put in 'The Charge of the Uhlans,'" I said, "and it played 'God Save the King.'"

Unfortunately he was a very patriotic man indeed, and he believed it. So that is how the story is now going about. But you who read this know the real truth of the matter.

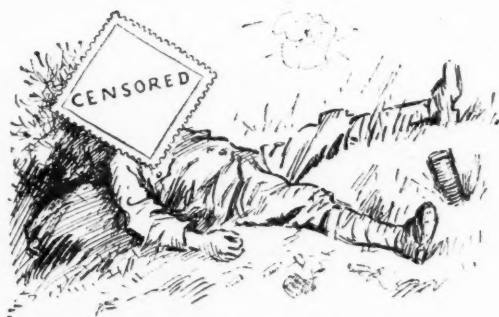
A. A. M.

Things worth waiting for.

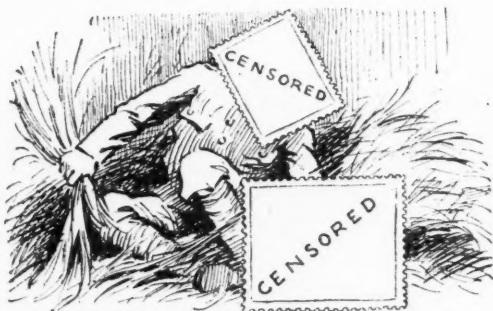
"Other pictures are announced, among them 'Trilby,' with Sir H. Beerbohm Tree in the title-role."—*Blackheath Local Guide*.

THE TRUTH ABOUT —.

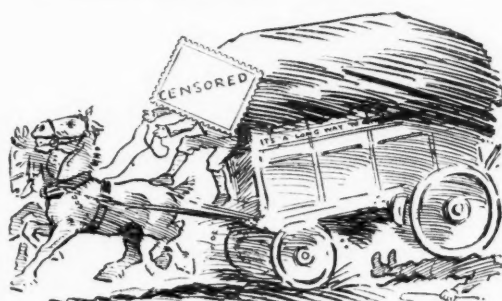
FACSIMILE SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT —.



FOR THREE DAYS — LAY WOUNDED.



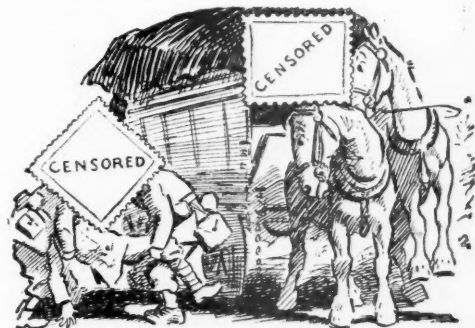
DISCOVERED THEREIN A QUANTITY OF HIDDEN —.



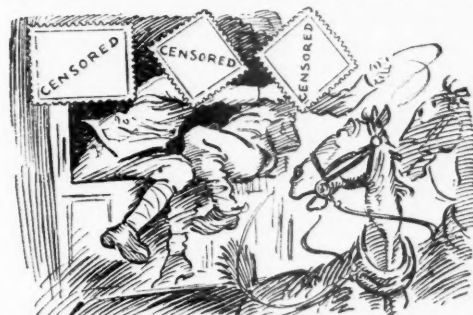
AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE HE OVERCAME THE DRIVER AND DROVE WAGON TO —.



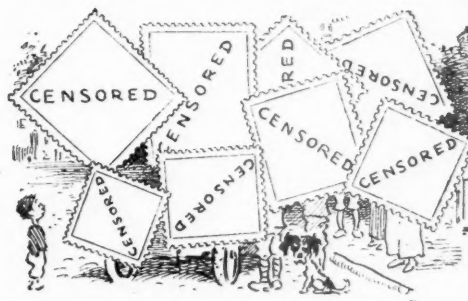
IGNORING THE —'S FIRE HE RAN FOR SEVERAL MILES;



WAS PICKED UP BY — AND PLACED IN PASSING WAGON.



THE EXPRESSION ON THE DRIVER'S FACE TOLD HIM —.



HE FOUND THE VILLAGE DAMAGED. THE ABOVE SKETCH GIVES THE EXACT POSITIONS OF — AND —. TO THE RIGHT OF THE — CAN BE SEEN THE RUINS OF THE —.



AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH — WHO SAID —.

To the Memory
of
Field-Marshal Earl Roberts
of Kandahar and Pretoria.

BORN, 1832.

DIED, ON SERVICE AT THE FRONT, NOV. 14TH, 1914.

He died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of England in his latest prayer;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
A courage still unspent.

So was his end; and, in that hour, across
The face of War a wind of silence blew,
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?
What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,
Would he have held most dear?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft;
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain;
Not pride of that high record he has left,
Peerless and pure of stain;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served; a pledge above his grave
To give her even such a gift as he,
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,
And through the mist the guns he loved so well
Thunder a last salute!

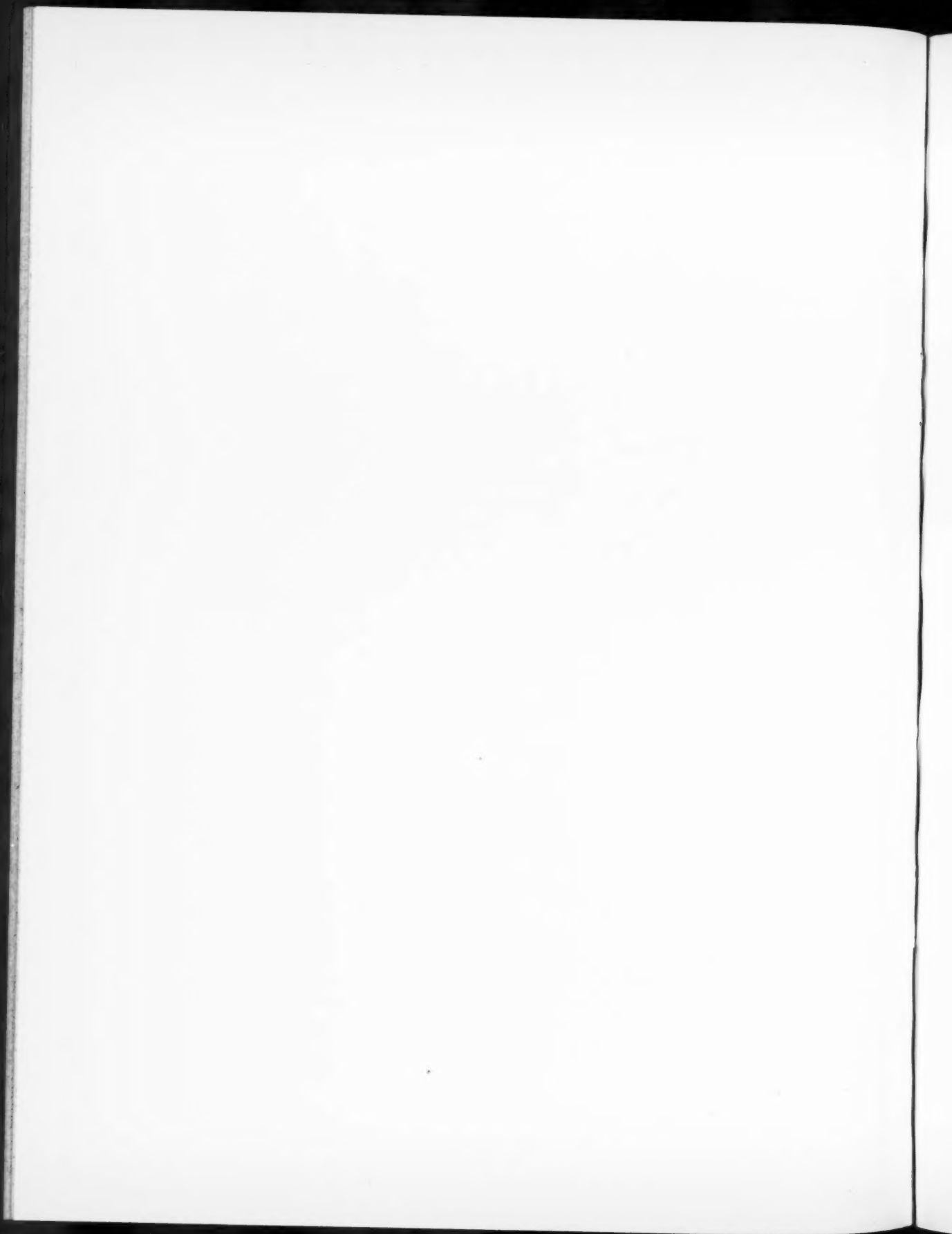
O. S.



Bernard Partridge.

A PATTERN OF CHIVALRY.

THIS WAS THE HAPPY WARRIOR. THIS WAS HE
THAT EVERY MAN IN ARMS SHOULD WISH TO BE.





MR. SPENLOW ASQUITH EXPLAINS TO MASTER WALTER LONG THAT "STATE OF THINGS COMPLAINED OF IS ENTIRELY DUE TO MONSIEUR JORKINS POINCARÉ."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 16th November.—"Let us think imperially," said DOX JOSÉ in a famous phrase. Just now we are thinking in millions. Suppose it's somewhere about the same thing. Anyhow PREMIER to-day announced with pardonable pride that we are spending a trifle under a million a day in the war forced upon mankind by the Man Forsworn. To meet necessities of case he asked for further Vote of Credit for 225 millions and an addition of a million men to Regular Army.

Here was a chance for a great speech. Never before had English Minister submitted such stupendous propositions. Some of us remember how, thirty-six years ago, DIZZY, by way of threat to Russia, then at war with Turkey, created profound sensation in town and country by asking for Vote of Credit for six millions. At close of Boer War HICKS-BEACH, then Chancellor of Exchequer, launched a War Loan of 30 millions. 'Twas thought at the time that we were going it, taking a long stride towards national Bankruptcy Court. Now it is 225 millions in supplement of a hundred millions

voted in August. Moreover, the two together do not carry us further than end of financial year, 31st of March. Then we shall begin again with another trifle of same dimensions or probably increased.

How Mr. G., had he still been with us, would have revelled in opportunity for delivering an oration planned to scale! How his eloquence would have

glowed over these fantastic figures! HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH (had he been consulted at the font, he would certainly have objected to useless waste of time involved in a second baptismal name) spoke for less than quarter of an hour, submitting proposals in baldest, most business-like fashion. He wanted the men and he wanted the money too. Fewer words spoken the sooner he would get them. So, avoiding tropes and flights of eloquence, he just stood at Table, a sort of humanized ledger, briefly set forth items of his account, totalled them up and sat down.

WALTER LONG, following, voiced general dislike for prohibition that keeps War Correspondents out of fighting line in Flanders. Deprecated risk of circulating information useful to the enemy, but insisted, amid cheers from both sides, that there might be published letters from the front free from such danger "that would bring comfort and solace to the people and would do more to attract recruits than bands and flag-parading throughout the country."

Speaking later in reply, Mr. Spenlow ASQUITH, while sympathising with WALTER LONG's desire, explained that state of things complained of is entirely due to Monsieur Jorkins Poincaré.



WEDGWOOD BENN S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE.

"We are not free agents in this matter," he said. "We must regulate our proceedings by the proceedings of our Allies."

Business done.—Vote of Credit for 225 million and authority to raise another million men for Army agreed to without dissent.

Tuesday.—Lords and Commons united in paying tribute to the life, lamenting the death, of Lord ROBERTS—"BOBS," beloved of the Army, revered in India, mourned throughout the wide range of Empire. Even in Germany, where hatred of all that is English has become a monomania, exception is made in his favour. "There are moments," writes a sportsman in the German Press, "when the warrior salutes the enemy with his sword instead of striking with it. Such a moment came with the death of Lord Roberts."

Speeches in both Houses worthy of the occasion. Brief, simple, genuine in emotion, they were well attuned to the theme. One of the happiest things said was uttered by BONAR LAW: "In his simplicity, in his modesty, in his high-minded uprightness, and in his stern detestation of everything mean and base, Lord ROBERTS was in real life all, and more than all, that Colonel Newcome was in fiction."

PREMIER proposed that on Monday House shall authorise erection of monument at the public charge to the memory of the Great Soldier. When motion formally put from Chair heads were bared in farewell salute of the warrior taking his rest.

Not the least touching note of eloquence was supplied during proceedings in House of Lords. It was the empty seat at the corner of the Front Cross Bench where on rare occasions stood the lithe erect figure, in stature not quite so high as NAPOLEON, modestly offering words of counsel.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, presenting himself to favourable consideration of crowded House in homely character of coal-heaver filling bunkers of a battleship, introduced second Budget of the year. Upon consideration House comes to conclusion that one is quite enough, thank you. Proposals in Supplementary Budget are what *Dominie Sampson* might, with more than customary appropriateness and emphasis, describe as "Prodigious!" Faced by deficiency of something over three-hundred-and-thirty-nine-and-a-half millions, CHANCELLOR launches War Loan of two hundred and thirty millions and levies additional fifteen-and-a-half millions in taxation.

Items: Income Tax doubled; three-pence a pound added to tea; a halfpenny clapped on price of every modest half-pint of beer consumed.

Wednesday.—Monotony of truce in respect of Party politics varied by wholesome heartening game. It consists of hunting down the German spies and chivving the HOME SECRETARY. Played in both Houses to-night. In the Lords HALSBURY attempted to make Lord CHANCELLOR's flesh creep by disclosure of existence of "ingenious system of correspondence" carried on between alien spies and their paymaster in Berlin. HALDANE replied that the matter had been closely investigated; turned out there was "nothing in it."



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "IN HOMELY CHARACTER OF COALHEAVER FILLING BUNKERS OF A BATTLESHIP."

CRAWFORD fared no better. Imperturbable Lord CHANCELLOR assured House that the military and civil authorities in Scotland were cognisant of rumours reported by noble Lord. Every case that seemed to warrant investigation had been looked into. Was found that many were based on hearsay. Impossible to find evidence to establish charges made.

Nevertheless, LONDONDERRY, having dispassionately thought the matter over, came to conclusion that conduct of HOME SECRETARY was "contemptible."

This opinion, phrased in differing form, shared on Opposition Benches in Commons. PREMIER explained that business of dealing with aliens is not concentrated in Home Office; is shared with the War Office and the Admiralty. Of late, on suggestion of Committee of Imperial Defence, there has been established at War Office an Intelli-

gence Department in correspondence with the Admiralty and assured of assistance of the Home Office wherever necessary.

That all very well. Hon. Members and noble Lords in Opposition not to be disturbed in their honest conviction that McKENNA is at the bottom of the bad business.

Business done.—On suggestion of BONAR LAW and on motion of PREMIER Select Committee appointed to consider scheme of pensions and grants for men wounded in the war, and for the widows and orphans of those who have lost their lives.

Friday.—Like MARLBROOK, WEDGWOOD BENN *s'en va-t-en guerre*. Has sallied out with a troop of Middlesex Hussars to "join our army in Flanders," where, according to contemporary testimony, once upon a time it "swore terribly." His Parliamentary services, supplemented by the Chairmanship of Committee controlling disposition of National Relief Fund, might seem sufficient to keep him at home. But valour, like murder, will out. So, as old John Willett, landlord of the Maypole Inn, Chigwell, used to say when asked of the whereabouts of his son, "he has gone to the Salvanners, where the war is," carrying with him the good wishes of all sections of House and an exceptionally full knowledge of the intricacies of the Insurance Act.

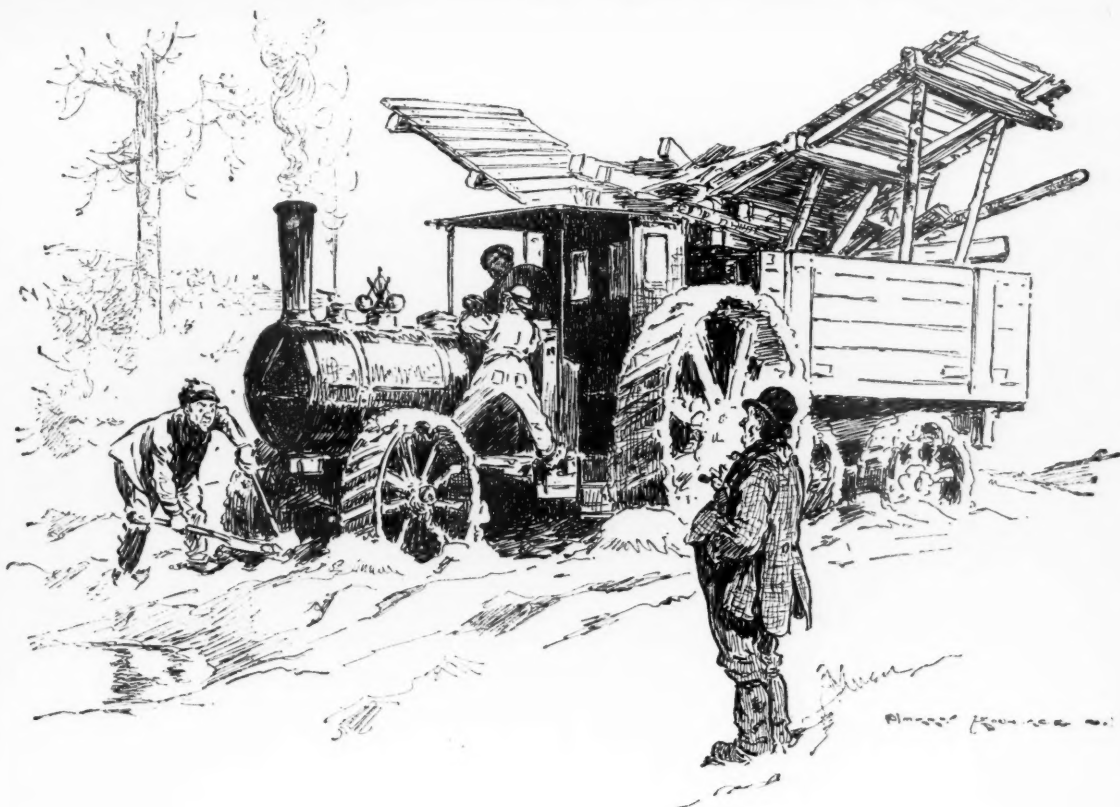
Many gaps on Benches on both sides. SARK tells me there are seven-score Members on active service at the Front. One of the first to go was SEELY, at brief interval stepping from position of Head of British Army to that of a unit in its ranks.

News of him came the other day from Private JAMES WHITE, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, now in hospital at Belfast. Wounded by fragments of a shell, WHITE lay for an hour where he fell. Then he felt a friendly hand on his shoulder and a cheery voice asked how he was getting on.

It was Colonel SEELY bending over him, regardless of heavy shell fire directed on the spot by German batteries. He gave the wounded Fusilier a cigarette, helped him to get up and assisted him to his motor-car, in which he had all day been engaged in conveying wounded to French hospital in the rear.

"He is the bravest man I ever met," said Private JAMES WHITE. "He was as cool as the morning under fire, cheering us all up with smiles and little jokes."

Business done:—Report of Supply.



THE AIRCRAFT CRAZE.

"ULLO, YOU FELLERS! WOT YER COME DOWN FOR? MORE PETROL?"

A RECRUITING BALLAD.

[Recruiting in country districts is languishing because the folk hear nothing of their regiments, and local attachment is very strong. Unfortunately this ballad had to be founded on material supplied by the C—r. However, the permitted references to Germans ought at any rate to convince the public that the ballad has no connection whatever with the late Boer War.]

This is the tale of the Blankshires bold, the famous charge
they made;
This is the tale of the deeds they did whose glory never
will fade;
They only numbered *X* hundred men and the German were
thousands (*Y*).
Yet on the battlefield of *Z* they made the foe man fly.

Calm and cool on the field they stood (near a town—I can't
say where);
Some of them hugged their rifles close but none of them
turned a hair;
The Colonel (I must suppress his name) looked out on the
stubborn foe,
And said, "My lads, we must drive them hence, else *A + B*
will go."

Then each man looked in his neighbour's face and laughed
with sudden glee
(The Briton fights his very best for algebra's formulæ);
The hostile guns barked loud and sharp (their number *I*
cannot give),
And no one deemed the Blankety Blanks could face that
fire and live.

For Colonel O. was struck by a shell and wounded was
Major Q.,
And half a hostile army corps came suddenly into view;
And hidden guns spat death at them and airmen hovered
to kill,
But the Blankety Blanks just opened their ranks and
charged an (unnamed) hill.

Half of their number fell on the hill ere they reached the
German trench;
Général J— cried out: "Très bon"; "Not half," said
Marshal F—;
An angry Emperor shook his fist and at his legions
raved,
And then (the C—r lets me say) the cheery Blankshires
shaved.

Rally, O rally, ye Blankshire men, rally to fill the gaps;
Seek victories (all unknown to us), bear (well-suppressed)
mishaps;
And when you've made a gallant charge and pierced the
angry foe
Your names won't get to your people at home, but BUCK-
MASTER will know.

OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

II.

THE truth is that the Belgians in Crashie Howe are enjoying a *succès fou*. There is the enterprising Marie, who thinks nothing of going off on her own, on the strength of an English vocabulary only a fortnight old, overwhelming the stationmaster and boarding an ambulance train full of wounded Belgians at the local station to ask for news of her brothers. (We were all delighted when an adventurous letter miraculously arrived from the Pas de Calais on Saturday and reported that both brothers were well and unwounded.) There is Victor, who, although only thirteen, is already a *pupille d'armée* and has a uniform quite as good as any fighting man. I can tell you he has put our Boy Scouts in the shade. But Victor is afraid the war will be over before he is old enough to get at it.

Then, again, there is the small Juliette, who is dark, with a comfortable little face constructed almost entirely of dimples, and, at the age of eight, has been discovered knitting stockings at a prodigious pace while she looked the other way. I am afraid Juliette is being held up as an example to other children of the neighbourhood, but I think her great popularity may well survive even that. And there is Louis, who is a marvel at making bird-cages, and Rosalie, whose pride is in the shine of her pots and pans. They are all doing well.

Rosalie, it is true, has had a fearful bout of toothache, so bad that she had to retire to bed for a day. When Dr. Anderson, whose French is very good, had successfully diagnosed the trouble and told her that the only cure was to have the tooth out, she plaintively replied that she had thought of that herself, but, alas, it was impossible, for "it was too firmly implanted." For my part I sympathised with Rosalie—I have often felt like that.

The grandmother rather likes to sit apart, beaming, far from the general throng, and it was for that reason that I selected her at the very outset to practise on in private. I tried her more than once in my sadly broken French; I even went further and tried her in rapidly-improvised Flemish. Whenever I felt I was at my best I used to go and have a turn at her, and, although she smiled at me like anything and was awfully pleased, I never elicited the slightest response. Now I know that she is almost stone deaf and hasn't heard a word I have said. As I came sadly away after this discovery there occurred to my mind the

story of him who undertook to train a savage in the arts of civilization, only to learn, after some years of disappointing, unrequited toil, that his victim was not only a savage but also a lunatic. I don't mean that to be disrespectful to *Grandmère*—it is only a parallel instance of good work thrown away.

We are learning a good deal that is new about the art of knitting. One thing is that the Flemish knitter cannot get on at all comfortably unless the needles are long enough to tuck under her arms. I may safely say that I never dreamt of that. At first they fumbled about unhappily with our miserable little needles, but the ship's carpenter—who makes the bird-cages—has found quite an ingenious way out. He has mounted all the needles at the end of a sort of stilt or leg of cane (like a bayonet), and since this innovation they are working at a speed which, even in these days of universal knitting, would be pretty hard to beat.

The children are really getting on famously at school. A very touching little romance was enacted there one day. Eugène and Pierre, belonging to different families, arrived in our midst on different days and did not chance to meet each other at first. At school they happened to be put, away from their compatriots, in the same room. Eugène is eight and Pierre seven. It was, you may well guess, pretty lonely work for a small Belgian in a roomful of Scotch boys, but both bore up bravely. The subject, as I understand, was simple addition (which knows no frontiers and looks the same in any language), and there is no whispering or secret conversation in our school, I can tell you. There they sat side by side for two hours, each contemplating the other as an alien, each smothering pent-up feelings of home-sickness. And then suddenly, at a single Flemish word from the schoolmaster, the moment of revelation came; it dawned on both of them at once that they were not alone, and, rising to their feet, they embraced with tears of joy.

"Broeder!" cried Eugène.

"Broeder!" echoed Pierre.

That was nearly a week ago. By now Pierre is beginning to treat Eugène in a slightly off-hand manner. He has hardly time for him. He has so many Scotch friends.

"During the night a terrific gale raged in Manchester and surrounding districts, hail and sleet being accompanied by a torrential rainfall varied by Pendleton, Eccles, Seelley and other lightning."—*People*.

"Eccles lightning is the best."—(*Advt.*)

THE IMMORTAL LEGEND.

IN the House of Commons on November 18, Mr. KING asked the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR whether he could state, without injury to the military interests of the Allies, whether any Russian troops had been conveyed through Great Britain to the Western area of the European War.

Mr. TENNANT's reply:—"I am uncertain whether it will gratify or displease my hon. friend to know that no Russian troops have been conveyed through Great Britain to the Western area of the European War."

The firm and faithful believers in this beautiful tale are not to be put off so easily as that, and there are so many thousands of faces to be saved, and such numbers of ear- (if not eye-) witnesses of the undying exploit, that we really must see if there is not after all some loophole in the official pronouncement. Let us pause for further scrutiny and meditations.

Why, of course, here it is. The UNDER-SECRETARY merely states his imperfect knowledge of the bias of Mr. KING. He does not know whether his questioner is one of the ardent souls who are ready to pass along and adorn the latest legend from the Clubs, or a cold-blooded sceptic fit only to be a Censor.

No, we are not to be done out of our Russians by any mere UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR; certainly not one who is capable of such prevarication. And anyhow, why should the Germans do all the story-telling?

THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST END.

"A PROTEST.—Is there any reason why the War should be made an excuse for the abandonment of the niceties of life? Dining at a West-End restaurant nowadays one might well imagine oneself in America, from the variety and incongruity of the dress of the male patrons."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

We fear that the protest is only too well justified. Indeed, much more might be revealed were it not for the heavy hand of the C—r. Our special representative reports:—

To the O.C., *Punch* Battalion, Bouverie Brigade, Fleet Division, E.C., of London Reserves.

A City on the river T—s.

Nov. the—teenth.

Carrying out your order No. 69A, I made a night reconnaissance in force. I have the honour to report that at dinner at a certain hotel two hundred yards east by north of railway base C—g X, I counted only five boiled shirts. Have reason to suspect that

they were subsidised by the management, and were worn by Stock Exchange members thrown out of employment by the War and endeavouring to supplement their private incomes.

The rest of the male costumes were mainly khaki. One man entered dining-room with Buffalo Bill hat decorated with maple-leaf and A.M.S. (Athabasca Mounted Scalpers), which he deposited on chair next to him. The only nut present endeavoured to remove this object. The A.M.S. man touched his hip-pocket significantly, and said: "The drinks are on you."

At the table next to him was a group of South American magnates in tweed suits decorated with large buttons reading: "No me habla de la guerra!" If the man from Athabasca should start conversation with them about the war, it seemed probable that gun-fighting would ensue. I therefore enfiladed the position and took cover. However, the sergeant-waiter tactfully shifted a palm into screening position between the two tables, and thus averted the spreading of the War to Latin America.

Similar state of affairs existed in stalls of certain theatre within outpost distance of P—y C—s. Ladies were openly knitting socks and intimate woollen garments between the Acts. Management seemed powerless to restore the conventions of peace-time.

At the C—n Tavern the bar-tender had pasted notice on mirror behind him: "This Saloon closes at ten sharp. Gents are kindly requested not to start nothing here." The announcement seemed to have been effective, for very few bullet-marks were to be noted.

By midnight, L—r S—e and R—t S—t were comparatively clear of dagos. This was due to efforts of street-cleaning corps (3rd County of L—n Light Horse).

THE NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

MEDICAL SCIENCE SUPERSEDED.

A CORRESPONDENT in whose accuracy we place the highest trust informs us of very remarkable results which have been achieved by the adoption of a new means of alleviating pain and suffering invented by a lady in London. This lady being suddenly taken with lumbago was in great agony until she remembered our soldiers at the front, and thought how much worse was a wound, and instantly, our correspondent is informed, some of her own distress left her. The case has been investigated by several eminent inquirers and they are satisfied with her story.

Meanwhile evidence of a similar nature comes from other parts of the



Recruiting Officer (to brawny pitman who has just passed his medical examination).

"WHAT REGIMENT DO YOU WISH TO JOIN?"

Pitman. "I DON'T CARE."

Officer. "SURE YOU HAVE NO PREFERENCE?"

Pitman. "WELL, PUT ME IN ONE O' THEM THAT SPIKES THE BEGGARS."

country, in every case recording a sense of personal well-being, though only comparative, and an increased disinclination to complain, upon the realisation of what it must be to be a soldier just now—whether up to his knees in a flooded trench, or sleeping on the wet ground, or lying in agony waiting to be picked up and taken to a hospital, or being taken to a hospital over jolting roads, or going without meals, or having to boil tea over a candle-flame, or awakening from the operation and finding himself maimed for life.

Nor is the lenitive of this little effort of imagination confined to bodily ills;

for a well-authenticated case reaches us of a notoriously mean man of wealth who was not heard to utter a single word of grumbling over the new war taxes after realising what the soldier's burden was too. Hence Mr. Punch is only too happy to give publicity to the discovery.

The Spy Danger.

Extract from a letter written by an East Coast resident:—

"The authorities are now looking for a grey motor-car, driven by a woman, who is thought to have a wireless apparatus inside."

R.A.M.C. forward, please.

THE LAST BOTTLE.

I HAD been drilling all the morning, and had spent the whole of the afternoon squirming face downwards on the moist turf of Richmond Park in an endeavour to advance, as commanded, in extended order. In the morning—that is during compressed drill—I had been twice wounded. Owing to lack of education a famous novelist had confused his left hand with his right, with the result that when we were right-turned he had dealt me a terrific blow on the ear with the barrel of his rifle. It soon ceased to be an ear, and became of the size and consistency of a muffin. My second casualty was brought about by a well-known orchestral conductor, who however confidently he could pilot his players through the most complicated Symphonic Poem was invariably out of his depth whenever, the ranks being turned about, he was required to form fours. His manoeuvre that morning had been a wild and undisciplined fugue, culminating in an unconventional *stretto* upon an exceedingly dominant pedal-point, that is to say, his heel on my toe.

Consequently when I arrived home in the evening, wet, soiled, hungry and maimed, I felt that I needed a little artificial invigoration. A bright idea occurred to me as I was waiting for the bath to fill.

"Joan," I cried, "don't you think I might open Johann to-night?" Joan, who had been trying to decide whether it would not be more advisable to have my sweater dyed a permanent shot-green and brown, demurred.

"I thought your anti-German conscience would not permit you to open Johann until after the war's over," she called back.

"My anti-German conscience has been severely wounded," I replied. "It hasn't sufficient strength to hold out much longer. In a few seconds it will surrender unconditionally."

"Be brave," urged Joan. "Just think how proud you will be in days to come when you look back to this evening and realise how, in the face of

the most terrible temptations, you triumphed!"

"That's all very fine," I remarked, "but to-night I feel I need Johann medicinally. If I don't have him, there may be no days to come. Do be reasonable. Do you suppose that if the KAISER, for instance, were bitten by a mad dog—a real one, I mean—that his anti-Ally conscience would forbid his adoption of the Pasteur treatment?"

"Then if you really feel the need of a special refresher," said Joan, "at least let me send Phoebe out for a

Bank Holiday after a strenuous day on the tennis courts. Later, when hostilities had started all round I had taken a terrible oath that nothing of German or Austrian origin should be used in our household until Peace broke out. This necessitated the sacrifice of at least four inches of breakfast sausage and the better part of a box of Carlsbad plums. Johann, being intact, was merely interned. But at that time I had not anticipated that some three months later I should be exhausted by long and tiring drills and manoeuvres.

However, on this night my body cried aloud for Johann's refreshing contents. I did not care two pins that he had been manufactured on the banks of the Rhine, or that he was the product of alien and hostile hands. After all, it wasn't Johann's fault; and besides, surely he had been long enough in England to become naturalised. At any rate it was both prejudiced and illogical to assume that Johann was my enemy solely because he happened to be born in Germany.

The bath took some time to fill. The taps, I think, wanted sweeping. But during the time that elapsed I made up my mind. Johann should be opened. I slipped on my dressing-gown and went in search of him. When I had secured him I met Joan on the landing; she was just going down to dinner.

"Haven't you had your bath yet?" she

asked. "Hurry up and—oh! you've got Johann!"

"Yes," I said. "I have decided that there is no evidence to prove that he is not a naturalised British bottle. I am going to open him."

"You renegade!" Joan cried. "If you dare so much as to loosen his cork I'll—I'll give you an Iron Cross."

"I'm desperate," I answered. "I would still open Johann even if you threatened me with the Iron Cross of both the first and the second class."

"Coward!" said Joan. "Still, if you're really determined to open him, remember half belongs to me."

A moment later I had poured half the contents of Johann—his full name is Johann Maria Farina—into my bath.



The Sentimentalist (who has received socks from England). "SHE LOVES ME; SHE LOVES ME NOT."

bottle of some friendly or neutral substitute."

A vivid recollection of Phoebe's being despatched once before in an emergency for mustard and returning with custard flashed through my mind.

"She's much too unreliable," I cried. "She'd get bay rum, or something equally futile. It must be Johann or nothing."

"Then," said Joan, "let us say nothing"—an ambiguity of which I determined to take full advantage.

Johann, I must now explain, was the sole survivor of six small bottles of the genuine Rhine brand which Joan's uncle (who is in the trade) had given her last Christmas. Number Five had been opened on the evening of August



She. "THIS BE A TERRIBLE WAR, DOCTOR."

She. "IT'S A PITY SOMEONE DON'T CATCH THAT THERE OLD KRUGER."

She. "AW—CHANGED HIS NAME, HAS HE—DECEITFUL OLD VARMENT?"

He. "IT IS, INDEED."

He. "AH, YOU MEAN THE KAISER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* (MACMILLAN) that impenitent pamphleteer, H. G. WELLS, returns yet again to the intriguing subject of marriage, and in a vein something nearer orthodoxy. Not, certainly, that worthy stubborn orthodoxy of accepted unquestioned doctrine, or that sleeker variety of middle-aged souls that were once young, now too tired or bored to go on asking questions, but an orthodoxy rather that is honest enough to revise on the evidence earlier judgments as too cocksure and hasty. *Sir Isaac Harman* was a tea-shop magnate, and a very pestilent and primitive cad who caught his wife young and poor and battered her into reluctant surrender by a stormy wooing, whose very sincerity and abandonment were but a frantic expression of his dominating egotism and acquisitiveness. Wooing and winning, thinks this simple ignoble knight, is a thing done once and for all. Remains merely obedience in very plain and absolute terms on the part of lady to lord, obedience which, in the last resort, can be exacted by withholding supplies—not so uncommon a form of blackmail as it suits the dominant sex to imagine. *Lady Harman's* emancipation does not take the conventionally unconventional form, for some deeper reason, I think, than that her sententious friend and would-be lover, *George Bramley*, could not altogether escape her gentle contempt; indeed, she recognises *Sir Isaac's* claims upon her for duty and gratitude in a way which modern high-spirited priestesses of progress would scarcely approve. She fights

merely for a limit to the proprietorship, for the right to a separate individuality, the right to be useful in a wider sphere (a phrase that stands for so much that is good and less good). Mr. WELLS has realised this gracious, shy and beautiful personality with a fine skill. It is no mean feat. He might so easily have made a dear mild ghost. And oh! if ladies of influence who regiment their inferiors in orderly philanthropic schemes had some of the wisdom and tolerance of *Lady Harman* in her dealings with the tea-shop girls. You see one instinctively pays Mr. WELLS the serious compliment of assuming that he has something material to say about the things which matter.

As a demonstration of the irony of history, I can hardly imagine a better subject for romance at the present moment than the fortunes of WILLIAM OF ORANGE, and if Miss MARJORIE BOWEN'S *Prince and Heretic* (METHUEN) shows some traces of having been rather hastily finished it is easy to pardon this defect. The alchemist's assistant, part seer and part quack, whom she introduces into the earlier part of the story foretells the violent deaths of the young princes of the house of Nassau and the ravaging and looting of the Netherlands by ALVA, Defender of the Catholic Faith and servant of the House of Hapsburg; but he cannot conjure up out of his crystal the sight of a Catholic Belgium suffering these things, three hundred and fifty years later, at the hands of a Lutheran King allied with a Hapsburg and fighting for the sake of no cause but his own vanity. Most of the action takes place in Brussels—a Brussels placarded with squibs against CARDINAL

GRANVILLE; and the final retreat of WILLIAM, ruined in everything except his spirit, to join the army of the PRINCE DE CONDE, has a pathetic significance to-day that not many historical romances can claim. Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has a remarkable gift for the presentation of a number of lifelike portraits against a vivid and gorgeous background, and the successive pictures of the Dutch and Flemish Schools which she creates in *Prince and Heretic*, make it, if not quite so successful as *I Will Maintain*, at least a book which no lover of the Lowlands can afford to miss.

Our Sentimental Garden (HEINEMANN) is one of the very pleasantest garden-books I have encountered. One reason for this is that it is about such a lot of other things besides

gardens. Volumes that are exclusively devoted to what I might call horticultural hortation are apt to become oppressive. But AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE are persons far too sympathetic not to avoid this danger. Instead of lecturing, they talk with an engaging discursiveness that lures you from page to page, as it might from bed to border, were you an actual visitor in the exquisite Surrey garden that is their ostensible subject. One thing with them leads to another. "Lilacs," they say. "Ah, lilacs—" and immediately one of them is started upon a whole series of rambling, DU MAURIERISH recollections of school-days in Second Empire Paris. Kittens and Pekinese puppies, village types, politics (just a little) and Roman villas—all these are the themes of their happy talk. "The Garden Garrulous" they might have called the book; and I for one have found it infinitely charming. Not that shrewd hints upon the choice of roses, the marshalling of bulbs, and other such aspects of the theme proper are wanting. Moreover, what they tell of garden triumphs is at once realised for you by a prodigality of drawings scattered among the text, some glowing in a full page of colour, others in line alone, from the pencil and brush of Mr. CHARLES ROBINSON. Altogether a very gentle book, of which one may echo the hope expressed by the writers in their graceful preface that "some unquiet heart, labouring under the strain of long-drawn suspense," may find in it "a passing relaxation, a forgotten smile."

Ernest students of military history should be grateful to Mr. EDWARD FOORD for the patient labour and perseverance he has spent on the compilation of *Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812* (HUTCHINSON). The book appears at a most opportune date, for most of us nowadays are military critics, and here we can, if we like, compare the Russian

methods of 1812 with those of 1914. On the other hand, in these strenuous days we may not have the time, even if we have the inclination, to devote ourselves to campaigns a hundred years old. For my own part, while frankly admitting the value of this book, I confess that I had sometimes to skip in an endeavour to avoid being bewildered by names and numbers. Using this desultory mode of progression I was still abundantly informed and profoundly interested. Mr. FOORD is out to give facts, however tedious, and I agree with him that it is the business of an historian to be accurate before he is entertaining. Yet I could have wished that he had been less parsimonious with his human appeals, for whenever he unbends he can be at once interesting and informing. The struggles of BARCLAY DE TOLLY against jealousy and intrigues are vividly told,

and nothing could be more graceful than the tribute Mr. FOORD pays to the memory of that great soldier, General EBLÉ. It is impossible to read the history of this disastrous campaign without being impressed by the terrible penalties of overweening arrogance and ambition, and without realising the flaming spirit of patriotism that has glorified, and will always glorify, the Russians in time of national peril.

In *A Morning In My Library* ("TIMES" BOOK CLUB), Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE has put together an anthology of English prose which has some high advantages to recommend it to popular favour even in what the compiler calls "these tumultuous times." It is a small book and fits easily into a coat pocket; it is well and clearly printed, and, best of



Old Lady (to wounded Officer). "Oh, Sir, do you 'appen to ave 'eard if any of your men at the front 'as found a pair of spectacles wot I left in a 16 'bus in the Edgware Road?"

all, the selection is admirably made and does credit to Mr. COLERIDGE's taste. Every extract bears the stamp of inspiration, a quality difficult to define but unmistakable. RALEIGH's invocation to Death; JOHNSON's preface to the Dictionary; NAPIER's description of the battle of Albuera; RICHARD SHIEL's appeal on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN's immortal speech at Gettysburg—all these are to be found, and many more; and all go to show the might, majesty, dominion and power of that great language which it is our privilege to speak. I think we shall value that privilege a little more highly and shall endeavour to place a more careful restraint on our tongues and our pens after we have dipped through Mr. COLERIDGE's little book. He is a judicious guide, and such explanations as he adds are always short and never tiresome. Yet it must in fairness be added that KING CHARLES's head, in the shape of an anti-vivisection footnote, has once, but only once, crept into the "memorial." However the fault is such a little one that those who love noble English prose will easily forgive it.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER, we hear, has had much pleasure in not bestowing the Iron Cross on Herr MAXIMILIEN HARDEN, the editor of *Zukunft*, who, in a recent article, suggested that the Germans should give up the pretence that they did not begin the War.

Mr. CECIL CHISHOLM, in his biography of our Commander-in-Chief, draws attention to the fact that both Sir JOHN FRENCH and General JOFFRE are square men. This, no doubt, accounts for the difficulty the enemy has in getting round them.

The author also mentions that the subject of his biography is known as "Lucky French," though few persons understand the full appropriateness of the epithet. It was Sir JOHN LUCK who first gave him a chance of distinguishing himself.

"Before Christmas," says a German journal, "Londoners will have become familiar with the spectacle of seeing their public buildings guarded by German blue-jackets." This, of course, must refer to the interior of our prisons.

We hear that as a result of the raid by British air-men on the Zeppelin base at Friedrichshaven, the place has now been placarded with notices announcing that foreign aeroplanes are verboten there.

It is announced that the proposal at Lewisham to change the name of Berlin Road has been rejected by the residents. This is unfortunate, as the only effect can be to put fresh heart into the Germans.

The Russians having objected to being called a steam roller, the London and North Western Railway have tactfully taken their fast engine "Teutonic" and re-christened her "The Tsar."

The Russians succeeded, a few days ago, in catching the *Goeben* napping. Apparently the motto of the Turkish Navy is "Let lying dogs sleep."

A writer in *The Daily Chronicle* suggests that cats, with their marvellous homing instincts, might be used for the carriage of messages in the same way

as pigeons. Not quite in the same way, perhaps; though cases of flying cats have occurred. We know one, for instance, that flew at a dog only the other day.

"EYE-WITNESS" has remarked that the Germans in France are now equipped with a gun which is quite silent. As a result of this statement a number of men who had hitherto held back as being subject to headaches are now rushing to enlist.

The advertisement of a new rifle gallery in Dublin runs as follows:—"Learn to shoot at the Dublin Rifle School. The object is to teach every man to shoot irrespective of political

CAUTION.—The members of the Old Boys Corps simply hate being called "Old B.C.s."

Plucky little Wales again! Russia may have her Przemyśl, but it transpired in certain police-court proceedings last week that Glamorgan has her Ynysybwl. We would suggest that the competition should now stop.

THE RECRUITING PROBLEM SOLVED.

THE recruiting problem would surely be solved easily if Lord KITCHENER would send for Captain Desmond, V.C., and his legions from Lahore. It will be remembered that in a polo tournament at that military station

Captain Desmond and his team reached the final after "they had fought their way, inch by inch, through eight-and-twenty matches." (Ch. XVI., *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, by MAUD DIVER.) If we generously assume that the hero's team played in the only tie in the first round—the rest being byes—we arrive at the result that there were 268,435,457 teams or 1,073,741,823 men playing. Might not just a small percentage of these, if brought over to France, decide the issue at once in favour of the Allies? Some of the four or five billion ponies might also be utilised for remounts and for transport. Nor should the committee which successfully managed this tournament

be lost sight of. They showed a power of organisation which could scarcely fail to be of use now at the War Office.

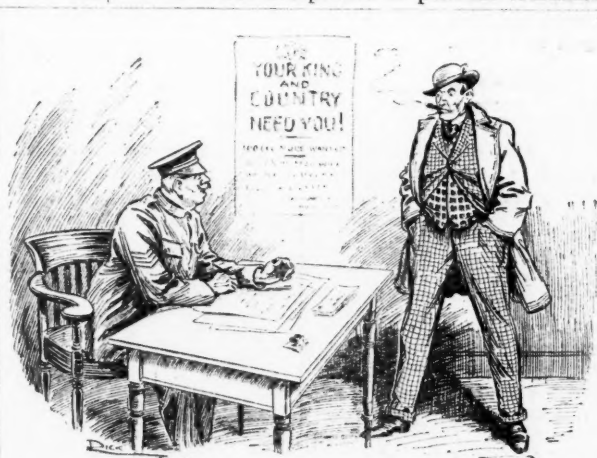
"Rosa pulled off her hat as she spoke, throwing it carelessly on the bed, and she laughed nosily."—*Ottawa Citizen*.

This is generally supposed to be an American habit.

A censored letter from a correspondent at the Front tells us that the most popular song with our Troops is the following:—

"It's a long way to ———,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to ———,
To the sweetest ——— I know,
Goodbye ———, farewell ———;
It's a long, long way to ———,
But my heart's right ———."

It will be interesting to hear further details as soon as they can be divulged without giving the position away to the enemy.



Recruiting Sergeant. "WANT TO JOIN THE CAVALRY, DO YOU? KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HORSES?"

Applicant. "WOT—ME? THREE WINNERS AND A SECOND, YESTERDAY! LUMME, GUY'NOR! WOT DO YOU THINK?"

views." The old order changeth. Formerly, no doubt, the rifles were sighted in one way for Unionists and in another for Nationalists.

The watchmaking industry in Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, has, it is stated, already suffered a loss of £700,000 since the outbreak of the war. This is attributed entirely to the competition of the Watch on the Rhine.

With reference again to the Silent Guns which the Germans claim to have invented, it is only fair to point out that, before they were heard of, English artillery-men had silenced many of the noisy ones.

"FREE PASSES AND OVER-CROWNING."

Evening Standard.

There was some excuse for this misprint, for the offence complained of took place at the Coronation Picture Palace.

TO THE NEUTRAL NATIONS.

If you elect to stay outside
And run no risk, on shore or sea,
Where men for all men's sake have died
In this the War of Liberty
(The same whose figure points the pilot's way,
Larger than life, in New York Bay);—

If you prefer to fold your hands
And watch us, at your guarded ease,
Straining our strength to sweep the lands
Clean of a deadly foul disease,
Which must, unless our courage find a cure,
Fall on your children, swift and sure;—

Stay out by all means; none shall ask
The help that your free will declined;
We'll bear as best we may the task
That duty's call to us assigned;
And you shall reap, ungrudged, in happier years
The harvest of our blood and tears.

Only—when this long fight is done,
And, breathing Freedom's purer air,
You share the vantage we have won—
Think not the honour, too, to share;
The honour shall be theirs and theirs alone
By whom the thrall was overthrown.

Meanwhile a boon: if not your swords,
Give us your sympathy at need;
Show us the friendship which affords
At least to let its pockets bleed;
And get your tradesmen kindly to forgo
Their traffic with a common foe.

O. S.

HISTORY'S REPETITIONS.

[It may be interesting to compare modern war items with some which have been culled from our own contemporary records of the past.]

From *The Early British Weekly*, circ. 50 B.C.:—

The Chief Druid's Fund to provide wood for our gallant troops at the Front continues to progress.

Tried yesterday for flint-and-steel signalling to the enemy, a Roman spy was convicted and axed.

News from Rome continues to show that the capital of the enemy is growing very uneasy. A force of special lictors has been enrolled to keep order in the event of a popular rising.

An account of the fighting by an Eye-Witness with the Headquarters of CASSIVELAUNUS appears on another page.

From *The Saxon Chronicle*, 878 A.D.:—

KING ALFRED has given his patronage to a scheme for sending comforts to our troops in the trenches. Contributions are already pouring in, and it is said that the King was particularly touched by a gift of confectionery from the wife of a humble neatherd.

From *The Saxon Standard*, 1065 A.D.:—

The Norman Lie Factory continues to try to frighten us by means of invasion stories. The latest tale of terror is to the effect that a great army is to be landed at Hastings before we know where we are. We are to be crushed under the mailed fist of Normandy. The General Staff of KING HAROLD can, we think, be trusted to deal with such dangers—when they come.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. IX.

(From General VON BERNHARDI.)

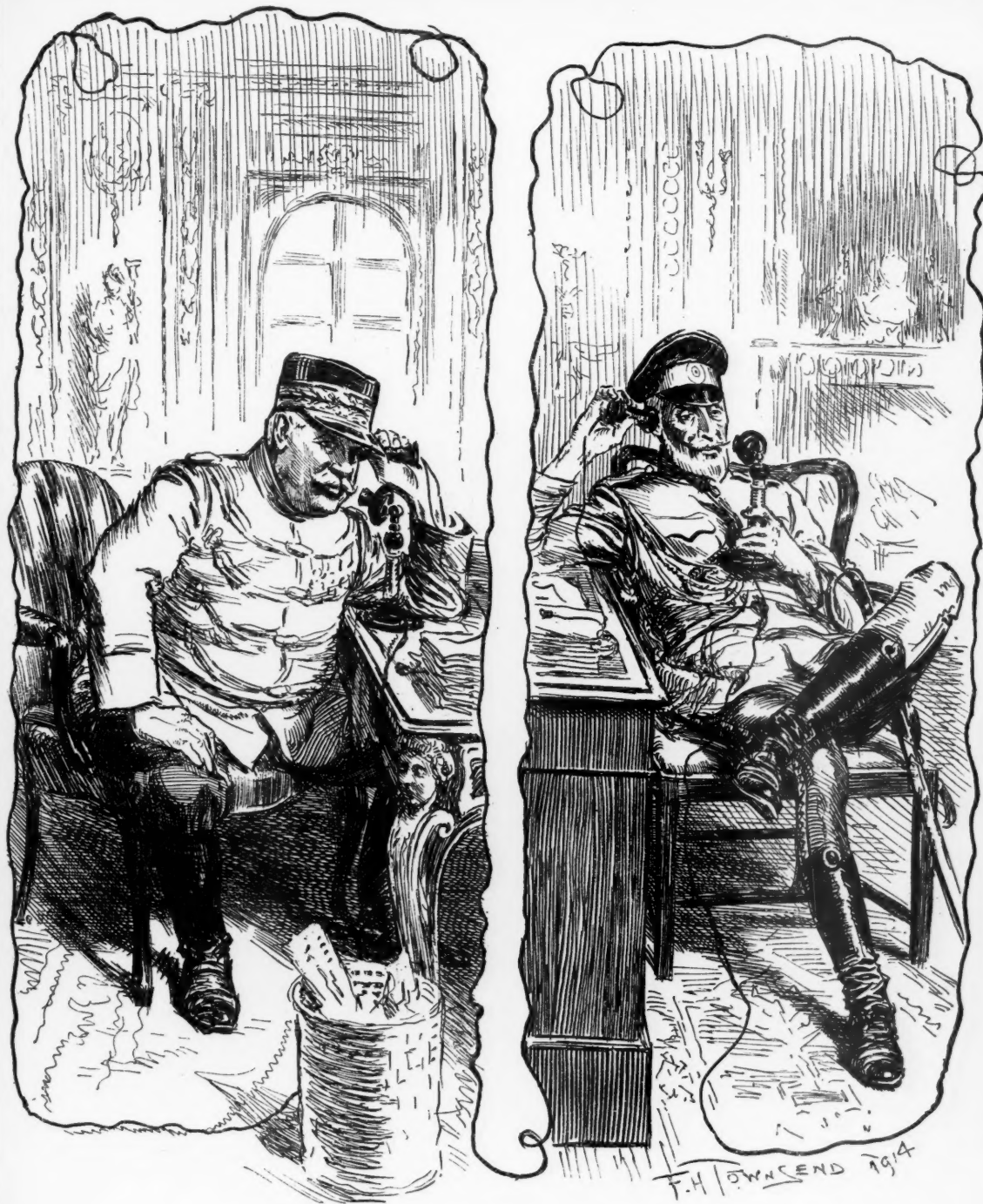
ALL-HIGHEST WAR LORD,—To have received from you a letter written in your own gracious and weapon-bearing hand is an honourable privilege, under the weight of which many a General might have felt his knees tremble, and I confess that I too, though used to your Majesty's kindnesses, have not been unmoved.

Your Majesty asks me what I now think of this war of mine—I quote your words—and goes on to insinuate that in some measure the humble books that I have from time to time written, and the conversations I have held with your supreme self and with others, are responsible for what is now taking place in France, Flanders, and the Eastern seat of war. This insinuation I must with all my strength repudiate. It is true that I have been an advocate of war. For the Germans it was necessary that war should be the object of their policy in order that when the hour struck they might be able to attack their foes under the most favourable conditions and conquer them in the shortest possible time. But in saying this I made myself merely the echo of your Majesty's speeches and the faithful interpreter of your august mind. When you in words of matchless eloquence spoke of the mailed fist and bade your recruits shoot their parents rather than disobey their Kaiser, a humble General like myself could not go far wrong if he supposed that the thought of war was constantly in your Imperial mind. No other nation, I knew, had the purpose of attacking us, and I assumed therefore that if we were to gain the world-power at which we aimed we must be ready to attack other nations. Everything, however, depended on the conditions and the moment.

As for a war begun, as this war was begun, in a sudden fit of temper, I must use frankness with your Majesty and say that I never contemplated it. War against France—yes; and war against Russia, if needs must be, though even then I deny that we ought to have made ourselves the mere instrument of Austrian ambitions and allowed ourselves to be dragged into danger for the *beaux yeux* of the Ballplatz. But to manage things so ill as to make it certain that England must declare against us and that Italy must refuse to help us—this, indeed, was the master-stroke of stupidity. Your Majesty will, no doubt, say that this was the fault of BETHMANN-HOLLEWEG and von JAGOW, but I am not sure that you yourself must not share with them the responsibility, for it was you who lost your head and gave the final word—which, of course, no one else could have given. You could have spared Belgium and kept England out of the war, so as to deal with her alone at a later date, but you took the bit between your autocratic teeth, and, alas, there was nobody who could stop you.

I say again, this is not my war. I never imagined it or planned it in this way, and I decline to be made responsible for it. I wanted a war that might be quickly prosperous and as safe for Germany as any war can be—a war of which we might keep the management in our own hands with great profit to ourselves. But now, though only four months have passed, we have lost the reins and Fate has taken them up and is directing the course of things. When that happens anything may happen. It is useless, therefore, to turn round and make accusations which are not founded in reason. My system was a good one and is still good, but it cannot now be used. There is nothing for it now except to continue hammering with our heads against a stone wall, which is not an agreeable occupation even when the heads are German.

Your Majesty's faithful subject, VON BERNHARDI.



MEN OF FEW WORDS.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. "ÇA MARCHE?"

GENERAL JOFFRE. "ASSEZ BIEN. ET CHEZ VOUS?"

GRAND DUKE. "PAS MAL."

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885



Small Visitor. "AND HOW IS YOUR MOTHER, PENELOPE?"

Penelope. "THANK YOU, POOR MUMMIE'S A BIT BELOW HERSELF THIS MORNING—WHAT WITH THE COOK AND THE KAISER."

THE WATCH DOGS.

VIII.

DEAR CHARLES,— We have got a move on at last. We don't know where we are going or why we are going or even if we are really going at all. It may be that we are on our way to the Continent; it may be that we are on our way to the coast to assume the defensive; it may be that the authorities are pulling our legs and are watching from behind the hedges *en route* to see how we take it. We march on till we are told to stop. We stop till we are told to march on.

I was, as you know, in London on Sunday. Having had a trying week I sought a change of air to recuperate my health, I also sought to recover my self-respect by being saluted in my native parks. Full of the good things of this world I returned in the evening to —

[Censor. Now then, don't you give it away.

Myself. But, dash it all, he knows where I'd come from.

Censor. That may be, but it's not to get about where you are.

Myself. But I'm not there now. I'm at —

Censor. H'sh.]

I got to my little nest (anonymous) at 10.30 p.m. and found the following among other orders awaiting me: "Company Officers will hold their companies in readiness to move at short notice." "Will they?" I asked, and leapt lightly into my bed; never a wise thing to do when your bed consists of a stick or two and a bit of canvas . . . I was collecting myself on the floor when a corporal came in, wearing that significant, nay sinister, look which corporals assume when they bring messages from orderly room. Having cursed him roundly for the collapse of my bed (in military life you may curse anybody for anything, provided he is an inferior) I told him to proceed and let me know the worst. "We move at 8 a.m., Sir," said he. "And what is it now?" I asked. "11.5 p.m., Sir," said he. "Then," said I, "I have under nine hours to pack up all my goods, dividing them into those which I shall carry myself on my forlight-articles-only back, those which the transport will carry and those which I shall leave here for Providence to send home; to inspect my half-company, its feet, its rifles, its packs, its kit-bags and the thousand-and-one other things which are its; to feed my men and myself and gather together a day's ration for both of us and to attend to

all those little odds and ends which will inevitably crop up when one is about to leave one's headquarters and never see them again. All this must be done by 8 a.m. you say?" "The battalion will march to the rendezvous at 7.15, Sir," said he. "Reveillé at 5.30, breakfast at 6.30, and sick parade at 6.45," he concluded, adding, with sarcasm more effective than any of my own, "Good night, Sir."

I went straight to sleep. What else could I do? Obviously the suggested programme was impossible of completion in the time allotted; why then attempt it? I decided to obey orders: to reveillé at 5.30, breakfast at 6.30, and then to start getting ready and continue doing so till called for. If the worst came to the worst, I should become a sick man and parade accordingly. It struck me as I dozed off that in civil life the very last thing an invalid would attempt would be to parade.

In supposing that I should at least be thorough about my sleep, I reckoned without my old though not always welcome friend, Banner. His view is that when a crisis arrives it is up to the people involved to be at least busy, if not worse. To him commotion is essential, and he has always distrusted our adjutant because the only thing he did on

receiving telegraph orders to mobilize was to send out an orderly for a hundred cigarettes and a *Daily Mirror*. When Lieutenant Banner receives orders he at once puts his cap on, pushes it to the back of his head and passes a weary hand across a worried brow. When he has confused himself to the top of his bent he searches round for other victims. On this Sunday night ill luck directed his footsteps to my billet; seeing me in bed, he became positively aghast, though I firmly believe he was inwardly delighted to discover so depressing a sight.

You may imagine the colloquy that ensued; how he repeated to me, with a nice sense of climax, the news which I had already received from the corporal.

"It is impossible to do it," said he. "Quite," said I, turning on my other side. "But good heavens, man, you're not going to sleep?" he asked. "I'm going to have a try," I told him. The result of the business was that Banner eventually did all my packing for me, feeling, no doubt, that I should be left behind if he didn't. Of course he was left behind himself. Really, I suppose, I ought to be very grateful to the dear old fellow; but I have the feeling that, if he had stayed away, I should have had my sleep and everything would have arranged itself in the meantime, and would have arranged itself *rightly*.

We marched forth at break of day from that town where we have been stationed the last three months, and it shows how unavailing are these precautions for secrecy when I tell you that the local tailor was up and about before dawn collecting his unpaid accounts notwithstanding. Since then we have slept in hay-lofts, and sometimes in eligible villas, knowing the dignity and pleasure of the white sheet again. Our willy-nilly hosts are all firmly convinced that we want conversation confined to the more gruesome experiences of their friends and relations who have got mixed up in this war, but otherwise they are kindness itself. At the house I at present inhabit it is found absolutely essential that the father and the mother, three daughters, two maid-servants, the nurse, and even, I believe, the infant son, should rise from their beds at 5 o'clock when reveillé is, at

the whim of the G.O.C., put at that unforgivable hour. It is only myself who may lie a-bed till six!

Well, Charles, I'll let you know in due course what becomes of me, that is if I ever know myself. I see little more of the business than the backs of the files marching ahead of me, and even if I discover the names of our resting-places I have generally forgotten them in the haste of our departure. I met a man who had returned from the Continent itself and I asked him where he had been and how he got his wound. He admitted frankly that he didn't know; in fact, he said, he'd been back in England for three weeks now and no one had ever let him know whether he had been at the front



The Victor (after being admonished for un-scoutlike behaviour). "WELL, YOU MAY SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, SIR, BUT I CONSIDER IT DISTINCTLY SUBVERSIVE OF DISCIPLINE FOR AN ORDINARY PRIVATE TO CALL HIS PATROL-LEADER 'TOFFEE-NOSE.'"

or not. If they don't inform you as to your present or your past, how can you expect to be informed as to your future? Thus I may at this moment be marching forward to Belgium, or I may be merely moving to another home station, or it may all be a test of my power and organization and I may be making a wide circle which will bring me back one fine morning to my original starting-place, Tiddlyumpton.

Drop it all, a soldier ought to be told whether he is going to war or not. It would make it so much easier to know what attitude to adopt to the schoolchildren who cheer him as he marches past. Yours, HENRY.

"In its issue of 22nd instant our estimable contemporary, 'La Patria degli Italiani,' published a magnificent translation of the latest poem of Rudyard Kipling: 'Rule Britannia.'"—*Buenos Aires Standard*.

Wait till you read ROBERT BRIDGES' new work, "God Save the King."

WAR MEMENTOES.

A THOUGHTFUL and far-reaching suggestion toward the better regulation of the currency has been made by a Mr. JAMES INNES C. ROGER. He writes to the Press in the following terms:—"It has lately struck me that a silver 10s. piece might be introduced during the war instead of (or in addition to) the paper notes now current. Although these might be objected to on the ground of size and weight, they would be interesting as a memento of the great war, especially if the obverse side bore, say, a representation of the British Fleet in action."

It seems to us that this would provide a delightful little game for the Government, which probably has not much else to do at present, and we do not see how the proposed coins could possibly be objected to on the grounds mentioned above. On the contrary they would be most useful in a variety of ways in which the sixpence and threepenny bit are of no service whatever. In thoroughly honest households they could be employed as letter-weights or for practising the discus-throw for the next Olympic Games (if any), or for keeping open a swing door while a tea-tray is carried through. We hope the idea will be vigorously followed up. A 15/- piece representing the British

Army crossing the Aisne River under fire would be certain to be popular, as also would a 17/6 piece showing the arrival of the Indian Troops at Mar-seilles.

Something, too, might be done with our stamps. Concrete gun emplacements would look very well on the five-shilling stamp, and the desired effect of secrecy could be obtained by printing them on the back; while we would suggest for the penny stamp a design of a muffler or a mitten with crossed knitting needles in each corner. At the same time an important step could be taken toward popularizing the postal order, by printing on the obverse side of it in red the whole of the first verse of "It's a long way to Tipperary."

We only throw out these suggestions for what they are worth. Like Mr. ROGER himself our sole idea is to contribute something really useful to the pregnant deliberations of the hour.



Officer (commanding skirmishing party). "VERY SORRY TO PUT YOU OFF YOUR GAME, SIR; BUT WE HAD TO COME ACROSS HERE."
Golfer. "DON'T MENTION IT, SIR. IT MAKES ME FEEL I'VE DONE MY BIT."

BOOK TRADE GOSSIP.

(The following communication has been submitted to our own Special Censor, who takes the responsibility of contradicting it in every particular. Subject to this, he has no objection to publication.)

Paternoster Row.

IN spite of the drastic regulations against dealing with the enemy it is to be feared that books from British publishing houses continue to find their way into German hands. During the early days of the invasion of Belgium an unprecedented demand for *How to Collect Old Furniture* arose in neutral countries, accompanied by enquiries for similar works dealing with silver plate, pictures and bijoutry. Suspicion respecting the ultimate destination of these books is strengthened by the fact that of late the demand has given place to urgent requests for stilts, wading-boots, and "water-wings"—a class of goods in which Paternoster Row is not keenly interested.

The esteemed *Berliner Tageblatt* has recently set itself to discover the most suitable reading for civilians during the war. One of its correspondents recom-

mends *Gulliver's Travels*, "in order to learn to know the English." That weighty point may therefore be regarded as finally settled. Meanwhile from other sources no less authentic some interesting particulars have come to light of the literary relaxations prevailing among our enemy in the field. From these it would appear that early in September General von KLUCK received, apparently from an anonymous admirer, a copy of *The Mysteries of Paris*, in which he has been thoughtfully absorbed ever since. His Imperial master's pocket-companion takes the form of a copy of Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON'S *There and Back*, which we learn is already beginning to show signs of hard wear. Many of the gunners stationed about French and Belgian cathedral cities are reported as being seriously interested in MAX MÜLLER'S *Chips from a German Workshop*, while Mr. H. G. WELLS' *Twelve Stories and a Dream* has become almost a book of reference to the officials disseminating German wireless news.

A work of timely importance, especially to Londoners during the present lighting regulations, is promised in the course of the next few weeks. The

novelty is to take the form of a brochure from the pen of Dean INGE, and will court popularity under the arresting title, *How to be Cheerful though Gloomy*.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S APOLOGIA.

["I resent exceedingly the gross and vulgar way in which the German Emperor has been treated in the newspapers. . . . I have a personal memory of the Emperor very sacred to me."—*The Archbishop of York*.]

HIS GRACE OF YORK maintains the KAISER'S
Merely the dupe of bad advisers,
And, simply to avoid a fuss,
Reluctantly made war on us.

One marvels what his Grace will say
When, peradventure, some fine day,
Thanks to his German friend, he hears
York Minster crashing round his ears!

Foresight.

"It was stated in Dover last night that an aircraft was seen over Dungeness this evening.—*Central News*.

The Press Bureau, while permitting publication, cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement."—*Cardiff Evening Express*.

No wonder!

A QUESTION OF LIGHT.

As soon as Celia had got a cheque-book of her own (and I had explained the mysteries of "— & Co." to her), she looked round for a safe investment of her balance, which amounted to several pounds. My offers, first of an old stocking and afterwards of mines, mortgages and aerated breads, were rejected at once.

"I'll leave a little in the bank in case of accidents," she said, "and the rest must go somewhere absolutely safe and earn me five per cent. Otherwise they shan't have it."

We did what we could for her; we offered the money to archdeacons and other men of pronounced probity; and finally we invested it in the Blanktown Electric Light Company. Blanktown is not its real name, of course; but I do not like to let out any information which may be of value to Celia's enemies—the wicked ones who are trying to snatch her little fortune from her. The world, we feel, is a dangerous place for a young woman with money.

"Can't I possibly lose it now?" she asked.

"Only in two ways," I said. "Blanktown might disappear in the night, or the inhabitants might give up using electric light."

It seemed safe enough. At the same time we watched the newspapers anxiously for details of the latest inventions; and anybody who happened to mention when dining with us that he was experimenting with a new and powerful illuminant was handed his hat at once.

You have Blanktown, then, as the depository of Celia's fortune. Now it comes on the scene in another guise. I made the announcement with some pride at breakfast yesterday.

"My dear," I said, "I have been asked to deliver a lecture."

"What ever on?" asked Celia.

"Anything I like. The last person lectured on 'The Minor Satellites of Jupiter,' and the one who comes after me is doing 'The Architecture of the Byzantine Period,' so I can take something in between."

"Like 'Frostbites,'" said Celia helpfully. "But I don't quite understand. Where is it, and why?"

"The Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society ask me to lecture to them at Blanktown. The man who was coming is ill."

"But why *you* particularly?"

"One comes down to me in the end," I said modestly.

"I expect it's because of my electric lights. Do they give you any money for it?"

"They ask me to name my fee."

"Then say a thousand pounds, and lecture on the need for more electric light. Fancy if I got six per cent.!"

"This is a very sordid conversation," I said. "If I agree to lecture at all, it will be simply because I feel that I have a message to deliver . . . I will now retire into the library and consider what that message is to be."

I placed the *Encyclopædia* handy and sat down at my desk. I had already grasped the fact that the title of my discourse was the important thing. In the list of the Society's lectures sent to me there was hardly one whose title did not impress the imagination in advance. I must be equally impressive . . .

After a little thought I began to write.

"WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG."

"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th."

"Ladies and Gentlemen——"

"Well," said Celia, drifting in, "how's it going?"

I showed her how far I had got.

"I thought you always began, 'My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,'" she said.

"Only if the Lord Mayor's there."

"But how will you know?"

"Yes, that's rather awkward. I shall have to ask the Secretary beforehand."

I began again.

"WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG."

"Lecture delivered, etc. . . ."

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen——"

It looked much better.

"What about Baronets?" said Celia.

"There's sure to be lots."

"Yes, this is going to be difficult. I shall have to have a long talk with the Secretary . . . How's this?—'My Lord Mayor, Lords, Baronets, Ladies and Gentlemen and Sundries.' That's got in everybody."

"That's all right. And I wanted to ask you: Have you got any lantern slides?"

"They're not necessary."

"But they're much more fun. Perhaps they'll have some old ones of Vesuvius you can work in. Well, goodbye." And she drifted out.

I went on thinking.

"No," I said to myself, "I'm on the wrong tack." So I began again:—

"SOME YORKSHIRE POT-HOLES."

"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th."

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords——"

"I don't want to interrupt," said Celia coming in suddenly, "but—oh, what's a pot-hole?"

"A curious underground cavern sometimes found in the North."

"Aren't caverns always underground? But you're busy. Will you be in for lunch?"

"I shall be writing my lecture all day," I said busily.

At lunch I decided to have a little financial talk with Celia.

"What I feel is this," I said. "At most I can ask ten guineas for my lecture. Now my expenses all the way to the North, with a night at an hotel, will be at least five pounds."

"Five-pounds-ten profit," said Celia. "Not bad."

"Ah, but wait. I have never spoken in public before. In an immense hall, whose acoustics——"

"Who are they?"

"Well, never mind. What I mean is that I shall want some elocution lessons. Say five, at a guinea each."

"That still leaves five shillings."

"If only it left that, it might be worth it. But there's the new white waistcoat. An audience soon gets tired of a lecture, and then there's nothing for the wakeful ones to concentrate on but the white waistcoat of the lecturer. It must be of a virgin whiteness. Say thirty-five shillings. So I lose thirty shillings by it. Can I afford so much?"

"But you gain the acoustics and the waistcoat."

"True. Of course, if you insist——"

"Oh, you must," said Celia.

So I returned to the library. By tea-time I had got as far as this:—

"ADVENTURES WITH A CAMERA IN SOMALILAND."

"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philo——"

And then I had an idea. 'This time a brilliant one.

"Celia," I said at tea, "I have been wondering whether I ought to take advantage of your generosity."

"What generosity?"

"In letting me deliver this lecture."

"It isn't generosity, it's swank. I want to be able to tell everybody."

"Ah, but the sacrifices you are making."

"Am I?" said Celia, with interest.

"Of course you are. Consider. I ask a fee of ten guineas. They cannot possibly charge more than a shilling a head to listen to me. It would be robbery. So that if there is to be a profit at all, as presumably they anticipate, I shall have a gate of at least two hundred and fifty."

"I should hope so."



HERO-WORSHIP.

Slightly soiled Urchin. "PLEASE, MR. GENERAL, IF YER WOULDN'T MIND BENDIN' DAHN A BIT, ME AN' EMMA 'D LIKE TO GIVE YER A KISS."

"Two hundred and fifty. And what does that mean? It means that at seven-thirty o'clock on the night of December the 8th two hundred and fifty residents of Blanktown will turn out the electric lights in their drawing-rooms . . . PERHAPS EVEN IN THEIR HALLS . . . and proceed to the lecture-room. True, the lecture-room will be lit up—a small compensation—but not for long. When the slides of Vesuvius are thrown upon the screen—"

Celia was going pale.

"But if it's not you," she faltered, "it will be somebody else."

"No; if I refuse, it will be too late then to get a substitute. Besides they must have tried everybody else before they got down to me . . . Celia, already the Zeppelin scare has shaken your stock severely; this will be the final blow. It is noble of you to sacrifice—"

"Don't go!" she cried in anguish.

I gave a deep sigh.

"For your sake," I said, "I won't."

So that settles it. If my lecture on "First Principles in Homeopathy" is ever to be delivered, it must be delivered elsewhere.

A. A. M.

À LA RusSE.

EVERY November, just as I am beginning to look sadly down the long vista of apple—apple-tart, apple-pudding, stewed apple and custard, apple-charlotte and apple-dumpling—that stretches all the way from now to rhubarb, come cranberries.

I had forgotten them, as I do every year, and the pinky-red that tinged the knife yesterday, as soon as it entered what I feared was an apple-tart, ran right up my arm and spread in a glow to my face. Dear cranberries!

And doubly dear just now. How did you manage it? All the way from Archangel, was it—threading your way through mines and submarines, and not a keg broken, not a cranberry exploded? Thank you, JELlicoe.

Or are you a Southern Slav, a Crim-Tartar? And did you dare the Dardanelles, give the *Goeben* the slip, and disappoint the German ganders of their sauce? Artful ally!

Where is your home, bright berry? What are your habits? Do you push through the snow on the steppes? Do

you flower in the first thaw of spring, set in full summer and ripen when the snow falls again? I think so; you have the savour of snow. I hope so; I picture the snowfields stained with your blood when you burst.

We've known too little of you, but we shall want to know more now. The Vicar said the war would do good in more ways than one. *It does it now;* it sets me thinking.

Learning, too. My landlady, for whom I had composed a simple object-lesson on the value of a strong Navy, pricked all my bubbles with, "Russian, Sir? Did you say Russian? I wouldn't have a bit o' foreign fruit in the house. Them berries was picked in my sister's garden on the moors."

"Helmets galore strew the fields. Rifles, motor lorries, and field kitchens are common finds. Some day they will be collected, and—such is the scandalous heartlessness of mankind—distributed as souvenirs of the great Armageddon of 1914."—*Daily Chronicle*.

In case anybody wishes to bring us home a souvenir, we are keeping a little place on our writing-desk for a field-kitchen.



Vicar (his mind full of the recruiting posters). "WILT THOU TAKE THIS WOMAN TO THY WEDDED WIFE—FOR THREE YEARS (OF THE DURATION OF THE WAR)?"

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

(Being a slight amplification, from another quarter, of the lines addressed to "Mr. Bernard Jaw" in last week's "Punch.")

OFt as I've wondered with a weary sigh
At Mr. SHAW's incorrigible habit
Of always seeing England with an eye
That knows the armour's joint and where to stab it,
And, sometimes taken by his style,
Have half believed his taunts of guile,
But oftener set them down to bile
And eating too much green-stuff, like a rabbit;

I've dreamed a dream that, when the drums are still
And stern Bellona, from her steel unbodiced,
Regrets the overthrow of KAISER BILL
(Of all strange cranks, excepting one, the oddest),
Disarmament and gentleness
May also come to G. B. S.,
And, turned from wrath, he shall confess
Britain in triumph was supremely modest.

A newer, better Poland shall arise,
And Schleswig-Holstein be extremely perky;
Alsace-Lorraine shall look with loving eyes
To a clear dawn, where now the mists are murky,
And messengers of peace shall stray
On Balkan mounts, and my Aunt May
Has frequently been heard to say
That she intends to give the Belgians Turkey.

But what of England? Shall she not bestow
Quiet upon the world, and ordered measure,
And take no vantage of the fallen foe
In land (which is but dust) and sordid treasure?
But rather of her kindness yield
The balm whereby hurt wounds are healed,
That couchant in the selfsame field
Lion and lamb may masticate at leisure.

Let it be written in the terms of peace,
And evermore on brassy tablets graven,
That England shall demand no right nor lease
Of frontier nor of town, nor armoured haven,
But cede with reluctant paw
To Germans and to German law
The whole of this egregious SHAW,
And only re-annex the BARD OF AVON. EVOE.

"The commission is also empowered to order the removal of
advertising on existing marquises if it is deemed objectionable."
Los Angeles Times.

Who are these marquises who are large enough for a really
telling poster on the waistcoat?

"Here Colonel Hoffmann remarked: 'We have a feeling of absolute
superiority over the Russians. We must win: we will win.'"
Daily Mail.

Look out for our new opera, "Fairy Tales of HOFFMANN."



A CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

AIDE-DE-CAMP. "THE ENGLISH FORCE, SO PLEASE YOU."

KAISER. "TAKE THY FACE HENCE . . . I AM SICK AT HEART."

(MACBETH, Act V., Sc. 3.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 23rd November.—Dull sitting suddenly stirred to excitement by Apparition in Khaki starting up from below Gangway on Ministerial Side. It was WEDGWOOD (*sans BENN*). Wanted to know what advice Government are prepared to give civil population as to how they ought to behave in event of German invasion.

"Are they," asked the warlike WEDGWOOD, "to take it lying down and let the Germans walk over them? or shall they make the best possible stand for their country?"

From above Gangway in neighbourhood of LEIF JONES' seat came tremulous voice exclaiming, "Fight!"

Thus encouraged, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO War Office, who day by day grows more martial in figure and manner, pointed out that "the first duty we [meaning the Army] and the Navy have to perform is to prevent invasion. That failing, our duty is to drive the invader into the sea as fast as ever we can."

As to action of civil population emergency committees are being formed in counties where there is danger of invasion, and instructions are being issued by them. What those instructions are TENNANT strategically declined to disclose.

After this reassuring statement Consolidated Fund Bill immediately passed second reading.

Later fresh protest, led off by Lord BOB and emphasised by BONAR LAW, against arbitrary conduct of Censor in dealing with the Press.

"We ought to stick to this till K. caves in," says the MEMBER FOR SARK. "The Press Bureau has about it stamp of things 'made in Germany.' Importation of other classes of these goods is prohibited. Let us either get rid of the Press Bureau or have it remodelled on principles of common sense, in accord with public feeling and concern for best interests of the Army."

Business done.—Stout bundle of Bills advanced a stage.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—The ways of the Press Censor are past finding out.

He worries the British Press day and night. He stands in the way of recognition of exceptionally gallant deeds on the battle-field by particular men or regiments. He arbitrarily strikes out passages from the letters of War Correspondents who, forbidden to ap-

proach the fighting line, laboriously pick up such scraps of information as may filter through its outskirts. He holds over for days, sometimes for weeks, official despatches from the Front, for which the Public are eagerly waiting. Occasionally, by way of exhibiting his desire that not a moment shall be lost in communicating important information, he, about midnight, by preference an hour later, dumps down upon hapless newspapers just

going to press the material for whole columns of print. This conscientiously and painstakingly done, he permits certain journals published in Ireland to circulate seditious garbage designed to stop the flow of recruiting which CARSON and

JOHN REDMOND, representatives of contending national parties, have loyally united in encouraging.

In the Commons the other night attention of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, head of this new department, called to notorious matter. Protested that he knew nothing of these Irish papers. General impression in both Houses that it is time he made the acquaintance of the particular organs alluded to and took action accordingly.

MIDLETON to-night in spirited speech asked what the Government proposed to do? CREWE pleaded that he must have notice

of the question. CURZON, ever ready to oblige, promptly undertook to place one on notice-paper.

Business done.—In Commons Budget Bill passed Report stage, CHANCELLOR smoothing the passage by concessions to the brewers and publicans by way of easing burden of additional taxation.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—For some time there has been rumour, generally discredited, that Prince ALBERT, son of Prince and Princess CHRISTIAN, had taken active service with the enemy in struggle with whom the best blood of the nation is being daily outpoured. To-day YOUNG asked whether story was true? PREMIER curtly admitted it.

"Is it considered just and expedient," inquired the Member for Perthshire, amid ominous cheering, "that the British taxpayer should be called upon to pay £6,000 a year for the maintenance of a family which includes this German officer?"

"The Question," replied the PREMIER, with something less than his accustomed point in dealing with Supplementary Queries, "relates to a particular individual."

House gladly got rid of disagreeable subject. But SARK tells me that, when in due course the pension comes up in Committee of Supply, more will be heard of the matter.



Mr. Tennant. "OUR DUTY IS TO DRIVE THE INVADER INTO THE SEA."

proach the fighting line, laboriously pick up such scraps of information as may filter through its outskirts. He holds over for days, sometimes for weeks, official despatches from the Front, for which the Public are eagerly waiting. Occasionally, by way of exhibiting his desire that not a moment shall be lost in communicating important information, he, about midnight, by preference an hour later, dumps down upon hapless newspapers just



THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL KNOWS NOTHING OF SEDITIOUS IRISH NEWSPAPERS.

Business done.—Several War Emergency Bills advanced a stage.

House of Lords, Thursday.—K. of K. read brief paper on Military Situation in Flanders. In matter of picturesque detail it did not quite come up to pitch of "EYE-WITNESS'S" despatches from the Front, which in the main it resembled. But it was as comforting as it was concise. Summed up in sentence the position to-day of Expeditionary Force: "Reinforcements have replaced our casualties, and the troops under Sir JOHN FRENCH, now re-fitted, are in the best of spirits, confident of success under their Leader."

Touched lightly on rout of Germans in Poland with which the world is ringing; but said nothing about capture of KAISER'S cloak. SARK suggests that this interesting robe should be put up for sale to highest bidder (as if it were the First £1 note), proceeds to be contributed to Fund for Relief of Belgians. This would give opportunity for remarking that having taken off his coat to devastate the homes of the Belgians, WILHELM gave them his cloak also.

Suggestion worth thinking about. Certainly something attractive about it in way of poetic justice.

Business done.—In the Commons UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA gave glowing account of the gallant deeds of Indian troops fighting in three continents.

Friday.—After heartening speeches by CHANCELLOR and FIRST LORD, together going to show that "we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too," Parliament adjourned till Tuesday, February 2nd, with promise that, if necessary, it can be specially summoned at any time on six days' notice.

"The Germans did not even hesitate to bring up heavy artillery which quickly became embedded in the mud, some of which has since been found by our troops."

Press Association War Special.

From what we hear, our troops have found all the mud they want.

"In reply to Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS, Mr. McKENNA said:—Germans cannot land in the United Kingdom without the express permission of the Secretary of State."

New motto for Great Britain: "McKENNA and the Navy our shield."

A SERVANT OF THE KING.

"Your King and country need you."

"Lor!"

Tilda Perkins, her cap awry and a smudge on her diminutive nose, came to a sudden halt, arrested by the staring blue type.

"Your King and country need you."

That personal appeal drove straight home. Tilda's heart swelled; a flush of excitement invaded her cheeks.

"Bless 'em! They shall 'ave me," she vowed in a fervour of self-immolation.

Tightly clutching the newspaper containing her master's breakfast haddock she scudded off, ablaze with patriotic fire.



Shopkeeper. "CANDLES ARE UP IN PRICE TO-DAY, Y' KNOW, MRS. O'FLYNN—ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR."

Mrs. O'Flynn. "Och! Bad cess to them Germans! Why can't they be fighting by daylight?"

"There 'tis, Ma'am," she gasped breathlessly, plumping down her burden on the kitchen table. "An' now I'm goin'."

"Going! Where?"

"To KING GEORGE, God bless 'im. The poster ses 'e wants me."

Her mistress shook a regretful head.

"No, Tilda. It's not you and I he wants."

Gloom unutterable descended upon Tilda as her mistress expounded the situation.

"Men 'as all the luck," she jerked out. "I ain't surprised them Sufferajettes got sick o' things."

A pause.

"Still, I s'pose it ain't KING GEORGE'S fault. I'll 'elp 'im out as well as I can," she announced.

It was a resolute Tilda who awaited her swain at the kitchen door that night.

"Take off yer shoes," she said abruptly.

Jem obeyed.

"'Old up yer 'ead. Don't loll," came the sharp command.

Jem drew himself up to attention, and Tilda manipulated an inch tape.

"Sixty-three inches an' a bit. Twelves into sixty go five. Five feet three an' a scrap. You 'll jest do," she said with a complacent nod.

Jem, motionless, but turning a fine blush-rose under the touch of the busy fingers, levelled an enquiring gaze at the preoccupied face.

"I'm giving you to KING GEORGE," remarked Tilda. "I'm sorry you ain't taller, but he 'll understand I've done the best I can for 'im," she added with a little sigh.

"But—but—" faltered Jem.

"There ain't no buts about it," broke in Tilda with swift asperity. "Think what you'd feel like if you was me."

"Why, it's you a-sendin' me," protested Jem. "I won't go if you don't want me to leave yer."

Tilda flung back her head with an impatient snort at man's obtuseness.

"You don't s'pose I'm whinin' cos you 're goin', do you?" she demanded.

An abashed Jem diminished perceptibly.

"Well, why then?" he asked humbly.

"Cos I can't go, stoopid. It ain't fair."

A BENEFACTOR.

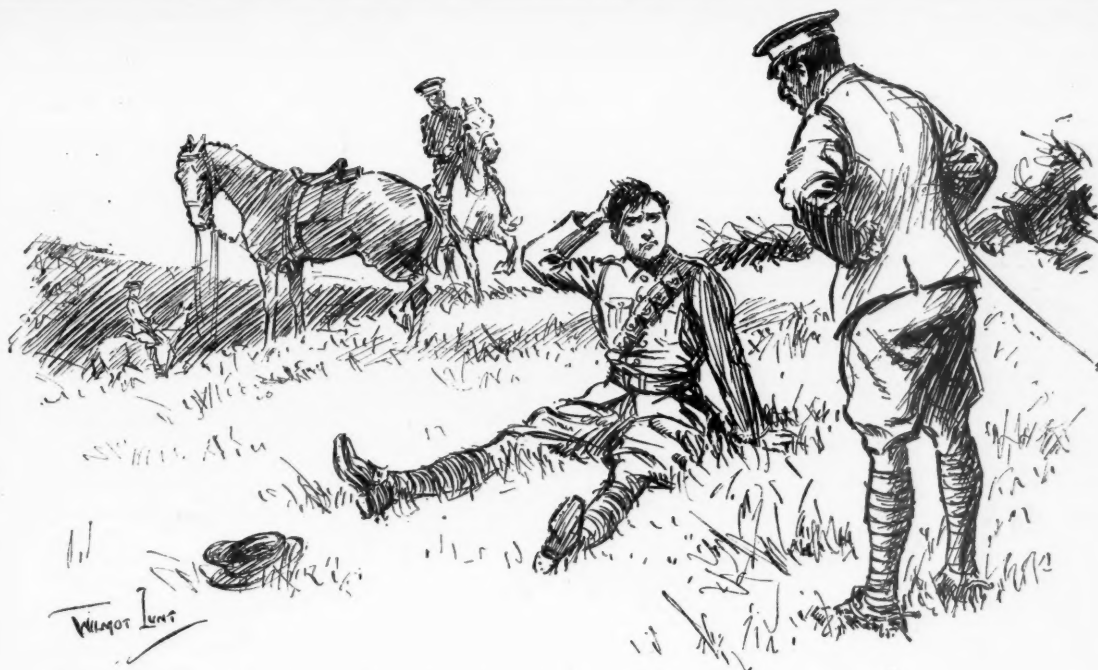
THEIR blazon flashed across the sky
Or ever the War began;
In divers spots it struck the eye
Of every passing man.
Aloft the flickering words would run,
Curtly commanding me
To use the Soap of Such a One,
Or swallow Someone's Tea.

But oh, in London's sky to-day
Such legends no man meets,
And, as I go my cautious way
By dark but decent streets,
I think of him who bade depart
These beacons' blatant din,
And almost find it in my heart
To bless Count ZEPPELIN.

"FIVE HOLES IN HULL."

GLASGOW BEING REPAIRED IN RIO DE JANEIRO."—*Star*.

More news for Germans: "Successful bombardment of British towns."



Cavalry Instructor. "FROM WHERE DID YOU RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS TO DISMOUNT, SIR?"
Raw Recruit. "FROM HINDQUARTERS, SIR."

A 'SOLDIER'S SERVANT.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I am only a dog, but as you have a dog of your own you will be able to sympathise with me and understand my feelings. If you don't, ask him and he will explain.

My master tells me he is going to a place called The Front, and he seems awfully pleased with the idea. But my mistress is not pleased at all, though she tries to smile and look happy when he talks about it. All the same, I have found her several times crying quietly by herself, and have had to lick her face thoroughly all over in order to cheer her up.

At first, when my master told me he was going to this mysterious place, I simply barked and wagged my tail and jumped about, because, of course, I thought I was going there too, and it doesn't matter to me where he goes as long as I go with him. Imagine therefore my feelings when it gradually leaked out that I was to be left behind. When the truth dawned upon me I was so upset that I lay for a whole day on the doorstep in a dazed condition, whilst several cats who knew me well came and washed themselves carefully right under my nose. I hardly saw them, though of course I couldn't help smelling them.

You see, Mr. Punch, what made me feel so very bad was that I had found

out something about The Front from other dogs. It appears that it is a very dangerous place, full of what they call Germans, where he would need me to look after him much more than he does at home. Why then not take me? I cannot understand it at all. I can fight. Ask the dog at the house at the corner of our road what he thinks, and just take a look at his ears. They speak for themselves.

Then, again, I can hear and smell a great deal better than my master, and could keep watch while he is asleep (I am told he will have to sleep in a ditch!), and after one or two sniffs and bites I should soon learn to tell a German.

In time of danger the place of every English dog is by his master's side, and he doesn't mind dying there either. Can't you help us to get to The Front with our masters?

Yours faithfully,

A VERY SAD DOG.

P.S.—I enclose untouched one of the most delicious bones I have ever smelt—not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Men from Blankley's.

"MATES GIVEN FOR
Dinner Parties. Dance Suppers.
Wedding Receptions. At Homes."
Advt. in "Clifton Society."

A boon for the harassed hostess.

THE OPPORTUNISTS.

'Tis a strange portent of the war
That every advertiser

Desires to be indebted for
His income to the KAISER;
At all events

He's got the goods for military gents.

"Pypp's Playing-cards," we learn,
"dispel

The longest siege's tedium."

"Tin of Tobacco turns a shell—
Great feat by Mascot (medium)."

"No ally feels
Hungry or tired who carries *Pouk's*
Pastilles."

"The nicest present you can get
To soothe the soldier's nerve is
Our *Black Maria* cigarette—
The best for active service!"

"All haversacks
Should carry lumps of *Entente* seal-
ing-wax."

"Ask for our *French equivalent*
Of British Oaths. The French is
More chic. A pretty compliment
To *Pion-Pion* in the trenches!

A boon untold
To Indian colonels suffering from
the cold!"

"Both persons have been taken prisoners
and sent to Medan, where they will be fried
for having broken Holland's neutrality."
Provinciale Groninger Courant.

A severe, but perhaps necessary, lesson.

A SPORTING DESPATCH.

[From William Wheeze, K.G. (Keeper of Game), addressed to our own Subaltern at the Front, and describing the operations of the Allied Forces in and round the West Wood and the Middle Planting, November, 1914.]

SIR,—I have the honour to report that on Saturday last the Allied Forces advanced, as soon as they could be got out of bed, in the direction of the West Wood. The troops under my command or supposed to be under my command, were drawn chiefly from the Old Fogey Division. In addition to the Household Extremely Heavy Infantry, there were two battalions of the 160th London Potterers (the "Puff Hards"), specially summoned from Pall Mall to act with us. These battalions, under the command of Colonel Bowindow, D.S.O., fully maintained the noble traditions that attach to their name. There were also two regiments of unmounted cavalry, the 210th (Flannel Feet) and the 36th Purple Lancers (Buster's Own). These sections declined to co-operate unless provided with shooting ponies.

Circumstances unfortunately deprived me of the assistance of other contingents, such as the Dog-potters, upon which I had in previous years been able to depend. At Westwood our troops deployed, and a hostile demonstration on the part of the enemy, signalled by loud von clucks, kept us thoroughly on the alert. They found our range very quickly, a good deal more quickly, indeed, than we found theirs; but as they advanced closer their casualties became more numerous. On the whole the result of this action was not unsatisfactory. After a short march through the bracken we occupied a well-chosen position in open country, our troops availing themselves of such cover as offered, though some of them took a good deal of concealing. A violent general engagement ensued, and for some time the firing was continuous. The enemy's losses were serious, a frontal attack in close formation and at a moderate pace being attended with great disaster. The Potterers, after taking some time to bring their guns into action, kept up a constant and, as they assured me, effective fire.

Reports having been received that the enemy were holding the Middle Planting in strength, I decided to manoeuvre in that direction. There was an affair of outposts in the course of the march, Colonel Bowindow bravely engaging a strongly entrenched rabbit. There was no actual loss of life, the rabbit retiring in good order, but its

moral is, I understand, seriously shaken if not completely shattered. It subsequently succeeded in digging itself deeper in, and took no further part in the day's operations.

Before attempting to dislodge the main body of the enemy our forces took cover in open order under an adjacent hedge. With scarcely any delay large numbers of the enemy appeared above the top of the wire entanglements, the rapidity of their movements taking our artillery by surprise. Our gunners, however, served their pieces with regularity and determination until the enemy were reported to be in full retreat. Their casualties were few, chiefly owing to the speed at which their movements were conducted, and only amounted to one wounded, or said to be. Two more were alleged to be missing, but have probably by this time rejoined their regiments. The expenditure of ammunition during this skirmish was great.

At the battle of Middle Planting, which followed, the enemy suffered severely. Our encircling movement was capably carried out and our high-angle fire was very effective. On our left flank Colonel Buster found himself at one time almost completely enveloped by hares, but in this critical situation he handled his guns promptly, and in repulsing the adversary suffered no loss except that of his temper. That he did not inflict more damage was, according to his own statement, due to the fact that the opposing forces, when they saw him preparing to develop his attack, kept at a prudent distance. During this engagement numerous wood-taubes were sighted flying over our position, but at such a height that it was impossible, or appeared to be impossible, to bring them down.

Rations were then served out, the commissariat being under the able direction of Major Domo. The quality of the supplies was satisfactory, nor was there any real shortage, if I may judge from the report (received by me after lunch from General Torpor, in temporary command) that our troops were incapable of advancing, or indeed of any movement at all.

LATER.—On waking up we made a forced march in the direction of Mudford Village and occupied a wide front, the considerable spaces between units rendering our operations less hazardous to each other. A flanking movement upon the line Stubblefield-Tenacre-Turniptops was attended with some success, though several entire Army Corps of the enemy succeeded in extricating themselves without disaster. Nor were we able to come in touch with them again before darkness set in,

and the Allied Forces retired, highly pleased with themselves, to their base, in the immediate neighbourhood of Auction Bridge.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
WILLIAM WHEEZE.

WAR'S REVENGES.

(A True Story.)

THIS War has done many wonderful things;

It has altered our views of Kaisers and Kings,
And quite discounted the stern rebukes
Of those who anathematized Grand Dukes.

It has hurled from many a lofty pinnacle
The self-sufficient and the cynical;
And revised the judgments we once
held true

In various ways that are strange and new.

For instance, the other day there came
To see me, the same yet not the same,
A former office boy, whom once
I wholly misread as a Cockney dunce,
Who only cared for music-hall tunes—
And who went and 'listed in the
Dragoons.

His khaki was much the worse for wear,
Soiled and crumpled and needing repair,
And he hadn't unlearned since his office
days

His gruff laconic turn of phrase.
So I had to drag it out by degrees
That he hadn't been in the lap of ease,
But from Mons to Ypres, out at the
Front,

Had helped to bear the battle's brunt.
Rest? Well, they had to do without it;
But he didn't make a song about it.
Last three weeks he'd never been dry;
A sniper had shot him through the
thigh;

But his wound had healed, he was
right as rain

And anxious to get to the Front again.
So there he stood, erect, serene,
Unshaken by all he had suffered and
seen,

And ready once more at his Country's
call

To leave his wife, his home, his all.
And I, as I thought of what he had
done,

And the arm-chair band (of which I
am one),

Elderly scribblers, who can't even drill,
And are only good at driving a quill—
Humbled and shamed to my inmost
core

I wished I could drop clean through
the floor.

For the tables were turned; I stood at
zero,

And the office boy was a full-blown
hero.

ANOTHER MISJUDGED ALIEN.

Clarence (who pulls the path roller) says there's a Society for the Maintenance of Horses' Rights. I wish there was one for the Abolition of Eagles' Wrongs. I am an eagle, the handsomest eagle in the Zoo, and I sometimes wish I were a sparrow. Moults me, but I've even wished I were stuffed. And all because the authorities won't change my label. It's true the notice they've put on my cage telling people to keep their children from the bars has stopped the young brutes from shooting me with peas and monkey nuts, but it can't save my feelings, and all because—but there! this is how my own particular official label runs:—

IMPERIAL EAGLE.
SCHODDERSTOGHARDTMEISSEN. DEPOSITED.

You can imagine the situation. How in the firmament am I to tell the public that Schodderstoghardtmeissen is a craggy headland on the coast of Norway, and not in the least associated with Germany or Austria—places I never heard of till but recently. But ever since the men in khaki first made their appearance in the Gardens some four months ago a most extraordinary undercurrent of opprobrious criticism has crept into the public's conversation, that public once so full of admiration for my noble bearing—unless it saw me walk; for which reason I don't come off my pedestal in public hours if I can help it. But now the mildest visitors seem to hold themselves under a moral obligation to connect me in some manner with what Clarence calls the "present crisis."

Sixpenny days are my worst. "There's the German eagle!" says the crowd. I can't even sit in my water trough without being told I'm "entrenching" myself.

Only last chicken's-neck day (we dine alternately on poultry and—or—the joint) an old lady paused before my quarters and, her head on one side, murmured musingly: "Yet I always thought the Austrian eagle had two heads, but perhaps I'm thinking of the unicorn." Half an hour later a party stopped in front of me, and one of them says: "Them Jermins didn't deserve a nolle-looking bird like 'im to represent 'em, did they, Hemelie? Something with scales and bat's wings 'ud be more appropriate, I don't think." "Yes, an' a drunkard's liver," chimes in another, and then they all laughed. Ser-e-e-e-e-ak!!

Even the regular visitors are no better. The stout old gentleman—an editor and an F.Z.S., if you please—who used to get Michael, my valet, to let him see me from the private window,



Inspector. "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GRUMBLE?"

Constable. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT JUST BECAUSE I LOOK A BIT LIKE A GERMAN ME LIFE 'AS BECOME A BURDEN. PEOPLE SAY, 'I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF 'E WASN'T A SHEEP IN LION'S CLOTHES.'"

just glares at me over the top of his newspaper and mutters, "Hah! my fine bird, you're coming off your perch head-first before many months are over." And the newspaper cameraman, who used to take my portrait whilst Michael fed me with tit-bits—last week he caught me warming my spread wings in a little patch of sunlight. "Just the stuff," he twittered, as he struggled with his camera. "Great wheeze! Splendid snap for a full-page—'HIS PLACE IN THE SUN.' It wasn't my fault if I didn't spoil the photograph.

The very latest is a rumour that my right wing is likely to be crumpled up. And the griffin vulture next door, who saw something of the sanatorium

when he swallowed a lighted cigar-end in mistake for a glow-worm, hopes they'll give me chloroform. It's also whispered that I'm moulting, but that, I know, isn't true.

Well, I suppose it must all end one day. As it is, I find myself looking back longingly to the time when to the public I was just an eagle and a king of birds. I can even remember with toleration the two simple souls who once perched upon a garden-seat before my apartments. Said one, "There y'are, M'ria. There's one of them armer-dillers young Bert was tellin' us about." And the other replied: "Why, don't you know no more nat'ral 'ist'ry than that, Elfrid? That ain't a armadiller; that's a 'ummin'-bird!"

TOMMY BROWN, AUCTIONEER.

Tommy Brown knows all about India. You see his father served out there, and that is how Tommy knows so much. He says that everybody in India has to have a bath once a year in the Ganges, and that there is a delta at the mouth of the Ganges as big as Ireland.

Tommy says it is very hot in the shade in India, but you needn't walk in the shade unless you like. He showed me how an idol looked—it is like when you come to the castor oil under the ginger wine.

But it is about the Indian troops that I want to tell you. Tommy was very pleased when they came, because he knows all about them. He likes the Gherkins best, he says, because they are so hardy. Tommy says the Gherkins can hold their breath for five minutes without going red in the face, and that's why they can fight so well.

He says they never want anything to eat, because they have a kind of a twig that they chew, and then all they have to do is to keep tightening their belts. Tommy gave me some of the twig they chew; it tasted like cabbage. I didn't want anything more to eat all that day. Tommy had some himself; he says now he doesn't think it was the right kind of twig. Tommy told me that the Gherkins' mothers teach them to prowl when they are very young, and that they are always prowling. Tommy showed me how to prowl. You have to lie flat on your stomach, and wriggle about as if you were swimming. He says it makes the Gherkins very hardy. They always do it, Tommy says, even when they have a half-holiday. To do it properly you have to breathe through the back of your throat and move your ears.

When the King went to India, Tommy says he was surprised at the Gherkins. They used to prowl before him, and he was very glad. He said they were very hardy.

Tommy says they are very brave because they don't know what fear is; his father told him that. He says no one has ever seen a Gherkin blub; if they have to, they go and do it somewhere else.

There is only one way you can kill them. Tommy knows the way, but he daren't tell anyone.

Tommy says that when they want to kill a man they prowl after him for five miles, and then come back as silently as they went. He says it is no good shooting at them, because they are not there.

He showed me how they killed people. They come up behind you and

catch you round the neck, and it's no good saying, "Shut up," because they don't understand English; then you make a noise like gargling for sore throats, and that's how they know you are dead. It makes the people very angry, Tommy says.

If they take a dislike to anyone, you are sure to get killed, because they prowl after you until they do. And when you come to look at the dead man, you can see he has died a horrible death, and if you turn him over there isn't a mark on him. You see he didn't hear them coming. That's what Tommy Brown told me.

Tommy says a Gherkin once saved his father's life by killing a snake. Tommy's father gave the Gherkin a lot of money to put in his pocket, but he wouldn't take it. The Gherkins don't have pockets, Tommy says.

Tommy says that if two Germans stood back to back to see who was the taller, a Gherkin could cut through both of them with his two-handed knife, and it would be done so quickly that neither of the Germans would know which was killed first. They do it by practice, Tommy told me. They always use two-handed knives, so that when they are tired with using one handle they can use the other.

You can never catch a Gherkin because on the slightest movement in the bushes they throw a rope up into the air and climb up it, then they pull the rope up after them.

Tommy says that Gherkins wear turbots on their heads. He says that they wear very few clothes, but they don't catch rheumatism because it is not known there.

When Tommy's mother told him that people were sending presents to the Indian troops we had a meeting about it. We dug a deep trench in Tommy's garden and held the meeting there; Tommy didn't want the Germans to know.

When we had dug the trench Tommy stood at one end, and I had to come up to him and give him the sign we had arranged. You had to move your ears and say "Gherkin," then you were admitted to the trench. It was because of the German spies.

We decided to get money for the Indian troops by selling Tommy's white rats, and I was to lend Tommy my Jew's harp for a week as my share.

Tommy sold the white rats in the playground after school. He stood on a box near the fence. The man who lives next door thought Tommy was going to climb over into his garden after a ball, and he said to Tommy, "My steemy friend, you stay where you are."

Tommy took no notice because his mother said the man had been to India and brought back his liver and Tommy wasn't to listen.

I bid fourpence for the two white rats; we had arranged that in the trench.

Tommy Brown said with lots of scorn, "Fourpence!!"—just like that. Then he said the money was to go to buy things for the Indian troops, and what would they think of fourpence? Old Jones minimus said sixpence when he got his pocket-money on Saturday; then the Head came out to see what the row was about. When Tommy Brown told him all about it, the Head bid half-a-crown in a loud voice. We cheered, and just then the man who lives next door and who brought his liver home from India shouted out five shillings. Then the Headmaster said ten shillings. Tommy Brown had to clutch hold of the rails. The man who lives next door went red in the neck and bid a sovereign. Jones minimus began to blub when the Head bid two pounds.

The man who had been to India said: "My steemy Sir, it is no use; I bid four pounds." I could see old Tommy Brown moving his ears like anything. The Headmaster said: "The Gherkins are some of the finest troops in the world"—he meant Gherkins, but he was excited; then he said: "Five Pounds, Tommy White, for the brown rats." The man who likes liver said something we haven't got to listen to, and then Tommy fell off the box.

"Knocked down at six pounds!" said the Headmaster, laughing; "we will have one each. They both gave Tommy Brown three pounds and then shook hands over the fence. Tommy says I needn't lend him my Jew's harp now."

Faint Praise.

"The House of Commons was seen at its best to-day. The benches, it is true, were more than all empty."—*Cork Constitution*.

From a letter to a school-teacher:—

"I think as Eliza as the mumps. Pleas look at her throte and if she as rub her jor well to tak away the stif feeling and oblig."

From War News in *The Peshawar Daily News*:—

"The 'Langford' knocked out the gunboat 'Smith' in three rounds."

How like a German gunboat (obviously "Schmidt") to disguise itself with an English name.

"MISS JEFFERSON RECALLED IN BREACH SUIT."

"Evening News" Headline.

Although the defendant in this case was a cycle-dealer, we think that these sudden changes of costume are liable to lead to confusion and should, therefore, be forbidden.



Officer (on rounds near revolving light). "ANYTHING TO REPORT?"
Sentry. "No, Sir; THERE'S NO MUCKLE TA RIFORRET; BUT YON FOLKS HAE BEEN HAVIN' A HEAP O' TROUBLE WI' THEIR LIGHT:
IT'S GONE OOT TWENTY TIMES IN THE LAST OOR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STEVENSON, in one of his Fables, imagines a court presided over by the Great White Magistrate. It was a very brief session, and the novelist did not again use the idea. Mr. HUGH CARTON, whose name, we are informed by the wrapper of the book, that new and most trustworthy medium of communication between the candid publisher (unwilling that merit should shine unobserved) and the hesitating purchaser (who needs only the truth to send his hand to his purse) is a pseudonym covering the identity of "one of the leading clerics of our day," has however made a whole book of it. In *The Grand Assize* (HEINEMANN) Mr. CARTON imagines a Day of Judgment, on which the careers and influences of a number of social types are weighed and punishment inflicted—for all are guilty. The Plutocrat, the Daughter of Joy, the Bookmaker, the Party Politician, the Musical Comedy entrepreneur, the Agitator, even the Cleric (although not, I am sure, he of the wrapper) are called to justice. Everything for and against them is then said, either by themselves or the advocate, and sentence is passed. The result is a book curiously rich in sympathy, fearless and fine, and provocative of much thought. That it is in essence a tract is nothing against it; for many of the best novels belong to that genus, and HOGARTH, of whom now and then the reader is forced to think, was a tractarian to the core. I take off my hat to "HUGH CARTON" and wish that more parsons were as humane and understanding as he.

Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD seems as a writer to possess two quite distinct literary methods. There is his style high-

fantastical, which at its best touches a kind of fairylike inspiration, unique and charming—the style, for example, of *Jimbo*. Then, on a lower plane, there is the frankly bogie creepiness of *John Silence*. Between the two he has created a position for himself, half trickster, half wizard, that none else in modern literature could fill. His new book, *Incredible Adventures* (MACMILLAN), is a combination of both methods. Four of the five adventures are of the mystically gruesome kind, removed however from being commonplace ghost-stories by a certain dignity of conception. It is to be admitted that but for this dignity two at least would fall into some peril of bathos. Take the first, *The Regeneration of Lord Ernie*, in which a young tutor, bear-leading a spiritless scion of nobility through Europe, brings his bored charge to a strange mountain village where the inhabitants worship the forces of fire and wind. If you know Mr. BLACKWOOD's work, as you surely do, I need not detail to you what happens. Told as he tells it, at considerable, even undue, length, but with a wonderful sense of the mysterious, of the feeling of the wind-swept mountain and its roaring fires, the thing is undeniably impressive. But in other less expert hands it would become ludicrous. There is one tale of finer texture than the others. It is called *Wayfarers*, and is a quite beautiful little fantasy on the old theme that love is longer than life. This is what Mr. BLACKWOOD can do to perfection. It redeems a volume that, for all its originality, does not otherwise display his art quite at its best.

Antarctic Adventure (FISHER UNWIN), by RAYMOND E. PRIESTLEY, tells the story of SCOTT's Northern party. That party, as you probably remember, spent an unexpected winter underground, owing to the failure of the ship to

relieve it. Its story was shortly told by its leader, Lieutenant CAMPBELL, in *Scott's Last Expedition*—the official report of a sailor to his commanding officer. Mr. PRIESTLEY is more communicative. As one of the famous six who went through it, he gives us, from his comfortable rooms in Cambridge, the full tale of that extraordinary adventure. He had a good angle of observation in the igloo, for it was he who doled out the eight birthday lumps of sugar and the other few ridiculous luxuries which relieved the monotony of seal. He was, in fact, the commissariat officer. How he must have been loved—and hated! To what a large extent also (one begins to realise) the ultimate safety of the party must have been due to his management. I recommend to boys and grown-ups a story as absorbing as *Robinson Crusoe*, and as heartening to the pride of Englishmen as the other stories which we are hearing now from places less remote. For boys in particular *The Voyages of Captain Scott* (SMITH ELDER) has been written by CHARLES TURLEY, a compilation excellently made from the original diaries; to which Sir J. M. BARRIE has written a true BARRIE preface describing the boyhood of SCOTT. I can think of no better present for a nephew.

The Woman in the Bazaar (CASSELL), by Mrs. PERRIN, is a story of the Anglo-Indian life in which she always moves at ease. It is *Captain George Coventry's* first wife, the golden-haired and "phenomenally" (as the newspaper-men will go on saying) innocent *Rafella* of the high-perched Cotswold vicarage, who eventually finds her deplorable way down to the Bazaar. If *George* (that beastly prig) at the psychological moment of their first

serious quarrel, instead of threatening and laughing like a drunken man and reeling back into the room, had reeled forward and gone into the matter quietly, the entirely virtuous, if idiotic, *Rafella* would not have flown into the practised arms of that unscrupulous barrister, *Kennard*, who, as everybody knew, had left a mournful trail of dishonoured wives all over India, his legal knowledge presumably saving him at once from the inconvenience of marrying his victims and from the physical violence of outraged Anglo-Indian chivalry. And when *George*, now a colonel and on the verge of a quarrel with the second *Mrs. Coventry* about a young ass of a *tertium quid*, caught sight of poor *Rafella* at a window in the Bazaar, he was so genuinely upset that he rushed back to his wife, forgave her (nothing in particular) and lived happily ever after. Which, of course, is just one of those things that thrusts the avenging hatchet into the hand of the Militant.

I suppose that the "culture" (using this word in the strictly English sense) of Streatham Hill may perhaps be a trifle thinner than that of certain other suburbs, and, keeping this well in mind, I must try to believe that *Candytuft—I mean Veronica* (HUTCHINSON) is meant for romantic comedy and is not a one-Act farce hastily expanded by its author into three-hundred-page fiction form.

The plot turns on a not very serious marital estrangement. *C. I. M. V.* (she had called herself *Veronica* suddenly one day after reading *RUSKIN*) decided that she must have an intellectual companion and (rather daringly) that he must be of the male sex. So her husband's best friend dressed himself up as a fantastic and extremely repulsive-looking poet with a red wig and padded waistcoat and indulged in fantastic rhodomantades in order to disillusionise her. Well enough on the knock-about stage, of course. But, if I am to treat *C. I. M. V.* from the mildly satiric standpoint, which I fancy that MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY would prefer me to adopt, *Mr. Shakespeare Waddilove* is rather a big mouthful to swallow, even if I can accommodate my throat to the supposition that the lady would have allowed her husband to choose her Platonic friend for her and promise beforehand to give him a two months' trial. She did come from Streatham, I know, before she went to live in the country; but still the trams run all the way from Streatham to Charing Cross—and that padded waistcoat!

However there are some amusing passages in *Candytuft—I mean Veronica*, and so I shut both eyes and gulped as hard as I could.

Do you know *Mrs. Shovell*? *Violet Ashwin* she was, and married young *Charlie Shovell*, some sort of a publisher and really rather a nice fool. She is an absolute dear. Gay and loyal and adorably kind. No, not a bit sentimental. Shy and yet has a way with her, and, thank Heaven, not the least bit of a scalp-hunter. We did think that *Master Charles*, who was distinctly by way of being a philanderer, mightn't perhaps run quite straight.

But she's done wonders with him. Might I introduce you? Certainly? Then get *Duke Jones* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), by ETHEL SIDGWICK. She's entirely responsible for these nice people, and for *Lady Ashwin*, *Violet's* utter beast of a mother, and *Sir Claude*, that brick of a man and doctor, and insufferable *Honor* and naughty bewitching *Lisette*, who came badly to grief and was pulled out of a really rotten hole by *Jones*. *E. M. Jones* (*M* for *Marmaduke*) was the fellow who worshipped *Violet* at sight and was ever after her faithful dog. . . . I've put down this book with real regret. I can't help worrying as to whether there really is such a person as *Violet* because I might have the fortune to meet her. Really, Miss Sidgwick has an extraordinary power of making you feel friends (or bitter enemies) with her puppets, who aren't puppets at all. I've had the bad luck to miss *A Lady of Leisure*, to which *Duke Jones* is a sequel, but I'll readily take the responsibility of advising you to get it first.

Those who do not accept Archbishop LANG's view that the KAISER is too sacred a subject for mirth should spend sixpence and a quarter of an hour on *Keep Smiling* (NASH). In dealing with the inexhaustible theme of WILLIAM'S Lie Factory, Messrs. WALTER EMANUEL and JOHN HASSALL are at their best.



Sergeant Instructor. "WHAT'S YER NAME?"

Sir Angelo Frampington, R.A. "FRAMPINGTON."

Sergeant. "WELL, 'OLD YER 'EAD UP, FRAMPINGTON."

CHARIVARIA.

We are told that "it is confidently believed by the advisers to the Treasury that the new issue of £1 notes cannot be successfully imitated." We think that it is a mistake to put our artists on their mettle in this way.

A black eagle, a contemporary tells us, was seen one day last week at Westgate-on-Sea. A Prussian bird, no doubt, in mourning for lost Calais.

The German Government has declared timber contraband of war owing to its alleged scarcity in Germany. Surely, as DOUGLAS JERROLD suggested on another occasion, the German authorities could find plenty of wood in their own country if they only put their heads together?

The news that "Bantam" battalions are now being formed all over England is said to have greatly interested General KLUCK.

The report that the PRIME MINISTER spent last week-end in the country is said to have caused intense annoyance to the KAISER, who considered that it showed a lack of respect for His War.

A map of the United Kingdom published in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* depicts the Mersey as being located in the West of Ireland. Frankly, we are surprised at the Germans showing any Mersey anywhere.

Mr. JOHN WARD has been accused of perpetrating a mixed metaphor when he warned the Government, the other day, that "they would wake up and find the horse had bolted with the money." Is it not, however, a fact that when a horse bolts he sometimes takes a bit between the teeth?

The financial expert of *The Observer*, in referring to the War Loan, said:—"From all over the country the small investor rallied in his thousands." But he had just said that "the applicants were enormous." Possibly the truth is somewhere between the two—say about 1½ stone.

A football pavilion in Bromley Road, Catford, was entirely destroyed by fire

last week. We are trying to bear the blow bravely.

There would seem to be no limit to the influence of the Censor. Here is the latest example of his activities:—

"MEXICO
GENERAL BLANCO EVACUATES
THE CAPITAL."

We must confess that we fail to see what British interest is served by withholding the General's name.

The German IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR has now repeated, in the presence of a

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

The least that we others can do is to see that those who have joined the colours don't have too dull a time in camp during the long evenings. Messrs. JOHN BROADWOOD AND SONS are organizing concerts which will serve the further good purpose of helping many professional musicians whose incomes have been reduced by the war. It is hoped to give 200 of these entertainments during the winter. Each is estimated to cost about £10. The Directors of Messrs. BROADWOOD have privately subscribed £500 towards the carrying out of this scheme, and they would be glad to receive generous help from the public. Subscriptions should be addressed to them at Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.

OUR WAR ENQUIRY BUREAU.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mother of the Gracchi.—If your son is under age, below the standard height, is obliged to wear coloured glasses, suffers much from face-ache, and frequently has carbuncles, we fear his chances of obtaining a commission in the Household Cavalry are nil.

Anxious to help.—The pistols used by your grandfather during the Peninsular War would not, we are afraid, be of any use to your nephew in the present campaign.

All-British Matron.—We regret that we do not quite understand from your letter whether it is your new Vicar that you suspect of pro-German proclivities, or the pew-opener. We advise you to communicate with the nearest Rural Dean or Archdeacon.

Troubled Parent.—We fear that your boy will be obliged to dispense with his hot-water bottle now that he has joined the Army, and it would be no use your writing to his commanding officer about the matter.

Aunt Alice.—Lord KITCHENER hardly ever accepts invitations to tea-parties, but it was nice of you to think of asking him.

"Dans l'Est, nous avons dû refuser une suspension d'armes, probablement destinée à l'inhumation des blessés."

To judge from this extract from *Le Nord Maritime* the French still lack a true appreciation of German culture.



OWING TO THE OUTCRY AGAINST HIGH-PLACED ALIENS A WEALTHY GERMAN TRIES TO LOOK AS LITTLE HIGH-PLACED AS POSSIBLE.

full-dress meeting of the Reichstag, the old falsehood about Great Britain being responsible for the War. This, we believe, is what is known as Lying in State.

And the statement that Germany need have no fears of a food famine may be described, we take it, as a Cereal Story.

SVEN HEDIN has received the honorary degree of Doctor from Breslau University—as a reward, presumably, for doctoring the truth.

"GERMAN PREPARATIONS IN BELGIUM.

6-MILE GUNS IN POSITION."—*Star*.

It sounds like a 30,000 foot cinema film.

TRUTHFUL WILLIE.

[Suggested by an American's interview with the Crown Prince and also by WORDSWORTH'S "We are Seven."]

A SIMPLE earnest-minded youth,
Who wore in both his eyes
A calm pellucid lake of Truth—
What should he know of lies?

I met a gentle German Prince,
His name was Truthful WILL,
An honest type—and, ever since,
His candour haunts me still.

"About this War—come tell me, Sir,
If you would be so kind,
Just any notions which occur
To your exalted mind."

"Frankly, I cannot bear," said he,
"The very thought of strife;
It seems so sad; it seems to me
A wicked waste of life."

"Thank Father's God that I can say
My constant aim was Peace;
I simply lived to see the Day
(*Den Tag*) when wars would cease."

"But, just as I was well in train
To realise my dream,
Came England, all for lust of gain,
And spoilt my beauteous scheme."

"But tell me how the rumours run;
Be frank and tell the worst
Touching myself; you speak to one
With whom the Truth comes first."

"Prince," I replied, "the vulgar view
Pictured you on your toes
Eager for gore; they say that you
Were ever bellicose."

"'Twas you, the critics say, who led
The loud War Party's cry
For blood and iron." "Oh!" he said,
"Oh what a dreadful lie!"

"'War Party'? Well, I'm Father's pet,
And, if such things had been,
He must have let me know, and yet
I can't think what you mean."

"But your BERNHARDI," I replied,
"He preached the Great War Game."
"BERNHARDI! who was he?" he cried;
"I never heard his name!"

"Dear Father must be told of him;
Father, who loathes all war,
Is looking rather grey and grim,
But that should make him roar!"

So, with a smile that knew no art,
He left me well content
Thus to have communion, heart to heart,
With one so innocent.

And still I marvelled, having scanned
Those eyes so full of Truth,
"Oh *why* do men misunderstand
This bright and blameless youth?" O. S.

NEWS FROM THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

Northern France.

As you will see from our address, here we are among the War Correspondents. But there is a mistake somewhere; either there are not enough Germans to go round, or else they—Headquarters, you know—simply hate the idea of throwing the flower of the British Army into the full glare of the shrapnel. Anyhow, we haven't actually been engaged yet, though our Private Smithson has collected three bits of shrapnel and a German rifle; and we have all heard artillery fire (off). Which makes us think that these rumours of war aren't just a scare got up to help recruiting.

Some doubt exists among us as to our precise function out here. Here we are (as I may have mentioned) a magnificent battalion of young giants, complete with rifles—every man has at least one and Private Smithson has two—webbing equipment, cummerbunds, mufflers, cameras, sleeping caps (average, six per man) and even boots; and yet they can't decide exactly what to do with us. Mind you, we are absolute devils for a fight; we have already been reserve troops to five different divisions and thought nothing of it. We are not quite sure whether we get five medals for this or one medal with five bars. Not that we really care; such considerations do not affect us. As Edward—the mascot of the section—observed to me the other day, "I don't care two beans about medals; I want to go home."

But you ask what do we actually do? Let no man believe that we are out here on a holiday. On the contrary we give ourselves over entirely to warlike pursuits. Some days we slope arms by numbers; and other days we clean dixies and indent for new boots. Night by night we guard our approaches and pro the tyres of oncoming motors with fixed bayonets. Every morning the man who held up General FRENCH tells us about it with bated breath over our bated breakfasts. It is one of the finest traditions of the corps that General FRENCH is held up by us every night. We have our own sentries' word for it. This is especially interesting in view of the persistent reports that he is in a totally different part of France. As he gives a different name every night and varies considerably in appearance we feel that there must be something behind it all.

Thompson, who is no end of a fire-eater and wants to be invalided home with a bullet in his left shoulder—he is engaged—has invented a scheme for getting to the front by sheer initiative. Our officers have quite a pedantic veneration for orders, field-marshal's and other obsolete pink apron-strings. We are thus thrown back on our sergeants, a fine body of men whose one weakness is an enthusiasm for chocolate. Acting on this knowledge certain tactful and public-spirited privates in our midst will present the sergeants with two sticks of chocolate per sergeant on the understanding that they thereafter form the battalion into fours and march them circumstantially to the trenches. There are, by all accounts, such supplies of these that a few here and there are bound to be empty. Having occupied these we will all expose our left shoulders, and, having gleaned a whole shrubbery of laurels, return to Divisional H.Q. The sergeants, such as survive, will then be court-martialled and shot at dawn, while the rest of the regiment will be honourably exiled to England in glorious disgrace. All that remains is for Thompson to approach the sergeants with chocolate.

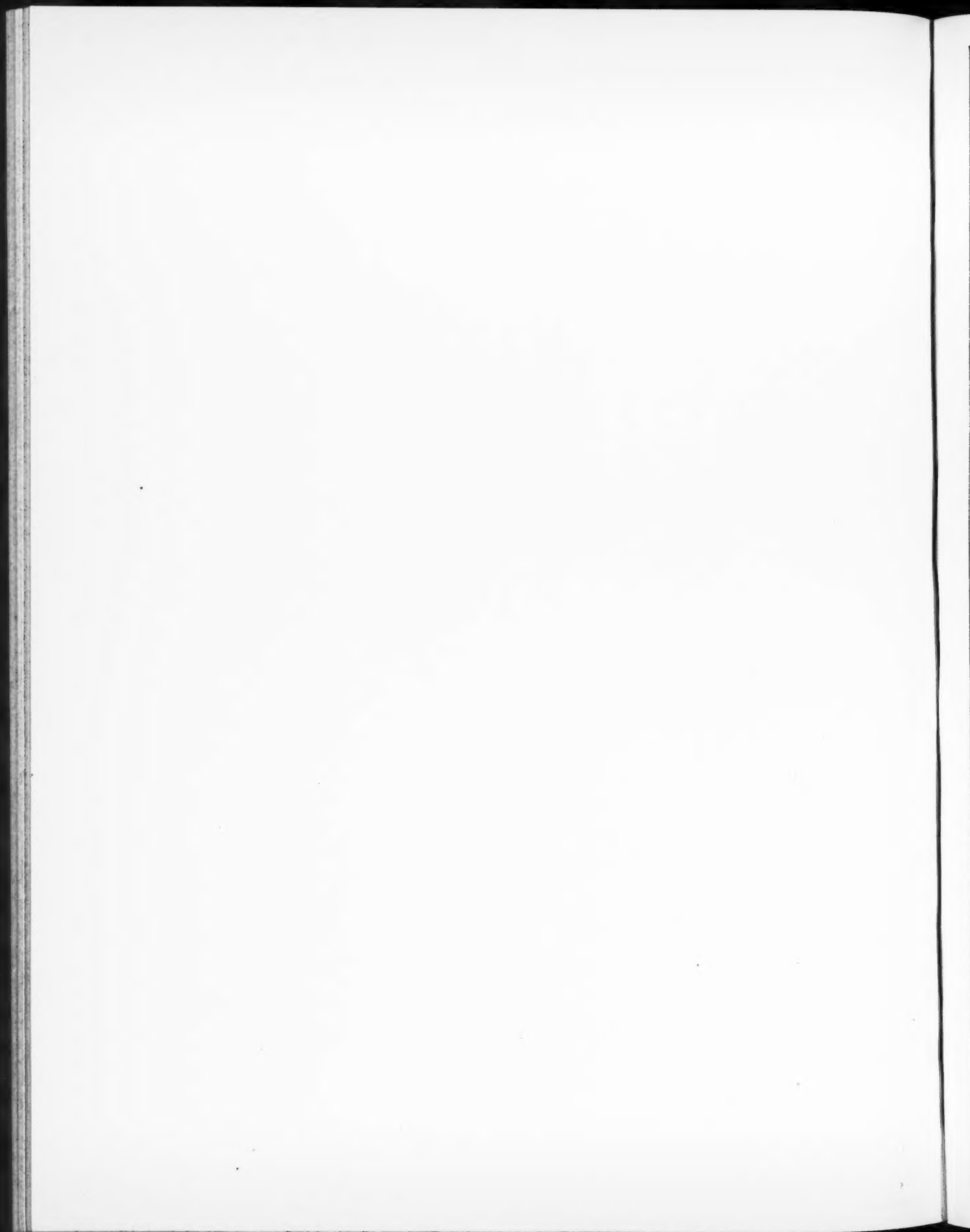
We notice a stray poster which advertises the thrilling romance, *I Hid my Love*. Is the idea that he should elude conscription? or simply Zeppelins?



THE INNOCENT.

CROWN PRINCE. "THIS OUGHT TO MAKE FATHER LAUGH!"

[In an alleged interview the CROWN PRINCE is reported to have said, "As to being a war agitator, I am truly sorry that people don't know me better. There is no 'War Party' in Germany now—nor has there ever been."]





"— AND PLEASE GOD MAKE ME A GOOD GIRL AMEN. HOW WOULD IT BE, MOTHER, TO GIVE THE GERMANS CIGARETTES FILLED WITH GUNPOWDER?"

A RASH ASSUMPTION.

On the morning of November 27th I awoke to find my chest covered with a pretty pink pattern. It blended so well with the colour of my pyjama-jacket that for some minutes I was lost in admiration of the pleasing effect. Then it occurred to me that coming diseases cast their rashes before them, and I sprang from the bed in an agony of apprehension. I rushed to the mirror and opened my mouth to look at my tongue. There it was. I took some of it out. It looked quite healthy, so I put it back again. Then I gazed long and earnestly down my throat. It was quite hollow as usual. Next I got the clinical thermometer and sucked it for quite a long time. When I removed it I saw my temperature was about 86. Then I found I was reading it upside down and that I was only normal. I felt disappointed. After that I tried my pulse. It took me some time to locate it, but it hadn't run down; it was still going quite regularly—andante *ma non troppo*, two beats in the bar. I whistled "Tipperary" to it, and it kept perfect time.

But still the rash remained. It would neither get out nor get under. I felt perfectly well, and yet I knew I must be ill. I could not understand the complete absence of other symptoms.

At last a bright idea struck me. It was just possible that I might refuse food. I knew that would be a symptom. At any rate I would go down to breakfast and see. I dressed rapidly; I simply tore my clothes on to me. I shaved hastily; I literally tore the whiskers out of me. Then I tore downstairs.

On the table was an egg. I removed the lid and looked inside. It was full of evil odours. I refused it. Then I knew for certain I was ill. I tore back to my bedroom and tore off my clothes. I unshaved. I tumbled into bed and tried hard to shiver. I tried so hard that I perspired. As I was really ill I knew that I had to get hot and cold alternately ever so many times. I did my best to live up to all the symptoms I had ever heard of. I tried to get delirious and talk nonsense, but I failed ignominiously. How I cursed my public school education!

In my extremity I even endeavoured

to imagine that I saw things which were not there...

And then I saw something which really was there. It was my pin-cushion. It looked unusually crowded even for a pin-cushion, and I got out of bed to investigate the matter closer. I counted forty-five—yes, forty-five—little flags, and then memory came back to me. The previous day I had bought forty-five miniature Belgian flags at one time and another during the day. Each charming but inexperienced vendor had insisted on pinning my purchase wherever there happened to be an unoccupied space on my manly (thanks to my tailor) bosom. I remembered being conscious of a prickly sensation on each occasion, but I attributed it to rapturous thrills running about the region of my heart.

To make sure that my explanation was correct I went once again to the mirror and hastily counted my rash. There were forty-five of it!

"HUGE GERMAN SURRENDERS."
"Evening Standard" Poster.

Probably he had eaten too many sausages.

LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

I WISH you knew my sister-in-law; she is probably one of the sweetest girls that ever breathed. Yet we are none of us perfect, and Grace has a drawback. She cannot forget that I am a poet. A fortnight ago she wrote to me:—

"DEAR EDWIN,—I am in such a fix. You remember Mary Smith? She has persuaded a young doctor friend of hers to start an album for original poems. He is such a nice fellow, though perhaps not very fond of poetry, if left to himself. But he has bought the album and has asked her to write on the first page. So she has come to me about it; and I am writing to ask if you would be a great brick and help us, because we get mixed up so with the feet, and I know it is nothing to you to write poetry. Could you possibly let me have it by return?

Yours affectionately,

GRACE.

P.S.—*Entre nous*, she is rather keen on him, I think."

Somehow, when Grace's note reached me at the Local Government Board (she has a habit of addressing her communications to me there, in faintly perfumed envelopes much appreciated by the messengers), I was not in a poetical mood. For the past three weeks my branch had been engaged on the subject of Drains in the Eastern Counties, and that very morning I was completing an exhaustive minute dealing with the probable effects of an improved system of sanitation on the public health of the Borough of Ipswich. Still, I felt that something must be done. So I consulted Jones. Jones is, like myself, a poet; he is also the official whom Ministers of the Crown are accustomed, when hard pressed, to consult on the subject of Infantile Mortality amongst Suburban Undertakers; why, I cannot say, though many think it is on the strength of his having been a Philpott's Theological Prizeman at Oxford. I scribbled him a line in pencil: "Come over into number thirteen and help us; and bring your cigarettes." He came, and before leaving the office at 4.30 I was enabled to comply with my sister-in-law's request. I wrote as follows:—

"DEAR GRACE,—I do not remember Mary Smith. On the other hand, since in poetry, as in boxing and battling, the proper management of the feet is everything, and requires more practice than either you or your friend have,

apparently been able to devote to it, I have much pleasure in coming to the rescue. In dealing with members of the medical profession it is never wise to beat about the bush; superfluous subtlety merely irritates them. I have therefore endeavoured to make the poem just the artless outpouring of the innocent passion of such a girl as I imagine your friend Mary Smith to be. Here it is.

TO GEORGE.

How I love you, how I love you,
Oh, you therapeutic dove, you!
How I long to snuggle cozy on your chest;
And reposing there to woo you,
Till, with soft responsive coo, you
Bid me share your warm but hygienic nest!
Though I might have oft been married,
I have tarried, I have tarried,
Hoping still that I should catch you on the hop;

ginger beer to any considerable extent. But George will not notice these discrepancies. He is not hypercritical."

Two days later I heard from Grace again.

DEAR EDWIN,—Thank you so much for the verses, though perhaps they are a little—well, a little outspoken, aren't they? Unfortunately, Mary's friend is not named George or Harris. He is not even English, but a very nice dark brown man from Asia, a Hindu, I think, and only *trying* to be a doctor at present. As soon as he is one he is going back again. I ought to have told you this before, as I feel it might have helped you. But thanks very much all the same.

Yours affectionately, GRACE."

When I showed this to Jones he expressed his chagrin with a freedom and resource surprising even in a Civil Servant; but, having put our hands to the plough, we felt we could hardly leave Mary Smith in the lurch. So we set to again, and I posted the following poem to Grace:—

FAREWELL.

Though, O budding Inter-M.B.,
You may now perchance *pro tem*, be
Not indifferent to a simple English
maid,
Soon the daughters dark and dingy
Of the land of Ranjitsinhji,
Will be throwing her completely in
the shade.

And shall Mary thus be stranded,
When she had you almost landed
(Yes, the metaphors are mixed, but
never mind)?
Oh, imagine her emotion
When the cruel Indian Ocean
Separates you from the girl you left
behind.

It was nearly a week before I heard from Grace. Then she wrote—

"DEAR EDWIN,—It was really too sweet of you to send the second set. We have discovered, however, that Mary's friend is a Parsee, and therefore a worshipper of the sun, and she thinks the last line in the first verse would offend his family's religious scruples. She fears, too, that he might not endorse the epithet 'dingy' as applied by you to his female compatriots. So we have decided not to write in his album. I think however that the first poem (with modifications) would do for the album of a friend of my own, whose name, as it happens, is George. So I have asked the vicar to tone it down for me. He is a Durham man. Do you mind?

Yours affectionately, GRACE."

I read her letter, and breathed a deep sigh. Then seizing a telegraph form, I wired: "Have no objection to Durham vicars. Am ordering salt-cellar. Do not write again. EDWIN."



Flag-bearer. "FEEL COLD, AN' WANT YER SHIRT, DO YER? GARN! WHERE'S YER PATRIOTISM?"

For to pining, lonely Mary
To be George's own canary
Would be sweeter than the sweetest ginger pop.

"George"—in the title and body of the poem—can of course be altered, if necessary; but something, I know not what, tells me that that is his name, and that it is probably followed by Harris. I may be mistaken, but George Harris, as I feel I know him, is a simple, muscular young man, addicted to tennis and his bicycle, fairly good at diagnosing whooping cough or a broken leg. He likes his pipe and reads the *Referee* on Sunday mornings. Mary, however, will change all that. She will furnish in fumed oak, art flower-pots, and the poems of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, and so will lead him gradually to higher and better things. I wish her all success. Yours, EDWIN.

P.S.—It is true that doves seldom marry canaries, nor do the latter drink

ANOTHER WAR SCARE.

Peter goes to a dame's school in Armadale Gardens, round the corner.

On Tuesdays and Fridays he comes home at twelve, changes into his football things, and goes off to play soccer till one.

Yesterday, Friday, he came in as usual and, after changing, he put his head round the door of my study and shouted excitedly,

"Daddy!"

"Well, old chap," I said, "out with I'm busy."

"Have you heard? Italy joins Austria. Official."

"Heavens above!" I said. "Official, did you say?"

"Yes," he said. "Can't stop now."

"Hi! Peter," I shouted, "do get me a paper; it won't take you——" But the banging of the front door cut my appeal short.

I couldn't get a paper myself. I had a cold, and had been ordered to stay indoors, and I had an article to finish by three o'clock.

"Italy with Austria and Germany," I groaned. "It's monstrous."

I got up, kicked the waste-paper basket over and walked up and down the room. I knew Peter wouldn't tell a lie. Even for fun he wouldn't say anything like that if it weren't true.

I called Honor. She was in the drawing-room arranging the flowers. She came hurriedly with a bunch of them in her hand. I don't know one flower from one another, but they were big floppy red things.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Matter? Italy's declared for the enemy," I said. "It's official."

"Is that all?" she said. "I thought at least you couldn't find some of your writing things."

"What!" I said, "you can stand there with those ridiculous red blobs in one hand and—and nothing in the other and talk like that?"

"They're not blobs," said Honor, "they're peonies. And if that's all that's the matter I'm busy. I must get my flowers done before lunch."

"Bah!" I said, turning to my table again. "Hang lunch; I can't eat any. Italy, our staunch friend for years, throws in her lot with Austria, her hereditary foe, and you talk of lunch."

"It's macaroni cheese," said Honor calmly, "and you know you love it."

"Shade of GARIBALDI! Macaroni! You dare," I said "to mix that miserable Italian trash with good honest English cheese on such a day, when Italy is mobilising her millions of soldiers and sailors against us and our Allies. It's rank sacrilege."



Village Worthy (discussing possibilities of invasion). "WELL, THERE CAN'T BE NO BATTLE IN THESE PARTS, JARGE, FOR THERE BAIN'T NO FIELD SUITABLE, AS YOU MAY SAY; AN' SQUIRE 'E WON'T LEND 'EM THE USE OF 'IS PARK."

"Don't get excited," said Honor; "besides the cheese is American Cheddar."

"You trifle with me," I said. "If you send any of the wretched stuff in here I shall trample on it."

"Aren't you coming in to lunch, then?" she said.

"No, I'm not," I said. "I can't eat anything, and I doubt if I can write a word after this."

"What earthly difference would having lunch make?" said Honor.

"None to you," I said. "You can gorge yourself on macaroni cheese while the Empire totters."

I kicked the fallen waste-paper basket across the room. I don't suppose I added more than fifty or sixty words to my article in the next hour-and-three-quarters.

Then I heard Peter whistling in the

hall. He had finished lunch and was just off to school again.

I called him. "Look here, old man," I said, "you might get me a paper at the station before going to school. I want to see about Italy joining Austria. It's awful."

"You don't need a paper," said Peter; "look on the map and you'll see that Italy joins Austria," and he fled. It was well for him that he fled.

"Any more of that macaroni cheese left?" I said, rushing into the dining-room. "I've just swallowed the oldest joke in the world and I want to take away the taste of it."

"During 1912 we imported 2,290,206,240 foreign eggs. It is estimated that over 60% of these are no longer available."—Advt.

Heaven preserve us from the other 40%.

THE LAST LINE.

v.

At last! We are "recognised" by the War Office! Our months of toil are not to go unrewarded. Two hours every evening at the end of an ordinary civilian day's work, all Saturday afternoon and the whole of Sunday, we have given these up cheerfully, supported by the hope of ultimate recognition. And now it is come!

The terms of the War Office are generous. They are these. Provided that we buy our own rifles and equipment and continue to pay our own training expenses; provided that we use no military terms and make no attempt to wear any clothing which may look to the Germans at all like a soldier's uniform; provided that the War Office is at perfect liberty to employ upon those of us within the age-limits a conscription for whole-time service which it has no intention of employing upon the more patriotic man who spends his week-ends playing golf; these provisions complied with, we—*are allowed to go on living!*

That startles you? I thought it would. You looked down upon us. Recognition, you told yourself, would only mean that we were immediately to be employed as waterproof sheeting for the new huts or concrete foundations for the new guns. Aha! Now you wish you had joined us. We are allowed to go on living!

But I was forgetting. The War Office is being even more generous than that. In return for our not bothering them any more, it will allow us to wear (and pay for) a small red armlet with "G.R." on it; the red colour, I suppose, informing the Germans that we have just been vaccinated, and the "G.R." ("got rash") warning them that the left arm is irritable.

James is annoyed about it. This is silly of him. As I point out, our soldiers have already earned a reputation abroad for gaiety and high spirits, and it is all to the good that the War Office should show that it has a sense of humour equally keen. When the invasion comes, and music-halls, cinemas and football matches are closed down, the amusement of the country (as the War Office has foreseen) will depend entirely upon us. Let us, then, obey rigidly the seven commandments of "recognition" and see how funny we can be.

For instance:—

AT HEADQUARTERS.

[*The Brigadier and the Adjutant—I beg pardon (don't shoot)—Father and Father's Help are discovered in conversation.*]

Father (explaining orders). The Battalion will advance to-morrow towards Harwich, where the enemy—

Father's Help. Excuse me, Sir, but isn't that rather too military? How would this do?—"The brethren will walk out towards Harwich to-morrow, where the Band of Hope from another parish has already assembled."

IN THE FIELD.

Churchwarden Jones. Advance in half-pew rushes from the right!

Sidesman Tomkins. No. 1 half-pew, advance . . . At the congregation in front at a thousand yards.

Parishioner Brown (to his neighbour). I say, how many bullets have you brought with you?

Parishioner Smith. Fifteen. Fact is, I'm jolly hard up just now. Emily's been ill again, and one thing and another . . . I did have twenty, but the baby swallowed two . . . You might lend me some, old man. I promise to pay you back at the end of the month.

Parishioner Brown. I'll lend you a couple, but that's really all I can spare . . . Look at Boko swanking away like a bally millionaire. That's his tenth shot this afternoon. Fairly chucking his money about.

Parishioner Robinson. I'll give you a hundred cartridges in exchange for your bayonet if you like. Sickening the Germans coming just now; it's my birthday next week and I'd been practically promised one by Aunt Sarah.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Elder Perks, C.B. (that is to say, "completely bald"). What the blank blanket do those blanks think they're doing?

Lay-Helper Snooks. I beg your pardon, Sir, for reminding you, but *military* terms are not allowed to be used.

Elder Perks. Quite right, Snooks; I forgot myself. Kindly request the organist to sound the Assemble. Those naughty lads are running in the wrong direction.

AT THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS.

German Officer (to prisoner). You are a civilian and you are caught bearing arms. Have you anything to offer in your defence?

Prisoner. Civilian be blowed! I'm recognised by the War Office. Look at my— Oh lor, it's come off again!

German Officer. Well?

Prisoner. I know appearances are against me, but—

German Officer. What is your rank?

Prisoner. Er—Chairman of the Committee.

German Officer. I thought so. (*To Sergeant*) Take him away and shoot

him. (*To Prisoner*) Any last message you wish to leave will be delivered.

Prisoner (drawing himself up nobly). Tell my wife not to mourn me. Tell her that I die happy (*his voice breaks for a moment*) knowing that my death (*with deep emotion*) is—technically—(*a happy smile illuminates his face*) an illegal one.

* * * * *

And so I tell James not to worry. If the worst befalls him—and all the time when I was writing "prisoner" above I seemed to see James in that position—if the worst befalls him, his partner will at least be able to bring an action against somebody. For we are not "civilians." We are—well, I don't quite know *what* we are. A. A. M.

OUR MIGHTY PENMEN.

(*In acknowledgment of the services of some of the gifted representatives of "The Daily Mail" and "The Daily Chronicle."*)

Correspondents, though banned at the Front,

Are so manfully doing their "stunt"

In searching for news

That the Limerick Muse

Thus honours their skill in the hunt.

The despatches of Mr. ELIAS

Are so laudably free from all bias

That their moderate strain

Has given much pain

To the shade of the late ANANIAS.

K. OF K., who by birth is a Kerry man,
Much approves of the work of Z.

FERRIMAN,

For it holds the just mean

That's betwixt and between

The extremes of Cassandra and Merryman.

For news that is fresh from the spot

Commend me to great ALAN BOTT;

The stuff that he wires

Stokes our patriot fires

Without being ever too hot.

The despatches of good Mr. PERRIS

Have the flavour of syrupy "sherris";

They enrapture the mind

Of the sane and refined—

Especially ELLALINE TERRISS.

In Rotterdam city JAMES DUNN

Keeps his vigilant eye on the Hun,

And fires off despatches

In generous batches,

Like a humanized 15-inch gun.

It is futile to cavil or carp

At Sir ALFRED, whose surname is SHARPE;

For he soothes us or stings

As the nightingale sings,

Or as angels perform on the harp.



THE MASTER WORD.



THE ZEPPELIN MENACE.

A SMART LONDON CELLAR IN WAR-TIME. PICTURED BY A BERLIN ARTIST.

THE FOUR SEA LORDS.

(For the information of an ever-thirsty public.)

FIRST SEA LORD.

THIS is the man whose work is War;
He plans it out in a room on shore—
He and his Staff (all brainy chaps)
With miniature flags and monster
maps,
And a crew whose tackle is Hydro-
graphic,
With charts for steering our ocean
traffic.
But the task that most engrosses him
Is to keep his Fleet in fighting trim;
To see that his airmen learn the knack
Of plomping bombs on a Zeppelin's
back;
To make his sailors good at gunnery,
And so to sink each floating hunnery.

SECOND SEA LORD.

HERE is the man who mans the Fleet
With jolly young tars that can't be
beat;
He has them trained and taught the
rules;
He looks to their hospitals, barracks,
schools;

He notes what rumor's Osborne's
doing,
And if it has mumps or measles brewing.
He fills each officer's vacant billet
(Provided the First Lord doesn't fill it);
And he casts a fatherly eye, between,
On that fine old corps, the Royal
Marines.

THIS is the job that once was JELlicoe's,
But now he has one a bit more bellicose.

THIRD SEA LORD.

SHIPS are the care of the Third Sea Lord,
And all Material kept on board.
'Tis he must see that the big guns boom
And the wheels go round in the engine-
room;
'Tis he must find, for cloudy forays,
Aeroplanes and Astra Torres;
And, long ere anything's sent to sea,
Tot up a bill for you and me.

FOURTH SEA LORD.

THE Fourth Sea Lord has a deal to
plan,
For he's, chief of all, the Transport
man.
He finds the Fleet in coal and victuals
(Supplying the beer—if not the skittles);
He sees to the bad'uns that get im-
prisoned,

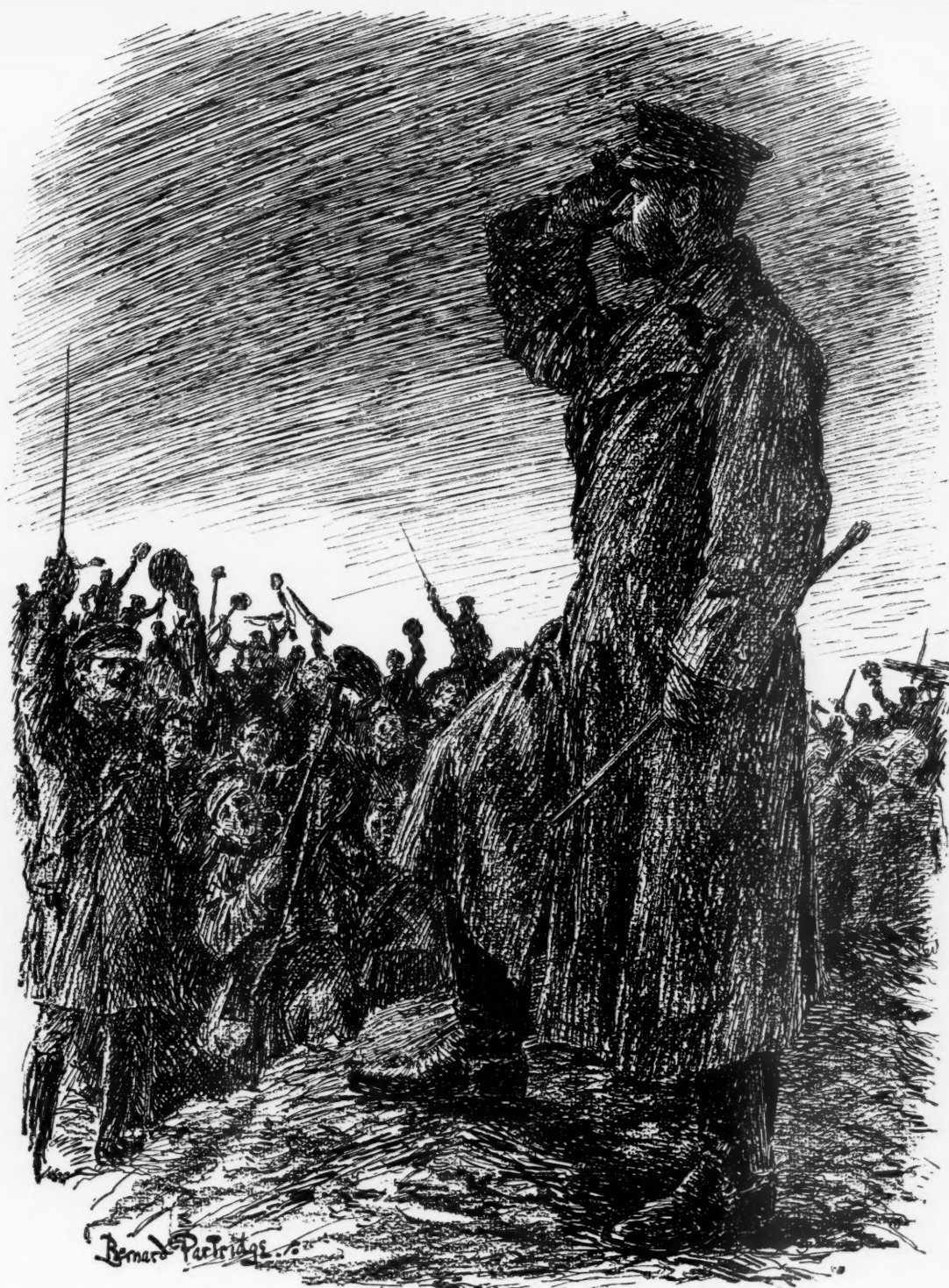
And settles what uniform's worn (or
isn't) . . .
Even the stubborest own the sway
Of the Lord of Food and the Lord of
Pay!

SEARCHLIGHTS ON THE MERSEY.

A LONG lean bar of silver spans
The ebon-rippled water-way,
And like a lost moon's errant ray
Strikes on the passing caravans—
Ghost-ships that from the desert seas
Loom silent through the steady
beams,
Pale phantoms of elusive dreams
Cargued with ancient memories.
Through the long night across the cool
Black waters to their shrouded berth,
Bearing the treasures of the earth,
Glide the fair ships to Liverpool.

"Londoner" in *The Evening News*:—

"Long live King Leopold, a faithful prince
if ever there was one, as loyal to his brave
Belgians as they, gallant souls that they are,
are loyal to him. Does he, I wonder, ever
take a look at his family pedigree?"
Because, if so, he would discover that
his name was really Albert.



THE KING AT THE FRONT.

"TOMMY" (having learned the language). "VIVE LE ROI!"



Michael (gloomily). "MUMMY, I DO HOPE I SHAN'T DIE SOON."

Mummy. "DARLING! SO DO I—BUT WHY?"

Michael. "IT WOULD BE TOO AWFUL TO DIE A CIVILIAN."

THE ENTENTE IN BEING.

WE were sitting in a little restaurant in the gay city—which is not a gay city any more, but a city of dejection, a city that knows there is a war going on and not so long since could hear the guns. There are, however, corners where, for the moment, contentment or, at any rate, visitations of mirth are possible, and this little restaurant is one of them. Well, we were sitting there waiting for coffee, the room (for it was late) now empty save for the table behind me, where two elderly French bourgeois and a middle-aged woman were seated, when suddenly the occupant of the chair which backed into mine and had been backing into it so often during the evening that I had punctuated my eating with comments on other people's clumsy bulkiness; suddenly, as I say, this occupant, turning completely round, forced his face against mine and, cigarette in hand, asked me for a light. I could see nothing but face—a waste of plump ruddy face set deep between vast

shoulders, a face garnished with grey beard and moustache, and sparkling moist eyes behind highly magnifying spectacles. Very few teeth and no hair. But the countenance as a whole radiated benigance and enthusiasm; and one thing, at any rate, was clear, and that was that none of my resentment as to the restlessness of the chair had been telepathed.

Would I do him the honour of giving him a light? he asked, the face so close to mine that we were practically touching. I reached out for a match. Oh, no, he said, not at all; he desired the privilege of taking the light from my cigarette, because I was an Englishman and it was an honour to meet me, and—and— "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" This was all very strange and disturbing to me; but we live in stirring times, and nothing ever will be the same again. So I gave him the light quite calmly and with great presence of mind said, "*Vive la France!*" Then he grasped my hand and thanked me for the presence of the English army in his country, the credit for which I endeavoured fruit-

lessly to disclaim, and we all stood up and bowed to each other severally and collectively, and resumed our own lives again.

But the incident had been so unexpected that I, at any rate, could not be quite normal just yet, for I could not understand why, out of four of us, all English, and one a member of the other sex, so magnetic to Frenchmen, I should have been selected either as the most typical or the most likely to be cordial—I who only a week or so ago was told reflectively by a student of men, gazing steadfastly upon me, that my destiny must be to be more amused by other people than to amuse them. Especially, too, as earlier in the evening there had been two of our men—real men—in khaki in the room. Yet there it was: I, a dreary civilian, had been carefully selected as the truest representative of Angleterre and all its bravery and chivalry, even to the risk of dislocation of the perilously short neck of the speaker.

It was therefore my turn to behave, and I whispered to the waiter to fill

three more glasses with his excellent *l'inc de la maison* (not the least remarkable in Paris) and place them on the next table, with our compliments. This he did, and the explosion of courtesy and felicitations that followed was terrific. It flung us all to our feet, bowing and smiling. We clinked glasses, each of us clinking six others; we said "*Vive la France!*" and "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" We tried to assume expressions consonant with the finest types of our respective nations. I felt everything that was noblest in the English character rushing to my cheeks; everything that was most gallant and spirited in the French temperament suffused the face of my friend until I saw nothing for him but instant apoplexy. Meanwhile he grasped my hand in his, which was very puffy and warm, and again thanked me for all that *ces braves Anglais* had done to save Paris and *la belle France*.

Down we all sat again, and I whispered to our party that perhaps this was enough and we had better creep away. But there was more in store. Before the bill could be made out—never a very swift matter at this house—I caught sight of a portent and knew the worst. I saw a waiter entering the room with a tray on which was a bottle of champagne and seven glasses. My heart sank, for if there is one thing I cannot do, it is to drink the sweet champagne so dear to the bourgeois palate. And after the old *fine*, not before it! To the French mind these irregularities are nothing; but to me, to us . . .

There however it was, and, in a moment, the genial enthusiast was again on his feet. Would we not join them, he asked, in drinking to the good health and success of the Allies in a glass of champagne? Of course we would. We were all on our feet again, all clinking glasses again, all crying "*Vive la France!*" "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" to which we added, "*À bas les Allemands!*" all shaking hands and looking our best, exactly as before. But this time there was no following national segregation, but we sat down in three animated groups and talked as though a ban against social intercourse in operation for years had sud-

denly been lifted. The room buzzed. We were introduced one by one to Madame, who not only was my friend's wife, but, he told us proudly, helped in his business, whatever that might be; and Madame, on closer inspection, turned out to be one of the capable but somewhat hard French women of her class, with a suggestion somewhere about the mouth that she had doubts as to whether the champagne had been quite a necessary expense—whether things had not gone well enough without it, and my contribution of *fine* the fitting conclusion. Still she made a brave show at cordiality. Then we were introduced to the other gentleman,



FAITH.

who was Madame's cousin and had a son at the Front, and, on hearing this, we shook hands with him again, and so gradually we disentangled and at last got into our coats and made our adieux.

When I had shaken his feather-bed hand for the last time my new friend gave me his card. It lies before me now as I write and I do not mean to part with it:—

BAPTISTE GRIMAUD,
DÉLÉGUÉ CANTONAL,
9A PLACE GAMBETTA.

Pompes Funèbres.

Well, if ever I come to die in Paris I know who shall bury me. I would not let any one else do it for the world. Warm hearts are not so common as all that!

A FOOTNOTE TO HERODOTUS.

It has been discovered by a Berlin research student that "Germany" is a mere corruption of "Cyrmania," and that the KAISER is descended from CYRUS, King of Persia.

We are inclined to agree as to the "mania" part, and we think the "corruption" must be that of the modern representatives of the ancient Orientals, whose education consisted in riding, shooting—and telling the truth.

The *Almanach de Bouverie Street*, however, informs us that the ever-frowning WAR LORD derives from the monarch of the rocky brow, who counted his men by nations at break of day, and when the sun set where were they? If the Hohenxerxes family are still on the look-out for places in the sun, they will find their ancestral homes for the most part unoccupied in the sufficiently arid regions around Ecbatana and Persepolis, now crying aloud for Kultur and Kraut.

We are still waiting to hear that VON HAFIZ and OMAR ZU KHAYYAM, as well as SHAKSPEARE, have been proved to be Germans, and that the Herr WOLFF of the Berlin Lie Bureau traces back to the foster-mother of ROMULUS—and Romance.

Ultimatum.

Mr. Punch begs to remind the 1,793 correspondents who have lately sent him delightful plays upon the word "wet" [DE WET the man and "de wet" the rain (ha-ha)] that the same idea had already occurred to 15,825 correspondents during the Boer War. Time is a great healer, but twelve years is not long enough.

Mr. C. G. GREY writes in *The Daily Express* on the Friedrichshafen air-raid:—

"The raid itself was one of those simple affairs which might have been done by any aviator possessing skill and pluck, only fortunately for these three officers nobody else did it."

And the disparaging comment was one of those simple affairs which might have been done by any journalist possessing — and —, only fortunately nobody else did it.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

WAKING at six, I lie and wait
Until the papers come at eight.
I skim them with an anxious eye
Ere duly to my bath I hie,
Postponing till I'm fully dressed
My study of the daily pest.
Then, seated at my frugal board,
My rascher served, my tea outpoured,
I disentangle news official
From reams of comment unjudicial,
Until at half-past nine I rise
Bemused by all this "wild surmise,"
And for my daily treadmill bound
Fare eastward on the underground.
But, whether in the train or when
I reach my dim official den,
Placards designed to thrill and scare
Affront my vision everywhere,
And double windows can't keep out
The newsboy's penetrating shout.
For when the morning papers fail
The evening press takes up the tale,
And, fired by furious competition,
Edition following on edition,
The headline demons strain and strive
Without a check from ten till five,
Extracting from stale news some phrase
To shock, to startle or amaze,
Or found a daring innuendo—
All swelling in one long crescendo,
Till, shortly after five o'clock,
When business people homeward flock,
From all superfluous verbiage freed
Comes JOFFRE's calm laconic screed,
And all the bellowings of the town
Quelled by the voice of Truth die
down,
Enabling you and me to win
Twelve hours' release from Rumour's
din.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE QUEEN.

A FEW days ago, when sitting in Committee on ways and means in the matter of Christmas presents, Joan and I made out that the extra taxes which we should be called upon to disgorge this year would amount to £3 16s. 1d.

"That's curious!" Joan remarked, comparing our calculation with some figures on another slip of paper before her. "Isn't three pounds sixteen and a penny half of seven pounds twelve and twopence?"

"It is," I admitted. "But why?"

"Because last year," said Joan, "our Christmas presents cost us exactly seven pounds twelve and twopence. In other words it means that we can only afford—owing to the extra taxes—to spend half that sum on presents this year."

I nodded.

"Well," continued Joan, "I have a splendid idea. Our folk, I know,



PERCY REYNOLDS.

"RUN AWAY, YOU LEEDLE FOYS; DON'T COME HERE SHIPYING ABOUT!"

won't expect proper presents this year. How would it be if we—"

"I know what you mean," I chimed in. "Give them half-presents! Half a lace scarf to your mother, one fur glove only to your father, afternoon-tea saucers to Aunt Emma, a Keats Calendar for 1821 days to Uncle Peter, kilt-lengths instead of dress-lengths to Cook and Phoebe, and so on, all with promissory notes for the balance attached."

"I don't mean anything of the sort," said Joan. "We shall give no half-presents. We shall give one whole present where it will be needed far more than by our relations. It will have a face-value of three pounds sixteen and a penny, but virtually it will represent a sum of seven pounds twelve and twopence."

I coughed a sceptic's cough.

"You don't believe me," said Joan. "Now, will you be content to give me, here and now, a cheque for three pounds sixteen and a penny, and credit your conscience with double that

sum? Will you be willing to leave its disposal to me if I guarantee that that shall be the full extent of your liability?"

"Absolutely!" I replied with enthusiasm. "Can't you arrange to settle the rates, the electric-light bill and the coal bill on the same terms?"

"No," said Joan gravely, "my principle only applies to presents. Here's your cheque-book and here's my fountain-pen."

"What is your principle?" I asked as I meekly complied with her demand.

"What did Mr. Asquith say in 1912?" was all the answer Joan vouchsafed, so I decided to follow that eminent statesman's advice and wait and see.

When I came down to breakfast two days later Joan passed me *The Times*. "Read that," she said, indicating a paragraph in the "Personal" column marked in pencil.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer," I read out, "acknowledges the receipt

of two pounds and three shillings conscience-money from —"

"Oh! I've marked the wrong paragraph," exclaimed Joan. "It's the one underneath." Then I saw—

"The Hon. Treasurer of the QUEEN'S 'Work for Women' Fund, 33, Portland Place, W., gratefully acknowledges the receipt of Treasury notes and postal orders to the value of £3 16s. 1d. forwarded by an anonymous donor."

When I looked up Joan was smiling significantly.

"Very nice," I commented, "but I see they've only acknowledged the original amount I gave you. I thought you were going to double it."

"And so I have," said Joan. "He (or she) gives twice who gives quickly."

THE TERRORS OF WAR.

[*Being privileged extracts from two of next season's War Romances.*]

From *Pot-bank and Potsdam* :—

Edwin Clayhanger strolled dully down the Square. A squat dirty boy shrieked: "Sentinel. Result of Bursley Match. War News—Official." Edwin snatched a pink paper and under an anti-Zeppelin gas-lamp read that Knipe had defeated Bursley Rovers by four goals to none. He crumpled the paper in his hand and threw it disgustedly into the gutter, outside Bates the cheesemonger's. Sam Bates emerged, picked up the paper and confided to his assistant that "Young Edwin's brain is going, like old Mr. Clayhanger's."

Chill mists enveloped the pot-banks. The glare of the Hanbridge furnaces was subdued to a faint glimmer. The shout of a laughing crowd outside the Blood Tub drew Edwin closer. He perceived in the midst of the throng an elephant covered with Union Jacks. On its back stood Denry Machin, the famous Card of the Five Towns, thrice Mayor of Bursley.

"Boys," cried the Card, "you can see the circus elephant free. You can listen to me free. Hanbridge is going to raise a Pot-bank Company for Kitchener's Army. They want us to raise one to match it. We're going one better. Bursley will raise a Pot-bank Regiment. I just want a thousand men to be going along with. Don't all speak at once."

The crowd shrieked with laughter at Bursley's only humorist.

Edwin Clayhanger thought deeply. For three years he had been waiting to marry Hilda Lessways. Now the thought of 528 pages of married life with her overwhelmed him. Up went his hand.

"We're doing fine," cried the Card.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine more and off we march to Potsdam in the morning."

From *The Military Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* :—

I shrank down into a corner of the reserve trench. The fifteen inches of half-frozen mud caused my old wound from an Afghan bullet to ache viciously. I longed for some wounded to arrive—anything to end this chilly inactivity. A tall officer in staff uniform jumped into the trench beside me.

"You are wishing yourself back in Baker Street," he remarked.

"How did you know?" I exclaimed.

"Why, Holmes, what are you doing here?"

"Business, my dear Watson, business. Moriarty is becoming troublesome again."

"But he was drowned."

"Far too clever to be drowned in that pool. Merely stranded on the edge like myself. But I had made England too hot for him. You can guess his name."

"Not the K——!"

"Watson, Watson, Moriarty was my mental equal. Now he calls himself von Kluck."

I was overwhelmed.

Just then a little group of the staff arrived. I recognised amongst them the figures of General J—— and Field-Marshal F——, and saluted.

"The spy in staff uniform is the third on your left, Sir," said Holmes casually.

The Field-Marshal beckoned a firing party.

As the shots rang out I whispered, "How did you know he wasn't English?"

"Watson, Watson, did you not see that he had no handkerchief in his sleeve?"

"It is all important, Captain Holmes," said the British Commander, "that we should ascertain what army is opposing our right wing. Our airmen are useless in this fog. I detail you for this duty."

Holmes saluted. "Come, Watson," he said, and led me through the fog towards the enemy's lines. We had not walked a mile when we reached a fine chateau.

"You are cold, Watson," said Holmes. "Light a fire in the front room whilst I scout for Uhlans."

In a moment he returned to me after having looked round the house. It was, I think, the first time the Chateau had known the scent of shag tobacco. A glow of heat rushed through me. I felt another man.

"Better than the trenches," said Holmes, penetrating to my inmost

thought. We sat for an hour and then I said, "Holmes, your mission."

"Ah, I forgot. Come on."

He led me into the thickening fog, and in a few minutes I was surprised to find myself in the British lines. The General emerged as we approached. Holmes saluted. "The CROWN PRINCE's army is on the enemy's left, Sir. It is now in rapid retreat."

The General shook him warmly by the hand.

"But, Holmes," I said, as we went away, "we have done nothing. The lives of thousands of our men may depend on this."

"My dear Watson," said Holmes, tapping the dottle of his pipe into his hand. "I used my eyes. In the house we visited the silver had almost all vanished. Inference—CROWN PRINCE. But two solid silver spoons had been left on the table. Inference—CROWN PRINCE in a hurry. Really, I am ashamed to explain a deduction which an intelligent child could have made."

KARL.

Karl has emerged from the obscurity in which for years he has been wrapped and has become a topic of conversation, a link with the past, a popular alien enemy and a common nuisance.

Once upon a time, when we were first told about Karl, those of us who didn't say that it was an extraordinary coincidence observed that the world is a small place after all; but now, when the narrator reaches that part of the story where he tells us that we "can imagine his surprise when"—I usually interrupt him to say that he must forgive me, but really I cannot.

Karl was a German waiter at all the restaurants where my friends and my friends' friends were in the habit of dining. In time of peace not one of our mutual friends ever mentioned Karl to me, nobody ever wrote excitedly to tell me that they had seen him getting into a bus in the Strand; but now—

My sister-in-law's brother has the distinction of being the first among us to meet Karl since the outbreak of war. He was at Waterloo Station one morning when some German prisoners were being brought through from —, and as he passed them someone, speaking with a familiar voice and a strong German accent, addressed him by name. You can imagine his surprise when—

Karl, my sister-in-law said her brother told her, had spoken of being pleased to be among us once more, but this was apparently only another



CARRYING ON.

Old Sportsman. "WELL, TOM, BACK INTO HARNESS AGAIN?"

Tom (retired Huntsman). "YES, SIR; ONLY SECOND WHIP NOW. DIDN'T THINK TO SEE YOU HUNTIN' AGAIN, SIR."

Old Sportsman. "JUST TRYING TO KEEP THINGS GOING TILL THE LADS COME BACK AGAIN."

German lie, for when next I heard of him he was back in the trenches again. A friend of my brother's fiancée, who was superintending the removal of some German wounded to Paris, was surprised to find himself addressed by name by a young German whose face seemed vaguely familiar. You can imagine his astonishment when, etc. Karl, my brother said the friend of his fiancée told her, was only too glad to have fallen into English hands.

It was in a hospital ship in the North Sea that my cousin met him. The situation remained unchanged. He addressed my cousin by name and said he was longing to be back in England again.

Two days afterwards I heard that a friend of mine had seen him in Holland, where the unlucky fellow was interned, having deserted with the intention of returning to us.

I made it my business to let my friends know—those friends of mine who had not already heard from some-

one who had met him—that he was securely interned in Holland, and we should know no more of him until the war was over, and after that I had for some time the pleasure of forgetting his existence. Unfortunately, however, I had overlooked Stephen.

Stephen and I were talking of the war (and incidentally having dinner together) when he told me that a man he knew had told him of a strange coincidence of which his nephew had told him. A friend of his who was at the Front had been in the habit of dining at a certain restaurant where a German waiter—

"Karl," I said.

"You've heard about it?" he asked.

"Only yesterday," I said, "I met a friend who knew someone who was present at the inquest."

"The inquest!"

"Yes," I said. "He shot himself through the heart with one of the seven hundred and twenty-five rifles which were found in her dress-basket."

I didn't allow him to interrupt me.

"He had only recently become engaged to her, I believe. She had been a trusted nurse and governess in many English families for many years, etc., etc. Some day I will tell you all about her. It's a long, long story and rather depressing. But about Karl. His mind had undoubtedly become unhinged and, after escaping from Holland, he found his way to the house where she was employed, learnt that she had been arrested (you see, the red stitches on her handkerchief, which everyone had supposed were laundry marks, turned out to be plans of Hampton Court Maze and the most direct route to Swan and Selfinsons), and, seizing the rifle, he rushed from the house (it was the night the Russians passed through Aberdeen and Upper Norwood) and—"

Stephen apologised to me.

"Karl shall be no more," he said.

"Karl the ubiquitous is dead."

"Evening papers please copy," I added.

THE SEARCH FOR PADDINGTON.

I do not say that the expedition I propose to describe was accompanied by any very great risk. The streets, of course, were dark and the taxis and motor-buses were quite up to the usual average in number and well above it in speed. Still, when your mind is full of stories of shrapnel and Black Marias, you feel able to affront motor vehicles, even in darkened streets, with a feeling of comparative security. It is not so much danger as mystery that makes this story remarkable.

There were two of us, and we found ourselves taking tea in the N.W. district, that is to say in one of those parts (there are millions of them) which lie about the Abbey Road. One of us had knitted belts for soldiers; another knew a hero who had received the D.S.O., and all of us had been brought into close connection with Belgian refugees whose cheerful courage under terrible suffering formed the burden of our talk. Not to know a Belgian in these days is a mark of social outlawry, and you cannot know them without admiring them. The fire was warm, the room was comfortable, and the minutes ticked themselves away in the usual place on the mantelpiece.

"How long," said one of us, "will it take us to walk from here to Paddington?"

"To walk?" said our hostess in a tone of mild surprise.

"Yes," I said, "to walk. We are the ones for adventure. We are country folk, and we don't get a chance of a walk in St. John's Wood every day."

"I don't want to hurry you," said our hostess, "but if you really want to walk you must start at once."

We did. We went out, turned to the right, and plunged head-first towards the brooding darkness of Maida Vale.

"Are you sure," said my companion, "that you know the way?"

"No," I said, "I am not sure. Is one sure of anything in this life? But Paddington is a big place. We can't miss it. Think of its immense glass roof and take courage. We are bound to get there sooner or later."

"Yes," she said, "but we want to get there for the 5.50."

"True," I said. "We must limit our wanderings. I will ask this gentleman. He is standing at a corner. He has leisure and must know the way to Paddington."

I approached the gentleman and addressed him. "Sir," I said, "can you tell me the best way to get to Paddington?"

He looked at me suspiciously. "The station?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "Paddington station."

"Are you going to walk?"

I said we were.

"Ah," he said, "that makes a difference. If you wanted a bus now I might help you; but I'm lame, you see—only got one real leg. Run over by a van a matter of ten years ago, and I don't do much hard walking myself. Still you can't go far wrong if you take the first on the left."

We tore ourselves away, took the first on the left and walked on, ever on, through a wilderness of silent and unfamiliar houses. At last we came upon a baker's cart. "Ask him," said my fellow-traveller, pointing to the baker's man. I asked him.

"Are we right," I said, "for Paddington?"

"Oh yes," he said, "you're right enough. You'll get there in time, but you'll have to walk round the world first. My advice is to go in the opposite direction and take the second on the right, close to the dairy; you can't miss it."

Again we fled into the blackness. Paddington had shrunk to the size of a needle and we were in a huge bottle of hay, an oriental bottle full of weird surprises in the shape of sultans, genie, princesses, mosques, one-eyed porters, but

never a hint of a railway station. How, indeed, could there be a railway station in Bagdad five hundred years ago?

"Ask again," said the other one.

I addressed a gentleman who was hurrying over a bridge. "Can you," I said, "direct me to Paddington station?"

He murmured something unintelligible and pointed to his ears.

I repeated my question loudly and again he murmured. At last I made out his words: "Stone deaf, stone deaf."

"Great heavens," I said, "all the infirmities of the world are come out against us. The man with one leg—the stone-deaf man. What next, what next?"

The second wayfarer seized my arm. "Look," she said, pointing to the sky. There, before our eyes, merging into the foggy infinity of the heavens, was the glass roof of our dreams. We ran like hares. We collided with everybody. Both of us had our feet trodden on by soldiers. We shouted at porters and they shouted back at us, and at last we flung ourselves into a train.

"You don't often come by this train," said a friendly fellow-passenger.

"No," I said, "I generally come by the 6.50."

"This is the 6.50," he said.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

(Sympathetically addressed to the Hamburg Colonial Institute, which "has undertaken the task of showing that Germany has conducted her operations in the spirit of the most enlightened humanity.")

In this war of the civilised nations
That extends from the East to the West,
Have arisen full many occasions
For a man to put forth of his best;
When the battle was raging its roughest,
Men have spared themselves never a jot,
But, gentlemen, yours is the toughest
Affair of the lot.

Your countrymen's road through the trenches
Has not proved too easy a course,
For they seem to be hindered by FRENCH'S
No longer contemptible force,
But their work with the gun and the sabre,
Their frenzied attempts to break through,
Are child's play compared with the labour
Allotted to you.

One fears that your gallant intentions
Will meet with a general scorn,
For I doubt if all history mentions
A hope so extremely forlorn;
But, should you succeed in acquitting
The Huns and their bellicose boss,
All the world will unite in admitting
You merit your Cross.

War Stringency.

From the catalogue of a G. W. R. salvage sale:—

"696. 2 bags tares and 1 grass seed."

We have bought the grass seed and are planting it in our garden. If anybody hears of another for sale we shall be glad to know.

"ZOUAVES CARRY WOOD AT POINT OF BAYONET."

Daily Paper.

We always keep a cork tip on ours in case of accidents.



"SEE 'IM? WELL, WHEN 'E SEZ 'OO GOES THERE?' IF YOU 'RE A ENGLISHMAN YOU 'AS TO SAY 'FRIEND!' AND IF YOU 'RE A GERMAN YOU 'AS TO SAY 'FOE!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE aspect of the present problem (as this sounds a little too like a leading article, I should explain that I mean the Christmas present problem) has this year been very satisfactorily settled. Everybody buys some books at this time; and when you know that for two shillings and sixpence you can now purchase the best and most characteristic work of two-score famous writers and artists, and, moreover, that the said half-crown will go to one of the most sensible and practical of all the Funds, naturally *Princess Mary's Gift Book* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is going to figure large in this year's list of things-not-to-forget. Honestly and without hyperbole, I question if a better collection has ever been brought together. From the first page (on which you will find a charming portrait by Mr. J. J. SHANNON of the gracious young lady to whose timely inspiration the volume is due) to the last, everyone seems to have given his or her best. Not only this, but the precise kind of best that we most like to have from them. To take a few examples at random, here is a song of *Big Steamers* by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, with the jolliest ship-pictures by Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON; a Zulu tale by Sir RIDER HAGGARD; a *Pimpernel* story by the Baroness ORCZY; and a comic upside-down dream of a little London child by Mr. PETT RIDGE. This last has drawings by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER that are fully worthy of it; indeed it cannot but be a proud sensation for the peculiarly gallant heart of *Mr. Punch* to find that he is represented by so many of his knights of the pencil in this worthy cause. It is satisfactory to learn that the originals of the drawings in the book will shortly be on sale

at the Leicester Galleries in aid of the QUEEN'S Work for Women Fund. Upon the assured success of a delightful book the reviewer begs to offer to its only begotter his most respectful congratulations.

The *Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield*, published by MURRAY, is the third volume of the work, the two earlier ones having been edited by the late Mr. MONEY-PENNY. Mr. GEORGE BUCKLE now "takes up the wondrous tale," and maintains at a high level its historic interest and literary charm. He finds DISRAELI, after the fantastic flights of early manhood, in an assured position. He was within measurable distance of assuming the Leadership of a Party which, long dallying with the harsh appellation Protectionist, now decided to be known as Conservative, a compromise hotly resented by good Tories. A flash of the old vanity flickers over a letter written from the Carlton Club to his wife: "The Ministry have resigned. All *Coningsby* and Young England the general exclamation here." Alone he did it, partly by writing a novel, incidentally by forming a Party of which LORD JOHN MANNERS was a representative member. On the opening of the Session, January 19th, 1847, DISRAELI took his seat on the Front Opposition Bench in embarrassing contiguity to PEELE, acutely suffering, it may be supposed, from the combined influence of *Coningsby* and Young England. One of those Parliamentary descriptive writers held in light esteem in their day, but to whom historians turn for light and colour, notes a significant change in DISRAELI's attire. "The motley coloured garments he wore at the close of the previous Session were exchanged for a suit of black unapproachably perfect." Also "he appeared to have

doffed the vanity of the coxcomb with the plumage of the peacock." Evidently he felt that his carefully-designed sartorial extravagances had played their appointed part in attracting notice. In manner of speech as in fashion of clothing he assumed ways more compatible with the position of a responsible statesman.

At last, after long struggle, he stood on safe ground. But the fight was not over yet. The personal antipathy and distrust with which he was regarded in Tory circles were unabated. He had proved an invaluable auxiliary in the battle against Free Trade; but having defeated PEEL the Protectionists did not want any more of DISRAELI. His old friend, Sir GEORGE BENTINCK, whose patronage had been invaluable as investing him with an air of respectability, stood by him to the last. Resigning the post of Leader of the Protectionists, he nominated DISRAELI as his successor. The Tory rank and file would have none of him. Lord STANLEY, acknowledged leader of the Party in the House of Lords and the country, hesitated and chaffered, in the end reluctantly giving in. Something of the same thing happened when, six years later, STANLEY, now succeeded to the earldom of Derby, formed an Administration and proposed to make DIZZY Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Among the most strenuous objectors to the proposal was QUEEN VICTORIA. But DISRAELI was invincible because he was indispensable. How courageously and with what matchless skill he fought against overwhelming odds, and won the day, is a fascinating story that in the skilled hands of Mr. BUCKLE loses no point of interest.

Captain HARRY GRAHAM is one of the authors whose work I never argue about. If, as has happened occasionally, I meet those who do not find him amusing, I conceal my own personal opinion that, with the possible exception of Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK, he is the most rollickingly funny person at present writing the King's English; but now, being in a position to air my private views without fear of contradiction, I make the statement boldly, and put, in as Exhibit A of my evidence, *The Complete Sportsman* (ARNOLD). Like other earlier volumes from the same source it is compiled from the occasional papers of *Reginald Drake Biffin*, and the sportsman who tries to get on without it is positively courting disaster. The first thing he knows, he will be talking to well-informed people about a flock of sparrows or a covey of weasels, and their quiet smiles will show him that he has been guilty of a ludicrous blunder. If he had read his *Biffin* he would have known that the correct terms are a "susurrion of sparrows" and a "pop of weasels." These are small matters, perhaps, but your sportsman cannot be too accurate. Mr. *Biffin* treats of practically every branch of sport, from elephant-snaring to Sunday bridge, in the easy chatty style which made *The Perfect Gentleman* the inseparable companion of all who desire to comport themselves correctly in Society. Nor is

the usual complement of anecdotes lacking. The practical value of these cannot be over-estimated. A careful perusal of the tragic story of the late *Lord Bloxham*, to take but one instance, will certainly save the lives of many deep-sea fishermen who have fallen into the foolish habit of angling for sharks with a line fastened to one of their waistcoat buttons to save the trouble of holding it.

MR. WILLIAM CAINE has a very nice and persistent sense of humour, and his last book, *But She Meant Well* (LANE), shows him in his most natural and therefore best vein. His lady of the good intentions was one *Hannah Neighbour*, an incorrigible infant whose eminently virtuous resolves produced the most vicious results without the adventitious aid of any extraordinary circumstances. There is generally about people who mean well something pathetic

and something else which is worse, and these characteristics are apt to become so exaggerated in fiction as to be almost offensive. Mr. CAINE's young person is not of that sort; she is no prig, and her fault is not weakness but irrepressible activity. To whatever extent she annoyed me, I was always possessed with the morbid desire to see some even worse result attending her efforts; and all the while I had to give her credit for infecting the other characters of the story with a remarkable vitality. I congratulate the author upon his presentation of the problem, how can you deal with such a misguided child so that you may at the same time check dangerous proclivities and yet do justice to her excellent motives? Still more was I pleased with his frank, if abominable, admission that in order properly to inculcate discipline it is necessary for the most part to ignore motives and let justice be blown.



He. "I'M JUST ABOUT FED-UP WITH ALL THIS TALK ABOUT RECRUITIN'. WHO'S GOIN' TO CARRY ON THE WORK OF THE COUNTRY IF ALL THE PEOPLE OF BRAINS GO TO THE FRONT?"

The reappearance of *Dorothea* as a volume in the new collected edition (CONSTABLE) of the works of Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS has at this moment a strange aptness. For you may remember that *Dorothea*, herself of Dutch-English extraction, married into a Prussian family. Nay, more, into the family of a Prussian general. A very obvious interest attaches to the impression made by these people upon the mind of the author. Of the old General we find him writing that "his lofty soul had accepted the theory of the unity on earth of the good, the true and the beautiful." Who, I ask you, would have supposed it? But throughout the book these *Von Rodens* stand as the perfect family, gently chivalrous, cultured and altogether charming. Then one remembers in explanation that *Dorothea* was written some time ago, and that this was the old-fashioned *Kultur*. There you have the German tragedy in a nutshell. Of *Dorothea* herself I will say little. Probably you already know her, and may agree with me in considering her an unattractive prig, whose place in the list of Mr. MAARTENS' heroines is decidedly at the wrong end. But those amazing pathetic Prussians! and the conflicting emotions they stir in your heart as you read!

CHARIVARIA.

T. P.'s Weekly, in some sprightly lines, suggests that *Punch* should appear daily. This would certainly not be a whit more strange than to issue a *T. P.'s Weekly Christmas Number* as is done by our contemporary.

Answer to a Correspondent.—Yes, khaki is the fashionable colour for plum-puddings for the Front.

Post hoc propter hoc? Extract from the Eye-Witness's description of the King's visit to France:—"Another sight which excited the King's keen interest was the large bathing establishment at one of the divisional headquarters . . . From here the procession returned to General Headquarters, where his Majesty received General Foch and presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath."

Sir JOHN FRENCH's praise of the Berkshire Regiment will surprise no one, least of all *Mr. Punch's* Toby.

REUTER tells us that when DE WET arrived at Johannesburg he was looking haggard and somewhat depressed. This lends colour to the rumour that he was annoyed at being captured.

In a letter published by a German newspaper a Landwehr officer writes:—"On the German front officers and men do not salute in the usual way, but by saying, 'God punish England,' while the reply is, 'May He punish England.'" This admission that the Germans themselves cannot do it is significant.

Die Post, in a reference to our million recruits, says, "Mere figures will not frighten us." Frankly, some of the figures of the stout Landwehr men frighten us.

At last in Constantinople there are signs that it is being realised that the Germans are driving the Turkish Army to Suez-side.

When the Germans and the Russians both claim to have won the same battle, what can one do? asks a correspondent. We can only suggest that the matter should be referred to the Hague Tribunal.

An item of war news which the President of the Society for the Promotion

of Propriety thinks the Censor might very well have censored:—"To the south of Lask the Russian troops took Shertzoff"

"The Grenadier Guard, 6 ft. 7 in. high, whom the Prince of Wales noticed in hospital, is not the tallest man in the British Army, that distinction being claimed for Corporal Frank Millin, 2nd Coldstream Guards, who is 6 ft. 8½ in." This, again, is the sort of paragraph which might have been censored with advantage, for we are quite sure that, if the PRINCE OF WALES's giant sees it, it will cause a relapse.

For the first time for many years



"I'M AFRAID IT'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE SAME PLACE AS MY GERMAN PIPE WENT—THE DUSTBIN. IT SUITED ME, TOO."

there were no charges of murder at the December Sessions at the Old Bailey. It looks as if yet another of our industries has been filched by the Germans.

THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY announces that candidates for assistant-clerkships, Royal Navy, who have completed a period of not less than three months' actual military service with His Majesty's Forces since mobilisation, will be granted fifty marks in the examination. It seems a most unpatriotic proceeding to pay them in German money.

The Nursing Times must really be more careful or we shall have the German newspapers drawing attention to atrocities by the French. In its issue of the 5th inst. our contemporary says:—"The 'Train unit' whose names we gave some weeks ago have waited

all this time for their call for duty . . . And now the French authorities have cut the train—and the staff—in two!"

Reply to those who think it absurd to take precautions against invasion:—It's the Hun-expected that always happens.

A great fall of cliff occurred last week between Beachy Head and Seaford, and the Germans are pointing out that the break-up of England has now begun in earnest.

Mr. Wells on Men's Wear.

"Her thoughts came back to the dancing little figure in purple-striped pyjamas. She had a scared sense of irrevocable breaches."

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman.

An obvious misprint in the last word.

The Quickest Route.

"THE KING'S JOURNEY.

CROSSES CHANNEL IN TORPEDO."

Cumberland Evening Mail.

This is the method which the KAISER means to try for his coming invasion of England.

"Professor G. Sims Woodhead, the Board's consultative bacteriological adviser, to whom the report had been submitted, said: 'I consider Dr. Mair's work contains a germ of great promise.'"

Birmingham Daily Mail.

We hope the Professor will not lose sight of the promising young microbe.

"For any enemy ship to try to get into Dover at the present time would be like entering the mouth of hell.

[We understand that the Admiralty have received no confirmation of this.]"

Daily Telegraph.

We hope that none of our contemporaries will blame the Admiralty for its lack of information.

"Rev. Owen S. Watkins, one of the Wesleyan Methodist Chaplains with the Expeditionary Force (already mentioned in the dispatches), tells some most extraordinary stories of his experiences at the Front."

Public Opinion.

We remember now some mention of this "Expeditionary Force" being made in despatches, and we wondered at the time why the Censor allowed such a public reference to it.

The Russians quietly evacuated Lodz without the loss of a single man. The Germans allege that they captured it after strenuous fighting.

"And how can man lie better Than facing fearful Lodz?"

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

[Lines for *King Albert's Book*, published to-day for the benefit of *The Daily Telegraph's* Belgian Relief Fund.]

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you, for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:—
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
I saw the morning break!"

O. S.

FINANCIAL STRATEGY.

IN some respects one is no doubt compelled to admire the foresight of those gentlemen who are writing the History of the War while it is in progress, but as Mabel (my wife and very able colleague) justly observes, no History of the War, however copious or however fully illustrated, can be considered complete without a few salient details of the campaign by which The Snookeries (our domestic stronghold in Tooting) was saved from the fate of Belgium.

That omission I propose to remedy. Peace hath her strategy no less than War.

For some time prior to the Declaration of War it was evident that the butcher, the baker, and other foes of our domestic happiness were gathering for an onslaught. The attitude of the butcher was particularly uncompromising: I do not hesitate to describe it as distinctly Hun-ish. Diplomacy gave little hope of preserving peace, so that I was not altogether surprised when the war opened with a heavy bombardment. A brigade of small accounts advanced in skirmishing order, but were disposed of without trouble.

Mabel suggested a temporary withdrawal to the sand-dunes of Mudville-on-Sea, but I pointed out that this meant sacrificing part of our scanty store of ammunition and had the further disadvantage of cutting us off from our base of supplies in the City, to say nothing of losing touch with Uncle Robert, who has so often proved a staunch ally in a crisis.

We therefore resolved to entrench ourselves behind the Moratorium and prepared for a stubborn resistance. From this strong position we were able to sustain without loss a brisk fire of explosive missives which continued unchecked for some weeks. Speaking quite candidly, and dropping the language of the Press Bureau for the moment, there has never been a time when the postman's rat-tat has occasioned me less emotion.

The defences of the Moratorium did not save us from sundry annoying raids upon our supplies, the butcher being peculiarly active in this kind of warfare. I repeat, the butcher is a true Hun and must be sternly dealt with after the Peace. I was forced to silence him temporarily with a few shots from my new one-pounders.

I would like to say what a valuable weapon the one-pounder has proved in this campaign. It is wonderfully mobile and saves the waste of heavier ammunition. My only regret is that we were not armed with more of them.

Towards the end of August the rate-man and the gas-man mounted heavy ordnance upon official heights. They got our range to a nicety and threatened us in flank. I despatched Mabel at once to Uncle Robert, and with his assistance we were enabled to silence the enemy's howitzers, not, however, before the rate-man—a remorseless and persistent foe—had landed a "sheriff's officer" (as we jocularly term his missiles) into our dining-room. Little material damage was done, but for some days the effect upon the *moral* of our forces was apparent.

I must not forget to speak of Mabel's brilliant victory over the milkman, whose attack she frustrated by a threat to open negotiations for obtaining supplies from his hated rival. When these troubles are happily over I must certainly see that Mabel receives a decoration.

Towards the end of October our entrenchments behind the Moratorium became untenable, but by that time we had received substantial reinforcements and were easily able to hold our own against the enemy's reckless frontal attacks. The landlord suddenly unmasked a very strong battery which created some consternation. He himself appeared in force, but, thanks to the vigilance of my outposts, I was enabled to make a strategic retirement by the back-garden gate, leaving Mabel to foil the enemy by a *ruse-de-guerre*. (Dear Mabel is wonderfully clever at these things.) I succeeded in regaining my position under cover of darkness.

The attacks of the landlord were renewed with such vigour that I called a council of war to discuss the situation. Retreat being out of the question, Mabel suggested a levy of our last reserves, and the charswoman (who is a discreet person of considerable experience in such matters) was mobilised. In this way we secured a sufficient force to rout the landlord on his next appearance.

The last few days have been comparatively quiet. Mabel's dressmaker and my tailor have reaffirmed their neutrality, and we have promise of further support, if needed, from Uncle Robert. Thus, although the enemy appear to contemplate a new attack in the future, we are full of confidence.

In conclusion, I must not forget to refer to the very able way in which Mabel out-maneuvred the coal-man. Before he could unlimber, she had deftly poured in a rapid fire of sympathy for the slackness of trade from which she *knew* he must be suffering, and followed this up by an order for two tons of the best Wallsend.

I think I am justified in advancing the theory that there are no lies on dear Mabel.

OFF THE FALKLANDS, DECEMBER 8TH.

[To an old nautical air, with Mr. Punch's loud congratulations to Vice-Admiral Sir DOVETON STURDEE and his brave sailors.]

HARDENED steel are our ships;
Gallant tars are our men;
We never are wordy
(STURDEE, boys, STURDEE!),
But quietly conquer again and again.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Hon. Treasurer of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street (where many Belgian children are being cared for) desires to express his sincere thanks to Mr. Punch's readers for their generous response to the appeal for help which was recently made in these pages.



THE SINEWS OF WAR.

PRIVATE ATKINS. "FOR WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED—AND ARE GOING TO RECEIVE—
HERE'S TO THE A.S.C."





Child (much impressed by martial emblems opposite). "MOTHER, IS THAT A SOLDIER?" Mother. "No, DARLING." Child. "WHY NOT?"

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. X.

(From Mrs. JAMES PROSSER, 25, Paradise Road, Brixton.)

KAISER,—Jim's gone. I don't know if you'll like to hear it, him being a good fighter. I'd warrant him to take the shine out of any two Germans I ever met. They're big men, the Germans, but they mostly run to fat after their *premier jeurness*, as the Belgian lady over the way said last week when we was a-talking about 'em. I don't know what she meant, but she didn't look as if it was anything in the way of a compliment. That's why I've wrote it down here.

Anyhow, Jim's gone. I saw him off with a lot of others, and they was all singing and shouting as loud as their lungs would let 'em—not drink, mind you, so don't you run away with that notion, but just high spirits and health and happiness. First it was "Tipperary," and that made me feel so mournful I had to give Jim a good old hug, and the little un pulling at my dress all the time and calling out, "Let me have a go at him, Mother," and "Don't give 'em all to Mother, Dad; keep half-a-dozen for me," just as sensible as a Christian, which is more than you can say of some. His name's Henery, the full name, not Henry, and we had him christened so, to make sure. He's going on for five years now, and he's got a leg and a chest on him to suit twice his years. I'm not saying that because I'm his mother, but because it's the truth. After they'd sung "Tipperary" they sang a lot of other songs. There was one in particklar that I liked, it had such a go with it. Jim told me it was made up by one of their own men, music and all. I misremember most of it, but there was two lines stuck in my head:—

General FRENCH is a regular blazer,
He's going to dust the German KAISER.

There was a lot more about themselves and their officers and their colonel, who was second to none and was making tracks for the German Hun, all as funny and clever as you could make it. I couldn't help laughing to see 'em all so jolly. Then the engine give a whistle and the guard said, "Stand back," and waved his green flag, and the train moved out, and the men cheered and we cheered back, and at last they was gone, and the little un was saying, "Don't mind me, mother. Have a good cry and get it over;" and then we went home, and he kept talking all the way of what he's going to do when he grows up to be a soldier himself.

Well, Jim's gone, but I wouldn't have had him stay at home not for ever so much. He was earning good money, too, in his job, but that's going to be kept open for him so as he can drop into it again when he comes back. And I'm going to keep his home open for him so as he can drop into that when he comes back; there's enough money coming in to make certain of that, what with allowances and my work. Mind you, I *like* to work; it keeps you from thinking too much, and me and the little un manage splendid together. He helps about the house better nor half-a-dozen housemaids, and he's so managing it would make you die of laughing to see him. The only trouble is he can't bear going to bed; but I tell him if he don't the KAISER'll catch him, and then he's off with his clothes and into his cot like a flash of lightning.

There, I've talked about myself and the little un and all the time I meant to tell you about Jim. However, you'll know him right enough if ever you come up against him. He's a handsome man with black hair and no moustache, and he's got a scar over his right eye where he tumbled against the fender when he was four years old.

Yours without love,

SARAH PROSSER.

THE WATCH DOGS.

IX.

DEAR CHARLES,—As the men, for reasons best known to themselves, will suddenly chant on the march—"We're here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here," goodness knows when (if ever) we shall get to the Front; so this is yet another letter for you from the Back, where we are, much against our will, kept to deal kindly but firmly with the German invader as, home-sick and sea-sick, he alights gloomily on our shores. If, by the way, I have given hints in this correspondence as to the disposition of any part of our troops, it is a comfort to think that the artful spy who gets hold of them will have the utmost difficulty in making up his mind as to the real or fictitious existence of (1) my Division; (2) my Brigade; (3) my Battalion; (4) my Company; or even (5) me.

Meanwhile we are in a very difficult position, such as I believe few soldiers have ever been called upon to face. You will remember how, four months ago, we collected ourselves together in accordance with our long-standing engagement to protect these islands against the foreign trespasser, the condition of our contract being that our service should begin (as charity should) and end (as charity often does) at home. In the bad old days when I was at the Bar I should of course have known that contracts are apt to turn round on those who make them; but now I am only a plain soldier and I am unable to understand why I should be made to stay at home when I desire to go and make a nuisance of myself abroad. But the real trouble comes from this, that some six weeks ago I received written and explicit orders to the effect that I was to sail forthwith.

Suppose this had happened to you and you had been given special leave of forty-eight hours to make all necessary preparations, would not you have gone where your more impressionable acquaintances and friends were gathered together in the greatest numbers, informing them of the position and doing, on the strength of it, a quiet but irretrievable swank? No ostentation, mark you, and nothing approaching a boast, but just a suspicion of a brave careless laugh, a voice just slightly choked with emotion and but

a formal reluctance to accept the numerous and costly gifts proffered by relatives who at less emotional times would have grudged you a Christmas card?

We did. We went home and were made a fuss of; we took our leave and nice things were said to us, tears welled, and hands, peculiarly firm or peculiarly tender as the case might be, held ours for rather longer than the customary period. With a brave "Pooh! Pooh! It doesn't matter in the least," we went off at last, off amid deafening cheers to the unknown future. . . .



Genial Pedestrian. "A BRIGHT MOON TO-NIGHT, CONSTABLE."

Morbid P.C. "YES, SIR. LET'S 'OPE IT DON'T DRAW THE FIRE OF 'OSTILE AIR-CRAFT!"

The following week-end we were home again as before, but, since the joy of a temporary reprieve may outweigh even the annoyance of an anticlimax, they were pleased to see us and gave us another farewell only slightly less emotional than the last. But on the third of this series of week-ends a note of insincerity crept into the "Good-bye, old man," and the hand-pressure was slightly curtailed.

Alas! there have been even more week-ends since that. I trust it is only our self-consciousness makes us think that we are looked upon as frauds, who have obtained by false pretences the field-glasses, electric torches, knitted wares, tears, hand-clasps and choicest

superlatives of our friends. It becomes worse as time passes; we do not go home now, and we would even refrain from writing if we could hope by that means to have our whereabouts unknown and our existence doubtful. If the authorities won't part with us, they might at least give us an address which would make it look as if they had—something like "Capt. Blank, Blankth Blank Regt., Blankth Fighting Force, c/o G.P.O." What will happen is that we shall go suddenly and without time to explain, and, when our friends are told, their faces will cloud over, not with sorrow at our departure but with annoyance at being pestered with the news of it again. It is a hard life, is a soldier's!

One bold bad private informed our most youthful orderly officer, upon being asked if he had had a sufficient breakfast: "Yes, thank you, Sir: a glass of water and a woodbine;" otherwise personal idiosyncracies become less marked, since individualities become merged in the corporate machine. The battalion is cross as a whole, nerry as a whole, laughs as a whole, almost sneezes or has indigestion as a whole. Recalling the good old days of annual camps, when energy used to be rewarded with free beer rather than demanded as a matter of course, the battalion as often as not sings as a whole while route-marching at ease past the C.O. :—

"Nobody knows how dry we are,
Nobody knows how dry we are,
Nobody knows how dry we are,
AND NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE."

While the conduct of all of us becomes every day more disciplined, our speech, I have to report with regret, becomes more loose. Emphasis is an essential of military life, and it must be such emphasis as the least intelligent may readily appreciate. Sometimes I tremble to think in what terms I may inadvertently ask some gentle soul later on in life to pass the marmalade, or with what expletives I may comment upon some little defect in domestic life. My literary friend, John, has shamelessly compiled a short phrase-book for our use abroad, reproducing our present regrettable idioms. One inquiry, to be addressed to the local peasant by the leading officer, runs thus:—"Can you tell me, Sir, where the enemy is at present to be found?"—"Où sont les Boches sanguinaires?"



AT A MILITARY WEDDING.

Usher (to Uninvited Guest). "BRIDE'S FRIENDS TO THE RIGHT; BRIDEGROOM'S TO THE LEFT."
Uninvited Guest. "I'M AFRAID I'M A NEUTRAL."

The other point of view as to going to the Front was put last Sunday with unconscious aptness. At breakfast we had read aloud to us a letter written with inspiring realism by a Watch Dog who is actually there and seeing life in all its detail in the trenches. Having listened to it with rapt attention, we then marched to church and (actually) sang with unanimous fervour:—

"The trivial round, the common task
 Will furnish all we need to ask. . . ."

Nevertheless more to be feared than the enraged German is the sceptical scornful Aunt of

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Washington, Saturday.—The American Ambassador at Constantinople reports that Turkey has acquiesced in the departure of several Canadian missionaries, whose safe conduct was requested by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador here."—*People*.
 This is headed "Millionaires Released," and shows how well the clergy are paid in Canada.

LITTLE BROTHER.
(*The Indian Jackal.*)

PANTHER, tiger, wolf and bear,
 They live where the hills are high,
 Where the eagle swings in the upper air
 And the gay dacoit is nigh;
 But we live down in the delta lands,
 A decenter place to be—
 The frogs and the bats and Little Brother,
 The pariah dogs and me.
 He was a Rajah once on a time
 Who is Little Brother now;
 And I know it is all for monstrous crime
 Or shamefully broken vow
 That he slinks in the dust and eats alone
 With a pious tongue and free;
 For a holy man is Little Brother,
 As beggars ought to be.
 But whether he lurks in the morning light
 Where the tall plantations grow,
 Or wanders the village fields by nights
 Telling of ancient woe;

Or whether he's making a sporting run

For me and a dog or two,
 An uncanny beast is Little Brother
 For Christian eyes to view.

For there comes an hour at the full
 o' the moon

When the Boh-tree blossoms fall,
 And a devil comes out of the afternoon
 And has him a night in thrall;
 And he hunts till dawn like a questing hound

For souls that have lost their way;
 And it's well to be clear of Little Brother

Till the good gods bring the day.

Wherefore I think I will end my song

Wishing him fair good night,
 For Little Brother's got something wrong

That'll never on earth come right;
 And this perhaps is the honest truth,
 And the wisest folk agree,
 The less I know about Little Brother
 The better by far for me.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE TRENCHES.

OLD mother mine, at times I find
Pauses when fighting's done
That make me lonesome and inclined
To think of those I left behind—
And most of all of one.

At home you're knitting woolly things—
They're meant for me for choice;
There's rain outside, the kettle sings
In sobs and frolics till it brings
Whispers that seem a voice.

Cheer up! I'm calling, far away;
And, wireless, you can hear.
Cheer up! you know you'd have me
stay
And keep on trying day by day;
We're winning, never fear.

Although to have me back's your
prayer—

I'm willing it should be—
You'd never breathe a word to spare
Yourself, and stop me playing fair;
You're braver far than me.

So let your dear face twist a smile
The way it used to do;
And keep on cheery all the while,
Rememb'ring hating's not your style—
Germans have mothers too.

And when the work is through, and
when

I'm coming home to find
The one who sent me out, ah! then
I'll make you (bless you) laugh again,
Old sweetheart left behind.

HIGH JINKS AT HAPPY-THOUGHT HALL.

[An inevitable article in any decent magazine at this time of the year. Read it carefully, and then have an uproarious time in your own little house.]

It was a merry party assembled at Happy-Thought Hall for Christmas. The Squire liked company, and the friends whom he had asked down for the festive season had all stayed at Happy-Thought Hall before, and were therefore well acquainted with each other. No wonder, then, that the wit flowed fast and furious, and that the guests all agreed afterwards that they had never spent such a jolly Christmas, and that the best of all possible hosts was Squire Tregarthen!

But first we must introduce some of the Squire's guests to our readers. The Reverend Arthur Manley, a clever young clergyman with a taste for gardening, was talking in one corner to Miss Phipps, a pretty girl of some twenty summers. Captain Bolsover, a smart cavalry officer, together with Professor and Mrs. Smith-Smythe from Oxford, formed a small party in another corner. Handsome Jack Ellison was, as usual,

in deep conversation with the beautiful Miss Holden, who, it was agreed among the ladies of the party, was not altogether indifferent to his fine figure and remarkable prospects. There were other guests, but as they chiefly played the part of audience in the events which followed their names will not be of any special interest to our readers. Suffice it to say that they were all intelligent, well-dressed and ready for any sort of fun.

(Now, thank heaven, we can begin.) A burst of laughter from Captain Bolsover attracted general attention, and everybody turned in his direction.

"By Jove, Professor, that's good," he said, as he slapped his knee; "you must tell the others that."

"It was just a little incident that happened to me to-day as I was coming down here," said the Professor, as he beamed round on the company. "I happened to be rather late for my train, and as I bought my ticket I asked the clerk what time it was. He replied, 'If it takes six seconds for a clock to strike six, how long will it take to strike twelve?' I said twelve seconds, but it seems I was wrong."

The others all said twelve seconds too, but they were all wrong. Can you guess the right answer?



Clock, when striking six. The other hand may be fitted in by your small boy. He will find it very amusing.

FIG. 1.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE PROFESSOR'S DELIGHTFUL STORY OF THE BOOKING-CLERK'S ANSWER.

When the laughter had died down, the Reverend Arthur Manley said:

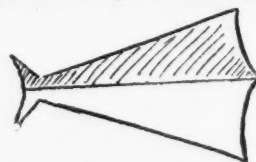
"That reminds me of an amusing experience which occurred to my housekeeper last Friday. She was ordering a little fish for my lunch, and the fishmonger, when asked the price of herrings, replied, 'Three ha'pence for one and a-half,' to which my housekeeper said, 'Then I will have twelve.' How much did she pay?" He smiled happily at the company.

"One-and-sixpence, of course," said Miss Phipps.

"No, no; ninepence," cried the Squire with a hearty laugh.

Captain Bolsover made it come to £1 3s. 2½d., and the Professor thought

fourpence. But once again they were all wrong. What do you make it come to?



Herring, prepared for cooking. Shaded portion represents half-herring.

FIG. 2.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE CURATE'S INGENIOUS PROBLEM OF THE FISHMONGER.

It was now Captain Bolsover's turn for an amusing puzzle, and the others turned eagerly towards him.

"What was that one about a door?" said the Squire. "You were telling me when we were out shooting yesterday, Bolsover."

Captain Bolsover looked surprised.

"Ah, no, it was young Reggie Worlock," said the Squire with a hearty laugh.

"Oh, do tell us, Squire," said everybody.

"It was just a little riddle, my dear," said the Squire to Miss Phipps, always a favourite of his. "When is a door not a door?"

Miss Phipps said when it was a cucumber; but she was wrong. So were the others. See if you can be more successful.

"Yes, that's very good," said Captain Bolsover; "it reminds me of something which occurred during the Boer War."

Everybody listened eagerly.

"We were just going into action, and I happened to turn round to my men, and say, 'Now, then, boys, give 'em beans!' To my amusement one of them replied smartly, 'How many blue beans make five?' We were all so interested working it out that we never got into action at all."

"But that's easy," said the Professor. "Five."

"Four," said Miss Phipps. (She would. Silly kid.)

"Six," said the Squire.

Which was right?

Blue.



Beans. Sometimes called (rather vulgarly) kidney beans. One of the shade.

FIG. 3.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE CAPTAIN'S THRILLING STORY OF THE BOER WAR.

Jack Ellison had been silent during the laughter and jollity, always such a feature of Happy-Thought Hall at Christmas time, but now he contributed an ingenious puzzle to the amusement of the company.



Little Tomkins (to Herculean Coalheaver). "WHY DON'T YOU COME UP THE GREEN A COUPLE O' NIGH'S A WEEK AN' DO A BIT O' SHOOTIN' AN' DRILLIN'? YOU'D GET AS FIT AS A FIDDLE."

"I met a man in a motor-'bus," he said in a quiet voice, "who told me that he had four sons. The eldest son, Abraham, had a dog who used to go and visit the three brothers occasionally. The dog, my informant told me, was very unwilling to go over the same ground twice, and yet being in a hurry wished to take the shortest journey possible. How did he manage it?"

For a little while the company was puzzled. Then, after deep thought, the Professor said:

"It depends on where they lived."

"Yes," said Ellison. "I forgot to say that my acquaintance drew me a map." He produced a paper from his pocket. "Here it is."

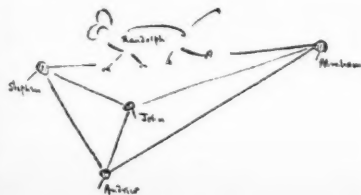


FIG. 4.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE JOURNEY OF THE SAGACIOUS HOUND.

The others immediately began to puzzle over the answer, Miss Phipps being unusually foolish, even for her. It was some time before they discovered the correct route. What do you think it is?

"Well," said the Squire, with a hearty laugh, "it's time for bed."

One by one they filed off, saying what a delightful evening they had had. Jack Ellison was particularly emphatic, for the beautiful Miss Holden had promised to be his wife. He, for one, will never forget Christmas at Happy-Thought Hall.

[NOTE.—The originals of the drawings are on sale from the Author at five guineas apiece.]

A. A. M.

STABLE INFORMATION.

LAST winter I wasn't familiar with Brown,

Our intercourse didn't extend

Past a grunt if we met on the journey to town

And a nod when I chose to unbend;

But times are *mutata*, and now I've begun

To cultivate Brown more and more,

For Brown has a son who is friends with the son
Of a man at the Office of War.

When a fog is concealing how matters progress

And editors wearily use
(Upholding the goodly repute of the Press)

A headline from yesterday's news,
Brown's knowledge enables his friends to decide

What the future is holding in store,
For we gather that KITCHENER *loves* to confide

In that man at the Office of War.

And I in my turn spread the tidings about;

To the heart that is apt to be glum
And the spirit that suffers severely from doubt

Like a sunbeam in winter I come;
"The Teuton," I whisper, "will suffer eclipse

In the course of a fortnight—no more;

I have had it—well, almost direct from the lips

Of the Chief of the Office of War."



UNRECORDED EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

GERMAN SOLDIERS BEING ROUSED TO ENTHUSIASM BY THE "HYMN OF HATE."

MAILS FOR A MAILED FIST.

[The rumours of an invasion of this country, which have been prevalent during the last few days, are presumably responsible for these letters addressed to the KAISER, which have been intercepted.]

Northsea Cove, Suffolk.

KIND SIR,—Should your troops land in this neighbourhood, would you please ask them not to fire off guns between 3 and 4 P.M., as during that hour I have my afternoon rest, and I do not sleep very well.

Yours truly,

WILHELMINA TIMMINS.

SIR,—Hearing that you are thinking of sending over an army, we have formed a small Reception Committee to provide for its comfort, and knowing how concerned you are for the welfare of your troops we think you will be glad to learn that complete arrangements have been made for conveying them to, and accommodating them at, a salubrious spot called Tipperary, immediately on their arrival.

(Signed) J. PUSHER, *Secretary,*
Eastern and Home Counties Resorts
Association.

Professor Burgess-Brown, the well-known swimming expert, presents his compliments. He would be pleased to call at Kiel Harbour (or other appointed place) in order to teach the art of natation to German soldiers who may, after arrival in England, suddenly find themselves deprived of their troopships when wishing to return.

DEAR SIR,—We hear that a number of your friends are coming to England, and shall accordingly welcome an enquiry for our advice, which is always at the disposal of the travelling public. We do not know whether you propose personally to come over, but we should certainly recommend this course, as by travelling *via* an English port you could get a boat *direct* to St. Helena and thus save the wearisome changing to which you might be exposed in sailing from the Continent.

Yours obediently,

THE WORLD'S TOURS, LIMITED.

Headquarters, Poppy Patrol Boy Scouts,
Cliffe, Norfolk.

DEAR SIR,—I don't think there is much use in your troops landing. In

this county alone there are two hundred and ninety-five more scouts than there were in August, and they are still coming in. Of course come if you like, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Yours, T. SMITH,

Patrol Leader.

Imperial Studios, Yarmouth.

SIR,—Hearing that your troops are thinking of visiting the above town, we should be glad to take you, in small or large groups. We understand that your excursion will be only a half-day one, but we have facilities for the immediate development of negatives.

Yours obediently,

GEORGE GELATINE JONES.

WARNING! TO THE KAISER.

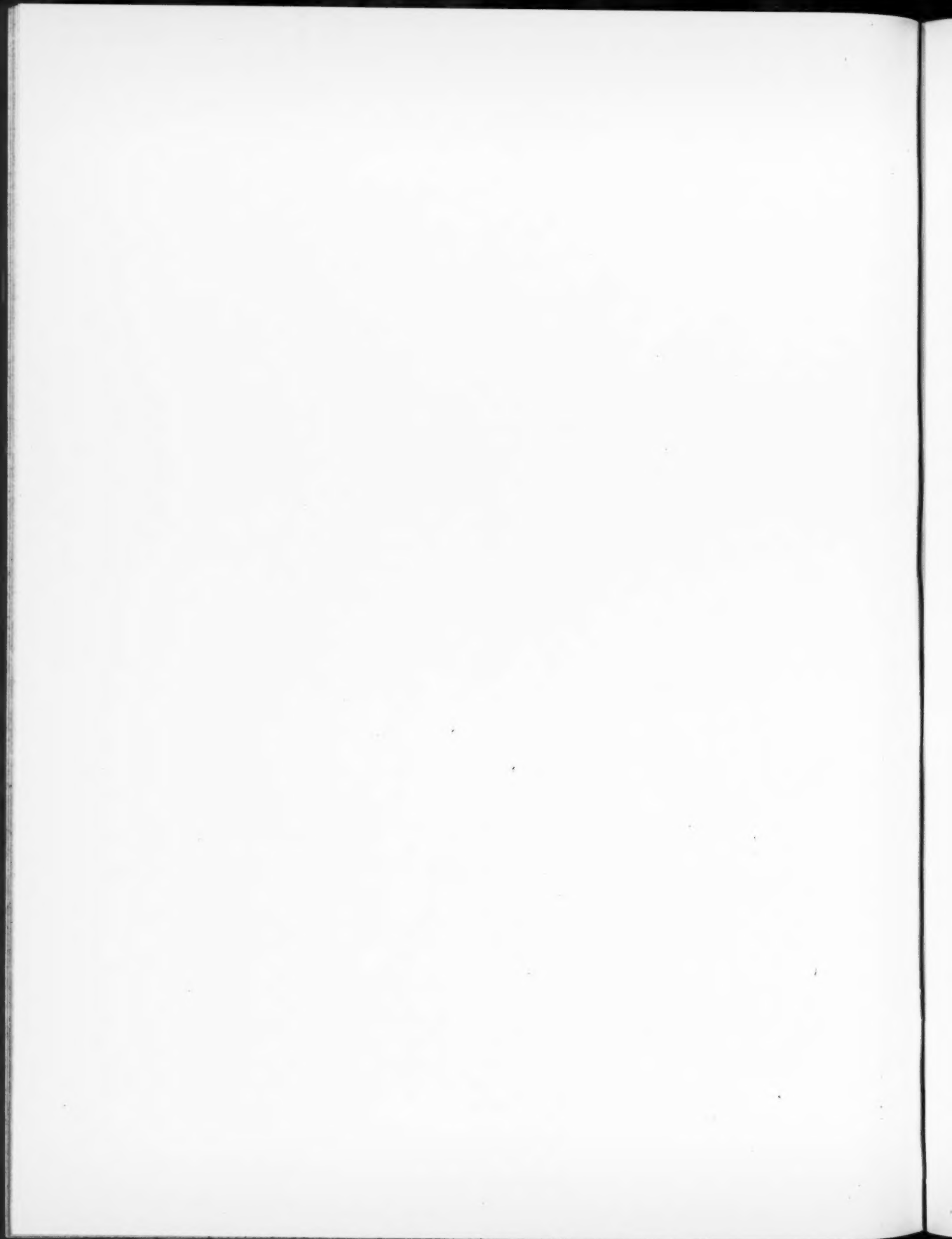
From the Huntsman of the Bungay
Foxhounds.

Send your men over if you like. Let them turn their guns on all our ancient buildings, destroy crops, blow up bridges; but MIND, if one of your Huns raises a rifle to any Norfolk or Suffolk fox, there will be trouble of a serious kind.



KILLED!

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to General Botha.]





Old Lady (to District Visitor). "DID YOU HEAR A STRANGE NOISE THIS MORNING, MISS, AT ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK? I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THEM AIREOPLANES; AND MY NEIGHBOUR WAS SO SURE IT WAS ONE HE WENT DOWN AND LET HIS DOG LOOSE."

MINOR WAR GAINS.

THE year that is stormily ending
Has brought us full measure of grief,
And yet we must thank it for sending
At times unexpected relief;
These boons are not felt in the trenches
Or make our home burdens less hard;
They're not a bonanza, but merit a stanza

Or two from the doggerel bard.

The names of musicians and mummers
No longer are loud on our lips;
By the side of our buglers and drummers
CARUSO endures an eclipse;
And the legions of freaks and of faddists

Who hailed him with rapturous awe,
O wonder of wonders, are finding out blunders,

And worse, in the writings of SHAW!

Good BEGGIE, no longer upraising
His plea for the "uplift" of Hodge,
Has ceased for a season from praising
LLOYD GEORGE and Sir OLIVER LODGE;

And there hasn't been much in the papers

About the next novel from CAINE
(No doubt he's in Flanders, the guest of commanders
Who reverence infinite brain).

JOHN WARD has forgiven the Curragh
(The Curragh's forgotten JOHN WARD);

No longer he cries "Wurra Wurra!"

At sight of an officer's sword;
MACDONALD, the terror of tigers,
Sits silent and meek as a mouse,
And the great VON KEIRHARDI is curiously tardy

In "voicing" his spleen in the House.

The screeds of professors and jurists
Have quite disappeared from the Press;

'Tis little we hear of Futurists,
And frankly we care even less;
Why, TREVELYAN, the martyr to candour,

Who lately his office resigned,
Though waters were heaving has sunk without leaving
The tiniest ripple behind.

In fine, though there fall to our fighters
Too many hard buffets and bumps,
'Tis a comfort to think that our blighters

Are down in the deadliest dumps;
And whatever the future may bring us
In profits or pleasures or pains

The ill wind that's blowing to-day is bestowing
A number of negative gains.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS CARD.

"ARE we sending Christmas cards this year? Yes," said Blathers, "but not next year, or the year after that, as we shall be retrenching. They are quite modest trifles, yet at the mere sight of the envelope each recipient will, cheerfully, I hope, pay twopenno towards the sinews of war. One hundred of these contributions will amount, I am told, to sixteen shillings and eightpence; not much, but it is my little offering to the country in her hour of need. This is the card I propose to send out in a sealed and unstamped cover":—

MR. AND MRS. BLATHERS WISH YOU
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS 1914, 1915 AND 1916,
AND
A BRIGHT NEW YEAR 1915, 1916 AND 1917.
The Ferns, Tooting.

"The Russian mining engineers who have been sent to Galicia since the occupation report that the oil districts will suffice to supply the whole of South-Western Russia. The working of the fields will start in the spring; moreover salt and iron abound, also sporadically, silver, copper, lead and the rarer metals."
Cork Examiner.

For vermicelli, however, it will still be necessary to go to Italy.

OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

III.

To the list of things that the Belgians in Crashie Howe do not understand, along with oatmeal, honey in the comb, and tapioca, must now be added the Scottish climate. They do not complain, but they are puzzled, and after sixty-five consecutive hours of rain they wonder wistfully if it is always like this. We simply dare not tell them the truth.

By every post we are busy hunting for lost relatives who are scattered before the shattering fist of the KAISER over Great Britain, Belgium, Holland and France. We have not been very successful so far, but one or two we have found, at points as far apart as York and Milford Haven, and, best of all, we have unearthed a great-grandmother, last seen in an open coal boat off Ostend, who is now in comfortable quarters in a village in Ayrshire.

Our language difficulties have not been assisted by the arrival of a family from Antwerp who talk nothing but Walloon, but, on the other hand, the progress of the children is now beginning to afford certain frail lines of communication. The least of them, Elise, can already count up to twenty in English (with a strong Scoto-Flemish accent), and so it came about that when I took my little nieces round to pay calls, relations were at once established on a numerical basis.

"One, two, three," said Sheila, holding out her hand.

"Four," retorted Juliette, gurgling with delight.

"Five, six, seven," shouted Betty.

"Eight, nine?" enquired Juliette. . .

At the next cottage, where we were all rather shy, we began tentatively with "One?" But we finally gained so much confidence that by the time we reached our last visit we ran it up to ten at a single burst, and were consequently received with open arms.

One of our main concerns has been the Santa Claus question, and that is a matter which touches us closely, as we have among our number eleven children of Santa Claus age. There are a good many pitfalls here, and it is now unfortunately too late to warn other people of the chief of them. For the fact is—as we found to our amazement—that Santa Claus (you must, by the way, call him St. Nicholas; after all, it is his proper name) comes to Belgium

and Russia, not on December 25th, but on December 6th. All our attempts to explain this phenomenon by the difference in the Russian calendar, though ingenious, have failed; it doesn't work out at all. Still, for some reason, that is how it is, and we cannot but be grateful to St. Nicholas for this delicate attention to our allies, by which no doubt they get the pick of the toys, even though we were nearly let in by him. Indeed Pierre had practically given up hope. He had told his mother that he was afraid St. Nicholas would never find his way to Scotland, it was too far.

of hay for the horse, along with your shoes, or else he will simply pass on and you will get nothing at all.

Having collected and considered all these facts we were fully prepared to meet the situation—even down to the small gingerbread animals which always grace the day—on December 6th, and to deal faithfully with the little rows of clogs, bulging with hay, which awaited us on St. Nicholas Eve.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, 1914.

"It's perfectly simple," said the Reverend Henry, adopting his lofty style. "We must cut the whole lot. There is no other course."

"I don't consider that your opinion is of any value whatever," said Eileen. "In fact you ought not to be allowed to take part in this discussion. Every one knows that you have always tried to get out of Christmas presents, and now you are merely using a grave national emergency to further your private ends."

The Reverend Henry was squashed; but Mrs. Sidney had a perfect right to speak, for she has been without doubt the most persistent and painstaking Christmas provider in the family, and has never been known to miss a single relation even at the longest range.

"I quite agree with Henry," said she. "This is no time for Christmas presents—except to hospitals and Belgians and men at the Front."

"You mean that you would scratch the whole lot," said I, "even the pocket diary for 1915 that I send to Uncle William?"

"Yes, even that. You can send the diary to Sidney" (who is in Flanders). "I have always wanted him to keep a diary."

"What about the children?" said I.

"The children must realise," said the Reverend Henry solemnly, "what it means for the nation to be at war."

"Oh, no," Laura broke in impetuously. "How can they realise? How can you expect Kathleen to realise?"

"Do you know," said the Reverend Henry, "that only last Sunday my niece Kathleen was marching all over the house singing at the top of her voice, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary: the Bible tells me so'? Obviously she realises."

"But what about——" Eileen was beginning.



Wearily Variety Agent. "AND WHAT'S YOUR PARTICULAR CLAIM TO ORIGINALITY?"

Artiste. I'M THE ONLY COMEDIAN WHO HAS SO FAR REFRAINED FROM ADDRESSING THE ORCHESTRA AS 'YOU IN THE TRENCH.'"

Then there is another thing which might easily have been overlooked. It's no use putting out stockings, as we prefer to do in our insular way; one must put out shoes. At first sight it looks as if we in this country have the pull over our allies here, for one pair of little shoes does not hold much stuff. But fortunately it is the happy custom in all lands to allow of overflow to any extent. And finally St. Nicholas never comes down the chimney; he pops in through the window (which should be left slightly open at the bottom so that he can get in his thumb and prize it up). Also he never drove a reindeer in his life. He rides a horse. And this is of the first importance, for the one condition attaching to his benevolence is that you must put out a good wisp

"Let's have a scrap of paper," said I, "a contract that we can all sign, and then we can put down the exceptions to the rule."

Henry was already hard at work with a sheet of foolscap.

"... not to exchange, give, receive or swap in celebration of Christmas, 1914, any gift, donation, subscription, contribution, grant, token or emblem within the family and its connections: and further not to permit any gift, donation, subscription, contribution, grant, token or emblem to emanate from any member of the family to such as are outside."

"Good so far," said I.

"The following recipients to be accepted," Henry went on,

"(1) All Hospitals; (2) Belgians; (3) His Majesty's Forces—"

"(4) The Poor and Needy," suggested Eileen.

"(5) The Aged and Infirm," said I. "I only want to get in Great-aunt Amelia. She mustn't be allowed to draw a blank."

"That's true," said Henry; "we'll fix the age limit at ninety-one. That'll bring her in."

"(6) Children of such tender age that they are unable to realise the national emergency," said Mrs. Sidney.

"Quite so," said Henry. "What would you suggest as the age limit? Three?"

"Four," said Laura simultaneously.

"I should like to suggest five," said I, "to bring in Kathleen."

"Let's make it seven," said Mrs. Henry. "I can hardly believe that Peter realises, you know."

"Stop a bit," said I. "If you take in Peter you can't possibly leave out Tom. Make it eight-and-a-half."

"That seems a little hard on Alice, doesn't it?" said Eileen.

"Any advance on eight-and-a-half?" called Henry from the writing-desk. And from that moment the discussion assumed the character of an auction, Laura finally running it up to thirteen (which brings in the twins) to the general satisfaction.

When the contract was signed, witnessed and posted on its way to the other signatories there was a general sense of relief that Christmas would not be very different from usual after all. Henry growled a good deal. But we know our Reverend Henry: he will do his duty when the time comes.

"The Prince of Wales noticed a private in his own regiment, the Grenadier Guards, who is six feet inches in height. He is six feet inches in height."—*Scotsman*.

It sounds silly, but the writer evidently means it.



THE RULING PASSION.

Voice from below. "FOR 'EAVEN'S SAKE, MUM, GET BACK. THE FIRE-ESCAPE WILL BE 'ERE IN FIVE MINUTES."

Endangered Female. "FIVE MINUTES? THEN THROW ME BACK MY KNITTING."

THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

A PHILISTINE? Then you will smile
At this old willow-pattern plate
And junks of long-forgotten date
That anchor off Pagoda Isle;

At little pig-tailed simpering rakes
Who kiss their hands (three miles
away)

To dainty beauties of Cathay
Beside those un-foreshortened lakes.

With hand on heart they smile and sue.
Their topsy-turvy world, you say,
Is out of all perspective? Nay,
'Tis we who look at life askew.

Dreams lose their spell; hard facts we prize
In our humdrum philosophy;
But, could we change, who would
not be
A suitor for those azure eyes?
Who would not sail with fairy freight
Piloting some flat-bottomed barge—
A size too small, or else too large—
On this old willow-pattern plate?

"The 'Figaro' publishes a telegram from Petrograd which contradicts the German announcement that Lodz is occupied by the Germans."—*Lancashire Evening Post*.
And quite right too.

A MARNE FOOTNOTE.

THERE was a battlefield, I was told, with a ruined village near it, about as far from Paris as Sevenoaks is from London, and I decided to see it. The preliminaries, they said, would be difficult, but only patience was needed—patience and one's papers all in order. It would be necessary to go to the War Bureau, opposite the Invalides.

I went to the War Bureau opposite the Invalides one afternoon. I rang the bell and a smiling French soldier opened the door. Within were long passages and other smiling French soldiers in little knots guarding the approaches, all very bureaucratic. The head of the first knot referred me to the second knot; the head of the second referred me to a third. The head of this knot, which guarded the approach to the particular military mandarin whom I needed or thought I needed, smiled more than any of them, and, having heard my story, said that that was certainly the place to obtain leave. But it was unwise and even impossible to go by any other way than road, as the railway was needed for soldiers and munitions of war, and therefore I must bring my chauffeur with me, with his papers, which must be examined and passed.

My chauffeur? I possessed no such thing. Necessary then to provide myself with a chauffeur at once. Out I went in a fusillade of courtesies and sought a chauffeur. I visited a taxi rank and stopped this man and that, but all shied at the distance. At last one said that his garage would provide me with a car. So off to the garage we went, and there I had an interview with a manager, who declined to believe that permission for the expedition would be made at all, except possibly to oblige a person of great importance. Was I a person of great importance? he asked me. Was I? I wondered. No, I thought not. Very well then, he considered it best to drop the project.

I came away and hailed another taxi, driven by a shaggy grey hearthrug. I told him my difficulties, and he at once offered to drive me anywhere and made no bones about the distance whatever. So it was arranged that he should come for me on the morrow—say Tuesday, at a quarter to eleven, and we would then get through the preliminaries and my lunch comfortably by noon and be off and away. So do hearthrugs talk with foreigners—light-heartedly and confident. But Heaven disposes. For when we reached the Bureau at a minute after eleven the next morning the smiling janitor told us we were too late. Too late at eleven? Yes, the office in ques-

tion was closed between eleven and two; we must return at two.

"But the day will be over," I said; "the light will have gone. Another day lost!" Nothing on earth can crystallize and solidify so swiftly and implacably as the French official face. At these words his smile vanished. He was not angry or threatening—merely granite. Those were the rules, and how could anyone question them? At two, he repeated: and again I left the building, this time not bowing quite so effusively, but suppressing a thousand criticisms which might have been spoken were not the French our allies.

Three hours to kill in a city where everything is shut. No Louvre, no Carnavalet! However, the time went, chiefly over lunch, and at two we were there again, the hearthrug and I, and were shown into a waiting-room where far too many other persons had already assembled. To me this congestion seemed deplorable; but the hearthrug merely grinned. It was all a new experience to him, and his meter was registering the time. We waited, I suppose, forty minutes and then came our turn, and we were led to a little room where sat a typical elderly French officer at a table. He had white moustaches and was in uniform with blue and red about it. I bowed, he bowed, the hearthrug grovelled. I explained my need, and he replied instantly that I had come to the wrong place; the right place was the Conciergerie.

Another rebuff! In England I might have told him that it was one of his own idiotic men who had told me otherwise, but of what use would that be in France? In France a thing is or is not, and there is no getting round it if it is not. French officials are port-cullises, and they drop as suddenly and as effectively. Knowing this, so far from showing resentment or irritation, I bowed and made my thanks as though I had come for no other purpose than a dose of frustration; and again we left this cursed Bureau.

I re-entered the taxi, which, judging by the meter, I should very soon have completely paid for, and we hurtled away (for the hearthrug was a demon driver) to Paris's Scotland Yard. Here were more passages, more little rooms, more inflexible officials. I had bowed to half-a-dozen and explained my errand before at last the right one was reached, and him the hearthrug grovelled to again and called "Mon Colonel." He sat at a table in a little room, and beside him, all on the same side of the table, sat three civilians. On the wall behind was a map of France. What they did all day, I wondered, and how much they were

paid for it; for we were the only clients, and the suggestion of the place was one of anecdote and persiflage rather than toil. They acted with the utmost unanimity. First "Mon Colonel" scrutinised my passport, and then the others, in turn, scrutinised it. What did I want to go to — for? (The name is suppressed because it is two or three months since the battle was fought there.) I replied that my motive was pure curiosity. Did I know it was a very dull town? I wanted to see the battlefield. That would be *triste* too. Yes, I knew, but I was interested. "Mon Colonel" shrugged and wrote on a piece of paper and passed the paper to the first civilian, who wrote something else and passed it on, and finally the last one got it and discovered a mistake in the second civilian's writing, and the mistake had to be initialled by all the lot, each making great play with a blotter; and at last the precious document was handed to me and I was really free to start. But it was now dark.

* * * * *

The road from — leaves the town by a hill, crosses a canal, and then mounts and winds, and mounts again, and dips and mounts, between fields of stubble, with circular straw-stacks as their only occupants. The first intimation of anything untoward, besides the want of life, was the spire of the little white village of — on the distant hill, which surely had been damaged. As one drew nearer it was clear that not only had the spire been damaged, but that the houses had been damaged too. The place seemed empty and under a ban.

I stopped the car outside, at the remains of a burned shed, and walked along the desolate main street. All the windows were broken; the walls were indented with little holes or perforated with big ones. The roofs were in ruins. Here was the post-office; it is now half demolished and boarded up. There was the inn; it is now empty and forlorn. Half the great clock face leant against a wall. Everyone had fled—it is a "deserted village" with a vengeance: nothing left but a few fowls. Everything was damaged; but the church had suffered most. Half of the shingled spire was destroyed, most of the roof, and the great bronze bell lay among the *débris* on the ground. It is as though the enemy's policy was to intimidate the simple folk through the failure of their supernatural stronghold. "If the church is so pregnable, then what chance have we?"—that is the question which it was hoped would be asked; or so I imagined as I stood before this ruined



Pompous Lady. "I SHALL DESCEND AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE."

Tommy (aside). "TAKES 'ERSELF FOR A BLOONIN' ZEPPELIN!"

sanctuary. Where, I wondered, are those villagers now, and what chances are there of the rebuilding of these old peaceful homes, so secure and placid only four months ago?

And then I walked to the battlefield a few hundred yards away, and only too distinguishable as such by the little cheap tricolors on the hastily-dug graves among the stubble and the ricks. Hitherto I had always associated these ricks with the art of CLAUDE MONET, and seeing the one had recalled the other; but henceforward I shall think of those poor pathetic graves sprinkled among them, at all kinds of odd angles to each other—for evidently the holes were dug parallel with the bodies beside them—each with a little wooden cross hastily tacked together, and on some the remnants of the soldier's coat or cap, or even boots, and on some the blue, white and red. As far as one can distinguish, these little crosses break the view: some against the sky-line, for it is hilly about here, others against the dark soil.

It was a day of lucid November sun-

shine. The sky was blue and the air mild. A heavy dew lay on the earth. Not a sound could be heard; not a leaf fluttered. No sign of life. We were alone, save for the stubble and the ricks and the wooden crosses and the little flags. How near the dead seemed: nearer than in any cemetery.

Suddenly a distant booming sounded; then another and another. It was the guns at either Soissons or Rheims—the first thunder of man's hatred of man I had ever heard.

So I, too, non-combatant, as *Ann-Domini* forces me to be, know something of war—a very little, it is true, but enough to make a difference when I read the letters from the trenches or meet a Belgian village refugee.

"General Joffre then engaged in a short conversation with several journalists, and when they referred to the military medal which M. Poincaré pinned on his chest, he said: 'All this counts for nothing.'"

Manchester Guardian.

But on the other $\frac{1}{2}$ we offer our respectful congratulations.

THE PROPHETS.

I HAVE a friend, a gloomy soul,
Who daily wails about the war,
Taking the line that, on the whole,
Our luck is rotten at the core,

And into each success
Reads some disaster, rather more than
less.

Another friend I have, whose heart
Beats with "abashless" confidence,
Who sees the KAISER in the cart
And hung in chains "a fortnight
hence";

He saw this month ago,
And some day hopes to say, "I told
you so."

When Heraclitus brings a cloud,
Democritus provides the sun;
Or should the Hopeful crow too loud,
I listen to the Mournful One;

And thus, between the two,
I find a fairly rational point of view.

Faces We have no Use For.

"Once or twice he sighed a little, although he had an uninterrupted view of a profile as regular as a canoe."—*New Magazine.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."

No, he was not a shirker, as you thought. Nor was he engaged in making munitions of war, or khaki, or woollens, or military boots, or in exporting cocoa to the enemy *via* neutral Holland—that roaring monopoly of the Pacificist. His business was to spy at spies—a task that called for as much coolness and courage as any job at the Front. And so when the officious flapper presented him with a white feather he had no use for it except as a pipe-cleaner.

For his purpose *Christopher Brent* had taken up his residence at a "select boarding establishment" on the East Coast, which contained the following members of the German Secret Service: *Mrs. Sanderson*, proprietress; *Carl*, her son, clerk in the British Admiralty; *Fraulein Schroeder*, boarder, and *Fritz*, waiter. Their design, if I rightly penetrated its darkness, was to give information of the whereabouts of a certain section of the Expeditionary Force which was "coming through from the North"; to supply Berlin with plans of the coast defences; and finally to give a signal to a German submarine by the firing of the house, which would incidentally mean the roasting alive of its innocent contents. All this (for the sake of *ARISTOTLE* and the Unities) was to take place in a single day, though I for one could not believe that either the pigeon post or the ordinary mail would be equal to the strain.

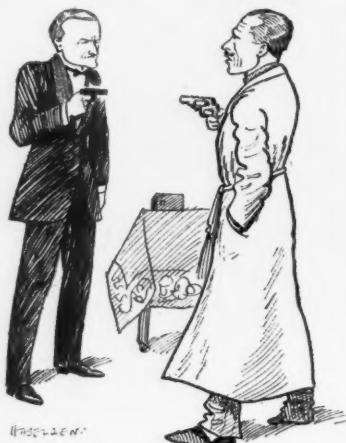
Their utensils included a Marconi instrument concealed in the chimney; a bomb; a revolver; maps of the mine-field and harbour; a carrier-pigeon, and a knife for disposing of the cliff-sentry.

To frustrate their schemes something more was needed than the wit of *Brent* and his ally, the widow *Leigh*; something more, even, than his skill in shooting pigeons in flight with an air-rifle. The vacuum was supplied by the crass stupidity of the *EMPEROR*'s minions. Even when full credit is given to *Brent* for letting his bath overflow so as to flood the public salon and render it untenable, it was surely unwise of *Mrs. Sanderson* to offer her private parlour for the use of the boarders on the very day set apart for the execution of her plans which were centred in this room. It was also gross carelessness on the part of her son, when he had *Brent*, with hands up, at his mercy, to place his own revolver on the table and to use, in exchange, the unloaded weapon which he had taken from his opponent's pocket. It was puerile, too, to accept without proof the verbal assurances of the widow

Leigh that she was one of themselves, a loyal German spy. And *Fritz* committed an unpardonable error in giving away the site of the Marconi apparatus by his undisguised suspicion of anybody who took any interest in the fireplace.

And so their schemes all went agley; the whole pack was arrested; and when the curtain fell on a happy group of boarders in midnight *deshabille* there was every promise that the misde-meanants would receive a month's imprisonment or at least a caution to be of good behaviour for the future.

I understand, on good authority, that the tendency of the public at this juncture of the War is to demand light refreshment. Well, they have it



"HANDS UP!"

"HANDS UP YOURSELF!"

Carl Sanderson . . . Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY.
Christopher Brent . . . Mr. DENNIS EADIE.

here. For, though the subject deals with a serious problem of the hour, it can be treated, and is treated, with a very permissible humour that just stops short of farce. Some of the stage-devices, as I am assured by my betters, may have a touch of antiquity, but their application is as modern as can well be, and I should indeed be ungrateful if after an entertainment so smoothly and dexterously administered I were to be captious about origins or other matters of pedantry.

Mr. DENNIS EADIE, as *Brent*, both in his real character of detective and in the assumed futility of his disguise as a genial idiot, was equally excellent, and again proved his gift for quick-change artistry. Miss MARY JERROLD'S *Fraulein Schroeder* was extraordinarily Tautonic in all but her quiet humour, which she seemed to have caught from the country of her adoption. The *Fritz* of Mr. HENRY EDWARDS was another delightful sketch, though his actual German birth and his allegation

of Dutch nationality were both belied by the red Italian corpuscles with which the authors had inoculated him. Miss JEAN CADELL, as usual, played a pale and fatuous spinster, but this time, in the part of *Miss Myrtle*, she had her chance, and seized it bravely. When that typical British boarder, Mr. John Preston, M.P. (interpreted with great relish and vigour by Mr. HUBERT HARBEN), remarked, "I call a spade a spade," she replied, "And I suppose you would call a dinner-napkin a *serviette*"—one of the pleasantest remarks in a play where the good things said were many and unforced.

I have not mentioned the admirable performance—its merits might easily be missed—of Mr. STANLEY LOGAN as a Territorial Tommy; or the very natural manners of Mrs. ROBERT BROUGH as *Mrs. Sanderson*; or the quiet art of Miss RUTH MACKAY in a part (*Miriam Leigh*) that offered a too-limited scope to her exceptional talents. Miss ISOBEL ELSOM contributed her share of the rather perfunctory love-interest with a very pretty sincerity; and Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY, in the ungrateful part of the spy *Carl*, did his work soundly, with a lofty sacrifice of his own obvious good-nature. Indeed, it was a very excellent cast.

I should like to congratulate the authors, MESSRS. LECHMERE WORRALL and HAROLD TERRY, on having given the public what they want, without lapsing into banality. The attraction of the first two Acts was not, perhaps, fully sustained in the third, but they gave us quite a cheerful evening; and at the fall of the curtain the audience was so importunate in their applause that Mr. DENNIS EADIE had to break it to them that, though the loss of their company would give him pain, he thought the time had come for them to go away.

I did not notice Mr. REGINALD McKENNA in the stalls, but it was a great night for him and the Home Office. O. S.

Raison de Plus.

SAYS the sleek humanitarian: "Any sacrifice I'd make
For the voluntary system—up to going
to the stake,"
Which inspires the obvious comment
that contingencies like this
Turn the coming of conscription to
unmitigated bliss.

"The remaining characters were taken by Mr. Herbert Lomas as Ever, a splendid actor. . . ."—*Manchester City News*.

You should see Sir HERBERT TREE as Always.



LANGUAGE-KULTUR.

Voice from the darkness. "DOAND SHOOD! DOAND SHOOD! VE VOS DE VILTSHIRES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF *The Prussian Officer*, a study of morbidly vicious cruelty practised by a captain of Cavalry on his helpless orderly (and the first of a sheaf of collected stories, short or shortish, by Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE, issued by Messrs. DUCK-WORTH), had been written since the declaration of war it would certainly be discounted as a product of the prevailing *odium bellicosum*. But it appeared well in the piping times of peace, and I remember it (as I remember others of the collection) with a freshness which only attaches to work that lifts itself out of the common ruck. An almost too poignant intensity of realism, expressed in a distinguished and fastidious idiom, characterises Mr. LAWRENCE's method. It is a realism not of minutely recorded outward happenings, trivial or exciting, but of fiercely contested agonies of the spirit. None of these stories is a story in the accepted mode. They are studies in (dare one use the overworked word?) psychological portraiture. I don't know any other writer who realises passion and suffering with such objective force. The word "suffering" drops from his pen in curiously unexpected contexts. The fact of it seems to obsess him. Yet it is no morbid obsession. He seems to be dominated by sympathy in its literal meaning, and it gives his work a surprising richness of texture. . . . I dare press this book upon all such as need something more than mere yarns, who have an eye for admirably sincere workmanship and are interested in their fellows—fellows of all sorts, soldiers, keepers, travellers, clergymen, colliers, with womenfolk to match.

On a map of the North you may be able to find an island named after one *Margaret*. It should lie, though I have sought it in vain, just about where the florid details of the Norwegian coast-line run up to those blank spaces that are dotted over, it would seem, only by the occasional foot-prints of polar bears. Anyhow it was so christened by two bold mariners who lived in the *Spacious Days* (MURRAY) of QUEEN ELIZABETH. That they both loved the lady (ELIZABETH, of course, too—but I mean *Margaret*) may be assumed; but that they should eventually, with one accord, desire to resign their claims upon her affection must be read to be understood. I for one did not quarrel with them on this score. For had not their mistress in the meantime found companionship more suitable than theirs? Besides, if even the author is so little courteous to his heroine as to invite her to appear only in two chapters between the third and the twenty-seventh, why should two rough sea-dogs—or you and I—be more attentive? And indeed it is a correct picture of his period that Mr. RALPH DURAND is concerned to present rather than a love story. In the writing of the love scenes considered necessary to the mechanism of the plot he seems very little at his ease; and so marked at times is his discomfort that I must confess to having felt some irritation when my willingness to be convinced was not met halfway. In the handling of his sheets and oars I like the author better, though even here I miss what might have brought me into a companionship with his people as close as I could wish on a most adventurous journey of nearly four hundred pages. But perhaps that is my fault; and, at the least, here is a straightforward sea story—as honest as the sea and as clean.

Llanyglo was a child with fair hair and blue eyes, and how she grew and what she learnt, and all the changes of her dresses and her soul, are set forth by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS in *Mushroom Town* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). She differed from the children of other novelists who grow up to be men and women, because she was made of bricks and mortar and iron girders and romantic scenery and ozone (especially ozone), and the people who lived with her or took trips to see her are treated as a mere emblematical garnish of her character and growth. *Llanyglo* is a daughter of Wales, but she is not any town that you may happen to have seen, although possibly Blackpool and Douglas and Llandudno have met her, and turned up their noses at her, as she turned up her nose at them. Lancashire built and conquered her, to be conquered and annually recuperated in turn. *Cymria capta feru* . . . might have been the motto of her municipal arms. Exactly how Mr. ONIONS exhibits the romantic spectacle of her development, with the strange knowledge she picked up, as from virgin wildness she became first select and then popular, I cannot hope to explain. Suffice it to say that the process is epitomised in sketches of the various people who helped in the moulding of her—the drunken Kerr brothers, who built a house in a single night; *Howell Gruffydd*, the wily grocer; *Dafydd Dafis*, the harper; and *John Willie Garden*, son of the shrewd cotton-spinner who first saw the possibilities of the place, and won the heart of the untamed gipsy girl, *Ynys*. This is surely Mr. ONIONS' best novel since *Good Boy Seldom*; and as *Llanyglo* is safely ensconced on the West coast you should go there at once for the winter season.

Spragge's Canyon (SMITH, ELDER), takes its title, as you might guess, from the canyon where the *Spragges* lived. It was a delightful spot, a kind of earthly paradise (snakes included), and the *Spragge* family had made it all themselves out of unclaimed land on the Californian coast. Wherefore the *Spragges* loved it with a love only equalled perhaps by the same emotion in the breast of Mr. H. A. VACHELL, who has written a book about it. The *Spragges* of the tale are Mrs. *Spragge*, widow of the pioneer, and her son *George*. With them on the ranch lived also a cousin, *Samantha*, a big-built capable young woman, destined by Providence and Mrs. *Spragge* to be the helpmate of *George*. But *George*, though he was strong and handsome and a perfect marvel with rattlesnakes (which he collected as a subsidiary source of income), was also a bit of a fool; and when, on one of his rare townward excursions, he got talking to *Hazel Goodrich* in a street car, her pale attractiveness and general lure proved too much for him. Accordingly *Hazel* was asked down to the ranch on a visit (I am taking it on trust that Mr. VACHELL knows the Californian etiquette in these

matters) and has the time of her life, flirting with the love-lorn *George*, impressing his mother, and generally scoring off poor *Samantha*. At least so she thought. Really, however, Mrs. *Spragge* had taken *Hazel's* measure in one, and was all the time quietly fighting her visitor for her son's future. This fight, and the character of the mother who makes it, are the best things in the book. I shall not tell you who wins. Personally I had expected a comedy climax, and was unprepared for creeps. But *George*, I may remind you, collected snakes. A good and virile tale.

Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN hopes, in his Introduction to *Days of my Years* (ARNOLD), that his reminiscences "may be found of some interest to a patient reader"; and, when one considers that Sir Melville spent twenty-four years at Scotland Yard, many of them as chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, he can hardly be accused of undue optimism.

Speaking as one of his readers, I found no difficulty at all in being patient. I have always had a weakness for official detectives, and have resented the term "Scotland Yard bungler" almost as if it were a personal affront; and now I feel that my resentment is justified. Scotland Yard does not bungle; and the advice I shall give for the future to any eager-eyed, enthusiastic young murderer burning to embark on his professional career is, don't practise in London. I would not lightly steal a penny toy in the Metropolitan area. There are two hundred and seventy-nine pages in this story of crime, as seen by the man at the very centre of things, and nearly every one of them is packed with matter of absorbing interest. Consider the titles of the chapters: "Bombs and their Makers"; "Motiveless Murders"; "Half-a-day with the Blood-hounds." This, I submit, is the stuff; this, I contend, is the sort of thing you were looking for.

There is something so human and simple in Sir MELVILLE's method of narration that it is with an effort that one realises what an important person he really was, and what extraordinary ability he must have had to win and hold his high position. Even when he disparages blood-hounds I reluctantly submit to his superior knowledge and abandon one of my most cherished illusions. I hate to do it, but if he says that a blood-hound is no more use in tracking criminals than a Shetland pony would be, I must try to believe him.

Revenge.

"After Herr Von Holman Bethwig's wild speech in the German Reichstag the Government might change their minds."

Cork Constitution.

It isn't much one can do to the GERMAN CHANCELLOR just now, but these misprints of his name always annoy him, and every little helps.



THE COMPLETE SALESMAN.

Lady (rather difficult to please). "I LIKE THIS ONE, BUT—I SEE IT'S PRINTED IN GERMANY."

Salesman. "WELL, IF YOU LIKE IT, MADAM, I WOULDN'T TAKE TOO MUCH NOTICE OF THAT STATEMENT. IT'S PROBABLY ONLY ANOTHER GERMAN LIE!"

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK



September 9, 1876.

England indignantly protests against the atrocities committed
by the Turk in Bulgaria.

The Unspeakable Turk.



ONE BUBBLE MORE!!

The Turk, once again, makes illusory promises of Reform.

January 6, 1877.

The Unspeakable Turk.

3

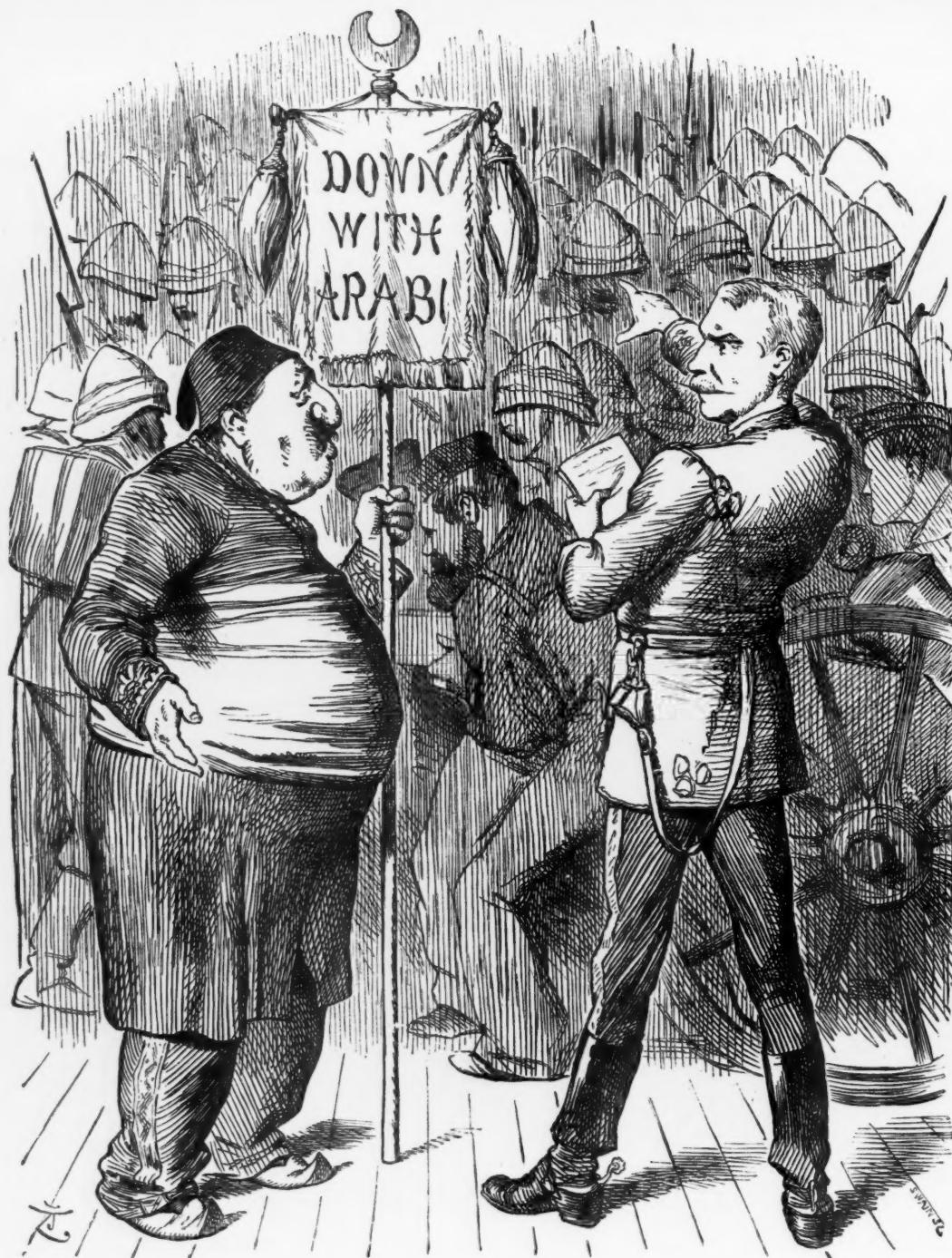


EVERYBODY'S FRIEND!

During the Russo-Turkish War a strict neutrality is preserved by Germany.
She is now the "friend" of the Turk.

March 2, 1878.

The Unspeakable Turk.



THE SUBLIME—"SUPER"!

(REHEARSAL OF GRAND MILITARY DRAMA.)

STAGE MANAGER. "WHAT ARE YOU TO DO, SIR? WHY, GET WELL TO THE BACK, AND—WAVE YOUR BANNER!!!"

The Turk makes a great show of denouncing the revolt of Arabi in Egypt.
He is not taken very seriously.

September 16, 1882.

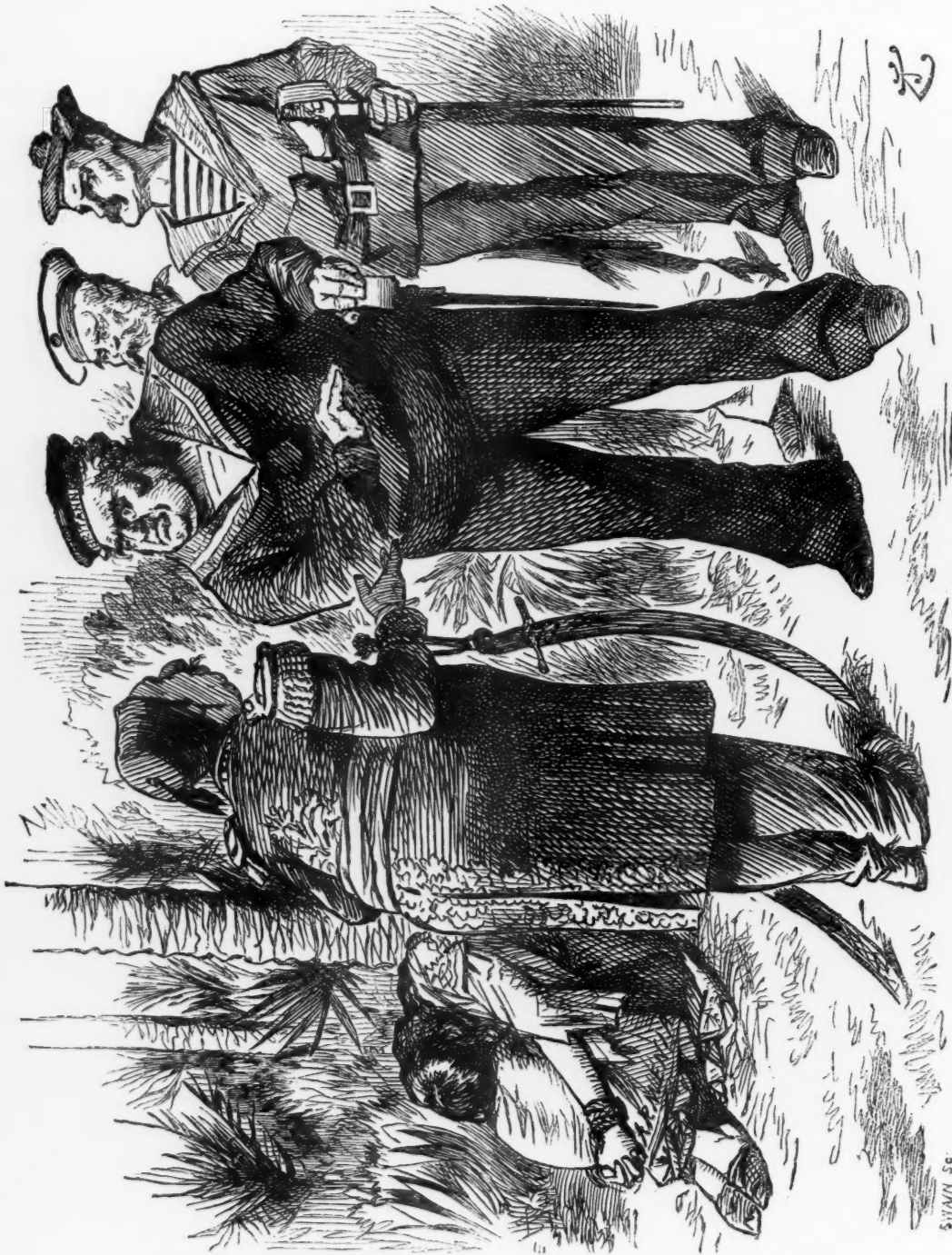
October 26, 1889.



COOPED UP!

The Powers, despite the protests of Greece, leave it to the Turk
to restore order in the Island of Crete.

The Unspeakable Turk.



"DEEDS—NOT WORDS!"

JOHN BULL. "LOOK HERE,—WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PALAVER! ARE YOU GOING TO LET THE GIRL GO, OR HAVE WE GOT TO MAKE YOU?"

The barbarous treatment of Armenia by the Turk compels the intervention of England, France and Russia.

June 15, 1895.

The Unspeakable Turk.

7



A FREE HAND.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK. "HA, HA. THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT! I CAN GET TO BUSINESS AGAIN."

While England is absorbed elsewhere the Turk takes the opportunity to commit further outrages in Armenia

January 18, 1896.

The barbarous treatment of Armenia by the Turk compels the intervention of England, France and Russia.

June 15, 1895.

The Unspeakable Turk.



A TURKISH BATH.

SULTAN. "THEY GAVE IT ME PRETTY HOT IN THAT ARMENIAN ROOM! BUT—BISMILLAH! THIS IS—PHEW!!!"

A very "sick man" is the Turk. He goes from bad to worse.

August 22, 1895.

The Unspeakable Turk.

9



"TURKEY LIMITED."

SULTAN. MAKE ME INTO A LIMITED COMPANY? H'M—AH—S'POSE THEY'LL ALLOW ME TO JOIN THE BOARD AFTER ALLOTMENT!"

The Powers consider the advisability of placing the Turk "under control."

November 28, 1896.

The Unspeakable Turk.



TENDER MERCIES!

DAME EUROPA (to LITTLE CRETE). "DON'T CRY, MY LITTLE MAN. I'VE ASKED THIS NICE, KIND TURKISH POLICEMAN TO STAY AND TAKE CARE OF YOU!"

The Turk is given another chance to mend his ways.

March 13, 1897.

The Unspeakable Turk.

11



THE SLAVE OF DUTY!

ADMIRAL JOHN BULL. "NOW THEN, OUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO!"

THE UNSPEAKABLE. "WHAT! LEAVE MY BEAUTIFUL CRETE IN A STATE OF DISORDER? NEVER!"

The incorrigible Turk is deprived of his power to misrule in Crete.
He is consoled by Germany.

September 24, 1898.

The Unspeakable Turk.



THE MITYLENE MARCH.

(SOLO FOR THE FRENCH HORN.)

THE SULTAN. "I DON'T LIKE SOLOS! GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED EUROPEAN CONCERTO!"

France sends a fleet to Mitylene and compels the Turk to respect the rights of certain French subjects

November 13, 1901.

The Unspeakable Turk.

13



BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE DEEP SEA.

Trouble again confronts the Turk. Macedonia, weary of his oppression, rises in revolt. Russia keeps an eye upon him.

September 9, 1903.

The Unspeakable Turk.



THE OPTIMIST.

ABDUL HAMID. "WHAT, ALL THE FLEETS COMING HERE? THAT WILL BE FUN! I DO HOPE THEY'LL HAVE FIREWORKS!"

The Powers decide on a Naval Demonstration to compel the Turk to settle the Macedonian difficulty.

November 22 1905.

The Unspeakable Turk.

15



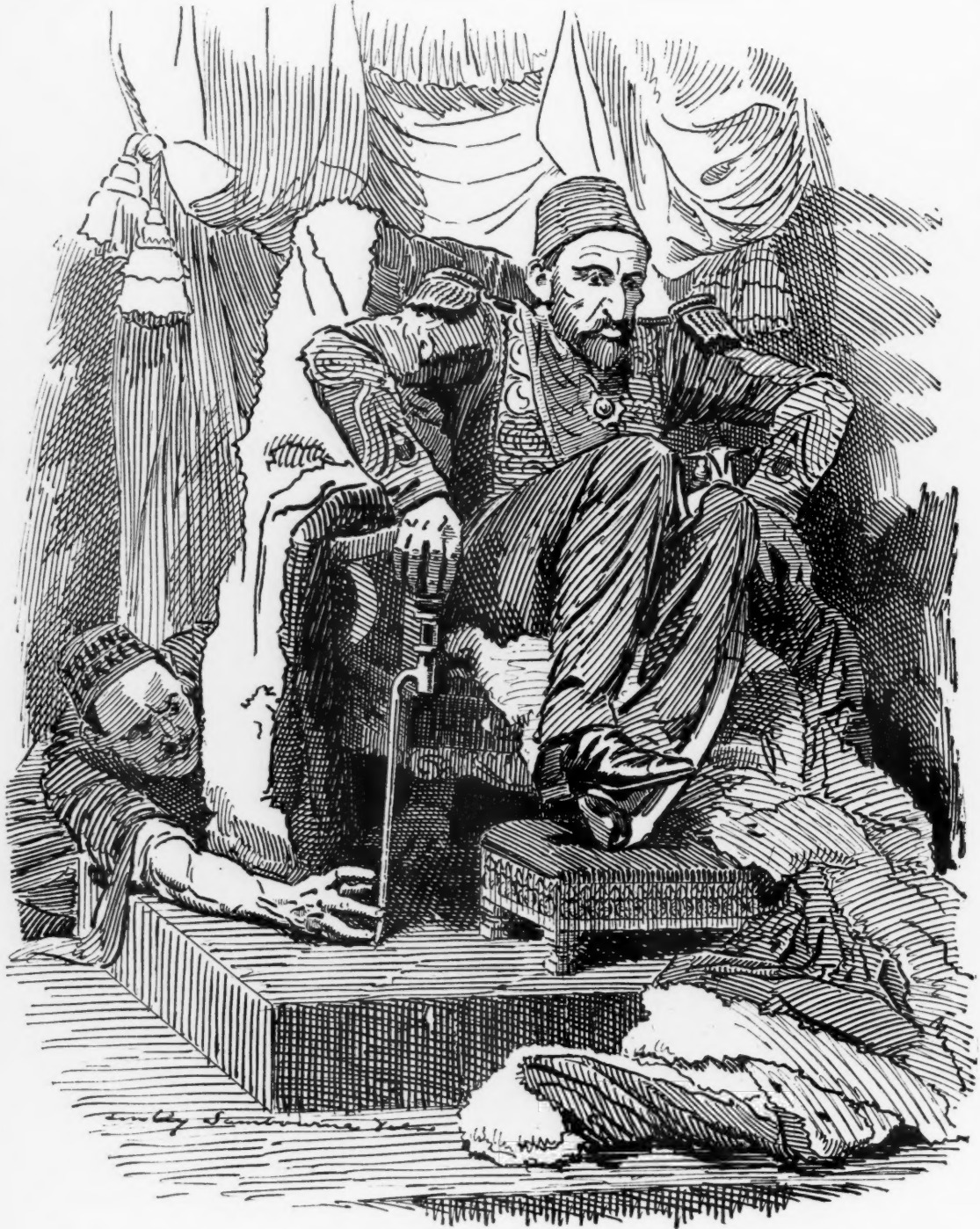
OUT OF BOUNDS.

JOHN BULL. "SHOO! SHOO!"

The Turk tries to grab a bit of Egypt, but his bluster is unsuccessful.
Under pressure he retires, as usual.

May 9, 1906.

The Unspeakable Turk.



THE THRONE PERILOUS.

The condition of the Turk is very critical. Internal disorders indicate a serious danger of collapse.

July 29, 1908.

The Unspeakable Turk.

17



THE SALT-WATER CURE.

SHAH OF PERSIA. "GO ON IN, ABDUL—JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING. YOU CAN ALWAYS COME OUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT."

SICK MAN OF EUROPE. "YES, I KNOW. BUT ONE GETS SO WET!"

The Turk makes another specious effort to amend his constitution.

August 12, 1908.

The Unspeakable Turk.



AT LAST!

The liberation of Macedonia from the tyranny of the Turk is, at last, accomplished.

November 27, 1912.

The Unspeakable Turk.

19



ARMAGEDDON: A DIVERSION.

TURKEY. "GOOD! IF ONLY ALL THOSE OTHER CHRISTIAN NATIONS GET AT ONE ANOTHER'S THROATS, I MAY HAVE A DOG'S CHANCE YET."

The Turk still has a gleam of hope.

December 4, 1912.

The Unspeakable Turk.



NO EFFECTS.

BALKAN LEAGUER. "IT'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT."

TURKEY. "MONEY, DEAR BOY? SEARCH ME!"

The ever impecunious Turk.

March 26, 1913.

The Unspeakable Turk.

21



Bernard Partridge.

SETTLED.

DAME EUROPA. "YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST TROUBLESOME BOY IN THE SCHOOL. NOW GO AND CONSOLIDATE YOURSELF."

TURKEY. "PLEASE, MA'AM, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

DAME EUROPA. "IT MEANS GOING INTO THAT CORNER—AND STOPPING THERE!"

The Turk is driven to confine his energies to Asia Minor.

April 2, 1913.



"DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES."

KING OF THE HELLENES. "OUR SUCCESS WAS, AS YOU KNOW, ENTIRELY DUE TO YOU."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "THANKS, THANKS." (*Aside*) "I SUPPOSE HE CAN'T BE REFERRING TO OUR ORGANISATION OF THE TURKISH ARMY."

The decisive defeat of the Turk by the Greeks and their Allies
is a bitter blow to Germany.

September 17, 1913.

The Unspeakable Turk.

23



ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE.

TURKEY (to Greece). "AHA! MY YOUNG FRIEND, ALONE AT LAST! NOW WE CAN ARRANGE A REALLY NICE TREATY."

The Turk makes a desperate effort to get Greece into a quiet corner.

October 8, 1913.

The Unspeakable Turk.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

THE KAISER (to Turkey, reassuringly). "LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO EXPLODE."
 TURKEY. "YES, I QUITE SEE THAT. BUT WHERE SHALL I BE WHEN IT'S ALL OVER?"

There is, indeed, no health in the Turk.

November 11, 1914.

CHARIVARIA.

AN exceptionally well-informed Berlin newspaper has discovered that, owing to the war, Ireland is suffering from a horse famine, and many of the natives are now to be seen driving cattle.

An appeal is being made in Germany for cat-skins for the troops. In their Navy, on the other hand, they often get the cat itself.

In offering congratulations to the "Green Howards" on the work they have been doing at the Front, Major-General CAPPER said, "I knew it was a regiment I could hang my hat on at any time of the day or night." The expression is perhaps a little unfortunate; it sounds as if they had been pegging out.

Private F. NAILOR, of the Royal Berkshires, was at his home at Sandhurst last week when the postman brought a letter from the War Office reporting that he had been killed in action. While his being alive is, of course, in these circumstances an act of gross insubordination, the Army Council will, we understand, content itself with an intimation that it must not happen again.

A cigar presented by the KAISER to Lord LONSDALE has been sold at Henley in aid of the local Red Cross Hospital, and has become the property of a butcher at the price of £14 10s. Will it, we wonder, now be inscribed, "From a brother butcher"?

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* Western Australia is interning her alien enemies on "Rottnest Island." If there is anything in a name, this does seem a rather unhappy choice, in view of the well-known sensitiveness of the German.

It is curious how in war time really important occurrences are apt to escape one's notice. For example, it was not until we read an article in a contemporary last week on "The Demise of the Slim Skirt" that we realised that Fat Skirts were now the vogue.

Of all forms of cruelty the most hideous is that which is perpetrated on defenceless little children, and we hear with

regret that the Register of Births in Liverpool now includes the following names:—Kitchener Ernest Pickles, Jellicoe Jardine, French Donaldson, and Joffre Venmore.

With reference to our recent remarks about Mr. J. WARD's so-called mixed metaphor of a horse bolting with money, a gentleman writes to us from Epsom to say that he has personally put money on more than one horse which bolted.

The War would certainly seem to have led to better feeling in the Labour world between masters and men, and from a recent paragraph in *The Daily Mail* we learn that there is now a London Association of Master Decorators.



Orderly. "YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE BEEN SENT TO ASK FOR DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TO BE HELD AT BUCKINGHAM PAL—"

Wilhelm. —! —!!

The idea is a pretty one. Iron Crosses, perhaps?

The War has worked other wonders. Not the least of these, a Stock Exchange friend points out, is that lots of Bulls and Bears are now comrades in arms.

"NEW PHASE IN RUSSIA.
GERMANS CHANGING THEIR DISPOSITIONS."
Daily Mail.

We are glad to hear this, for they used to have simply beastly ones.

Another secret revealed by Mr. HAMILTON FYFE:—

"As usual when they take the initiative, the Russian troops swept the enemy before them. They first cleared out the trenches and then pursued the Germans."—*Daily Mail*.

In the West we still cling to the old-fashioned method of first clearing out the Germans and then pursuing the trenches.

SOME LITERARY WAR-NOTES.

MESSRS. HARRAP have just brought out *William the Silent*. This is not a biography of the KAISER.

Nor is *The Hound of Heaven*, a new edition of which is announced by MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Mr. EDWARD CRESSY's *Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century* makes no mention, curiously enough, of the WOLFF Bureau. We look in vain, too, among the Yuletide publications for a book of Fairy Tales by WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN. This does not speak well for the alertness of our publishers.

MESSRS. JACK, we see, have produced a *Life of Nelson*. It is now, we consider, up to Messrs. NELSON to produce a volume with some such title as *We All Love Jack*.

At last the Germans are reported to have scored a little success in the United States. An American coon is said to have been so much impressed by the achievements of the Germans that he has sent a song to the KAISER, the opening words of which are "My Hunny!"

The War is responsible for a splendid boom in the study of geography. An English lady who visited some of the Belgian wounded at a certain London hospital the other day

asked one of them where he was hit, and on receiving the reply, "*Au pied*," is said to have spent hours trying to find the place on the map.

Which reminds us that, owing to the new names which the various belligerents are giving to towns which they have conquered (like Lemberg) or temporarily occupied (like Ostend), several map-makers are reported to be suffering from nervous breakdown.

The Kaiser's Thanks.

"The Archbishop of York and Germany." Heading in "*Edinburgh Evening Despatch*." Other pluralists, like the Bishop of SODOR and MAN, are not at all jealous, nor are we at all surprised.

"They drank the full-flavoured soup with scarcely a sound."—*The Story-Teller*. Another example of true British refinement.

THE OLD SEA-ROVER SPEAKS.

[Referring to our victory off the Falkland Islands, the *Tägliche Rundschau* remarks: "On board our North Sea ships our sailors will clench their teeth and all hearts will burn with the feeling, 'England the enemy! Up and at the enemy!'" The gallant bombardment of defenceless towns on our East Coast would appear to be the immediate outcome of this intelligent attitude.]

BEHIND your lock-gates stowed away,
Out of the great tides' ebb and flow,
How could you guess, this many a day,
Who was your leading naval foe?
But now you learn, a little late—
So loud the rumours from the sea grow—
England's the thing you have to hate,
And not (for instance) Montenegro.

The facts are just as you've been told;
Further disguise would be but vain;
We have a *penchant* from of old
For being masters on the main;
It is a custom which we caught
From certain sea-kings who begat us,
And that is why we like the thought
That you propose to "up and at" us.

Come where you will—the seas are wide;
And choose your Day—they're all alike;
You'll find us ready where we ride
In calm or storm and wait to strike;
But—if of shame your shameless Huns
Can yet retrieve some casual traces—
Please fight our men and ships and guns,
Not women-folk and watering-places. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XI.

(From the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.)

MOST INTERNALLY (INNIGST) BELOVED FATHER,—Here in my headquarters we learnt with sorrow that you have been suffering from a bronchial catarrh. Anxious as we were at first, our minds were relieved when we heard that you had behaved very violently to those about you, for in that we recognised our good old father as we knew him from long since, and we said to ourselves that you could not fail soon to be in the saddle again with all your accustomed energy. And now comes the report that you are indeed yourself again, like *Richard III.* in our great German, SHAKESPEARE.

Now that all danger is past I cannot forbear giving you from my heart a word of warning, begging you not with rashness to risk your so valuable life. Do not laugh and imagine that I am pulling your leg (*dass ich Dir das Bein ziehe*). Nothing is further from my thoughts; I am quite serious. You must remember that you are not so young as you were and that this rushing to and fro between France and Poland, which to a man of my age would be a mere trifle, bringing with it only enjoyment, must be for a man who is between fifty and sixty a task well calculated to search out and expose his corporeally weak points so as to bring satisfaction, not to us, but to the enemy. Such a burden must no longer be placed only upon your back, for there are others whose bones are young and who are willing to share it with you. Why should we be compelled to sit still or merely to beat our back with fists while you, dear Father, undergo these too terrible fatigues? I myself, for instance, if I may say so with the most humble respect, am ready to represent you in all departments whenever you call upon me. I can scatter any number of Iron Crosses,

and am willing to make speeches which will prove to our hated enemies, as well as to America and Italy, that God is the good old friend of our HOHENZOLLERN family and that He will pay no attention (why should He?) to anything that the English, the French, the Russians, the Servians and the Belgians may say. Is it not lucky for the Austrians and the Turks that they are on our side and can share in the high protection that we enjoy? To save you trouble I would even go so far as to open a session of the *Reichstag*, though for my own part I never could see much use in that absurd institution. Still we have it now under our thumb (*unter unserm Daumen*), and even the Socialists are ready to feed out of our hands and to allow us to kick them about the floor. He who says that war is barbarous and useless can learn by this example that it is not so. If you wish me to invite one or two Socialists (not more) to a State dinner I will even go so far as that. You see how deeply prepared I am to oblige you. And if you want to finish your cure by taking a complete rest from the serious work of being Commander-in-Chief, even in that point I am not unwilling to sacrifice myself to the highest interests of the Fatherland by replacing your august person both in the field and in the council chamber. You have only to say the word and I shall be there.

May I now add a few words about the War? Somehow it does not seem that we are getting on as we have been led to expect. Mind, I am not blaming anybody, certainly not your most gracious fatherly Majesty, but I must say that all the books which we were told to read showed us quite a different war, a war laid out on the system of 1870. At this stage, in 1870, everything was over except the siege of Paris and the shouting, but now we do not appear to be making progress anywhere. Why do these degenerate races hold back our holy and with-love-of-Fatherland-inspired troops? Perhaps the new MOLTKE has not been quite so sure in his touch or so triumphant in his plans as the old one—but then that ought not to have made much difference, because you and I have been there to keep him straight. FALKENHAYN, no doubt, might have been expected to do better, for you had opened your whole mind to him, but he too seems only able to knock his head against a stone wall (*seinen Kopf gegen eine Mauer stossen*) and the result is that we are everywhere getting it in the neck (*dass wir es überall in dem Hals kriegen*), and that process is not pleasant for a true Hohenzollern. It is possible that RUPERT OF BAVARIA has been allowed to talk too much. One CROWN PRINCE is enough even for a German army. Have you any idea what we ought to do to secure victory somewhere?

I am sending you a box of lozenges, which I have always found excellent for a cough. I beg also that you will not forget how efficacious is flannel when worn next to the skin.

Your most devoted Son,
WILHELM, KRONPRINZ.

SEASONABLE GIFTS.

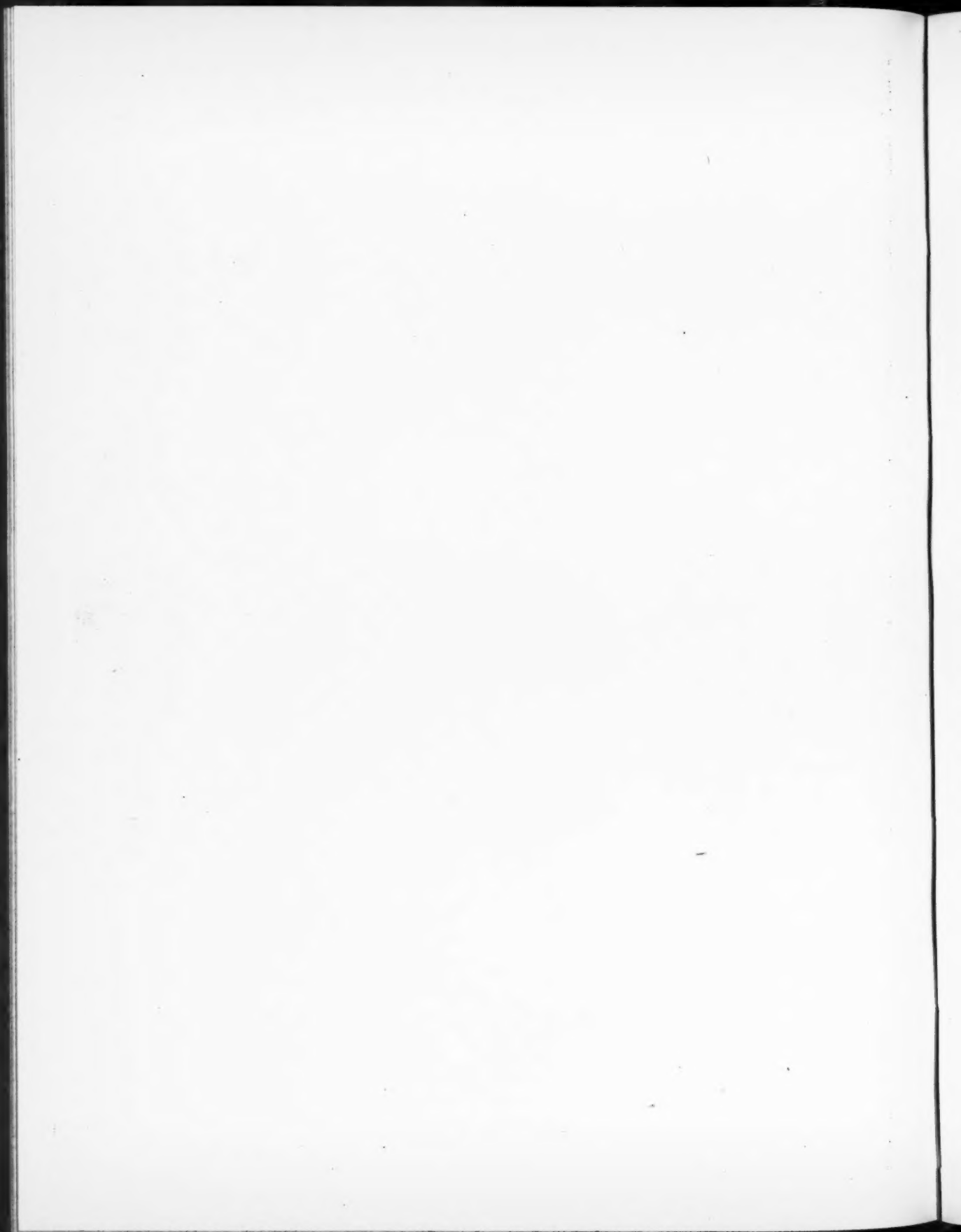
I. THE MOTTLE.

A new and ingenious development of the old-fashioned hot-water bottle. The ordinary hot-water bottle warms but a small portion of the bed. The Mottle, possessing a motor attachment, can be wound up and it will then travel all over the bed, diffusing an agreeable warmth everywhere. May be used as an engine in the nursery by day. 33s. 6d. The CHESTERTON, for large-size beds, 44s. 11d. This kind also makes an excellent gift for soldiers in the trenches. It will travel half-a-mile before requiring further petrol.



FULFILMENT.

AUSTRIA. "I SAID ALL ALONG THIS WAS GOING TO BE A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION."





THE STEAM-ROLLER (ENGLISH) AT WORK.



"NOTHING, MADAM, I ASSURE YOU—DIDN'T FEEL IT."



THE PATRIOTIC MIND AT WORK.



"BUT, YOUNG MAN, IF YOU CAN STAND HARDSHIPS LIKE THAT, HOW IS IT YOU ARE NOT AT THE FRONT?"

LIGHT REFRESHMENT: AN INTERLUDE.

By SPECIAL CONSTABLE XXX.

I WAS sitting grimly in my sentry-box guarding a power station and a sausage factory. The latter is considered to be a likely point of attack on the part of the Huns. Should it be destroyed, a vital source of food supply for our army (they would reason) would be cut off.

Incidentally, the sausage factory is much more exciting to guard than the electric light works. One sees the raw material arriving and being unloaded. One sees the sausage king swishing up in his richly-appointed limousine, giving porkly orders to his deferential subordinates, and then whisking off—no doubt to confer with the War Office.

An old lady with a million wrinkles approached me and seemed desirous of entering into conversation. We are

strictly forbidden to talk with civilians unless first accosted. After that it is a matter for individual discretion.

I therefore left it to her to make the first advance. She began: "'Ave you got to sit there the 'ole of the afternoon, dearie?"

I confirmed that apprehension.

"Well, I do call it a shame; and you looking so blue with the cold."

With that I was in cordial agreement.

"Are they going to bring you tea, dearie, at 'arf-time?"

Alas, no. Under sergeant's sanction we might be permitted to buy a porkpie from opposite, but this must be taken as unofficial and in confidence.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked.

"Zeppelins, Madam," I replied.

"Zeppelins—what would they be?"

She nodded a vigorous understanding of my explanation.

"And when they drop their nasty bombs, what will you do then, dearie?"

Our orders were to draw our truncheons, arrest them and convey them to the nearest police-station. I made this very clear.

"And what do you think they will do to them?"

I considered that they would get at least a month with hard labour, and no option of a fine.

"I should think so! The brutes—trying to take away the poor man's food! And as for that CROWN PRINCE, when you get 'im, just you 'it 'im right over the 'ead with your truncheon!"

We are not allowed to hit over the head on ordinary occasions, but in the case of the CROWN PRINCE attacking (and conceivably looting) our sausage factory, no doubt the rule would be relaxed. I undertook to follow her advice, and she left greatly relieved.

A CAPTURE.

EVEN without his khaki I should have known the wee lieutenant for an infant in arms, and I began to hope, directly I had been detached by our hostess to cover his left wing, that he was that happy warrior for whom I was seeking. He saw me looking at the red ribbon which adorned the left wing in question and which our gardener's wife told me the other day was "a poor trumpery sort of thing if KITCHENER meant it as an honour to them."

"I'm not a kicker," he assured me, and I let him talk inoculation happily until we commenced to move forward in files.

"You live here, don't you?" he said as soon as Maria (not black) had served us with soup, and when I assented his next remark made me hopeful.

"And you know all the people round here, I suppose?"

"Nearly everyone I should think within five miles of the village."

"I've been here a fortnight and this is the first time I have been out—not out-of-doors, of course—I mean meeting people."

At that moment my neighbour upon the left commenced a bombardment which interrupted us but, when a pause came at last, the wee lieutenant broke it in a low and solemn voice.

"I suppose you couldn't tell me why a deaf man can't tickle nine children?"

So suddenly had matters come to a head that I sat staring, and the wee lieutenant, misunderstanding my interest, grew red.

"I'm not mad, really and truly, but that thing is positively getting on my brain. I'm not very keen on riddles and so forth, but I happened to hear someone ask that one the other day, and I didn't catch the answer. Somehow it has worried me ever since. Why can't he tickle them?"

I shook my head. "I never saw anybody attempt it, deaf or otherwise. Hadn't you better ask the person who propounded the question?"

"I—I can't very well—I wish I could. I thought, if you knew the answer to the riddle, you might know the person who asked it. It's very hard to get to know people by yourself, isn't it?"

I lured him into the open. "How did you come to hear it?"

He pondered in silence for a moment with his frank eyes bent upon his plate.

"I don't mind telling you, but I shouldn't like everyone to know; they might think me a bit of a fool."

I promised discretion.

"Well, the other morning I was up on the common kicking a football about with some of the men—it's good for them and keeps them from getting too much beer, and I like it myself—



The Jester. "HALLO, SONNY! CHOOSIN' YER TURKEY?"

Diminutive Patriot. "GARN! YER DON'T CATCH ME 'AVIN' TURKEY THESE DAYS. WY, I'D AS SOON EAT A GERMAN SAUSAGE!"

football, I mean, not beer—and some people came and sat down to watch on the roller, and there was a Yellow Jersey among them."

"But what a curious place for a cow—on a roller."

The wee lieutenant twinkled. "And she was rather nice, you know."

I nodded, thinking to myself that this young man would never make "an Eye-Witness with Headquarters," whatever else the fortunes of war might bring him.

"Well, that evening we were out scouting, trying to find out where a party of cavalry had got to that had been reported coming out from King's

Langley to take us by surprise, and when I got to a cottage with its blinds down and a light inside I peeped in, and there were two or three people, and she was there, and, of course, I had to knock to ask if any cavalry had gone by."

"And she didn't come to the door!"

"No, you're right there; somebody else did, but I heard my one—I mean the Jersey one—I mean the Yellow one—ask somebody that riddle; but the

person—the sister or whatever she was who came to the door—finished me off before I heard the answer, and somehow or other it's been running through my head ever since. It isn't the girl, you know, it's—it's the aggravation of it. I asked our sergeant the other day and he doesn't know. One of these days I shall be giving it as an order—'Deaf section! Tickle nine children!' Do you—do you know who lives in that cottage?"

"Nobody."

"But she—they were there that night."

"Yes, but they don't really live there. We call them the Swallows because they migrate so much. Baby Swallow is very pretty, isn't she? and, by-the-by, she's rather afraid that you may be worrying about that riddle."

"Me—I?"

This was the moment for which I had been waiting, but the wee lieutenant took cover, hunting his dessert fork on the floor long after Maria had brought up reinforcements.

"Why, yes, she ought to have said, 'dumb,' not 'deaf.' I've forgotten the answer—something about 'gesticulate.' She's coming to tea with me to-morrow. Would you like me to ask her what the answer is, and write it down for you?"

Our hostess gave the signal for our half company to retire, the other half to stay down in the smoke, and I added, as I went out, "That will lay the riddle nicely, won't it? If it had been the girl and not the aggravation, I should have asked you to tea too."

The wee lieutenant surrendered at that, blushing above the door-handle.

"I—I—I say, I should like to get the answer first-hand. Won't you ask me to tea, please?"

I don't yet know what it feels like to capture a prisoner of war, but that's how I assisted at the taking of a prisoner of love.

KEEPING IN THE LIMELIGHT.

It was a grand meeting of the literary gents. They had all heard about the War from their publishers, and there had been one or two suggestive allusions in *The Author*. The question of the moment was, "How can we help?" The chairman was the President of the Society of Authors, who knew everybody by sight.

The first to rise was Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE, but he failed to catch the Chairman's eye, which had been secured by Mr. H. G. WELLS. This well-known strategist rose to point out that what England wanted in the event of an invasion was the man, the gun and the trench. When he said man he meant an adult male of the human species. A gun was a firearm from which bullets were discharged by an explosion of gunpowder. A trench, he averred, amid loud protests from the ex-Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, was a long narrow cut in the earth. He had already pointed out these facts to the War Office, but had received no reply. Apparently Earl KITCHENER required time for the information to soak in. Was it or was it not a national scandal? His new nov—
(Deleted by Chairman).

After a little coaxing, Mr. EDEN PHILLIPOTS was persuaded to rise to his feet. He said deferentially in the first place that he was not a savage. (General cheering, in which might be detected a note of sincere relief.) He lived at Torquay. (Oh, oh.) He had never been to London before, and was surprised to find it such a large place. (General silence.) He had been a pacifist—(Hear, hear)—but he now thought the GERMAN EMPEROR was a humbug. He wished it to be known that his attitude was now one of great 'umbleness. The war could go on as far as he was concerned. (Applause.) Although he had given up writing about Dartmoor he had that morning applied for the post of Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Torquay Division of Devonshire. (Profound sensation.) He didn't know if he should get it, but his friend, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, with whom he used once to collab—
(Deleted by Chairman).

Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE then took the floor, but was interrupted by the arrival of the Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Thorpe-le-Soken Division of Essex.

Hanging his feathered helmet on the door-peg and thrusting his sword and scabbard into the umbrella-stand, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT took a seat at the table, afterwards putting out his chest. Mr. WELLS was observed to sink into



THE SUPREME TEST.

The Civilian. "I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT. FANCY MARCHIN' THIRTY MILES WITH THE RIFLE, AND THAT PACK ON YER BACK!"

The Tommy. "YES, AND MIND YOU—IT'S TIPPERARY ALL THE WAY!"

an elaborately assumed apathy. But in his eyes was a bitter envy.

Mr. BENNETT, after clearing his throat, said that he had settled the War. Everybody was to do what they were told and what that was would be told them in due course. He and the War Office had had it out. He had insisted on something being done, and the War Office, which wasn't such a fool as some authors thought (with a meaning look at Mr. WELLS), had been most affable. Everything now was all right. His next book was to be a war nov—
(Deleted by Chairman).

Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE then rose to his feet simultaneously with Mr. WM. LE QUEUX.

Mr. WM. LE QUEUX said that he owned an autograph portrait of the KAISER. It was signed "Yours with the belt, BILL." The speaker would sell it on behalf of the War Funds and humbly

apologised to his brother authors for having knocked about so much in his youth with emperors and persons of that kind. It should not occur again. He pointed out that he had foretold this War, and that his famous book, *The Great War of*—whenever it was—was to be brought up to date in the form of—
(Deleted by Chairman).

At this juncture it was brought to the Chairman's notice that Mr. H. G. WELLS was missing. An anxious search revealed the fact that the ornamental sword and plumed casque of the Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Thorpe-le-Soken Division of Essex had disappeared at the same time, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

Our Sporting Press Again.

"Sporting rifles have been bought in Paris for pheasant-shooting."—*Daily News*.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

I WAS sitting in front of the fire—dozing, I daresay—when he was announced.

"Father Christmas."

He came in awkwardly and shook me by the hand.

"Forgive my unceremonious entry," he said. "I know I ought to have come down the chimney, but—well, *you* understand."

"Things are different this year," I suggested.

"Very different," he said gloomily. He put his sack down and took a seat on the other side of the fire-place.

"Anything for me?" I wondered, with an eye on the sack between us.

"Ah, there's no difference *there*," he said, brightening up as he drew out a big fat parcel. "The blotter from Aunt Emily. You needn't open it now; it's exactly the same as last year's."

I had been prepared for it. I took a letter from my pocket and dropped it in the sack.

"My letter of thanks for it," I explained. "Exactly the same as last year's too."

Father Christmas sighed and gazed into the fire.

"All the same," he said at last, "it's different, even with your Aunt Emily."

"Tell me all about it. To begin with, why didn't you come down the chimney?"

"The reindeer." He threw up his hands in despair. "Gone!"

"How?"

"Filletted."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Or do I mean 'billeted'?" he said.

"Anyway, the War Office did it."

"Requisitioned, perhaps."

"That's it. They requisitioned 'em. What you and I would call taking 'em."

"I see. So you have to walk. But you could still come down the chimney."

"Well, I *could*; but it would mean climbing up there first. And that wouldn't seem so natural. It would make it more like a practical joke, and I haven't the heart for practical jokes this year, when nobody really wants me at all."

"Not want you?" I protested. "What rubbish!"

Father Christmas dipped his hand into his sack and brought out a card of greeting. Carefully adjusting a pair of horn spectacles to his nose he prepared to read.

"Listen to this," he said. "It's from Alfred to Eliza." He looked at me over his glasses. "I don't know if you know them at all?"

"I don't think so."

"An ordinary printed card with robins and snow and so forth on it. And it says"—his voice trembled with indignation—"it says, 'Wishing you a very happy —' Censored, Sir! Censored, at *my* time of life. There's your War Office again."

"I think that's a joke of the publisher's," I said soothingly.

"Oh, if it's humour, I don't mind. Nobody is more partial to mirth and jollity than I am." He began to chuckle to himself. "There's my joke about the 'rain, dear'; I don't know if you know that?"

I said I didn't; he wanted cheering up. But though he was happy while he was telling it to me he soon became depressed again.

"Look here," I said sternly, "this is absurd of you. Christmas is chiefly a children's festival. Grown-ups won't give each other so many presents this year, but we shall still remember the children, and we shall give you plenty to do seeing after *them*. Why," I went on boastfully, "you've got four of my presents in there at this moment. The book for Margery, and the box of soldiers, and the Jumping Tiger and——"

Father Christmas held up his hand and stopped me.

"It's no good," he said, "you can't deceive *me*. After a good many years at the business I'm rather sensitive to impressions." He wagged a finger at me. "Now then, uncle. Was your whole heart in it when you bought that box of soldiers, or did you do it with an effort, telling yourself that the children mustn't be forgotten—and knowing quite well that you *had* forgotten them?"

"One has a—a good deal to think about just now," I said uneasily.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you; everybody's the same; but it makes it much less jolly for *me*, that's all. You see, I can't help knowing. Why, even your Aunt Emily, when she bought you that delightful blotter . . . which you have your foot on . . . even *she* bought it in a different way from last year's. Last year she gave a lot of happy thought to it, and decided in the middle of the night that a blotter was the one thing you wanted. This year she said, 'I suppose he'd better have his usual blotter, or he'll think I've forgotten him.' Kind of her, of course (as, no doubt, you've said in your letter), but not the jolly Christmas spirit."

"I suppose not," I said.

Father Christmas sighed again and got up.

"Well, I must be trotting along.

Perhaps next year they'll want me again. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. You're quite sure there's nothing else for me?"

"Quite sure," he said, glancing into his bag. "Hallo, what's this?"

He drew out a letter. It had O.H.M.S. on it, and was addressed to "Father Christmas."

"For me? Fancy my not seeing that before. Whatever can it be?" He fixed his spectacles again and began to read.

"A commission, perhaps," I said humorously.

"It is a commission!" he cried excitedly. "To go to the Front and deliver Christmas presents to the troops! They've got hundreds of thousands all ready for them!"

"And given in what spirit?" I smiled.

"Ah, my boy! No doubt about the spirit of *that*." He slung his sack on to his shoulder and faced me—his old jolly self again. "This will be something like. I suppose I shall have the reindeer again for this. Did I ever tell you the joke—ah! so I did, so I did. Well, good night to you."

He hurried out of the room chuckling to himself. I sat down in front of the fire again, but in a moment he was back.

"Just thought of something very funny," he said, "Simply had to come back and tell you. The troops—hee-hee-hee—won't have any stockings to hang up, so—ha-ha-ha—they'll have to hang up their puttees! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

He passed through the door again, and his laughter came rolling down the passage. A. A. M.

THE SUPPRESSED SUPERMAN.

"WHAT are you reading, Arthur?" I said.

"NIETZSCHE," said Arthur.

I sneezed in response. "Isn't that the chap," I said, "who's really responsible for the war?"

"People like you think so," he said.

"The reading of philosophy," I said, "was never in my line. Give me the exact sciences; EUCLID for me every time."

"Hopelessly moth-eaten," said he. "Most of the schools have dropped him in favour of geometry."

"Bah," I said, "a quibble. But tell me, wasn't it NIETZSCHE who taught the Germans to think they were supermen or whatever you call 'em'?"

"Contrary to the opinion of the man in the street," said Arthur, looking at me rather meaningfully, "NIETZSCHE did not write merely for the benefit of German people, nor did he approve, I

FOR ALL PERSONS.



I KNIT.



THOU KNITTEST.



HE KNITS.



WE KNIT.



*Emmett
Shepard*

YOU KNIT.



THEY KNIT.



AN ECHO FROM EAST AFRICA

Sentry (until lately behind the counter in Nairobi, to person approaching post). "HALT! ADVANCE ONE, AND SIGN THE COUNTERFOIL!"

should say, of the German idea of culture. You've been reading the evening papers; you're a wallower, that's what you are."

"I'm afraid," I said, "you also consider yourself a bit of a superman."

"I admit," he said, "that I've gone a long way."

"Towards Tipperary?"

"Beyond you," he said, tapping the page of NIETZSCHE he was reading; "we're not on the same plane."

"You can always get out and change," I said.

"Such flippancy," said Arthur, "is unbecoming in a lance corporal. What you want is a course of philosophy."

"What you want," I said, "is a course of musketry." Arthur, who, like me, is rising forty-six, is sound enough for home defence, but isn't in any Force yet. So, being a lance corporal in the "United Arts" myself, I feel I can throw advice of this sort at him freely.

"I'm going to give you a mental prescription," he said, taking out a pencil and scribbling on an envelope. "Have you read this—LUDOVICI's *Who is to be Master of the World?*"

"No, I haven't," I said; "but I can tell you who isn't going to be—in once."

"The Japanese," said Arthur, "think a lot of it."

"I've got a pal," I said, "who'd dearly enjoy a few rounds of mental jiu-jitsu with you. He's got rather advanced ideas."

"Advanced!" said Arthur contemptuously. "We Nietzscheans speak only of being 'complete' or 'nearer completion.'"

It was at this point that Alfred joined in. He was sitting in uniform on the other side of the fire, reading *Ruff's Guide*.

"Who's that talking about poor old LUDOVICI?" he asked.

For a moment I was afraid Alfred thought that LUDOVICI was a horse.

"I was recommending him to this shining light of the Burlington House brigade," said Arthur.

Alfred laughed. "Look here, young fellow," he said, "everybody knows that he (pointing to me) is an antediluvian; but you've gone a bit off the boil yourself, haven't you?"

"What do you mean?" said Arthur, looking rather pained.

"Many Continental theories," said Alfred, "when they die, go to Oxford. I'm afraid your friend LUDOVICI's

theory has been sent down even from there. Have you read Barrow's *Fallacy of the Nietzschean doctrine?*"

"N-no," said Arthur.

"Or Erichsen's *Completion of Self?* You can get the paper edition for a bob."

"I'm sorry to say I haven't," said Arthur, who looked sadly chap-fallen.

"But I will. However, for the moment I've got a meeting on—our literary club, you know."

"I'm coming round to raid you one night," I said, "to see if you're all registered."

For reply Arthur slammed the door behind him.

"Alfred," I said, when Arthur had left the house, "you astound me. Who are these new friends and their philosophies, Barrow and the Danish fellow, what's his name?"

"Mere inventions," said Alfred, "but they served."

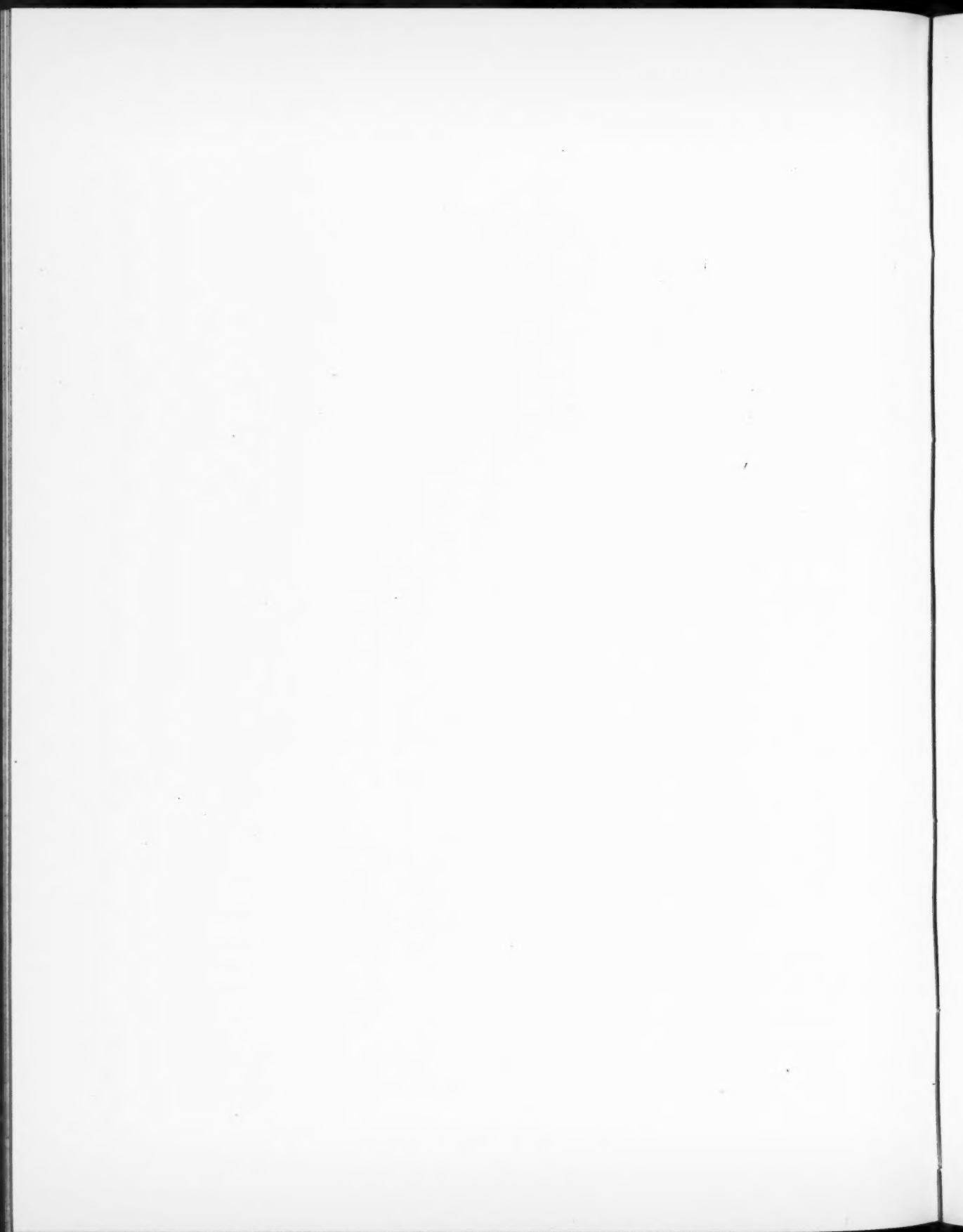
"Then the fat's in the fire," I said; "he'll find out that you've been pulling his leg before lunch-time to-morrow."

"That's all right," said Alfred. "Our lot's booked for Pirbright to-morrow morning, and we shan't meet again till the other side of Peace."



THE CHILDREN'S TRUCE.

PEACE. "I'M GLAD THAT THEY, AT LEAST, HAVE THEIR CHRISTMAS UNSPOILED."



THE PRIZE.

With ivy wreathed, a hundred lights
Shone out; the Convent play was
finished;

The waning term this night of nights
To a few golden hours diminished.

Again the curtain rose. Outshone
The childish frocks and childish
tresses

Of the late cast that had put on
Demureness and its party dresses.

Rustled a-row upon the stage
Big girls and little, ranged in sizes,
All waiting for the Personage
To make the speech and give the
prizes.

And there, all rosy from her rôle,
Betsey with sturdy valiance bore her,
Nor did she recognize a soul
But braved the buzzing room before
her

With such resolve that guest on guest,
And many a smiling nun behind
them,

Met her eyes obviously addressed
To proving that she did not mind
them.

(So might a kitchen-kitten see—
Whose thoughts round housemaids'
heels are centred—

The awful drawing-room's company
He inadvertently has entered.)

Swift from her side the girlish crowd,
With lovely smiles and limber
graces,

Went singly, took their prizes, bowed,
Returning sweetly to their places.

Then "Betsey-Jane!" and all the rout
(Her hidden mother grown romantic)
Beheld that little craft put out
Upon the polished floor's Atlantic.

The Personage bestowed her prize,
And Betsey, lowly as the others,
Bowed o'er her sandals, raised her eyes
Alight with pride—and met her
mother's!

She thrust between the honoured row
Before her in her glad elation;
Her school-mates gasped to see her go;
The nuns divined her destination;

The guests made way. Clap following
clap
Acclaimed Convention's overleaping
As Betsey gained her mother's lap
And gave the prize into her keeping.

Royalties We Have Never Met.

I. THE EMPEROR WILLIAMS.

"The Emperor Williams, who was reported
to have been at Breslau . . . seems to have
returned to Berlin."—*Evening Despatch.*



At the "Spotted Dog." "I'EAR THERE BE TWO HUNDRED SOLDIERS—BORDERERS, THEY
CALLS 'EM—'AVE COME 'ERE. DO YER RECKON THEY'LL BE FOR US OR AGIN' US, JARGE?"

ON EARTH—PEACE.

JUDGE of the passionate hearts of men,
God of the wintry wind and snow,
Take back the blood-stained year again,
Give us the Christmas that we know!

No stir of wings sweeps softly by;
No angel comes with blinding light;
Beneath the wild and wintry sky
No shepherds watch their flocks to-
night.

In the dull thunder of the wind
We hear the cruel guns afar,
But in the glowering heavens we find
No guiding, solitary star.

* * * * *
But lo! on this our Lord's birth-day,
Lit by the glory whence she came,
Peace, like a warrior, stands at bay,
A swift, defiant, living flame!

Full-armed she stands in shining mail,
Erect, serene, unfaltering still,
Shod with a strength that cannot fail,
Strong with a fierce o'ermastering
will.

Where shattered homes and ruins be
She fights through dark and desperate
days;
Beside the watchers on the sea
She guards the Channel's narrow
ways.

Through iron hail and shattering shell,
Where the dull earth is stained with
red,
Fearless she fronts the gates of Hell
And shields the unforgotten dead.

So stands she, with her all at stake,
And battles for her own dear life,
That by one victory she may make
For evermore an end of strife.

SANTA CLAUS AT THE FRONT.

SEASONABLE GIFTS FOR OFFICERS.

By AUNT PARKER.

As Christmas draws nearer, the problem of what gifts to send to our brave men at the Front becomes more acute. For of course they must all have presents, no matter what decision is come to as to the manner of spending the dear old festival at home.

As an aid to the generous there is nothing like a walk down Bond Street, where will be found many ingenious novelties designed especially for the mirthful anniversary which will so soon be on us with all its associations of peace and goodwill to men.

It is no part of my duty to recommend shops and their wares, but it is a pleasure to put on record some of the things on which my roving eyes settled as I traversed London's most luxurious thoroughfare. Every taste is there considered, but for the moment my interest is solely in gifts for our brave officers—and privates too, if they have wealthy enough friends.

At Messrs. Baskerville's, for example, I perceived a host of captivating articles calculated to make glad the heart of any fighting man. In one window was a Service Smoker's Companion which cannot be too highly extolled, especially as this War is, as everyone knows, being waged very largely on the beneficent

Indian weed. The equipment consists of four delightful gold-mounted pipes, each guaranteed to be made of briar over eighty years old; a gold-mounted pencil; a gold cigar-case and fifty cigars; a gold cigarette-case and 1,000 cigarettes; a gold cigar-cutter; a gold mechanical lighter; a gold and amber cigar-holder; a gold and amber cigarette-holder; a smoker's knife and two gold ash-trays—the whole neatly packed in a leather case and weighing only nine pounds. No soldier—at any rate, no officer—should be without it. Cheered by its presence he would fight twice as well, and any horrid old pipe that he might possess and, however tired of it, be forced still to smoke for want of a new one, he would be able to give to a Tommy. The same set is obtainable in silver at a lower cost; but my advice to everyone is to take the gold one.

Many of our brave fellows are supplied with helmets, belts and mufflers by the loving hands of their friends;

but for those who cannot knit, Messrs. Tyke and Taylor have a most attractive show of all the woollen articles with which it has been decreed that our warriors shall cover their bodies. Their ten-guinea Campaign Abdominal Belt could not be improved upon, little strands of real gold thread being woven into the ordinary fabric. I foretell an enormous sale for this fascinating article, and also for the Service Muffler at seven guineas, which has real gold tassels at each end.

Messrs. Cartersons are concentrating their energies on letter-paper for the Front. In a compact and very tasteful morocco case is a sufficient supply of paper, envelopes and blotting-paper for a considerable correspond-

where, the first thought has been for our brave soldiers at the Front, and particularly the gallant officers. Wrist watches of every shape are to be seen, each thoughtfully provided with its strap—for Mr. Jones forgets nothing. In addition to wrist watches are wrist compasses for the other arm, and for the ankles a speedometer and barometer. Thus fitted, the officer knows practically all that can be learned. I need not say that all are in gold; but a few special sets in radium can be obtained. Even these, however, are not ruinous, for with Mr. Luke Jones reasonable prices are a fetish.

The full assurance of securing the best possible value at the lowest possible price adds yet another reason for visiting the charming premises of Messrs.

Slimmer and Bang. Their Service knick-knacks cannot be overpraised. Glancing hastily around, I noticed several with devices all calculated not only to be useful but to amuse at the Front, wherever our stalwart representatives are gathered.

One of the most practical is a boot-cleaning set in strong pigskin with gold clasps, including, very ingeniously, a bottle of patent-leather reviver. Another pigskin, indispensable at the Front, holds a complete tea-set. It resembles the old tea-basket, but weighs at least five ounces less (no small matter on the march, I am told) and is more compact. With such a gift as this,

no officer need ever again go without tea in the trenches. Messrs. Slimmer and Bang are to be congratulated.

Anything more charming than the Service card-cases at Messrs. Slosson and Kay's I have never seen. One side is intended for paper notes, of which every officer at the Front is in constant need; the other half is reserved for his visiting-cards, which it is *de rigueur*, I am told, to leave on the enemy after every visit to their trenches. Some officers go so far as to place their cards on the point of their bayonet—a characteristic British touch. Messrs. Slosson and Kay also have charming combinations of drinking-flask and ear-syringe in all the more precious metals, and field-glasses studded with diamonds. For home use the same firm has a most delightful Special Constable's gold-mounted truncheon, which unscrews for liquid refreshment, of which our S. C.'s are often in need.

Messrs. Kyte and Kyte have a really dinky little Game Book especially pre-



THE CHRISTMAS GHOST, 1914.

The Spectral Duke (to guest in haunted room). "HA, HA! BEHOLD, I AM HERE!"

Guest. "YES, YES—SO I SEE. BUT I'M AWFULLY BUSY JUST NOW. GIVE US A LOOK UP NEXT YEAR."

ence. A gold ink-pot, a gold pen and a gold pencil are also included, together with sealing-wax and nibs, and a very clever little rubber-stamp with the words, "Somewhere at the Front." A writing pad for the knee when in action completes this timely budget. Those interesting letters from officers and men, which now form so popular a section of each paper, are likely soon to be noticeably increased in numbers. Fortunate indeed is the man who gets one of Messrs. Cartersons' Front Correspondence Companions! The total weight is only a little over two pounds, which is, of course, nothing.

In another of Cartersons' windows I noticed a very delightful Field Tantalus, which can easily be attached to a shoulder-strap or, better still, be carried by an orderly.

The moment the threshold of Mr. Luke Jones' establishment is crossed, both eye and mind are in a state of ecstasy in the presence of so much Christmas enterprise. Here, as else-



"AND WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU, SIR?"

"I'M LOOKING FOR MY FATHER. HAS HE BEEN IN HERE? HE'S AN OLD MAN 'BOUT THIRTY-SEVEN."

pared for the War and as a Christmas gift. It differs at first sight very little from the ordinary game book of an English shoot, but on examination we find that the game is of larger size. The divisions include all ranks of the German army, so that an exact analysis of one's bag can be kept. Messrs. Kyte and Kyte also make a Service Fountain Pen which not only acts as a pen but also as a clinical thermometer and pipe-cleaner. It has furthermore an attachment for removing stones from horses' feet. Made in gold, it is a most becoming Yuletide gift.

A CREDIBILITY INDEX.

"This Poland business is still rather hard to follow," said my wife plaintively, after consulting the latest newspaper map pinned over the mantelpiece, "and I know it's tremendously important. I wish they wouldn't keep fighting in small villages that aren't marked; and really beyond the bare fact that both armies rep. atedly surround one another simultaneously it is not at all easy to gather just what they are at."

"The whole thing would be as clear as day," said my sister-in-law, who likes to be regarded as an authority on

land operations—I am myself our Naval Expert—"if only one knew what to believe. Have the Germans occupied Przyszow or have they not?"

"I think they must have done. Last night's paper said that it was believed that Przyszow was officially occupied, and it says here that it is officially stated that Przyszow is believed to be occupied."

"It's only partially official," said I, who had carefully collated the reports on the point. "It was semi-official from Amsterdam, official from Berlin, considered to emanate from a good source in Rome, and unofficially denied in Petrograd."

"It *must* be true," said my wife.

"You were always a good believer, dear," said I. "I doubt if I know any one who has believed as much in sheer quantity as you have since the war began. You know you swallowed that yarn about—"

"Don't you think," my wife broke in hastily (for she simply hates to be reminded of the Russians in England), "that we ought to have a sort of index to judge these rumours by?"

"I see," said I. "One hundred for absolute reliability. Nil for the perfect and utter lie."

The table which resulted was hung up beside the map for reference; I recommend it for general use.

London, Paris or Petrograd (official) .	100
" " " (semi-official) .	50
Berlin (official) .	25
It is believed in military circles here that—	24
A correspondent who has just returned from the firing-line tells me that—	18
It is freely stated in Brussels that—	17
Our correspondent at Amsterdam wires that—	13
Our correspondent at Rome announces that—	11
Berlin (unofficial) .	10
I learn from a neutral merchant that—	7
A story is current in Venice to the effect that—	5
It is rumoured that—	4
I have heard to-day from a reliable source that—	3
I learn on unassailable authority that—	2
It is rumoured in Rotterdam that—	1
Wolff's Bureau states that—	0

We didn't put in my wife's other sister who lives on the East coast, because I don't like to hurt people's feelings. My wife hears from her frequently. Her average is about nineteen to one against, so that her proper place on the list would be bracketed with the story from Venice.

TREASURES IN STORE.

HE is a great man in the Pantomime world. As he rose from his roll-top desk with the evident intention of kicking me, I hastened to explain that I was only a harmless reporter come to look at some of the new lyrics.

"Ah," said he, "that alters the case. I thought you were another topical songster. Now here's a clever little piece about the Navy."

I stretched out my hand for it.

"No," he said. "So much depends on intelligent expression and emphasis that I'd better read it to you. I think of calling this one 'The Battle of the Brine.'"

"The seas roll high, and the smoke around does hang,

And the Dreadnoughts steam along in line;
The big guns boom and the little fellows bang,
And the shells go bumping in the brine!

The flags run up, and the Admiral says, 'No, no, Sirs,

Back up and send the Huns to Davy Jones!' Then the Captain cheers, and the men hitch up their trousers,

And they all give Hohenzollern three groans!
"There it is," and the Great Man fairly purred with satisfaction. "*Une petite pièce de tout droit*, isn't it?" he said. "I gave you a hint of the tune. It needs a stirring one."

"It does," said I, delighted to be able to agree with him on one point. "And you have other songs equally topical?"

He pointed to a bale in the corner that I had taken for a new carpet. "I've had a good few to choose from," he said. "I fancy this one is about the best. My leading low-comedian writes all his own lyrics—extraordinarily adequate little man. He opens briskly:—

"Pip-pip, girls!

As I was walking down the street,
Because it couldn't walk down me,
One day last week I chanced to meet
A German en-ee-mee.

He had a notebook in his hand (not a sausage)

And I said, 'Ere's a spy! Wot O!'

So I gripped him by the collar and—

And—then—I—let—him—go!

For he (ha! ha! he! he!)

Was bigger than me, you see,

So I thought it well to run and tell

The speshul constabulare!

"Yes," he gasped, "I thought that 'ud hit you. That's what I call a real live piece of work. Here's another—in the old-fashioned style. Not quite so much snap about it. But my fourth low-comedian thinks he can make it go. It's called, 'When Father Threw his Wages at the Cat.'"

"We're not a happy family, we're always on the nag,

Our miseries are dreadful to relate;
I've got two little sisters who are both a mass of blisters

From settling disagreements in the grate;

This afternoon my Uncle Charlie kicked me down the stairs

And walloped me for crumpling up the mat;
But this, though far from nice, is simply nothing to the crisis

When father threw his wages at the cat!

There have been other ructions, and especially the day

That mother lent our dicky to the sweep,
When all of us were weeping and the baby gave up sleeping

Because it was impossible to sleep;
But all the rows that ever raged in any British home

Were never half so horrible as that
Which made the coppers rally to the storming of our alley

When father threw his wages at the cat!"

"Is that out of date?" said I. "If so, I like the old style best."

He grunted. "It'll pass," he said; "but the other's the business."

"Well, give me pleasure first," said I. "As a true Briton I can always take it sadly."

BARBARA'S BIRTHDAY BEAR.

Barbara's birthday comes once a year,
And Barbara's age you may surely know

If into the toy-box depths you'll peer
And count the Teddy-bears all in a row.

For by Barbara's law, which we all obey,
She claims each year, as the birthday-due

That her loyal subjects must cheerfully pay,
A new Teddy-bear for the toy-box Zoo.

Some of them growl and some of them squeak,
And one can play on a rub-a-dub drum,

But till Barbara's birthday last Wednesday week
Not one of the Teddy-bears was dumb.

The latest addition to Barbara's bears
Was a splendid fellow when well displayed

In one of the smallest of nursery chairs,
And his label declared he was "English made."

Barbara called him her "bestest bear,"
But he tumbled soon from this place of pride;

For she squeezed him here and she pounded him there,
And "Daddy, he doesn't growl," she cried.

Barbara shook him and flung him down;
She turned her back and refused to play;

And to every argument said with a frown,
"He's my worstest bear; he can go away."

We took him back, and we asked instead

For "A bear like this, that can growl, you see;"

But the shopman smiled and he darkly said,

"All growls are made, Sir, in Germany."*

* No doubt this defect in the British industry has by now been made good.

THE NEW REPORTING.

TONBURY V. HAILEYBRIDGE.

(A Rugby Match reported after the style of the German General Staff. The passages in brackets are the work of a neutral correspondent.)

OUR brave Tonburians kicked off against the wind and immediately assumed a strong offensive along the whole line, forcing the enemy to evacuate his positions. When we reached their Twenty-five it became clear, after a furious struggle, that a decision was inevitably about to be postponed on account of the unexpected strength of their defence. (One try to Haileybridge which was converted.)

After some fierce scrummaging in mid-field, in which we had all the best of it, it was found necessary, owing to strategic reasons, for our forces to occupy entirely new positions some thirty yards nearer to our own touch-line. Thereafter there was nothing whatever to report. (Try to Haileybridge.)

When the game was resumed it soon became evident that the situation was developing according to our expectations. (A dropped goal to Haileybridge.)

Fighting continued, but there was no new development to report. (Two tries.)

At half-time the head-master heartily congratulated the Tonbury Fifteen upon the magnificent victories they were gaining against superior forces, and assured them that it would soon be over, and they would all be back in time for tea. He then conferred their caps upon the whole Fifteen and an extra tassel upon the Captain. It is understood that the school-house will be decorated with bunting.

The second half was largely a repetition of the first. We continued to keep up a powerful pressure all along the line, varied only by frequent occupation of new strategic lines, occasional postponements of decision, several stages of development according to anticipation, and some rapid re-grouping of our forces. The whistle found us pressing heavily, just outside the goal-line (the Tonbury one).

(Result: Haileybridge, 43 points; Tonbury, nil.)

THE BERLIN CHRISTMAS SEASON.

YULE LOGS.

Made from the finest Belgian church carved oak. A Prussian General writes: "This wood burns admirably. I speak from personal observation of experiments carried out under my orders."

An admirably suitable present for this year is a

WAR MAP.

Those we offer are calculated to be particularly popular, the little Imperial flags *not being detachable but painted on to the map*—at Paris, London, Petersburg, etc. Thus, whatever may be happening in the field, you may continue cheerful.

AMERICAN MIRRORS.

As many of our most exalted customers complain of the quality of these goods, considering them too crude and glaring in their effect, we have prepared, with the help of our Ambassador at Washington, a special glass which provides a less realistic reflection. Sold in various shapes—the Kaiser mirror, the Dernburg reflector, etc. Try one.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR.

CALAIS-BEACH PEBBLE BROOCHES.

(We regret to announce that at the last moment our buyer writes that he is unable to procure the last-named article.)

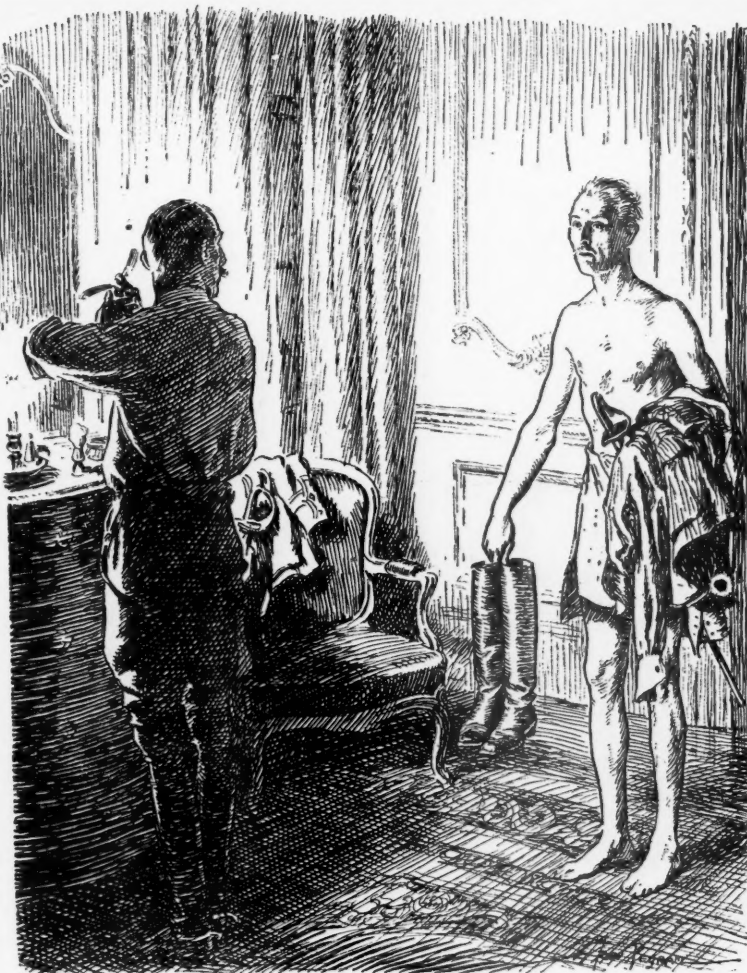
TOPICAL GEOGRAPHY.

STUDIES IN THE ART OF DRAGGING-IN.

[“Though the Falkland Islands are dreary and uninviting enough, they have added their quota to the gaiety of the world. It should not be forgotten that Miss Ellaline Terris is a native of Stanley, the capital of the islands.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THE town of Bonn, in Rhenish Prussia, which has recently been in evidence owing to the enterprise of French aviators, is the seat of a university, of an Old Catholic bishopric and a school of agriculture. But it owes its chief title to fame to the fact that it was the birthplace of BEETHOVEN, the eminent composer. BEETHOVEN was a man of a serious character, but thanks to the genius of Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who impersonated the illustrious symphonist in one of his notable productions, he has contributed substantially to the general gaiety.

Scarborough's unhappy plight under the shells of the German Navy will not soon be forgotten, and the sympathies of us all are with the unfortunate townfolk of the Northern resort. Brighton, however, which shares with Scarborough the claim to be called the Queen of Watering Places, is unharmed and no doubt will remain a favourite



THE JOY OF BILLETING IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

Time, 6 a.m.

Brigade Major. "I SAY, SIR, MAY I FINISH DRESSING IN HERE? THEY'RE SHELLIN' THE NORTH BEDROOMS!"

recreation ground for tired Londoners on Sunday, among whom that mirth-provoking comedian, Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, is often to be seen.

The strategical and political importance of Egypt has of late somewhat overshadowed its picturesque aspect. But Memphis, Luxor, the Pyramids are still names to conjure with, as anyone will readily admit who recalls the wonderful stage pictures in *Bella Donna*, in which the rôle of good genius was sustained with such consummate skill and sympathy by Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, whose smile is as irresistible as the sword of his Macedonian namesake.

Tokio, the capital of the Japanese Empire, has re-emerged into prominence owing to the celebrations over the fall of Tsingtau. But it must

never be forgotten that Miss GERTIE MILLAR's *espèglerie* has caused many critics to compare her with the famous Japanese actress, Madame SADA YACCO, who, so far as we know, was born at Tokio and is one of its brightest jewels.

All eyes have recently been turned towards Ypres, and every one not of Teutonic caste must regret the damage that has been wrought there by the War. The word Ypres, however, to many persons, is chiefly interesting as giving its name to the old tower at Rye, in Sussex, where Mr. HENRY JAMES, whose sprightly and fertile pen has added so much to the dubiety of nations, has long resided.

"Il verso di Shæekspeare 'Rules, Britain, on the suaves.'"—*Corriere delle Puglie*.
Not KIPLING's after all, you see.

TOO MUCH NOTICE.

I DECIDED to go home by bus. My season-ticket had expired painlessly the previous day, and twice already that morning I had had to satisfy the curiosity of the railway officials as to my name and address. Although I had explained to them that I was on half-salary and promised to renew business relations with the company as soon as the War was over or Uncle Peter died—whichever event happened first—they simply would not listen to me, and hence my decision to adopt some other means of transport. I signalled to a bus to stop, and, as the driver, seeing my signal, at once put on his top speed, I just managed to fling myself on to the spring-board as the vehicle tore past.

I ran up to the first storey, and sat down in the front seat. Then I took out my cigarette-case and was about to light a cigarette when a printed notice caught my eye—

PASSENGERS WISHING
TO SMOKE
ARE KINDLY
REQUESTED
TO OCCUPY THE
REAR SEATS.

If the notice had been put a little less politely I should have ignored it; but I can refuse nothing to those who are kind to me, so I refrained from lighting up, and contented myself with looking round to see if there was a rear seat vacant. There wasn't. A cluster of happy, smoking faces confronted me. I turned round again, and wished I had learnt to take snuff.

"Cheer-o, Bert!" said a refined voice just behind my ear, and at the same moment a walking-stick playfully tapped the head of the young fellow sitting next me. My neighbour faced about, kicked me on the shin, dug the point of his umbrella into my calf, knocked off my *pince-nez* with his newspaper, and spread himself over the back of the seat.

"'Allo, Alf!" he said. "Thought it must've been you. Look 'ere, I want to see you—"

"Perhaps," I interrupted, "your friend would like to change places with me. Then you can scrutinise him at your ease—and mine."

"You're a sport," remarked Bert.

He spoke truly. Little did he guess he was addressing a Double-Blue—bowls and quoits. Alf and I changed

places, and my attention at once became absorbed by a notice headed

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

I had just reached the exciting part when two girls arrived on the landing.

"There aren't two together; we shall have to divide," I heard one say.

"Excuse me," I said, rising. "Don't divide. I'll get into a single seat if you care to take this double one."

I was rewarded with the now almost obsolete formula of "Thank you," and moved a seat further back. Here I found some fresh reading material provided for me in the shape of a notice to the effect that

PASSENGERS ARE WARNED
NOT TO PUT THEIR ARMS
OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUS.

When I had probed its beauties to

say I should have worked my passage to the notice you refer to. I haven't reached it yet."

"Look 'ere," said the conductor, thrusting me into the vacant smoker's seat and pointing with what I at first took to be a saveloy, but which upon closer inspection proved to be his forefinger, "what does that say?"

TO AVOID ACCIDENTS PASSENGERS
SHOULD REMAIN SEATED WHILE
THE BUS IS PASSING UNDER RAIL-
WAY BRIDGES.

There nar. Some of you blokes never look any farther than the end of your noses."

"Then if I had your nose," I retorted, "I should need a telescope to see even as far as that."

I was much disappointed that, just as I got to the caustic part, the exigencies of his profession demanded that he should punch six tickets in rapid succession. My repartee was consequently drowned amid a perfect *carillon* of bells. But meanwhile I had found another notice—

TO STOP THE BUS
STRIKE THE BELL
ONCE.

It was a friendly and sensible notice, for, to tell the truth, I was beginning to feel afraid of a bus that carried so much free literature. It could not hope to be a thoroughly reliable bus

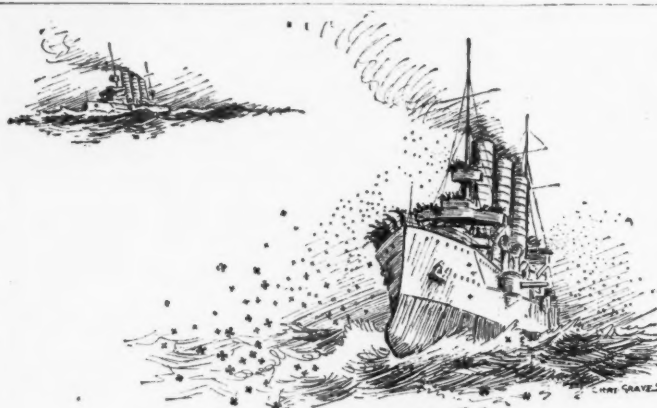
and a library at the same time. I therefore determined to forfeit several divisions of my ticket, and give my "season" one more chance. I got up and struck the bell once. As the driver didn't know it was just an ordinary passenger that struck it he pulled up immediately. I had got halfway down the staircase when somebody—it must have been that offensive conductor—gave the game away, for the bus jerked badly and started off again at a rare pace. So did I. But as I flew through the air I could not help catching a fleeting glimpse of a final advisory notice—

PASSENGERS ARE CAUTIONED
AGAINST ALIGHTING FROM
THE BUS WHILE IN MOTION.

From *The Evening Standard's* racing news:

"That's Enough, 19st 2lb (Mr. R. Cavello)
J. Killalee 0"

We agree with the horse.



THE IRON CROSS EPIDEMIC.

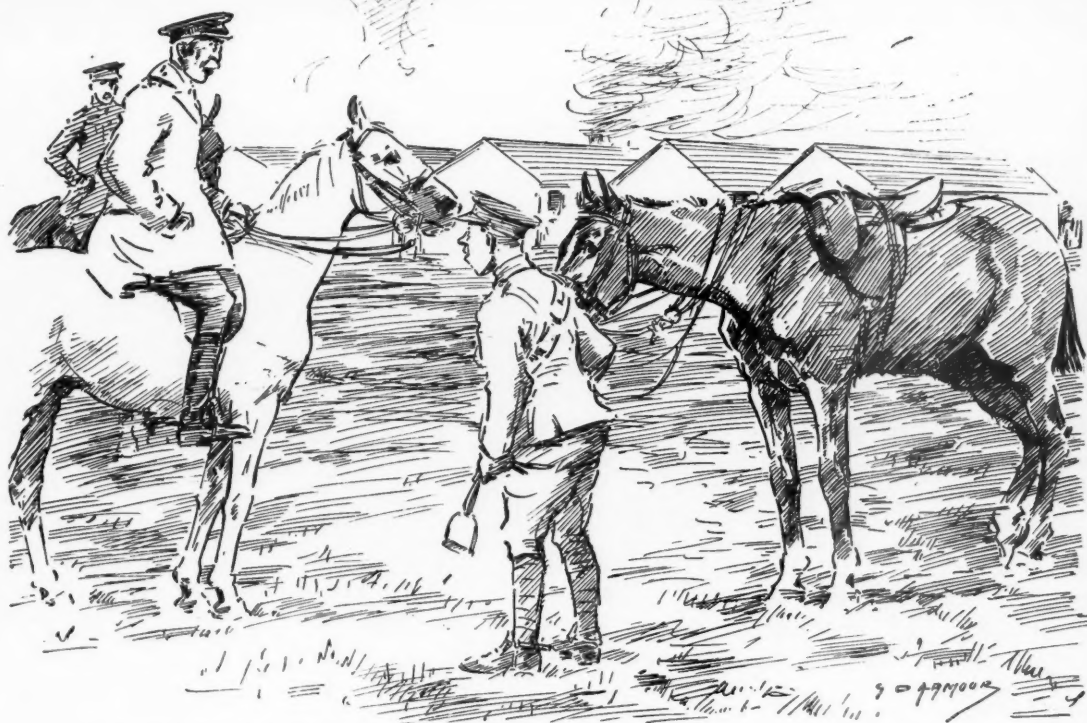
CAPTAIN OF A GERMAN CRUISER, HURRYING HOME AFTER SHELLING HEALTH-RESORT, GIVES ORDERS TO LIGHTEN THE SHIP FOR THE SAKE OF SPEED.

the utmost depth I again turned round to see if there was a vacant seat among the smokers. To my joy I saw one. Quickly I rose and hastened to secure it, but at the same moment the bus turned a sharp corner and I sustained a violent blow on the back of my head which left me half-stunned.

The conductor, who had just appeared on deck to collect fares, helped me to my feet. Then he rounded on me.

"Why don't you read the notices?" he said by way of peroration. "Then it wouldn't've happened."

"The notices?" I repeated, handing him my fare. "I've done nothing else but read notices ever since I got on this wretched reading-room. I know where I may smoke and where I may not. I know that I must beware of pickpockets, and I know that I mustn't waggle my arms over the side-rails. Further, I have read Mr. Pinkerton's personal assurance that his Pills are the Best. If I'd had more time I dare-



General. "GLAD TO SEE YOU WALKING, MY LAD. I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE A MAN WHO CONSIDERS HIS HORSE."

Recruit. "THANK YOU, SIR. BUT MY NEAR SIDE STIRRUP'S BROKE, AND I CAN'T GET ON."

General. "THEN WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU GET ON WITH THE OFF-SIDE ONE?"

Recruit (after some consideration). "BUT I'D BE SITTIN' WRONG WAY ROUND."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM sorry that I cannot now be the first to call *King Albert's Book* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) The Golden Book. But, since this term has already been applied, I can only applaud it. I suppose never in the history of books has such an one as this been put together, just as never in the line of kings has monarch received, under such circumstances, so rare a tribute. If in the Belgian heart, from ruler to refugee, there is room for more pride than should of right be there already, surely these pages, voicing the homage of all that counts in the world to-day, will bring it. We are all KING ALBERT's men now, and in this book we have a welcome chance of proving our fealty. You will observe that I say nothing about the volume as commercial value for the three shillings that it costs to buy. One glance at the list of those who contribute (a kind of international supplement to *Who's Who*) is all that is needed to satisfy you on this point. *The Daily Telegraph* is primarily responsible for gathering together a greater assembly of the names that matter than was ever collected between covers. To the proprietors, to Mr. HALL CAINE, who edits the book, and to the printers (especially for the illustrations in colour, which are triumphs of reproduction) I can only offer my thanks and congratulatory good wishes. Certainly, *The Daily Telegraph* Belgian Fund, to which will go the entire proceeds of the sale, deserves well the shillings that this splendid effort will bring to it. *King Albert's Book* is indeed a noble tribute to nobility—one that for every sake

will become an historic souvenir of the Great Days. And (if I may confess the secret wickedness of my heart as I read) how I should love to see the Berlin Press notices!

When Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT stated on page 25 of *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* (MURRAY) that his was not a hunting-trip, but a scientific expedition, I winked solemnly, so often have I read books in which science is used as an excuse for a slaughter that to the unbloodthirsty seems to be more than a little indiscriminate. Now, however, there is nothing to do but to withdraw that wink and to say that Mr. ROOSEVELT and his companions killed only for the sake of food and specimens, though on one very exciting occasion a man called JULIO displayed a most unwholesome desire to slay anybody or anything. This renegade's lust for murder was merely a side-show, but it serves vividly to illustrate the dangers and risks that the travellers took as they fought their way along the River of Doubt. No escape is possible from the buoyancy of Mr. ROOSEVELT's style; as frankly as any schoolboy enjoying a holiday he revelled in the ups and downs of his adventures; and if his enthusiasm for the important work that he was helping to accomplish occasionally leads him to relate trivialities, and also prevents him from advancing a few kilometres without adding up the total number he has travelled, the essential fact remains that his tale of exploit and exploration is told with a *joie de vivre* that carries everything before it. Among the many discoveries that he made is one from which time has taken away any cause for surprise. "There was," he says, "a German lieutenant

with the Paraguayan officers—one of several German officers who are now engaged in helping the Paraguayans with their army." *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* is packed with wonderfully good photographs, two of which introduce us to a game played by the Parecis Indians, of which the initial rule requires the "kicker-off" to lie flat on the ground and butt the ball with his head. One wonders if Brazil's future battles will be won in the playing-fields of the Parecis.

The opening lines of the Preface to Sir CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD's book of reminiscences contain so good a story that I cannot forbear to quote them. The tale concerns the famous conductor HANS VON BUELOW, who (says Sir CHARLES) was once taking the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra through a rehearsal at which some ladies had been invited to be present. They indulged in whisperings and chatterings which greatly disturbed the players. BUELOW turned round and said, "Ladies, we are not here to save the Capitol, but to make music." Pretty neat that for a Prussian! It is an example of the many excellent tales to be found in *Pages from an Unwritten Diary* (ARNOLD). Some of the best of them concern this same BUELOW, and have done much to disprove my personal belief in the non-existence of German humour. But throughout his book Sir CHARLES is the best of good company. Whether he is chatting about Royalty—there is a rather moving little anecdote of QUEEN VICTORIA and TENNYSON that was new to me—or telling again the often-told history of the Cambridge Greek Plays and the A.D.C., he has a happy pen for a point, and even the chestnuts inevitable in such a collection are served with a flavour of originality. I must be allowed to quote one more of VON BUELOW's good things. A gushing lady at a musical party begged for an introduction to the great man. Which being given, "Oh, Monsieur von Bülow," she said, "vous connaissez Monsieur Wagner, n'est-ce pas?" Bowing, and without a shade of surprise, BUELOW answered at once, "Mais oui, Madame; c'est le mari de ma femme!" A great man!

I am quite prepared to accept Mr. LINDSAY BASHFORD's *Cupid in the Car* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) as a nice unpretentious diary of a motor-tour on and about the Franco-German Frontier, ingeniously done into novel form and wholesomely seasoned with adventure and the arrangement of marriages shortly to take place. And I distinctly like his taciturn paragon of a chauffeur, Eugene—a nephew of *Enery Straker* the voluble, as I should judge from a certain family resemblance and, by the way, much too intelligent to murder his French phrases in the hopeless manner which the author, none too scrupulous in these little touches, suggests. But whether Mr. BASHFORD hasn't spoilt an enthusiastic travel book without producing quite a plausible

novel—a defect of tactics rather than of capacity—and whether the book doesn't show too many signs of the hustle and vibration of the car are questions that intrude themselves; and certainly one has a right to jib at the Preface, which seems to suggest that the novel, written before war broke out, was to enlighten the public, by a sugar-coated method, as to the general terrain of the conflict inevitable at some future date, so that we might "better picture the work our loved ones were doing at the Front." If this were indeed so, then it was distinctly untactful that the only British officer who appears should be a tosh-talking General obviously too fond of his food. The fact is that the topical preface is being overdone these days.

My only complaint against *The Flute of Arcady* (STANLEY

PAUL) is that Miss KATE HORN, who wrote it, seems somewhat to have disregarded the classic advice of *Mr. Curdle to Nicholas Nickleby* in the matter of observing the unities. It struck me, indeed, that she had begun it as a Cinderella-tale and then found that there wasn't enough of this to go round. Thus the early chapters roused my sympathetic interest for *Charlotte Clairvaux* (the bullied companion of the hateful cat, *Mrs. Menzies*) and her admiring suitor, *Dr. Shuckford*. I felt deeply for poor *Charlotte*, and longed for the moment when the doctor, who was eminently desirable, would fold her in his manly arms. But this moment came confusingly early, in the third chapter, and left us with three-quarters of the book to fill up. So *Charlotte*, for no reason—that I could see—but this of space, refuses her *Shuckford*, and off go she and *Mrs. Menzies* to Versailles, where they meet a good number of pleasantly-drawn people, and encounter a variety of adventures, some amusing, some merely farcical. Without doubt Miss HORN has a pretty wit, but I admired its exercise far more in character than incident.

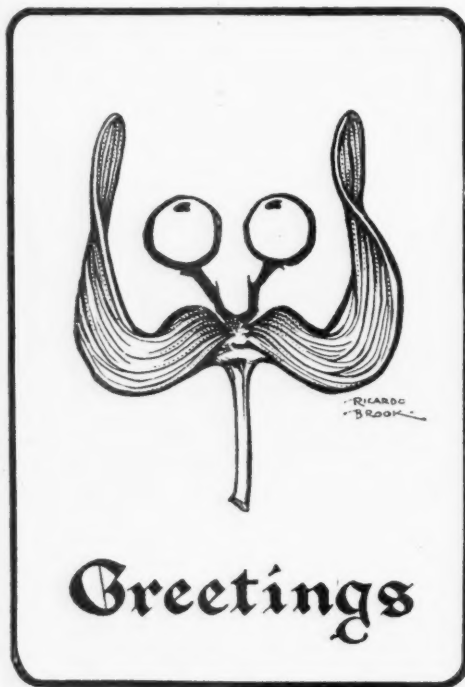
There is, for example, a delightful new version of *Mrs. Malaprop* in the lady whose ambition it was "to live in a mayonnaise in a good part of London." I loved her, and the terrible French infant, and the nuns, and the old countess and the other Versailles folk. But of the incidents, fantastic adventures with elephants and such, one sometimes feels that their humour is, as the author says of *M. de Lafontaine's* smile, a thing that seemed to be jerked out by machinery. Yet I am bound to confess that it made me laugh. So why grumble?

The Times, describing the attempted escape of a German officer in the disguise of 'Safety Matches,' says: "There was nothing in the box to excite suspicion." Except, of course, the officer.

"Never again will one rigid form of civilisation prevail. . . . The world has grown too big to rest content with one standard."

Evening Standard.

Hence *The Evening Standard*.



Greetings

THE WILHELM MISTLETOE.

A CARD OF TEUTONIC ORIGIN NOT LIKELY TO HAVE A BIG SALE OVER HERE THIS SEASON.

CHARIVARIA.

ABDUL the D—d is said to feel it keenly that, when the British decided to appoint a Sultan in Egypt, they did not remember that he was out of a job.

Meanwhile ABBAS Pasha is reported to have had a presentiment that he would one day be replaced by KAMEL Pasha. It is said that for some time past he would start nervously whenever he heard the band of a Highland regiment playing "The Kamel's a-coming."

We have very little doubt that the German newspapers are publishing photographs of Whitby Abbey, and claiming the entire credit for its ruined condition.

It remained for *The Times* to chronicle the Germans' most astounding feat. It happened at Hartlepool. "A chimney nearly 200 feet in height, on the North-Eastern Railway hydraulic power-station, was," our contemporary tells us, "grazed by a projectile about 100 yards above its base."

The Archbishop of YORK, who was one of the KAISER's few apologists, is said to feel keenly that potentate's ingratitude in selecting for bombardment two unprotected bathing-places in his Grace's diocese.

It is widely rumoured that WILHELM is conferring a special medal on the perpetrators of this and similar outrages, to be called the Kaiser-ye-Hun medal.

Some of the German newspapers have been organising a symposium on the subject of how to spend the coming Christmas. Herr ARTHUR VON GWINNER, director of the Deutsche Bank, is evidently something of a humourist. "More than ever," he says, "in the exercise of works of love and charity." We rather doubt whether the Herr Direktor's irony will be appreciated in high quarters.

A message from Amsterdam says that there are signs in Berlin of discontent with the German Chancellor and his staff, and patriots are calling for a "clean sweep." The difficulty, of course, is that, while there are plenty of sweeps in Germany, it is not easy to find a clean one.

"Immediately after his arrival at

Rome," says *The Liverpool Echo*, "Prince Buelow proceeded to the Villa Malte, his usual residence at Rome, where he will stay until he takes up his quarters at the Caffarelli police." Our alleged harsh treatment of aliens fades into insignificance by the side of this!

General Baron VON BISSING, the Governor-General of Belgium, has informed a German journal that the KAISER has "very specially commanded him to help the weak and oppressed in Belgium." By whom, we wonder, are the Belgians being oppressed?



"BUT YOU AREN'T TALL ENOUGH."
 "WELL, CAN I GO AS A DRUMMER-BOY?"
 "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR THAT."
 "WELL, THEN—DASH IT ALL! I'LL GO AS A MASCOT."

The same journal announces that General VON DIEDENHOFEN, the commander at Karlsruhe, has issued a proclamation expressing his "indignation at the dishonourable conduct" of three German Red-Cross Nurses who have married wounded French prisoners. It certainly does look like taking advantage of the poor fellows when they were more or less helpless.

We hear that considerable ill-feeling has been caused in certain quarters of Paris by a thoughtless English newspaper calling the Germans "the Apaches of Europe."

A German critic has been expatiating on the trouble we must have in feeding an Army with so many different tastes

and creeds. Commenting on this, *The Evening Standard* says: "This is not a surprising matter from our point of view, but the German cast-iron system does not lend itself either in thought or practice to adaptability." Some people, we believe, imagine the Germans feel, without exception, on Pickelhauben.

A little while ago the Germans were claiming our SHAKESPEARE. We now hear that a forthcoming production at His Majesty's Theatre has set them longing, in view of the scarcity of the metal, for our *Copperfield*.

Mr. THOMAS BURT, M.P., Father of the House of Commons, has decided to resign his seat in Parliament. This does not however mean that the House will be left an orphan. Another father will be found at once.

It is rumoured that, after the War is over, a statue is to be erected to the Censor at Blankenberghe, in Belgium.

A tale from the Front. "The enemy are continuing to fortify the coast, Sir," said the subaltern. "I don't care if they fiftify it," roared his commanding officer; "it'll make no difference." This shows the British spirit.

A Sensational Statement.

"General Smuts stated that there were in the field at the present time, not including those training, more than — men."

Daily Telegraph.

This is headed "South Africa's Forces," and may have been an actual piece of news until it reached the Censor.

Another Impending Apology.

We read beneath a photograph in *The Graphic* :—

"MISS PAULINE PRIM—the cat in the Aldwych Pantomime, as she is in real life."

The Troubles of Neutrality.

From a recent Geography Examination paper :—

"Holland is a low country: in fact it is such a very low country that it is no wonder that it is damned all round."

A correspondent writes :—

"It is to be hoped that nothing further will be heard of the various proposals to intern the KAISER at St. Helena. One would have thought that there had been quite sufficient desecration already of places of historic interest."

THE WAR-LORD'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.

KAISER, what vigil will you keep to-night?

Before the altar will you lay again
Your "shining armour," and renew your plight
To wear it ever clean of stain?

Or, while your priesthood chants the Hymn of Hate,
Like incense will you lift to God your breath
In praise that you are privileged by fate
To do His little ones to death?

Will Brother HENRY, knowing well the scene
That saw your cruisers' latest gallant feat,
Kneel at your side, and ask with pious mien
A special blessing on the fleet?

Will you make "resolutions?"—saying, "Lo!
I will be humble. Though my own bright sword
Has shattered Belgium, yet will I bestow
The credit on a higher Lord.

"What am I but His minister of doom?
The smoke of burning temples shall ascend,
With none to intercept the savoury fume,
Straight upward to my honoured Friend."

Or does your heart admit, in hours like these,
God is not mocked with words; His judgment
stands;
Nor all the waters of His cleansing seas
Can wash the blood-guilt from your hands?

Make your account with Him as best you can.
What other hope has this New Year to give?
For outraged earth has laid on you a ban
Not to be lifted while you live. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XII.

(From the EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY.)

MY BROTHER,—There are many who in these days gnash their teeth against you and pursue with malice and reproach the words you utter and the deeds you perform, so that verily the tempests of the world beat about your head. It may please you, therefore, to know that there is one man at least whose affectionate admiration for you has suffered no decrease, nay, has rather been augmented a hundredfold by the events of the past half-year. Need I say that I am that man?

It is true that I have been shorn of my honours and privileges, that I live in exile as a prisoner and that the vile insulters of fallen majesty compass me about. I who once dwelt in splendour and issued my commands to the legions of the faithful am treated with contumely by a filthy pack of time-servers, and have nothing that I can call my own except, for the moment, the air that I breathe. Oh, for an hour of the old liberty and power! It would amuse me to see the faces of EVER and of my wretched brother MOHAMMED as I ordered them to execution—they and their gang of villainous parasites. By the bowstring of my fathers, but that would be a great and worthy killing! Pardon the fond day-dreams of a poor and lonely old man whose only crime has been that he loved his country too well and treated his enemies with a kindness not to be understood by those black and revengeful hearts.

I remember that in the old days there were not wanting

those who warned me against you. "Beware," they said, "of the GERMAN EMPEROR. He will use you for his own purposes, and will then cast you aside like an orange that has been squeezed." But I paid no heed to their jealous imaginings, and I had my reward. Not, indeed, that you were able to save me when the wicked burst upon me and cast me down. The stroke was too sudden, and you, alas, were too far. But the memory of our delightful friendship is still with me to sustain and comfort me in my tribulations. I still have some of the letters in which you poured out your heart to me, and when melancholy oppresses me I take them from my breast and read them over and over again.

It is a joy to me to know that there is a firm alliance between my brave Turks and your magnanimous soldiers. I doubt not that Allah, the good old friend of the Turks, will continue to bless you and give you victory after victory over your enemies. It is no less a joy to learn how gloriously and how sagaciously you are conducting this war. They tell me that your ships have bombarded the coast towns of England, and that five or six hundred of the inhabitants have fallen before your avenging shells. What matters it that these towns were not fortified in the strict and stupid sense, and that there were many women and children amongst those you slew? The towns were fortified in the sense that they were hostile to your high benevolence, and as for women and children you need not even dream of excusing yourself to me. These English are no better than Armenians. It is necessary to extirpate them, and the younger you catch them the less time they have for devising wickedness against the Chosen of Allah. As for women, they need hardly be taken into account. In all these matters I know by your actions that you agree. You must proceed on your noble course until the last of these infidels is swept away to perdition.

May I condole with you on the loss of your four ships of war by the guns of the British Admiral STURDEE? That was, indeed, a cowardly blow, and it is hard to understand why it was allowed.

Farewell then, my Brother. Be assured again of the undying friendship and admiration of the poor exile,
ABDUL HAMID.

KILL OR CURE.

[Reports continue to reach us from our brave troops in the field that they "never felt fitter," are "in the best of spirits," and so forth.]

HAVE you a bronchial cough, or cold,
And is your ailment chronic
Past every sort of cure that's sold?
We'll tell you of a tonic.
Just wing our agents here a wire
And book "A Fortnight Under Teuton Fire."

Do you admit with anxious mind
Your liver's loss of movement,
And that in consequence you find
Your temper needs improvement?
Then leave awhile your stool or bench
And try our "Month Inside a Flooded Trench."

Are you a broken nervous wreck,
Run short of red corpuscles,
Painfully scraggy in the neck,
And much in need of muscles?
Come to us now—for now's your chance—
And take our "Lively Tour Through Northern France."



DISHONOURED.

CAPTAIN OF THE *EMDEN*. "DIRTY WORK!"

THE REAL HERO OF THE WAR.

THERE is an impression about that among the candidates for the position of real hero of the war KING ALBERT might have a chance; or even Lord KITCHENER or Sir JOHN FRENCH. But I have my doubts, after all that I have heard—and I love to hear it and to watch the different ways in which the tellers narrate it: some so frankly proud, some just as proud, but trying to conceal their pride. After all that I have heard I am bound to believe that for the real hero of the war we must look elsewhere. Not much is printed of this young fellow's deeds; one gets them chiefly by word of mouth and very largely in club smoking-rooms. In railway carriages too, and at dinner-parties. These are the places where the champions most do congregate and hold forth. And from what they say he is a most gallant and worthy warrior. Versatile as well, for not only does he fight and bag his Bosch, but he is wounded and imprisoned. Sometimes he rides a motor-cycle, sometimes he flies, sometime, he has charge of a gun, sometimes he is doing Red Cross work, and again he helps to bring up the supplies with the A.S.C. He has been everywhere. He was at Mons and he was at Cambrai. He marched into Ypres and is rather angry when the Germans are blamed for shelling the Cloth Hall, because he tells you that there was a big French gun firmly established behind it, and only by shelling the building could the enemy hope to destroy that dangerous piece of ordnance. He saw something of the bombardment of Rheims and he watched the monitors at work on the Belgian coast.

And not only does he perform some of the best deeds and often get rewarded for them, but he is a good medium for news too. He hears things. He's somewhere about when General — says something of the deepest significance to General —. He knows men high up in the War Office. He refers lightly to KITCHENER, and staff officers apparently tell him many of their secrets. He speaks quite casually and familiarly of WINSTON and what WINSTON said yesterday, for he often has the latest Admiralty news too. It was he who had the luck to be in the passage when Lord FISHER and another Sea Lord executed their historic waltz on the receipt of the news of STURDEE'S coup. I don't pretend that he is always as worthy of credence as he was then; for he has spread some false rumours too. He was, in fact, one of the busiest eye-witnesses (once or twice removed) of the triumphant progress of millions of Russians through

Scotland and England some months ago. He is not unaware of the loss of battleships of which nothing has yet been officially stated. In fact, his unofficial news is terrific and sometimes must be taken with salt. But denials do not much abash him. He was prepared for them and can explain them.

His letters are interesting and cover a vast amount of ground. They are sometimes very well written, and in differing moods he abuses the enemy and pities them. He never grumbles but is sometimes perplexed by overwork in the trenches. He hates having to stand long in water and has lost more comrades than he likes to think about. One day he was quite close to General JOFFRE, whom he regards as a sagacious leader, cautious and far-sighted; another day he was close to Sir JOHN FRENCH, and nothing could exceed the confidence which his appearance kindled in him. On the morning of the King's arrival at the Front he was puzzled by the evolutions of our air scouts, who seemed to have gone mad; but it turned out that they were saluting HIS MAJESTY. Some of his last letters were from the neighbourhood of Auchy and described the fighting for the canal. He is a little inconsistent now and then, and one day says he has more cigarettes than he can smoke, and the next bewails the steady shortage of tobacco. As to his heroic actions he is reticent; but we know that many of the finest deeds have been performed by him. He has saved lives and guns and is in sight of the V.C.

And what is his name? Well, I can't say what his name is, because it is not always the same; but I can tell you how he is always described by those who relate his adventures, his prowess, his news, his suspicions and his fears. He is always referred to as "My son."

"My son," when all is said, is the real hero of the war.

It is all very well to warn the British public (nationalised or otherwise) against supporting and comforting the enemy, but it might have more effect if those in authority set the example.

"The British Government declares that in the event of the Austrian Government being in need of funds, Great Britain is ready to provide them."—*Japan Chronicle*.

"King George has sent a warmly-worded telegram of congratulation to the new Sultan of Turkey."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

Paragraphs such as these, for instance, do not provide the proper inspiration.

"There are increasing rumours of serious fiction between the Austrians and the Germans."—*Natal Times*.

Their forte, however, is humorous fiction.

R. G. A.

OVER the hills where the grey hills
rise
Smoke wreaths climb to the cloudless
skies,
White in the glare of the noonday
sun,
Climbing in companies, one by one,
From the strong guns,
The long guns,
That wake with break of day
And dutifully drop their shells a dozen
miles away.

Far beneath where our airmen fly,
Slowly the Garrison guns go by,
Breaking through bramble and thorn
and gorse,
Towed by engines or dragged by
horse,
The great guns,
The late guns,
That slowly rumble up
To enable Messrs. VICKERS to converse
with Messrs. KRUPP.

Garrison cannon is never swift
(Shells are a deuce of a weight to
lift);
When they are ready to open shop,
Where they are planted, there they
stop,
The grey guns,
The gay guns,
That know what they're about,
To wait at fifteen hundred yards and
clear the trenches out.

4-7's and 9-4's,
Taking to camping out of doors;
Out of the shelter of steel-built sheds,
Sleeping out in their concrete beds—
The proud guns,
The loud guns,
Whose echo wakes the hills,
And shakes the tiles and scatters glass
on distant window-sills.

Little cannon of envious mind
May mock at the gunners who come
behind;
Let them wait till we've lined our
pets
On to the forts and the walls of Metz;
The siege guns,
The liege guns,
The guns to batter down
The barricades and bastions of any
German town.

Though there be others who do good
work,
Harassing German, trouncing Turk,
Let us but honour one toast to-day—
The men and the guns of the R.G.A.!
The vast guns,
The last guns,
When Spring is coming in,
To roll down every Eastern road
a-becoming to Berlin!



THE TEMPTATIONS OF A SOLDIER.

Fond Mother (who has just seen her son, a very youthful subaltern, off to the front). "I GOT HIM AWAY FROM HIS FATHER FOR A MOMENT AND SAID TO HIM, 'DARLING, DON'T GO TOO NEAR THE FIRING-LINE, WILL YOU?'"

NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

THE STRATEGIST'S MUZZLE.—For use in the Home—the Club—the Railway Train. Fitted with best calf leather gag—easily attached—efficiency guaranteed, 4s. 11d. With chloroform attachment for violent cases, 8s. 11d. BELLOC size, 22s. 6d.

Recommended by the Censor.

THE ALLIES' MUSICAL BOX.—Beautifully decorated in all the national colours. A boon to organizers of war concerts. Plays all the National Anthems of the Allies simultaneously, thus allowing the audience to keep their seats for the bulk of the evening. A blessing to wounded soldiers and rheumatic subjects. 10s. 11d. carriage paid.

THE COIN DETECTOR.—This ingenious little contrivance rings a bell once when brought within a yard of silver coins and twice when in the proximity of gold coins. Absolutely indispensable

to collectors for Relief Funds. 2s. 11½d. post free.

Testimonial from Lady Isobel Tompkins:—

"Since using your invaluable detector in my collecting work I understand that there has been quite a run on the banks and post-offices in this neighbourhood for postal orders and the new notes. With the addition of an indicator of paper-money your machine would be perfection."

HAPPY FAMILIES.—The game of the season—with portraits of all our political leaders. Any four assorted leaders of different views make a happy family. 10½d.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE says:—"I never knew a more aggravating game."

GERMAN HAPPY FAMILIES.—Intensely amusing; peals of laughter come from the table when one asks for Mr. Kayser, the butcher; Mr. Prince, the looter; Mr. Tirpitz, the pirate, 10½d.

BURKE'S NORMAN BLOOD.—The presentation book of the season. Invaluable to the newly naturalised. 3s. 6d. net.

From certain Regimental Orders we extract the following:—

"There is no objection to the following being written on the Field Service Post Card: 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.'"

All the same, the danger of conveying news to the enemy must not be overlooked. Many German soldiers, we hear, are under the impression that it is still August, and that they will be in Paris by the beginning of September.

"In the early hours of Wednesday morning, what is supposed to have been a traction engine when proceeding southward, struck the west side of the parapet with great force."

Albion Gazette.

When proceeding northward it has more the appearance of a sewing-machine.

THE WATCH DOGS.

X.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I write on Christmas Day from a second-grade Infants' School, the grade referring obviously to the school and not to the infants. We sit round the old Yule hot-water pipe, and from the next classroom come the heavenly strains of the gramophone, one of those veteran but sturdy machines which none of life's rough usages can completely silence or even shake in its loyal determination to go on *and keep on going on* at all costs. Having duly impressed "Good King Wenceslas" upon us, it is now rendering an emotional waltz, of which, though now and then it may drop a note or two, it mislays none of the pathos.

It was a present to the Mess, intended for our entertainment in the trenches, though I cannot think who was going to carry it there. The tune serves to recall the distant past, when we used to wear silk socks and shining pumps, to glide hither and thither on hard floors, and talk in the intervals, talk, talk, talk with all the desperate resource of exhausted heroes who know that they have only to hang on five more minutes and they are saved. Suppose we had by now been in those trenches and had been listening to this obstinate old box slowly but confidently assuring and reassuring us that there is and was and always will be our one-two-three home in the one-two-three, one-two-three West! I can see the picture; I can see the tears of happiness coursing down our weather-beaten cheeks as we say to ourselves, "Goodness knows, it's uncomfortable enough here, but thank heaven we aren't in that ball-room anyway."

In a corner of this room is a bridge-four. The C.O. is sitting in an authoritative, relentless silence. His tactical dispositions have been made and they are going to be pushed through to the end, cost what it may to the enemy or his own side. His partner is Second-Lieutenant Combes, deviously thinking to himself with all the superior knowledge of youth, "What rotten dispositions these C.O.'s do make!" but endeavouring to conceal his feelings by the manipulation of his face and a more than usually heavy interspersion of "Sirs" in his conversation. The enemy are ill-assorted allies: Captain Parr, a dashing player of great courage

and very ready tongue, and Lieutenant Sumners, one of those grim, earnest fighters whom no event however sudden or stupendous can surprise into speech. This latter is a real soldier whose life is conducted in every particular on the lines laid down in military text-books. He asks himself always, "Is it soldierly?" and never "Is it common-sense?" He is at present in trouble with his superior officer for having frozen on to his ace of trumps long after he should have parted with it. But those text-books say, "Keep your best forces in reserve," and so the little trumps must needs be put in the firing line first.

As to the other officers of your acquaintance, each is making merry, as the season demands, in his own fashion.

tion, heavily wooded in the treble, with sudden and sharp elevations and depressions in the bass, and the possibility of an ambush at every turn. His reconnoitring party returns; he starts to move forward again with scouts always in advance. He halts; he advances again and proceeds (for he too is a trained soldier) by short rushes about five bars at a time . . . At last the situation develops and he pauses to collect all his available forces and get them well in hand. I can almost hear the order being passed along the line—"Prepare to charge"—almost catch the bugle-call as his ten fingers rush forth to the assault, forth to death or glory, to triumph or utter confusion . . . As to what follows, I have always thought the rally after a charge was an anti-

climax, even when it consists of a rapid "Rule Britannia!" passing off evenly, without a hitch.

I find, looking round my fellow-officers, that I have omitted the final touch, the last stirring detail to complete the picture of the soldier's hard but eventful life. In the one easy, or easy-ish, chair sits the Major, that gallant gentleman whose sole but exacting business in life it is to gallop like the devil into the far distance when it is rumoured that the battalion will deploy. He sits now at leisure, but even at leisure he is not at ease: silent, with every nerve and fibre strained to the utmost tension, he crouches over his work. He is at his darning; ay, with real wool and a real needle he is darning his socks. The colour of his work may not be harmonious, but it is a thorough job; he has done what even few women would do, he has darned not only the hole in his hosiery but his left hand also.

As for the men, they have been dealt with by a select body under the formidable title of the Christmas Festivities Committee. It has provided each man with a little beer, a lot of turkey and much too much plum pudding. Having disengaged the birds into their separate units, it has then left the man to himself for the day, thus showing, in my opinion, a wise discretion rarely found in committees, even military committees.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Exchange, charming country parish, North Yorks. Easy distance sea. Income safe."—*Advt. in "Guardian."*

Yes, but what about the rectory?



Visitor. "COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT TIME THE TIDE IS UP?"

Odd job man. "WELL, SIR, THEY DO EXPECK 'IGH WATER AT SIX; BUT THEN YOU KNOW WOT THESE 'ERE RUMOURS ARE NOWADAYS."

One is studying, not for the first time, a map on the wall showing the inner truth of the currents in the Pacific; another is observing, for his information and further guidance, the process of manufacture of lead pencils as illustrated by samples in a glass-case. Others are being more jovial still; having exhausted the pictures and advertisements of the sixpenny Society papers, they are now actually reading the letter-press. The machine-gun officer, as I gather from his occasional remarks, is asleep as usual.

And now the gramophone has ceased; but, alas! Captain d'Arcy has begun—on the piano. As I write, the scheme of communication between his right and his left flanks has broken down. Like a prudent officer, he suspends operations, gives the "stand-fast!" and sends out a cautious patrol to reconnoitre the position. He even cedes a little of the ground he has gained. Glancing at his music, I must admit that he is in a dangerous situa-



Lady in black. "OUR JIM'S KILLED SEVEN GERMANS—AND HE'D NEVER KILLED ANYONE BEFORE HE WENT TO FRANCE!"

THE PEACE-MAKER.

THE Anonymous War is not to be followed by an Anonymous Peace. I have Twyerley's own authority for this statement.

I may go farther and make public the interesting fact that Twyerley himself has the matter in hand, and readers of *The Daily Booster* will at an early date receive precise instructions how and where to secure Part I. of *The History of the Peace* before it is out of print. It is well known that all publications issuing from that Napoleonic brain are out of print within an hour or two of their appearance, but Twyerley takes precautions to safeguard readers of *The Booster* against any such catastrophic disappointment.

In approaching the Peace problem at this stage Twyerley is displaying his customary foresight. The military authorities frustrated Twyerley's public-spirited attempt to let the readers of *The Booster* into the secret of General JOFFRE's strategy — ruthlessly suppressing his daily column on *The Position at the Front*. He has resolved that the diplomatists shall not repeat the offence; he will be beforehand with them.

If Twyerley had been listened to in times of peace there would have been no war; the fact is undeniable. Since war has come, however, the danger of a patched-up peace must be avoided at all costs. In order that there shall be no mistake Twyerley has prepared a map of Europe—as-it-must-be-and-shall-be or Twyerley and his myriad readers will know the reason why. (The map is presented gratis with Part I. of the *History* and may also be had, varnished and mounted on rollers, for clubs and military academies.)

Twyerley at work upon the map is a thrilling spectacle. With his remorseless scissors he hovers over Germany and Austria in a way that would make the two KAISERS blench. Snip! away goes Alsace-Lorraine and a slice of the Palatinate; another snip! and Galicia flutters into the arms of Russia.

The *History* is to be completed in twenty-four parts, if the Allies' plenipotentiaries possess the capabilities with which Twyerley credits them; but he has prudently provided for extensions in case of need.

Anyway, whether the Treaty of Peace be signed in twelve months or twelve years, the final part of the *History* will go to press on the morrow.

Armed with the *History*, readers of *The Booster* will be able to follow step by step the contest in the council-chamber, when it takes place. They will be able to paint the large white map with the special box of colours supplied at a small additional cost. That, as Twyerley justly observes, is an ideal means of teaching the new geography of Europe to children. Even the youngest member of a household where the *History* is taken regularly will be in a position to say what loss of territory the KAISERS and Turkey must suffer. (Twyerley had some idea of running a Prize Competition on these lines but was reluctant to embarrass the Government.)

Several entire chapters will be devoted to "Famous Scraps of Paper" from NEBUCHADNEZZAR to the Treaty of Bucharest. Illustrations of unique interest have been secured. For instance, the Peace of Westphalia carries a reproduction of the original document, portraits and biographies of the signatories, and a statistical table of the Westphalian ham industry. Similarly, the Treaty of Utrecht is accompanied by a view of that interesting town and several pages of original designs for Utrecht velvet.

Thus, what Twyerley calls "the human interest" is amply catered for.

The section "International Law for the Million" presents its subject in a novel tabloid form, as exhaustive as it is entertaining. I know for a fact that an army of clerks has been engaged at the British Museum for some weeks looking up the data.

Following the part which contains concise accounts of every European nation from the earliest times, comes "Points for Plenipotentiaries," occupying several entire numbers. Here is where the genius of Twyerley shines at its brightest, and personally I think that the British representatives at the Peace Congress should be provided beforehand with these invaluable pages. With Twyerley at their elbows, so to speak, they should be equal to the task of checkmating the wily foreigner.

I wish the KAISER could see Twyerley scissoring his territory to shreds!

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

I DISLIKE many things—snakes, for example, and German spies, and the income tax, and cold fat mutton; but even more than any of these I dislike William Smith.

As all the world knows, special constables hunt in couples at nights, a precaution adopted in order that, if either of the two is slain in the execution of his duty, the other may be in a position to report on the following morning the exact hour and manner of his decease, thus satisfying the thirst of the authorities for the latest information, and relieving his departed companion's relatives of further anxiety in regard to his fate.

William Smith is the special constable who hunts with me. As to whom or what we are hunting, or what we should do to them or they would do to us if we caught them or they caught us, we are rather vague; but we endeavour to carry out our duty. Our total bag to date has been one Royal Mail, and even him we merely let off with a caution.

Three days ago, by an unfortunate coincidence, William Smith overtook me at the end of the High Street, just as our sergeant was coming round the corner in the opposite direction. At sight of the latter we halted, dropped our parcels in the mud, stiffened to attention and saluted. The last was a thing we ought not to have done, even allowing for his leggings, which were (and are still) of a distinctly upper-military type. But in the special constabulary your sergeant is a man to be placated. His powers are enormous. He can, if he likes, spoil your

beauty sleep at both ends by detailing you for duty from 12 to 4 A.M.; or, on the other hand, he can forget you altogether for a fortnight. Thus we always avoid meeting him if possible; failing that, we always salute him.

"Ha!" exclaimed our sergeant. We shuddered, and William Smith, who is smaller than myself, tried to escape his gaze by forming two deep.

"What the devil are you playing at?" growled our sergeant. Though one of the more prominent sidesmen at our local church, he has developed quite the manner of an officer, almost, at times, I like to think, of a general officer. William Smith formed single rank again.

Our sergeant took out his notebook. "I'm glad I happened to meet you two," he said.

We shivered, but otherwise remained at attention.

"Let me see," he went on, consulting his list, "you are on together again tomorrow night at 12."

It was the last straw. Forgetting his rank, forgetting his leggings, forgetting the possibilities of his language, forgetting myself, I spoke.

"I protest," I said.

The eyes of our sergeant bulged with wrath, pushing his pince-nez off his nose and causing them to clatter to the pavement. But a special constable is a man of more than ordinary courage. "Allow me," I murmured, and I stooped, picked them up and handed them back to him.

"Explain yourself," he muttered hoarsely.

"For the past three months," I said, "I have endured fifty-six of the darkest hours of the night, cut off from any possibility of human aid, in the company of William Smith, a conversational egoist of the lowest and most determined type. Throughout this period he has inflicted on me atrocities before which those of the Germans pale into insignificance. During the first month he described to me in detail the achievements and diseases from birth upwards of all his children—a revolting record. He next proceeded to deal exhaustively with the construction and working of his gramophone, his bathroom geyser, his patent knife-machine and his vacuum carpet-cleaner; also with his methods of drying wet boots, marking his under-linen, circumventing the water-rate collector and inducing fertility in reluctant pullets. This brought us to the middle of November. Finally, during the last four weeks he has wandered into the ramifications of his wife's early-Victorian family tree, of which we are still in the lower branches.

"I cannot retaliate in kind. I have

no children, poultry, pedigree wives, nor any of the other articles, except boots and shirts, in which the soul of William Smith rejoices. There is but one remedy open to me, and of this, unless you detail me for duty with someone else, I propose to avail myself at the first convenient opportunity. I shall kill William Smith."

I stopped and saluted again.

And then a wonderful thing happened. I discovered that beneath our sergeant's military leggings there still beat the rudiments of a human heart. Yes, as I looked at him I saw his softened eyes suffused with sympathetic tears.

"My poor fellow!" he said in a broken voice.

It was too much. I sank to the pavement, saluting as I fell, and knew no more. When I recovered consciousness in hospital I found in the pocket of my coat an envelope containing the following: "Promoted to the rank of corporal and invalidated for three weeks, after which you will take duty with your chauffeur."

William Smith and I have severed diplomatic relations. It is better so.

REJECTED OFFERINGS.

MY DEAR Mr. Punch,—In these first few days after Christmas many of your readers are no doubt faced, as we have been, with a problem which is quite new to them. I hope they took the precaution—as we did—to write and explain to all likely givers (1) that this was no year for the exchange of Christmas gifts among grown-up people who have no need for them; (2) that it was the opinion of all right-thinking persons that no such gifts should be sent, and (3) that consequently they were sending none and hoped to receive none.

That is all right as far as it goes, but the problem remains of what is to be done with those people who can't be stopped? We have had several painful instances of this sort. The stuff has arrived, the usual sort of non-war stuff, some of which must have cost quite a lot of money, of which it may with truth be said, "your King and Country need you." How were these things to be dealt with, since we felt that we could not keep them?

We found that no general treatment could be applied; we have had to sort them out into groups, before deflecting them into the proper courses.

Books to hospitals. In this case the matron is asked to acknowledge them direct to the original giver.

Smoking Accessories (such as the newest pipe-filler and match-striker and cigarette-case-opener and pouch-



Officer (instructing recruits in signalling). "DIDN'T YOU GET THAT MESSAGE?"

Recruit. "YES, SIR: 'THREE TAUBS AND A ZEPLIN COMIN' OVER THE 'ILL.'"

Officer. "THEN WHY THE DEUCE DIDN'T YOU SEND IT ON?" Recruit. "WELL, SIR, I COULDN'T 'ARDLY BELIEVE IT."

unfolded and cigar-holder-grip), to the nearest male Belgian; and

All other portable presents to the nearest female Belgian. (These two classes may be neatly acknowledged in the columns of the *Courier Belge*.)

All larger presents (of the motor-car, pianola and sewing-machine variety) to be sold by auction for the National Relief Fund. Marked catalogue of the sale to be sent to the giver in proof of their safe arrival. Yours, etc.,

AN ORDINARY ENGLISHMAN.

"The Surveyor reported that the owners of the manure heaps by the Recreation Ground Tennis Courts had by now been covered over with seaweed, etc., thus complying with the Council's wishes."—*Barnmouth Advertiser*.

We hope this will be a lesson to them.

The usual formula for beginning a letter is thus neatly rendered by a Hottentot Boy:—

"As I have a line to state just to let you know that I am still soluberious under the superiority of the Supreme-Being, hoping to hear the same likewise from you."

We recommend it very heartily as a good opening for New Year's Eve correspondence.

THE IMPERIAL INFANTICIDE.

It was a mighty Emperor
Of ancient pedigree
Who said, "The future of our race
Lies on the rolling sea!"
And straightway laboured to fulfil
His royal guarantee.

And when the Day had dawned, for
which
He long had toiled and planned,
Unto his Grand High Admiral
He issued his command:
"Go forth, and smite the enemy
Upon his native strand."

Sailing by night and veiled in mist,
His swiftest ships of war
Rained death on two defenceless
towns
For half an hour or more,
Till they had slain and wounded babes
And women by the score.

The Fatherland was filled with joy
By this heroic deed;
It gloated o'er the slaughtered babes
Of Albion's hated breed;
And Iron Crosses fell in showers
On those who'd made them bleed.

But honest neutrals everywhere
Were sickened and dismayed;
The Turk, not squeamish as a rule,
No special glee betrayed;
And even Mr. BERNARD SHAW
Failed to defend the raid!

Then more in sorrow than in wrath
The EMPEROR made moan:
"Though martyred and misunderstood
I tread my way alone,
At least I have the sympathy
Of God on His high throne."

Then from the pillar and the cloud
Came accents clear and plain:
"The Massacre of Innocents
Passes the guilt of CAIN;
And those who sin with HEROD earn
His everlasting stain."

Two announcements at Hereford:—
"Cathedral Service, Sunday, Dec. 13th.
Preacher: Rev. H. M. Spooner.

Baptist Chapel.
Lecture: "Slips of Speech and Trips in Type."
"Yes," said the President of New College on his way to the Cathedral,
"I know something about slips of speech, but what *are* tips in tripe?"



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

HOW MABEL PICTURED HER BIG BROTHER'S ARRIVAL FOR WEEK-END LEAVE FROM THE FRONT.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

I RODE into Pincher River on an August afternoon,
The pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy tune,
By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the Atha-
basca saloon.

And a bunch of the boys was standing around by the old
Scotch store,
Standing and spitting and swearing by old Macallister's
door—

And the name on their lips was Britain—the word that
they spoke was War.

War! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about wrong or
right

When I knew my own old country was up to the neck in
a fight?

I said, "So long!"—and I beat it—"I'm hitting the trail
to-night."

I wasn't long at my packing, I hadn't much time to dress,
And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot—more or less;
So I didn't wait for my ticket; I booked by the Hoboes'
Express.

I rode the bumpers at night-time; I beat the ties in the
day;

Stealing a ride and bumming a ride all of the blooming
way,

And—I left the First Contingent drilling at Valcartier!

I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by me!);
I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and greasy and
grimy,
And they wanted hands for the voyage, and the old man
guessed he'd try me.

She kicked like a ballet-dancer or a range-bred bronco mare;
She rolled till her engines rattled; she wallowed, but what
did I care?

It was "Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you take me
there!"

Then came an autumn morning, grey-blue, windy and
clear,

And the fields—the little white houses—green and peaceful
and dear,

And the heart inside of me saying, "Take me, Mother, I'm
here!"

"Here, for I thought you'd want me; I've brought you all
that I own—

A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle and
bone,

Six-foot-two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen stone.

"Here, and I hope you'll have me; take me for what I'm
worth—

A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the-ends of the
earth

To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old land
of his birth!"



THE NEW ARMY TO THE FRONT.

THE NEXT?

BOMBARDMENT OF LITTLE SHRIMPINGTON BY THE GERMAN FLEET.

*(Extract from a Report by the German Admiral.)**Battle-cruiser "Von Herod."*

SIR,—With regard to the recent magnificent and hoch-compelling exploit of the Imperial Squadron I have the honour to report as follows:—

Our battle-cruisers sighted the strongly-fortified sea-coast town of Little Shrimpington about 12.45, and at once opened a devastating fire. A hostile abbey, situated in a commanding position at the cliff top, and quite unmistakable (as at Whitby), was the first to fall. The shelling of this edifice, to which I learn that the Christians attach considerable importance, for some reason that I am unable to comprehend, cannot fail to produce lively satisfaction among our brave allies at Constantinople.

Next turning our guns upon the golf links, in fifteen rounds we put out of action a nine-hole course for ladies. Much confusion was observed here amongst the enemy; the presence of troops being proved by the movement of several bodies in bright scarlet. It is conjectured from this that the supply of khaki is already exhausted.

Magnificent execution was done upon the extensive sand castles with which the foreshore was covered, and for which indeed it is renowned throughout the island. Our heavy armament was in every case enabled to demolish these, at the same time slaughtering the children and nurses responsible for them. It is to be admitted however that at a more favourable season of the year the execution here, good as it was, would have been considerably better.

Altogether some five hundred shells were fired, as recently at Scarborough, and there can be no doubt that the enemy's casualties, in women especially, must be very considerable. In addition, he is known to have lost heavily in bathing-machines, and several super-erowing boats were seen to sink at their moorings.

Throughout the action the entire absence of any return fire had a most heartening effect upon the personnel of the Imperial fleet, who were thus enabled to work under what may be called conditions ideal to the German fighting spirit. I cannot refrain from expressing my sense of how greatly the magnificent result of the action was due to the patriotic foresight of my chief officer, Fire-direktor Von Ketch, who, having met with a motor accident when touring in England so lately as last



First Urchin (to Captain who has just bought a new motor-horn). "CARRY YER PARCEL, COLONEL?"

Second ditto (in a hoarse whisper). "GARN! CAN'T YER SEE 'E'S A BUGLER?"

spring at the gates of Shrimpington Hall, had the good fortune to be the guest for several weeks of the Frau Squire and her daughters. Not only was the information thus obtained of the greatest assistance in the general conduct of the operations, but we were enabled to place our first six-inch shell exactly on the dining-room of the Hall at an hour when the occupants were almost certainly assembled for lunch.

The entire action occupied twenty-five minutes, and concluded with the approach of the British patrol, when, acting in accordance with the dictates of Imperial policy, we ran like hares. So satisfactory has been this glorious

and civilian-sanguinary encounter that our brave fellows are now eager to try conclusions with the bath-chairs of Bournemouth or the lobster-pots of Llandudno. It is indeed with true sentiments of fraternal pride that the Imperial Navy is now able to place the torn fragments of the Hague Convention beside those of the Treaties so gloriously deleted by our brothers of the Imperial Army.

I have the honour to be, Sir, etc., etc.

"Note.—A kilometre is, roughly, five-fifths of a mile."—Newcastle Evening Chronicle. The Press Bureau, while not objecting . . .

VICTORINE.

VICTORINE, our new general, is a Belgian refugee. She was naturally somewhat broken in spirit on first entering our establishment, but as the days went by she became happier, and so enterprising and ingratiating that we hastened to smother in its infancy a shameful doubt as to whether or not we had introduced into our sympathetic bosoms a potential viper. Morning, noon and night there was continuous scrubbing, polishing and beeswaxing; at all moments one was meeting a pink and breathless Victorine, and the house echoed to an interminable stream of information in the French tongue.

At mealtime, the verdict having been duly pronounced on each successive dish, Victorine would stand by while we ate, and unburden herself confidentially. 'Mon mari' (Jean Baptiste, a co-refugee who had searched all London for a place as *valet de chambre*) was lightly touched upon. Belgium was described in glowing terms, a land of wonders we had not dreamt of.

"Miss will not believe me, but when first we arrive in England all the world cries, 'Oh! regard then the little sheep!' For Mademoiselle must know that in Belgium the sheep are high and big as that" (Victorine sketches in the air the dimensions of a good-sized donkey). "Monsieur mocks himself of me? Monsieur should visit my *pays* where dwell the sheep of a bigness and a fatness to rejoice the heart, and whose wool is of a softness incredible; Monsieur would not then smile thus in his beard." Victorine assumes an attitude of virtuous indignation, disturbed by the ringing of the telephone bell.

"I save myself," she murmurs.

Through the half-open door we hear as usual only scraps of dialogue, all on one side, and very unsatisfying.

"Alloa! J'écoute! Madame, je ne parle que le français—hein?" Long pause. "Alloa! Alloa!" Victorine rattles the instrument impatiently. "Ah! ça y est! Si Madame désire que j'appelle Miss—? Quel nom? Hein? Meesus Tsch—arch—kott. Mon Dieu—"

Victorine lays down the receiver and comes back flushed into the room.

"C'est Meesus Arch-tsch-kott qui demande Miss au téléphone. She desire to know if Miss will take the dinner with her. Are they difficult these English names!"

But English names are not Victorine's sole difficulty. She wrestles (mentally) from time to time with the butcher and the baker and the milkman. The milkman, it seems, is "un peu fou." Victorine

greet him in the mornings in voluble French, and he in return bows elaborately and pretends to drop the milk. We have watched the process from an upper window. Victorine takes a step backward, her hand flies to her heart, and, as she afterwards informs us, "her blood gives but a turn" at this exhibition of British wit. We have been wondering whether it would be judicious to teach her to say, "Get along with yer."

She is very prolific in "ideas," and seems to be chiefly inspired when engaged in the uncongenial pastime of cleaning the grate.

"Know you, Miss, that I have an idea, me?"

"No, really, Victorine."

"Yes," says Victorine, mournfully shaking her head, "but only an idea." Victorine lays down her implements and places her hands on her hips. "If," she says slowly, "this Meesus Schmeet who was with Mr. and Miss before my arrival was a German spy, hein?"

"But why, Victorine?"

Victorine assumes an air of owl-like wisdom.

"See here," she says, placing the forefinger of one hand on the thumb of the other, "first she depart to care for the niece who is suffering—it is generally the mother, but that imports not. Then," counting along her fingers, "during three months she is absent, and, thirdly," sinking her voice, "she sends for her *malles*, which contain doubtless—who knows?—plans of London, designs of the fortresses, and perhaps a telegraphy without wires—Marconi, what do I know? Mademoiselle must admit that it has the air droll?"

We do our best to allay Victorine's anxiety. She however is not at all convinced, and evidently reserves to herself full liberty of action to protect us from German espionage and the effects of our own guilelessness at a later date.

In the rare moments when not at work she is pensive, but her imagination is by no means at rest. She gazes languidly out of the window into "*ce brouillard*," as she fondly calls a slight morning mist. The sparrows interest her.

"See, Miss, a sparrow who carries a piece of bread big as a house; is it then an English sparrow that accomplishes such prodigies?"

Not quite fathoming the drift of Victorine's meditations we suggest that it is perhaps a Belgian refugee sparrow, at which her amusement is so intense that she is obliged to leave the room.

Sometimes her fancy takes great flights, for she is very high-minded

Her weekly bath gives rise to much lofty philosophical reflection, and she has come to the firm conclusion that it is "*mieux que manger*." Also she has great taste, of which she occasionally gives us the benefit. She laughs scornfully at certain *objets d'art* and praises others. Ornaments, if they meet with her approval, are arranged in rigid lines of continuous beauty, less favoured ones being pushed into the background, and books are disposed with assumed carelessness in thoughtful postures. Though it is plain she thinks little of our taste in general, her disapproval is usually silent. It is therefore with almost choking pride that we receive her praise, though it is often, we fear, of a disingenuous nature.

"It is plain that Miss has the eye artistic: that sees itself well in the new basin she has bought to replace the one that fell by hazard and burst itself. Monsieur also has the eye straight. In effect the picture there that Monsieur designs is of a justness, but of a justness! One would say the place itself," leaning back and half closing her eyes. "In Belgium could it not be better done. No. It is I, Victorine, who say it. If Monsieur has the false digestion, by contrary it is evident that he has the head solid."

But Victorine has a fault dark and grievous in the British eye. She jibs at fresh air.

"Surely Mr., and above all Miss, will take a congestion with the window grand-open of that fashion? As for me I have the neuralgias to make fear! Figure to yourself that in the kitchen the three windows (where one would well suffice, go) if open make to pass a hurricane!"

A short lecture follows, in which the ill effects of stuffiness are pointed out, and Victorine is reduced to unconvinced and mutinous silence. As the days pass a little acquiescence in "*cette manie pour les courants d'air*" is visible, but at the slightest approach of cold every aperture through which air may possibly find its way is surreptitiously closed, and it is only when she is out with her husband taking a walk or refreshing the inner man in a "*café*" with "*un peu de stoot*" that we can penetrate by stealth into her bedroom and air it.

Jean Baptiste is for the moment in disgrace because he has not been to see Victorine for a week. He is threatened with all sorts of penalties when he finally decides to present himself. Primarily Victorine is going to present him with *saron*, which appears in the vernacular to be the Belgian equivalent for beans. She is also going to wash him the head.



First Old Dame. "WELL, MY DEAR, AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR THE COUNTRY?"

Second ditto. "I AM KNITTING SOCKS FOR THE TROOPS."

First Old Dame (robustly). "KNITTING! I AM LEARNING TO SHOOT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sir John Lubbock, whose *Life*, by Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, MACMILLAN publishes in two volumes, was one of the most honourable men who figured in public life during the last half-century. He was also one of the most widely honoured. Under his name on the title-page of the book appears a prodigious paragraph in small type enumerating the high distinctions bestowed upon him by British and foreign literary and scientific bodies. Forestalling the leisure of a bank-holiday I have counted the list and find it contains no fewer than fifty-two high distinctions, one for every week of the year. These were won not by striking genius or brilliant talent. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, to preserve a name which the crowning honour of the peerage did not displace in the public mind, was by nature and daily habit constitutionally industrious. After Eton he joined his father's banking business. In his diary under date Christmas Day, 1852, being the nineteenth year of his age, he gives an account of how he spends his day. It is too long to quote, but, beginning by "getting up at half-past six," it includes steady reading in natural history, poetry, political economy, science, mathematics and German. Breakfast, luncheon and tea are mentioned in due course; but there is no reference to dinner or supper. These functions were doubtless regarded by the young student as frivolous waste of time.

I knew LUBBOCK personally during his long membership of the House of Commons. He had neither grace of diction nor charm of oratory. But he had a way of getting Bills through all their stages which exceeded the average attained by more attractive speakers. In his references to Parliamentary life he mentions that GLADSTONE, when he proposed to abolish the Income Tax, told him that he intended to meet the deficiency partly by increase of the death duties. That was a fundamental principle of the Budget Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL prepared during his brief Chancellorship of the Exchequer. It was left to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to realise the fascinating scheme, later to be extended by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Another of Lord RANDOLPH's personally unfulfilled schemes was the introduction of one-pound notes. In a letter dated 16th December, 1886, he confidentially communicated his project to LUBBOCK. When his book reaches its second edition Mr. HUTCHINSON will have an opportunity of correcting a misapprehension set forth on page 48. He writes that, on June 21st, 1895, "all were startled by an announcement that Mr. GLADSTONE had resigned and that Parliament was to be dissolved." The surprise was not unnatural since Lord ROSEBERY was Prime Minister at this memorable crisis.

I can see some good in most people, but none whatever in those chairmen of meetings who, being put up to introduce distinguished speakers, thoroughly well worth listening

to, feel called upon to delay matters by making lengthy speeches themselves. I propose to be quite brief in announcing PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK on *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich* (LANE). Conceive this arch-humourist let loose, if so rough a term may be applied to so delicate a wit, among the sordid and fleshly plutocracy of a progressive American city; imagine his polished satire expending itself on such playful themes as the running of fashionable churches on strictly commercial lines, dogma and ritualism being so directed and adapted as to leave the largest possible dividends on the Special Offertory Cumulative Stock, and your appetite will be whetted for an intellectual feast of the most delicious flavour. For myself, I found a certain quiet but intense delight in the first five stories, episodes in the lives of individual billionaires; but when I came to the last three, which dealt with the class as a collective whole, then I became frankly and noisily hilarious. I am not given to being tiresome in the reading-room; it is another of the unforgivable offences; but I defy any man of intelligence to read those chapters and retain even a fair remnant of self-control.

The Lighter Side of School Life (FOULIS) is one of the merriest and shrewdest books that I have met for a long time. Mr. IAN HAY pleasantly dedicates his work "to the members of the most responsible, the least advertised, the worst paid, and the most richly rewarded profession in the world"; and you will not have turned two pages before discovering that the writer of them knows pretty thoroughly what he is writing about. For my own part I claim to have some experience both of schoolmasters and boys, and I can say at once that the former at least have seldom been dealt with more faithfully than by Mr. HAY. His chapter on "Some Form Masters" is a thing of the purest joy; bitingly true, yet withal of a kindly sympathy with his victims. One would say that he knows boys as well, were it not for the conviction that to imagine any kind of understanding of Boydom is (if my contemporaries will forgive me) the last enchantment of the middle-aged, and the most fallacious. As for the Educational experts, he has all the cold and calculated hate for them that is the mark of experience. I admired especially his treatment of the "craze for practical teaching," the theory which holds, for example, that, instead of postulating a fixed relation between the circumference of a circle and its diameter, a teacher should supply his boys with several ordinary tin canisters, a piece of string and a ruler, and leave the form to work out their own result. Decidedly, Mr. HAY has seen *The Lighter Side of School Life* with the eye of knowledge; and when I mention that your own eyes will here encounter a dozen pictures by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER at his delightful best—well, I suppose, enough said.

At one time, I hope for ever gone, Mr. PERCY WHITE's sense of irony ran away with him. He seemed to have said to himself, "I can write witty dialogue and I have a

shrewd eye for foibles, and if you are not satisfied with that you can take it or leave it." I for one took it, but always with a feeling that he was offering me a sparkling wine of a quality not first-rate, whereas with a little more trouble and expense he could have offered me an unimpeachable brand. Now that *Cairo* (CONSTABLE) has provided me with what I have been waiting for, I am more than delighted to present my acknowledgments. Mr. WHITE's subject is pat to the moment; moreover it is handled with such unobtrusive skill that one absorbs a serious problem without being anxiously conscious that all the play of intrigue and adventure is covering a much deeper motive. When Mr. WHITE sent *Daniel Addington* to Egypt to meet *Abdul Sayed*, who had been at Oxford and was a leader of the Young Egyptian party, he gave himself a chance of which he has taken full advantage. It is true that *Addington* cried a pest on all politics as soon as he fell a

victim to the charms of *Ann Donne*, a widow of excessive sprightliness; but by that time he was too deeply enmeshed in the nets of intrigue to escape the just reward of those amateurs who dabble with critical situations. *Abdul* regarded him as a "milksoy," and so he was from *Abdul's* full-blooded point of view; but I can also see in him a fresh testimony to the courage of our race. For he married the widow *Ann*, and that was a very plucky thing to do.

The only thing that I didn't like about *Molly, My Heart's Delight* (SMITH, ELDER) was the title. But to allow yourself to be put off by this will be to miss one of the pleasantest books of the season. What I might call true fiction has always held a peculiar charm for me. In the present work that clever writer, KATHARINE TYNAN, has been lucky and astute enough

to find an ideal heroine, ready made to her hand, in the person of the charming woman who married DEAN DELANY. Upon the basis of her diaries and letters the romance has been built up, with the excellent result of a blend of art and actuality that is most engaging. *Molly* is the gayest of creatures in her girlhood. We see her character develop gradually, tamed and half broken by her unhappy first marriage (an episode exquisitely treated, so that even the ugly side of it bears yet some precious jewels of charity and long-suffering), tried in the fire of romantic adoration, and finally reaching its appointed destiny in the comradeship with "kind, tender, faithful D.D." Lovers of diaries and memoirs, equally with those who like a graceful tale well told, will find what they want here, from the moment when its heroine goes, a girl-bride, to the romantically gloomy house of Rhoscrow, to that other moment when the placid mistress of the Deanery hears of the death of *Bellamy*, the man whom all her life she really loved. This book of *Molly* should be a "heart's delight" to many.

"ARIZONA BILL VIOLATES TREATIES."

So does Potsdam BILL.

New York Times.



"KAISER BACK TO THE FRONT."

(ATTEMPTED ILLUSTRATION TO A RECENT POSTER OF THE EVENING PRESS.)



PUNCH IN THE TRENCHES.

Mr. Punch drew another letter from the heap on his office-desk and opened it.

Polwheedle, Cornwall.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—An amusing incident happened here yesterday. I was talking to an old countryman, a great character in the village, and I happened to make some remark about the War. "What war?" asked o'd Jarge. "The European War," I answered in surprise. "Well," he said, "they've got a fine day for it." I thought this would interest you.

Yours etc., JOHN BROWN.

"Two hundred and eighteen," said *Mr. Punch* to himself, and took the next letter from the heap.

Wortleberry, Sussex.

Mr. William Smith presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch* and begs to send him the following dialogue which occurred in this village yesterday:—

Myself. "Well, what do you think of the War, Jarge?"

Jarge. "What war?"

Myself (surprised). "The European War."

Jarge. "They've got a fine day for it, anyhow."

Mr. Smith thought you would like this.

"Two hundred and nineteen," said *Mr. Punch* to himself "not counting the South African or Crimean ones." He sighed and selected a third letter.

Sporransprock, Kirkcudbrightshire.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—How's this? I asked a native what he thought of the War. On being told which war, he replied, "Eh, mon, ye ken, but they've got a gran'—"

At this point *Mr. Punch* rose from his chair and began to pace the room restlessly.

"There must be more in life than this," he said to himself again and again; "this can't be all."

He looked at his watch.

"Yes," he murmured, "that's it. I shall just have time."

Hastily donning the military overcoat of an Honorary Cornet-Major of the Bouverie Street Roughriders, he left for the Front.

* * * * *
Mud, and then again mud, and then very much more-mud.

"Halt! Who goes there?" "Friend," said *Mr. Punch* hopefully. "It's *Mr. Punch*," said a cheerful voice. "Come in."

The Cornet-Major of the B.S.R. glissaded into the trench and found himself shaking hands with a very young subaltern of the —th —s. [*Censored.*]

"Thought I recognised you," he said. "Glad to see you out here, Sir."

"That's really what I came about," said *Mr. Punch*. "I want your advice."

"My advice! Good Lord! . . . Sure you're comfortable there? Now what'll you have? Cigar or barley-sugar?" *Mr. Punch* accepted a cigar.

"We're all for barley-sugar ourselves just now," the subaltern went on. "Seems kiddish, but there it is."

Mr. Punch lit his cigar and proceeded to explain himself.

"I say that I have come to consult you," he began. "It seems strange, you think. I am seventy-three, and you are—"

"Twenty-two," said the subaltern. "Next November."

"And yet Seventy-three comes here to sit at the feet of Twenty-two, and for every encouraging word that Twenty-two offers him Seventy-three will say 'Thank you!'"

"Rats," said Twenty-two for a start.

"Let me explain," said the Venerable One. "There come moments in the life of every man when he says suddenly to himself, 'What am I doing? Is it worth it?'—a moment when the work of which he has for years been proud seems all at once to be of no value whatever." The subaltern murmured something. "No, not necessarily indigestion. There may be other causes. Well, such a moment has just come to me . . . and I wondered." He hesitated, and then added wistfully, "Perhaps you could say something to help me."

"The pen," said the subaltern, coughing slightly, "is mightier than the sword."

"It is," said the Sage. "I've often said so . . . in Peace time."

The subaltern blushed as he searched his mind for the Historic Example.

"Didn't WOLFE say that he would rather have written what's-its-name than taken Quebec?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes, he did. And for most of his life the poet would have agreed with him. But, if at the moment when he read of the taking of Quebec you had asked GRAY, I think he would have changed places with WOLFE very willingly . . . And in Bouverie Street," added *Mr. Punch*, "we read of the takings of Quebecs almost every day."

The subaltern was thoughtful for a moment.

"I'll tell you a true story," he said quietly. "There was a man in this trench who had his leg shot off. They couldn't get him away till night, and here he had to wait for the whole of the day . . . He stuck it out . . . And what do you think he stuck it out on?"

"Morphia?" suggested *Mr. Punch*.

"Partly on morphia, and partly on—something else."

"Yes?" said *Mr. Punch* breathlessly.

"Yes—you. He read . . . and he laughed . . . and by-and-by the night came."

A silence came over them both. Then *Mr. Punch* got up quietly.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand, "and thank you. That moment I spoke about seems to have gone." He took a book from under his arm and placed it in the other's hands. "I generally give this away with rather a flourish," he confessed. "This time I'll just say, 'Will you take it?' It's all there; all that I think and hope and dream, and that you out here are doing . . . Good luck to you—and let me help some more of you to stick it out."

And with that he returned to Bouverie Street, leaving behind in the trench his

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